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ARTHUR'S
HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

VOL. XLVIII.

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T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

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No. 1.

T.S. ARTHUR & SONS
PHILADELPHIA.

Compound Oxygen.

A New Treatment for the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozaena, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Vitalization.

REPORT OF CASES.

CASE No. 41.

A large number of our patients, as shown by these reports, improve rapidly under the use of Compound Oxygen. In a few days, or a few weeks, favorable symptoms are established, and improvement goes steadily on until a cure is effected. There are other cases which do not yield so promptly to the Treatment, and in many of these the benefit is at first so slight as scarcely to be perceived. But in almost every instance where the patient has persevered in the use of Compound Oxygen, the result has been a gradual return of vital force, an abatement of the most painful and distressing symptoms, and the establishment of a condition of health far better than had been enjoyed for years.

Many of the cases which come to us are of a class which no physician of any school would undertake to cure. They are, in fact, such as have run the gauntlet of experiment within the regular schools of medicine, and of quackery without, until between disease and drugs, the patient is reduced to the saddest and most deplorable condition, and one for which relief seems impossible. No curative Treatment can be subjected to a severer test than is offered by these cases. Mind and body are usually both affected, and the sufferer, catching at a last hope, is yet impatient for good results, and if these do not make themselves quickly apparent, too often abandons the new Treatment before it has time to make its action felt.

For the encouragement of this class of almost hopeless sufferers, we give the following report of a case in which the patient gets help and substantial improvement, but only after long and patient use of Compound Oxygen. In February, 1878, we received a letter from a gentleman in Michigan, giving a detailed statement of his wife's case. From this letter we make a few extracts, showing her condition.

"In July, '71, I brought her here on a bed. The spring of 1872 I called Professor — of —, to see her, as she had not improved much under the treatment of home physicians. He pronounced it a case of *spinal disease*. She improved a little, for a brief time, under his treatment, but soon became worse, and in the spring of 1873, was pronounced hopeless by her physician, who had been six months in Andersonville Prison, but said he had never before seen a person so much emaciated. She did not weigh fifty pounds! Up to this time she had suffered intensely and almost constantly from pains extending the whole length of the spine. * * * She would be covered sometimes with a clammy perspiration, while her extremities

would be cold, her eyes blood-shot, and the blood under her finger nails black. Had no appetite and loathed food. In 1873 she had the ague severely, and since that time has never had such pains as before, but remains bed-ridden and helpless. Cannot hold a cup or turn over in bed. * * * For the last three summers I have practiced carrying her about in my arms, sometimes getting into a buggy and riding a short distance with her in my arms, and she would seem to gain some, but fall back during the winter following."

After giving many more particulars of the case, which are too extended for publication, he ordered a Treatment for his wife. Over a year and a half elapsed before we had any report as to the result. Then it came in a letter from the patient herself, under date of October 27th, 1879. In this letter she says:

"When I commenced taking your Compound Oxygen, I tried to take it according to directions, but found I could not take it at all in that way. It stimulated me too much; but feeling that in it lay my hope, if there was any for me, I took an inhalation every other day. But this would not do. I then thought I would take an inhalation a month, but that would not do. I then thought I would take a part of one inhalation every day the last two weeks of every month. I found that I could take it in this way, and I began slowly to improve. I have been all this while taking up your 'two month's treatment.'"

"I cannot walk all alone yet. For as many as six months my husband has supported me by putting his hands under my arms; and in this way I would take a few steps every day. * * * I think I shall be able to walk alone after a time. I have been so hungry this summer that I have scarcely been able to wait for meals. I can eat all kinds of fruit and vegetables if not seasoned highly. * * * Every one remarks upon the improvement in my complexion, and I am putting on flesh rapidly. I sit up one, two, or sometimes five hours at a time, as my strength holds out. My bowels, which have been constipated all my life, and terribly so since my sickness, are now better than I have ever known them to be. * * *

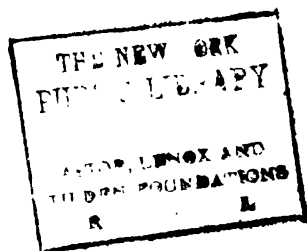
"There are no words in the English language that can express the gratitude I feel for the benefit I have received and the hope I have of possessing tolerable health again. It will be ten years, January, 1880, since I was taken sick, and the mental agony alone has been indescribable. I have two little girls who have never seen me walk. I shall be very much obliged for any suggestions that will aid in my recovery."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph.B., M.D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.





PERSUADING PAPA.—Page 71.

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VOL. XLVIII.

JANUARY, 1880,

No. 1.



"BOTH STOOD STILL FOR A MOMENT AT THIS UNEXPECTED MEETING."—Page 13.

LUCIA FABER.

"YOU'RE an ambitious man, doctor."

There was something cavalier and almost offensive in the way this was said.

Dr. Ray lifted his eyes and fixed them upon the speaker. After the lapse of a moment or two he replied, speaking in a quiet voice: "You say truly. I set my standard high at the very beginning."

"Oh! Ah! I see. Nothing too high, or noble, or good that men of your class will not aspire after."

"Nothing," said the doctor, preserving his quiet demeanor. "To be good and noble is the worthiest of all ambitions."

"Faugh! Only a sentimental platitude."

"Not so, Mr. Allison; but a truth on which to build high character and the only success in life worth having. He fails utterly who fails here."

VOL. XLVIII.—1.

George Allison threw his head back with an impatient gesture.

"You're too fond of preaching Dr. Ray, to suit my fancy!" he said, with ill-concealed discourtesy of manner. "I take my regular dose of that sort of thing on Sunday."

"As you please. And now, Mr. Allison, will you speak out plainly and say what I have done to annoy you?"

"Annoy me! Who said that you had done anything to annoy me?"

"I'm ambitious, you allege. In what direction?"

Allison gave a short laugh, almost derisive in its character. In heart he was anything but a gentleman.

"I've heard it intimated that Dr. Ray's horse is seen in the neighborhood of Beechland quite frequently of late. Is there any serious illness in the family of Mr. Faber?"

A quick flash darted from the eyes of Dr. Ray, and a hot glow burned over his face. He had not until now understood what lay behind the discourteous remarks of his companion; but he held back his answer until he could get the mastery of himself. When he replied, his voice was as steady as before, but it cut like a sword.

"Oh, I see. Mr. Allison wants a clear field in that direction."

The flashing eyes and burning cheeks changed places. An insolent retort was leaping to Allison's tongue, but something in the doctor's firm mouth and steady look made him hold it back from utterance. The young physician, on whom he had been accustomed to look as upon an inferior, seemed all at once to rise into an equal manhood; nay, even to stand above him!

"If that be so," continued the doctor, "the field is open so far as I am concerned. I will be no man's rival; least of all the rival of George Allison! Good-morning!"

As the doctor went striding away, Allison looked after him with an expression of blended surprise, anger and respect on his face. Had he misunderstood and underrated the rising young physician? The tone and manner which he had just assumed expressed a conscious superiority that hurt his pride.

"Least of all the rival of George Allison! Did he mean that as an insult? No man's rival! Indeed! On what a lofty pedestal our doctor sets his dignity. He's really magnificent!"

Allison laughed aloud at the fancy; but it was not a comfortable laugh.

Meantime Dr. Ray had gone back to his office. His morning round of visits was nearly completed, and there were only two or three unimportant cases on his list. But his brief interview with Allison, the son of a wealthy manufacturer living in the neighborhood, had so disturbed his mind, that he was constrained to intermit his work and seclude himself for a little while in order to consider the new aspect of affairs which had suddenly presented itself.

It was true, as Allison had said, that Dr. Ray's visits to Beechland were becoming rather frequent of late; more frequent, he could not but admit to himself, than was really warranted by the professional needs of Mr. Faber's family. The particular case which he had in hand was that of Mr. Faber's maiden sister, a lady who was unfortunate in the possession of a bundle of very sensitive nerves, and at the same time of a very active and fruitful imagination. The doctor had been in no way loath to humor the lady in her wish to have frequent visits and consultations, particularly as he usually found her niece Lucia in her room, and felt himself more and more strongly drawn toward the frank, light-hearted girl every time he met her. He knew that George Allison

was a frequent visitor at Beechland, and he had more than once seen him and Lucia riding out together; a fact which had always produced an unpleasant feeling, for he knew Allison to be utterly unworthy of one so lovely and pure as he considered Miss Faber. That she could find pleasure in this man's society was something he did not understand. It was a fact that caused many doubts and questions to arise in his mind.

Allison had taken Dr. Ray enough off of his guard to lead to the betrayal of what had scarcely been admitted to himself—an interest in Lucia Faber which went deeper than any mere friendship. But, in his declaration that he would enter into no rivalry for her favor with Allison, he spoke from an instinctive conviction as settled in its purpose as if he had reached a conclusion through careful thought. And now, sitting alone in his office, he sought to uncover his heart to himself. What he found there was the impression of a clearer image of the beautiful girl than he had imagined. He gazed on it for a little while with a sense of exquisite pleasure; then, remembering his declaration to George Allison, he tried to cover it over and hide it away. How vain the effort!

The thought which had taken form in the mind of Dr. Ray, and which had the approval of his reason as well as of his convictions, was this: If Lucia could be won by a man like Allison, she was not the woman he cared to have for a wife. He would, therefore, give Allison, so far as he was concerned, a clear field. If he could win her, let him have her. She would be no lost jewel in his eyes—only worthless paste.

Lucia Faber was a little over nineteen, with character scarcely more than half formed. Her father was a well-to-do country gentleman, and as she was an only child, she had been petted and indulged enough to spoil half a dozen girls. And yet, Lucia was not spoiled in any large sense of the word. Her mother, who died when she was in her fourteenth year, had lived long enough to give a right direction to her forming character, which was laid in the groundwork of more than ordinarily good inherited tendencies, united with clear intuitions. She had a nature peculiarly sensitive to personal influences; and was attracted or repelled by the people with whom she came into association with a force as distinct as that given by the positive or negative pole of a battery.

At her first meeting with Dr. Ray, Lucia had felt this attraction. Her instinctive repulsion for George Allison had been quite as strong. But as time went on and their intercourse became more intimate her earlier impressions, though never entirely absent, became less and less apparent. Yet was she always aware of a great difference in her state of feeling after having been with one or the other of the two young men. She was never as tranquil in mind, nor as well satisfied

with herself, after spending an hour with Allison, as she was after being in company with Dr. Ray. The ground and meaning of this, she did not see. She was only aware of its existence. But she always had the gayest time with Allison, who was a man of the world, and had knowledge of human nature on its weak and selfish side.

"Is that the doctor, Lucia?" inquired Aunt Helen, as the sound of wheels came grinding up the road that wound from the gate to Mr. Faber's fine old country mansion.

Lucia went to the window, and as she looked down received a familiar wave of the hand, and a bow and smile from Mr. Allison.

"No, auntie," she replied, as she turned back from the window, bearing a warmer color on her cheeks. "It is Mr. Allison, with his handsome bays and new buggy."

"I don't like him," said Aunt Helen. "He's a do-nothing, and do-nothings will be nothings."

"You mustn't be so hard on him, auntie," replied the girl. "You know that he has a large fortune in his own right, and isn't under the necessity of doing anything."

"I know that an idle brain is the devil's workshop," curtly, and almost sharply, responded Aunt Helen. "And I scarcely think an exception will be found in George Allison's case."

"We shall see," laughingly replied Lucia, as she put her arm about Aunt Helen's neck. "It's a perfect day—splendid for a drive—and I'm just dying to get out."

"Dear, dear, child! I wish that little head of yours could get something into it besides the thought of how to have a good time."

A servant came in with Mr. Allison's card, and Lucia, after kissing her aunt, ran down to meet the young man. Her manner toward him was frank and cordial.

"I've called to take you out riding," he said. "It's a glorious autumn day! Will you go?"

"Of course I will. Nothing would suit me better," was gayly answered. "Why, if Dr. Ray had come in his old gig I'd have said, yes sir, and thank you!"

"Dr. Ray and his old gig! Faugh!"

Allison made no effort to disguise the contempt that was in his heart. But he saw in an instant, by the widening of Lucia's eyes, and the look of surprise which came into her face, that he had made a slight mistake.

"Take care, sir!" Lucia raised her finger in warning. "I think ever so much of Dr. Ray."

"Do you, indeed?" replied Allison, with an ill grace which he was not able to conceal. "I'm sorry that I can't share in your admiration for the young man."

"Did I say that I admired him?" demanded Lucia, with an affected seriousness of manner.

"I think ever so much of Dr. Ray. This I believe was the sentence."

"Just what I said; and I say it again. I think ever so much of Dr. Ray, and you mustn't speak lightly of either him or his old gig."

It was not an easy thing for the young man to keep his chagrin and annoyance out of sight. But he did his best at concealment, and quickly changed the subject to one more agreeable.

As Lucia took her seat in the buggy, a servant came out with a request from Aunt Helen that they would drive into the village and leave a message at the office of Dr. Ray.

Instead of the "Oh, botheration!" which Lucia was prepared for, came the cheery "All right!" And off dashed the bays.

They were a handsome couple, and nearly all who met them on the road greeted them with looks of approval and admiration.

"Auntie is so nervous to-day," Lucia said by way of apology.

"Don't speak of it. We can take the village in our way, and then strike across into the valley road and over the Chester Hills. There's no more charming drive in all the neighborhood."

Nothing could have suited Allison better than this call at Dr. Ray's office. It would be a triumph for him, and gall and wormwood, as he fancied, for the upstart young physician. As for Lucia, she had an uncomfortable feeling about meeting the doctor. Why, she scarcely knew. But as she looked more closely into her feelings, she discovered that she was more concerned about standing well with Dr. Ray than with the rich, handsome and attractive George Allison. That the two young men were very far from approving of each other, was a fact well known to Lucia; and she had an unpleasant impression that she would now come in for a share of the disapproval felt for her companion by Dr. Ray.

As they drove into the village, Allison gave his horses the rein, and went gayly dashing down the long street, attracting considerable attention. On reaching the office of Dr. Ray, he drew up and summoned him in a loud and rudely familiar voice. On the doctor's appearance at the door, bearing a slight flush on his face, Allison said, in the tones of a superior who commands service: "You're wanted over at Beechland, doctor."

He touched his horses as he spoke, and they were off in the next moment.

Lucia, who was greatly annoyed at her companion's rudeness, had taken but a single glance at the doctor; but she saw something in his face which she had never seen there before—something which she did not understand.

"Poor devil!" ejaculated Allison, a mingling of contempt and pity in his voice.

Lucia made no reply. Allison might have

noticed that she drew a little away from him, but he did not.

They were through the valley road and on the Chester Hills before she had spoken a word. The scene which lay before them, as they looked eastward from the hills, was one that could not fail to charm any lover of nature; and Lucia was peculiarly sensitive to all impressions of the beautiful.

Slowly, as the fading images of an unpleasant dream pass from distinct consciousness when the morning rises, did the image of that scene at the doctor's office fade away from the sight of Lucia, as the loveliness that spread itself out before her in sky and river, in forest and meadow, began to pervade her soul. The light came back into her eyes, and the glow and animation to her countenance. Never had she looked more beautiful to her companion.

"If I only had my drawing materials!" Lucia said, with animation, as they left the hill and came down into one of the ravines along which the road wound. "I would so like to make a sketch of that tiny waterfall, and the wild bit of rock-work and shrubbery along which its white foam lies like a delicate scarf stirring softly in the wind."

"To-morrow will do as well as to-day, Miss Faber. I didn't know that you were an artist."

"Oh, as for that, I don't pretend to be an artist," replied Lucia. "But I have some taste for drawing, and have been trying of late what I can do from nature."

"You have succeeded, of course."

"Not at all to my satisfaction. But I should like to see what I can do with that pretty little waterfall."

"Shall I call for you in the morning or afternoon?"

"Did I say that I was coming out here to-morrow?" She looked at him a little saucily.

"No; but you are coming. I'll be on hand at two o'clock."

Lucia shook her head. "Not to-morrow. I have another engagement."

"To drive out with the doctor in his old gig Ha! ha!"

The face of Lucia grew sober in an instant.

"You'll put the gig into your picture, of course," added the young man, before he had time to notice the effect of his allusion to Dr. Ray.

"Thank you for the suggestion," she answered, with a touch of sarcasm as well as annoyance in her voice. "I'll put it in the waterfall."

"Capital! Tumbling over the ledge, and the doctor tumbling after it. I'll give you twenty dollars to spend in charity for the sketch."

"Will you indeed?" with animation.

"I will, 'pon honor!"

"To spend in charity." With the words there came to Lucia the image of a poor woman whose

life was failing day by day under the steady encroachments of a wasting sickness. The case had been troubling her for weeks. She had sent food a number of times, and given the woman some of her cast-off garments to make over for her two little girls. But autumn was waning and the cold advancing apace. What was to become of poor Mrs. Furlong and her children when the winter set in? Twenty dollars to spend in charity! How much she could do with that sum.

"You're only jesting about the gig and the doctor," Lucia said in a more serious voice. "To put them in would be to change the sketch into a caricature, and a senseless one at that. I know just where your twenty dollars will do a large service."

"The gig and the doctor or nothing, Miss Lucia."

"I can't do that, Mr. Allison."

"Then I withdraw from the picture market."

"Absurd!"

"No. It's my fancy; I value a thing as it suits my fancy. Tastes differ, you know."

"Then I am to understand that my sketch would have no value in your eyes unless the doctor and his gig were in it?"

"None at all," was the careless reply.

"Thank you, Mr. Allison! I had thought differently."

The young man saw his mistake.

"Beg pardon, Miss Faber," he rejoined. "That was a slip of the tongue."

"Are you sure?" she asked, with a meaning in her voice that he did not fail to understand.

"Quite sure."

"And you really did not mean to say that, apart from the subject, no sketch of mine could have any value in your eyes?"

"No, no, Miss Faber! Nothing could have been farther from my thought; and to show you that I am sincere in what I now declare, I abandon my absurd requirement, and order the sketch as it may please you to make it. And I will go farther still, and make your charity-fund fifty dollars instead of twenty."

"Oh, that's too liberal! No drawing of mine can possibly have in it the smallest money-value."

"I shall consider it cheap at the price."

"Hadh't you better order a dozen? I want a large charity-fund," Lucia rejoined, with a merry ripple in her voice.

"I can answer more to the point after I have seen your first picture," said the young man. "And now when will you make your sketch? There is no telling how long this glorious weather is going to last. Shall I call for you at two o'clock to-morrow?"

"Yes, for I wish to get hold of my charity-fund as quickly as possible."

On their return, and when only a short distance

from Beechland, they met Dr. Ray. His nod was distant and formal. Lucia missed something from his face.

"Are you inexorable about the old gig?"

Voice and sentence both jarred on Lucia's feelings. She did not answer, and Allison felt that he had made another mistake.

"Did you meet Dr. Ray?" asked Aunt Helen. He left only a few minutes ago. I wonder what can be the matter with him? He seemed dreadfully out of sorts."

"In what way?" asked Lucia.

"Oh, in every way. There was a worried look in his face, and he was restless and absent, and didn't seem to comprehend half what I told him about the strange feeling in my left side; and he

perception of the truth. She liked Dr. Ray very much, and she did not like George Allison. As she recalled the scene at the office door, and the rude, almost insulting manner in which Allison had addressed the doctor, her heart burned with indignation. The outrage seemed to her now a hundred fold more aggravated than at the time of its perpetration.

Punctually at two o'clock on the next day, Allison made his appearance at Beechland. When Lucia came down with her drawing materials, he saw something in her manner that did not affect him pleasantly. But he was in one of his gayest moods, and soon had her laughing merrily. The air was still and warm, for it was Indian Summer, and all the hills and valleys had on their beautiful



"CLOSE BEHIND, AND LEANING OVER HER, STOOD ALLISON."—Page 10.

was actually going away without leaving me any medicine! Just think of that!"

Lucia did not reply. As soon as she could get away to her own room, she sat down to commune with herself. For the last few hours she seemed to have been moving rapidly through the passages of an unpleasant dream, the memory of which left a troubled weight upon her feelings. Incident after incident was recalled, and especially the changed aspect of Dr. Ray's countenance as she had twice seen it. What did that change really mean? She went no farther than a few vague guesses. But, as touching her state of feeling toward the two young men, there came a distinct

autumn robes in honor of her coming—purple, and gold, and crimson.

As Dr. Ray, who had been visiting a patient, drove slowly up the road which led across the Chester Hills, he came to a spot where the view opened, and the great valley lay stretched before him. Leaving his horse, he made his way to a higher piece of ground, from which there was a still wider prospect. He had been sitting here for only a few minutes, leaning against a rock, when a sudden burst of merry laughter startled the quiet air, and jarred upon his feelings like a strain of discordant music; it was so out of harmony with the scene. The charm of the hour was

gone. Dr. Ray started to his feet, and stood for a moment listening in the direction from which the sound came. Again the merry peal rang out. A shadow swept over his face. Could he be mistaken in the voice?

What matter? Had he not retired from the field? If Lucia could find pleasure in the society of a man like George Allison, what was she to him? He had gone half way back to the road, when he suddenly checked his steps, for he had come in full view of Miss Faber sitting on a fallen tree, with a sketch-book and pencil in her hand. Close behind, and leaning over her, stood Allison. She had lifted her face, and was looking away from him. His attitude, as well as the expression of Lucia's half-surprised countenance and widely-opened eyes, left no doubt on the mind of the doctor that something more than a light jest or a meaningless compliment had passed the young man's lips. She had never looked less lovely in his eyes.

"If he can win her, left him wear her." He drew back, noiselessly, with this sentence on his lips. They had not seen him.

Lucia had completed her sketch of the waterfall, and Allison, after a few slight criticisms and much extravagant praise, took the pencil from Lucia's hand, and hastily drew in the outlines of Dr. Ray's gig tumbling over a ledge of rock. The doctor's likeness was unmistakable, and his distorted face and wild, scared attitude ludicrous in the extreme. It was the rapid growth of this silly caricature, under the quick motions of Allison's hand, which had excited Lucia's merriment, and sent her voice ringing through the air.

"No, no. Don't rub it out," said the young man, as Lucia, with whom a revulsion of feeling had quickly come, began erasing the lines with which he had disfigured her sketch. He took hold of her hand as he spoke, and tried to prevent the erasure.

But she shook it free, saying as she did so: "If you touch my hand again, I'll tear the sketch into atoms."

Allison saw a flash in the young girl's eyes.

"Oh, forgive me, Miss Faber! I didn't mean to offend you."

Lucia did not look up until she had rubbed out all the lines drawn in by her companion, and restored the sketch to its original condition. Then rolling it up, she said, with a change in her voice that did not make a pleasant impression on the young man: "I'll finish it for you in a day or two; that is, if you don't wish to withdraw your offer now that you have seen what a wretched artist I am."

She arose as she spoke.

"Wretched indeed! I never imagined that you had so much talent."

His eyes were fixed upon her with an admiring

gaze. Their expression hurt and repelled her. She moved away, he following. They had gone only a short distance, when an opening through the trees brought them in full view of the road, not more than a hundred yards distant, and of Dr. Ray and the old gig over which they had been making merry. The doctor had, to all appearance, just pulled up his horse, and was looking directly toward them. As they came in sight, he moved on, and was soon hidden by intervening trees.

Lucia was strangely silent as they drove back to Beechland. Her companion failed in every effort which he made to rally her. He was witty, gay and sarcastic by turns; but was unable to provoke a smile from the quiet girl.

"Shall I call for the picture to-morrow?" he asked, as he handed her from the buggy.

Lucia shook her head.

"When?"

"I've lost all heart in it, Mr. Allison," she replied. "Don't believe I can ever touch it again."

"Then I'll take it as it is; and here's your charity-fund."

He drew out his pocket-book as he spoke.

"You are not in earnest, Mr. Allison," Lucia said, showing considerable hesitation and confusion of manner. "I thought you were more than half in jest."

"Never was more in earnest in all my life," he replied, his voice growing serious. "Here are fifty dollars for your charity-fund; and may the little sum do much good, as I know that it will when dispensed by your fair hands." There was an affectation of sentiment in his voice.

For a few moments Lucia lost her mental clearness and decision of character. When Allison sprung into his buggy and drove off, he left her with a small roll of bank-bills in her hand, while he had possession of the drawing.

Next morning Lucia inclosed the bank-bills in a note, which she sent to Allison by the hand of a servant.

"I cannot take this money for my trifling and imperfect sketch," she wrote. "My father would be offended if he knew about it. Please return my drawing."

"It is for sweet charity's sake, you know, Miss Faber," replied the young man, who sent back the money. "Spend it in doing good. I am entirely satisfied with my part of the bargain, and shall gain a double pleasure in knowing that I have some share in the work of ministration to which your hands will be given, and for which the poor will bless you."

Lucia had this reply and the roll of bank-bills in her hand when her father came into the room where she was sitting. On the impulse of the moment, she told him the whole story, and gave him Allison's letter to read.

Mr. Faber did not show as much displeasure and annoyance at the incident as Lucia had expected.

"You did right to send back the money," he said, kindly, and with more than his usual tenderness of manner. "It was hardly generous in Allison to make sport of Dr. Ray. But I have noticed that where men of inferior character cannot rise to the nobler qualities that lift others above them in public estimation, they are apt to take their revenge in depreciation or caricature."

Mr. Faber scanned his daughter's countenance closely as he spoke, and saw with pleasure that she accepted his estimation of Allison's character as below that of the physician. He had been a little troubled of late at what seemed a growing intimacy between Lucia and the gay young man.

"Shall I take this money and settle the matter for you?" he asked.

"If you please, father."

"In the way I think best?"

"I don't care how you settle it, so that you get the fifty dollars back into his hands, and my drawing into mine."

"The drawing is of but little consequence," suggested Mr. Faber.

"It is of much consequence to me, father. I don't know what I could have been thinking about."

"What questionable use could Allison possibly make of a trifle like that?" asked Mr. Faber.

"He might show it as a favor from my hand, and give the act his own interpretation."

"Do you think him mean enough for that?"

"I am not willing to trust him," was the unhesitating answer.

Mr. Faber was satisfied.

"My daughter," he wrote to Allison, "desires me to convey to you the inclosed sum of fifty dollars, and to request you to send by the bearer a certain drawing of hers now in your possession. Your prompt compliance will much oblige."

"I regret extremely," the young man wrote in reply, "that Miss Faber has felt annoyed at my persistence in holding her to a bargain which was made to serve a charitable purpose. I was not aware until I received your note that she had taken the matter seriously. I will call upon her to-morrow and leave the drawing."

"Will you see him when he calls?" asked Mr. Faber.

"No. He has twice failed to send the sketch by the hand of a messenger when asked to do so. I might have passed over the discourtesy to myself, but cannot the discourtesy to my father."

When Allison called on the next day, Lucia sent word by the servant that she was engaged. On the day after, he called again, and with the same result.

"Did he leave anything for me?" asked Lucia of the servant.

"No, Miss," was replied.

"What did he say?"

"Nothing, Miss. But he did look?"

"How?"

"Sort o' wicked."

"Oh, that's only your fancy."

"Deed and it's not, Miss Lucia. I knows what looks means; and he looked jest as if he'd like to kill somebody. It kind o' took my breath away, it did."

Lucia hid the unpleasant feeling which came over her with a smile, and dismissed the servant.

A few days afterward, Dr. Ray called to see Aunt Helen. His manner toward Lucia was coldly polite, and entirely at variance with the ease and quiet friendliness with which he had been in the habit of meeting her.

"What's come between you and the doctor, my dear?" asked Aunt Helen, as soon as he had retired from her room.

"I'm sure I don't know, auntie. George was rude to him, as I told you, when we stopped at his office to leave your message. But there is no reason why he should visit the offense on me."

"I don't believe it's that, Lucia dear. He was agreeable enough the last time he was here."

"Not over agreeable to me," the girl replied. "He's never been the same since that unpleasant incident. You remember what you said about the change you saw in him when he came to see you on that very afternoon."

"Yes, I remember. But he was very different to-day. Something has gone wrong. There wasn't the ghost of a smile on his face all the time he was here."

As soon as Lucia could get away from her aunt, she locked herself in her room and had a good cry. Just what she cried about she did not really know. But she was feeling dreadfully, and crying came in the natural order.

At Dr. Ray's next visit, Lucia did not make her appearance in the invalid's chamber. The doctor's behavior was quite as mysterious and unsatisfactory as before; and he had little to say beyond what was professional. It was noticeable that he came on horseback instead of in his dusty old gig. If Lucia avoided meeting him, it was not because of any indifference toward him, or because she was offended at the sudden change in his deportment. The effect of that change had been a revelation to herself of an interest in the doctor which went far deeper than any mere friendship. His coming and going on this occasion had not been without observation. From behind the closely-drawn curtains of her window she had looked into his grave face as he dismounted and tied up his horse; and again as he mounted to ride away—her heart beating heavily all the while.

With her face close to the window, she followed his form with her eyes until it disappeared through the gate which opened upon the grounds surrounding the mansion; and then, for the first time, it occurred to her that he was on horseback, and not in the familiar old vehicle so well known throughout the entire neighborhood. What did this mean? The question made her heart stand still, for her thought went instantly to the sketch which she had made of the waterfall, and to the caricature of the doctor which had been drawn in by Allison. But she had rubbed this all out, and restored the sketch to its original condition. Allison, if mean and dastardly enough to do so dishonorable a thing, had nothing to show against her in the poor drawing which he had failed to return.

What his honor was worth, we shall see. The tone of Mr. Faber's letter, and the repeated refusal of Lucia to see him when he called for the purpose of giving the drawing back into her hands, and making his peace, if that were possible, left it plain to the young man that he had failed to make the impression on Lucia which he had desired. Her evident interest in Dr. Ray had annoyed him; and the thought of any preference for the doctor over himself stirred a feeling of anger in his heart. Dr. Ray's announcement that he might have a clear field so far as he was concerned, had wounded his pride, and added hatred to the contempt with which he had permitted himself to regard the rising young physician. The moment it became clear to Allison that he was in disfavor both with the girl and her father, he resolved to ruin the chances of Dr. Ray, if he really had any. So, the first time he met him on the road, he drew up and said, speaking with light familiarity: "I wonder if you heard Miss Faber's merry laugh in the woods the day you saw us on the Chester Hills?"

"One could hardly help hearing it," the doctor replied, his voice betraying the annoyance he felt.

"Would you like to know what excited her merriment?"

The doctor shook his head with an air of indifference.

"It was funny. She wished to make a sketch from nature, and I drove her out to the hills. There's a pretty little waterfall, you know, near Spring Lake, and just off the road. She made a beautiful drawing. I really didn't know that the girl possessed so much talent. But the funny part was, that she put you into the sketch."

"Me!" A look of surprise, and a face flushing to the temples.

"Yes; you and your old gig—and as true to life as if you'd both sat for your portraits. The situation was rather ludicrous, it must be confessed; but the fun of the thing was superlative. How she did laugh as the work grew under her hands!

If you'd like to see the picture I'll show it to you."

"No, thank you. I've no curiosity," replied the doctor, trying, but in vain, to hide his annoyance and chagrin. "If you and Miss Faber can find enjoyment in that sort of thing, there's no reason why I should object. Good-morning!" And Dr. Ray drove on.

"That's done the work for him, and for my lady too," said Allison, with a gleam of evil triumph in his eyes as he looked after the doctor.

"Have you seen the picture that Lucia Faber drew for George Allison?" asked an acquaintance of Dr. Ray.

"No," he replied, affecting as much indifference as possible. "Allison said something to me about having such a picture; but I scarcely believed him."

"It's true. I saw it to-day. She has you and your old gig tumbling over a precipice. It's very funny."

The doctor was unable to conceal his displeasure. To find that he had been an object of ridicule by Miss Faber, for whom respect and admiration had deepened into a warmer sentiment, wrought a complete revulsion of feeling. Her intimacy with Allison had awakened many doubts and questions, and he had resolved to give the young man a fair field in order to get, if possible, at their solution. If Allison could win her, he did not want her. But he was not by any means indifferent in regard to the issue; nor, indeed, in any way seriously troubled about it. He had studied the young lady's character very closely, and his conclusions were against all probabilities favorable to his rival. Still, when he met them riding out together, and saw in what good understanding with each other they appeared to be, he was disturbed more than he was willing to confess even to himself. Allison's discourtesy at his office door had greatly annoyed him because of Miss Faber's presence, and because he had a feeling that she was not particularly displeased with her companion for his insulting rudeness. Her fall a degree or two lower in his esteem was not unaccompanied with pain and disappointment. There had been in his mind a certain proud confidence touching the result that would follow Allison's attempt to win a higher place in the young lady's regard; and a latent glow of pleasure at the thought of finding her all that he had imagined.

In an instant every sweet illusion was swept from his mind, and his idol dethroned. To be made the subject of a laughable caricature by the woman he had lifted to the highest place in his regard, was to extinguish every sentiment of respect and good-will.

"I am sorry," he replied, trying as he spoke to hide his feelings, "that Miss Faber did not use the talent she is said to possess in some work more worthy of herself. It shows a defect of character

which I did not look for in one who possesses so many admirable qualities. To be held up to ridicule isn't very agreeable for any one; but in this case I am more hurt at finding her capable of doing such a thing than in being made the subject of an unprovoked indignity."

"It is my impression," said the other, "that it was done in a moment of thoughtlessness. I gather as much from an intimation which I received from Allison. Miss Faber has been trying to get the drawing out of his hands. But, he says, that having bought and paid for it, he is going to keep it."

"Bought it!" exclaimed the doctor, in surprise.

"Yes. He says that he paid for its possession, fifty dollars into Miss Faber's charity-fund. There's some trouble about the affair between him and Lucia's father. The old gentleman wasn't pleased about his daughter's receiving money from Allison, and made her send it back. But he refused to receive it, saying that a bargain was a bargain and that in this case, so far as he was concerned, it would have to stand."

"Then, as I understand it," said the doctor, "he is not in as high favor with the young lady as before."

"I can't say. But he's out with the old gentleman. It's my impression that Mr. Faber has forbidden him the house."

A story like this of the caricature could hardly be kept out of general circulation, and it was soon known throughout the neighborhood, greatly to Dr. Ray's annoyance. The state of Aunt Helen's health made him a frequent visitor at Beechland. On these occasions he rarely encountered Lucia. When they happened to meet, his demeanor was coldly polite. But he did not fail to notice a great change in the young girl. The old life had gone out of her face; and the old freedom and vivacity from her manner. Something in the expression of her eyes haunted him.

Autumn passed, and winter set in early. The doctor had many patients among the poor. One of these was the Mrs. Furlong in whom Lucia had taken so much interest. It was her concern for this poor sick woman and her helpless little children which had induced Miss Faber to accept Allison's offer of money for the drawing. Her father, when he understood the whole matter, placed a sum of equal amount in her hands to that which had been returned to Allison, and told her to use it as her heart might dictate.

And now, every visit made by the doctor to Mrs. Furlong, brought him to the knowledge of some kind ministrations, the work of Lucia's hands. Her praise was always on the lips of the poor woman, who never seemed to tire of telling about her good deeds, or of saying how sweet and lovely she was. To all this, the doctor made but half-hearted responses. The effect was to throw his

mind into a ferment which often lasted for hours before his thoughts ran clear, or his feelings regained their enforced calmness. One day about the middle of December, as the doctor was coming away from Mrs. Furlong's cottage, which stood half-way between the town and Beechland, he met Allison, with whom he exchanged a cold "Good-morning." It occurred to him that this was the second or third time that he had seen Allison in this particular neighborhood, and at about the same hour of the day. Then it flashed across his mind that there might be an understanding between him and Lucia, and that under the plea of visiting Mrs. Furlong, she was carrying out a secret arrangement for meeting Allison who, as common report now gave it, had been forbidden the house by Mr. Faber.

The whirl of excitement into which his feelings were thrown by this thought, betrayed even to himself the reviving interest and awakening hopes which had taken possession of his soul. His next patient lived only a short distance from Beechland. After making this visit, he left his horse, and took a short cut along a path which led through a narrow belt of woods, and came out upon the road a few hundred yards from Mr. Faber's residence. There was no occasion for a professional call upon Aunt Helen; but something impelled him in the direction of Beechland. Just as he came to the road, he met Miss Faber, who had a basket in her hand. Both stood still for a moment at this unexpected meeting, in some surprise and confusion. The doctor was first to recover himself. Lifting his hat, he bowed with a grave and distant politeness, and then strode on. If he had looked back, after going a dozen paces, he would have seen Lucia standing where he had passed her, as motionless as a statue. But he did not look back; though every step that bore him away from her, seemed taken against a force that it required all of his strength to overcome.

Were, then, his suspicions true? Was Lucia, under the excuse of a charitable visit to Mrs. Furlong, on her way to meet an engagement with George Allison? The tender interest which had begun to stir in his heart, like the waters of a long frozen stream when touched by the warm breath of spring, grew still and turned into ice again. The startled look; the quick flush, and sudden paleness; the surprise and confusion, of which he had made instant observation, were all so many corroborating signs. Before arriving at the gate which opened on Mr. Faber's grounds, he had half-resolved to turn back and end all doubts by following Lucia. But there was something in an act like this against which his manlier nature revolted. He could not do so mean a thing.

When Lucia reached the cottage, she found that Mrs. Furlong had been sick during the night, and that a great many things had to be done for her

and her children in order to make them comfortable. As soon as she could get away, she started for home. The unexpected meeting with Dr. Ray had greatly discomposed her, and she found it impossible to repress the flutter in her heart, or to lift the weight which the incident had laid upon it. In the doctor's strong eyes, which had seemed to look down into her very soul, she had read sorrow and rebuke, tenderness and accusation—all in a single moment. What did it mean? The question was in her heart when the sound of approaching footsteps struck upon her ears, and looking up she saw Mr. Allison coming toward her. At sight of him, a suspicion of the truth flashed through her mind! It had never occurred to her before.

"Good-morning, Miss Lucia" he said, in a tone of familiarity that was by no means agreeable. "I'm right glad to meet you." And he moved along by her side with the free and nonchalant air of an old friend.

Before Miss Faber had time to recover herself and meet this intrusion with the displeasure it had occasioned, Dr. Ray came suddenly upon them. He was returning from Beechland. Acting from an impulse which she did not take time to question, Lucia stepped forward, and offering him her hand, which he took and held against her effort to withdraw it, said: "May I ask you a question, Dr. Ray?" Her voice, which trembled with excitement, had in it a quality of decision that both of the young men observed.

"As many as you will, Miss Faber," replied the doctor. He was looking straight into her flushed face and steady eyes, which had never seemed so beautiful.

"You have heard, I presume, of a certain drawing of mine now in the possession of Mr. Allison."

"I have," was returned.

"Have you seen it?"

"No."

"Will you show the drawing to Dr. Ray, Mr. Allison?"

Lucia turned and looked steadily at the young man, as she made her request in a firm voice. She saw his eyes fall under her steady gaze.

"If Dr. Ray will call upon me he shall have that pleasure."

The answer was half-discounteous.

"Will you call upon Mr. Allison and see the sketch, Dr. Ray?"

"If you will describe the drawing, Miss Faber, I shall see it in fancy; and that will be enough."

"It is only an imperfect sketch of that pretty waterfall among the Chester Hills."

"That, and nothing more?" The doctor fixed his eyes on Lucia's face.

"That, and nothing more," was the girl's clearly enunciated reply.

"I had understood differently," said Dr. Ray.

The face of Lucia flamed into crimson, and her eyes flashed as she swept round upon Allison.

"And you have dared," she exclaimed, "to restore to my sketch the senseless caricature with which your own hand disfigured it—and which I erased—and then to exhibit it as my work! I could not have believed you capable of a thing so mean and cowardly."

Then looking up at the doctor, with a clear light shining in her beautiful eyes, and softening the angry flushes that were on her face, she said: "With the high regard in which I have always held your character, Dr. Ray, it would be impossible for me to offer you such an indignity."

When she turned again toward Allison she saw him in the back and not in the face. He was striding away.

What happened after this no reader will find it difficult to guess. The doctor did not permit Lucia to return alone, but accompanied her to Beechland; and then took away with him an image of her face, as they said "Good-bye" at the door, which, waking or sleeping, never grew dim. From some cause, Aunt Helen now required more frequent medical attendance, and the doctor always found Lucia in her room. Before this they had never happened to meet in their frequent visits to Mrs. Furlong's cottage. It was a little remarkable that they rarely failed now to reach this place on their errands of mercy at nearly the same hour; and that they usually took their departure at the same time.

Charged to his face, by the indignant girl, with a mean and cowardly attempt to place her in a false position, Allison felt the sting of her words and the scorn with which she had overwhelmed him. The meeting with Dr. Ray was not unexpected by the young man. He had done what he could to make such a meeting probable, so that the doctor might see him and Lucia together, and draw his own inference. If he could not win the fair maiden for himself, he would destroy the upstart doctor's chances. To that he was resolved. He despised and hated him; and hatred is a base, and mean, and cruel passion. How far he was successful, we have seen. On his return home, angry and humiliated, the first object that met his sight was Lucia's sketch, which he had disfigured with a caricature of Dr. Ray. He had laughed over it time and again, and always with an evil pleasure. He had held to its possession with an evil purpose in his heart. But now, as his eyes fell upon it, there came a complete revulsion of feeling. It was an offense to him. Yea, and more than an offense. He caught up the sketch, and in the blind excitement of the moment, was about tearing it into fragments, when a thought glancing through his mind caused him to stay his hands. For a few moments he stood questioning

the thought. Then, instead of destroying the picture, he put it out of sight in a drawer.

Two years afterward, the half-formed purpose which was then in the young man's mind, took shape and action; but the prompting spirit of the action had greatly changed.

Among the wedding presents—Lucia's of course—was a handsomely framed pencil drawing. A card in one corner bore the name of George Allison. The young man was not present on the happy occasion of his rival's marriage, being away on his own wedding tour. Under the name were the words: "Forgive and forget." In the other corner appeared the artist's name—"Faber," and just beneath the old gig, from which the doctor was represented as tumbling, was the word "Allison," to indicate the work of another hand than Lucia's.

The bride accepted the act as a peace-offering; but none of the guests saw it among her wedding presents.

IRENE L.—.

A ROSARY.

AND this we know, His love shall keep
Forever more its vigil o'er us;
His eyes shall neither shut nor sleep—
His feet shall press the way before us!

Oh, wherefore weep? With sweet leave-taking
And low good-bye, we pass to duty,
'Mid fields where dawn is lightly breaking,
O'er harvests touched with solemn beauty.

They go not forth alone to reap
Who hear the Master's accents falling;
Through valleys dim, o'er rugged steep,
They do but follow at His calling.

What matter?

Though our blinding tears
Seem but to water parched dust,
The seed that slept through many years
At last my blossom there, in trust.

What matter?

Though the winds may take
In ruthless hold the grains we cast,
Their heedless course a joy may wake
Within some desert place—

At last.

And if we, weary on the way,
Lift up the brow; gales, faintly flowing,
Shall waft perfumes from far away,
Where Heaven's lily-flowers are blowing!

(Low at His feet):

"What of thy will unto me,
Master, Divine?"
(Tender and sweet):

"This is my will toward thee;
Thou shalt be mine!"

ROSE GERANIUM.

STRANGE! STRANGE!

STRANGE, is it not, that in weather when the mercury lies in the close embrace of zero, and strong men that are accustomed to breast the fiercest storms, are forced to tie their ear-caps close under their chins, to wrap themselves in their heaviest "top-coats" and capes, to muffle large woolen scarfs around their throats, to encase their hands in fur gloves, and even then will go about shivering and remarking severely upon the rough air—is it not then, I ask, strangely strange that gentle, much-sheltered, tenderly-protected woman should deem herself amply "wrapped" with a beaver cloak, without a bit of lining; but with a scrap of thread lace glimmering at the open collar, they are very warm, of course!

A doll's hat, or one well fit for a doll, will be gracefully poised upon her lovely braids; and if the fair lady is very prudent (how exquisitely fair she is a couple of days later, when her admiring escort calls again, only to find her afflicted with that lovely disease *tic-douloureux*, or perhaps the snuffles!) she will possibly throw gracefully over her fair face a lace or gauze veil, and artistically "pin" it with a conspicuous and doubtless valuable veil-pin. Do not imagine for one moment that I intend to insinuate *that* as any reason for her ladyship's wearing the veil. Oh, no indeed—far from it!

She glances at her escort's heavy sealskin gloves, and with the utmost complacency proceeds to encase her own delicate hands in Jouvin's best, and announces herself as ready for a long sleigh-drive with the aforesaid warmly-clothed masculine.

How strange that he, too, fails to see the inconsistency of her, the "weaker," frailer, tenderer being, so much less protected! But he would tell you if his attention were particularly called to the subject, that he did not wish to take a lady driving with him that was bundled up like an old woman!

How strange to hear people discourse daily in utter contrast to their hourly acts!

"By their works ye shall know them." Then what shall we think as we hear people sweetly, graciously or pompously, according to their several natures, telling us daily that birth and wealth in *this* country are nothing, that worth and brains are all that pass for gold, that all else is swept away as dross; and yet how soon do we discover that they, too, have eaten salt with mammon, and are *his* friends and not ours, as we had fondly hoped! How bitter at times to see and hear new evidence that "gold is king!"

We cannot blind ourselves to the fact that talent, and even worth, which is far greater than the former, must meekly step aside and allow Petro Leum, Esq., the great millionaire, and his attend-

ant satellites, to monopolize all that is worth monopolizing. In a worldly sense, we mean. Thanks be to the gracious God, we shall all enter the Kingdom of Heaven—if we do enter—clad in the same simple garments.

A celebrated author has said that "ninety-nine ladies out of a hundred will, in marriage, sacrifice happiness for position."

It may be so, but I hope not; for I must say, as far as my experience informs me, this is not as true of ladies as gentlemen. And if I allow him to be in the right, then it would be my misfortune to be forced to say that *all* men would do so.

But I do not wish to make such a sweeping assertion, and so I take the privilege of disallowing his statement.

Look at yon young man, who has (and let us all praise him for his efforts, and congratulate him upon his success), by his talents and energy, worked his way upward, and has won for himself an enviable reputation; will he now recognize as *his* equal the young lady who, like himself, has "worked her passage" along the highway to fame? No. It is strange, but true, as he rises higher and higher in the social scale, his ambition becomes inflated, his egotism is aroused, he ceases to respect talent unless accompanied by wealth. This may be an effort of his weak nature to forget, and to teach others to forget, his origin, of which he is ashamed.

We would now suppose that a man of his rare intellect would prefer a lady of superior mind and refinement; but no, with decided coolness he passes such; and we see him nearing the conservatory or seeking a moonlight stroll with some insipid "milk-and-water" beauty, with never an original idea, unless she exerted herself to suggest a novel manner of trimming "that love of a dress I intend to wear at Madame Dusenbury's soiree." But "she is charming," for her papa is worth a million! Is not that all-sufficient?

A woman who had gained a place in the world for herself and her "work," would say, "Away ye, tempt me not. I give my hand where I give my heart!"

There are fewer ladies influenced by worldly motives in these matters than gentlemen. Who can deny that we more often see a youth promenading down street with one of Madame Connolly's show-cases (valued at just seventy-five thousand dollars) leaning upon his arm, than we see *ladies* (we mean ladies) ready to accept the attention of one of Mrs. Southworth's "James Stukelys?"

To those ladies who doubt the truth of this, I would only say let rumor report you as unexpectedly having fallen heiress to a few thousands, and if in less than three months the so-called noblest and most talented of the land do not become aware of your charms, and bow before the imaginary shrine of your wit and newly-discovered

beauty, I'll say that my assertion has been refuted.

Test, ye who doubt. Strangest of all strange things, is the strange selections of those matrimonially inclined.

The domestic, home-loving maiden, chooses a man with "just the loveliest mustache," a veritable young man of the period, that is never found at home unless "Black Bess" in a vicious mood has proven that although of the weaker sex, yet she can "manage him," when she cares to undertake the matter.

Our little, loving girl, too, thinks *she* shall learn to manage him, and then "all young men that are worth having, have their 'fast' age, and will 'settle down' all right after marriage." Dangerous business, my girl! What will you do, how will you endure it, if after marriage instead of improving, he feels that now his "market is made," and he need no longer restrain his evil tendencies, and what before has been lightly passed over as "just a trifle fast," should now lapse into a rapid run "down hill?"

Equally strange that clear-headed man should choose for a wife a bright, cheerful, social, nicely-dressed girl, and, immediately after marriage, attempt to entirely change her habits and tastes by commencing a course of training which is intended to result in moulding her æsthetic nature, until it shall resemble more nearly the wholly practical tastes of some immaculate mother, old maid sister, or antediluvian aunt. Strange is it not that the very things that won his fancy in his sweetheart, are the first to be pruned to suit his later taste, or that of his family?

He marries a woman that is fond of books and of good society, and then attempts to force her to give up all these—not a portion, as it might be her duty to do, and to teach her to be content as a sort of favored prisoner—well-fed, but under guard! Why does he not choose a wife that would be suited in what he terms "woman's sphere"—the kitchen, and beside the basket of mending! Do not misunderstand, none of these do I despise, in their *proper* time and place, but to make *them everything*, is *too much*!

An economical man is very apt to select a woman fond of dress, with elegant tastes, and accustomed to have these same ungrudgingly gratified, instead of asking her of plainer habits more in accordance with his own—then after marriage tries the teaching and curtailing process, successfully enough, usually, to undermine his peace and hers. It is not because his ways are wrong, but he ought to have seen her ways and tastes were not as his, and to have known that it were wiser for him to seek a bride who would be content to walk in the path he had marked out, than to marry one who would need "making over" to suit his requirements. A humming-bird would pine in a

cage be it ever so brightly gilded. The house-bird longs for nothing better than its little square between the bars, and each has an undoubted right to demand of us rude earth people that we should not attempt to enforce the one to lead the life of the other. "Live and let live." We might think, when we see such things, that it was one of life's mistakes ever to be regretted, did we not, as strangest of all, sometimes see those that have the privilege of making a *second* choice. And oh, most strange of all strangeness, it does not prove, as one might hope, that the first was a mistake that they will now profit by, to their own comfort as well as to the happiness of *her*, their second and mayhap *best* love.

No, they have learned nothing in all these years, for they pursue the same course in their choice as before, the prettiest, wittiest and most stylish, nothing less will suit their fastidious taste—during courtship. And after marriage? Oh, it is the lamentable old story of their pet theories of reconstruction and revolution brought into full play. The love of power is gratified, even if the result is not much to boast of.

After much experience and study of these subjects, we are still puzzled, and can only murmur, strange!

KESIAH SHELTON.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, THE DEWDROPS AND THE SNOW.

A LILY of the valley pushed up her green leaves as the spring opened, hung out her tiny white bells and breathed her perfume on the air. Every evening a host of little dewdrops came and sat on her green leaves, or nestled in her white flower bells, and the lily loved the dewdrops and took them into her heart.

All through the hot summer the lily dwelt in a cool retreat, shaded by tall forest trees, by lowly ferns and by rankly-growing grasses, and dewdrops came to her every evening, sitting on her green leaves, nestling in her flower bells and going down to dwell in her loving heart. The lily was very happy.

Autumn painted the forest trees, and made the mountains and valleys look like splendid pictures. Then, as the days grew shorter and the frost fell, the leaves of the trees lost their rich coloring and dropped to the ground. And now the lily could look up through the leafless branches of the trees above her and see the blue sky and the bright sun. But the cold winds began to moan and sigh, and to rush down into the valley where the lily grew. As soon as their chill was felt by the dewdrops, they said: "Now we must go, sweet lily, but we will come again."

And the lily was sad at this, and drooped her leaves as the gentle dewdrops crept out of her heart and were kissed away by the wind. Then all her

leaves faded, and her stem withered, and she shrunk away into the ground. After this the frost came and built a prison of earth as hard as stone all about the lily.

Meantime, the dewdrops, borne away by the winter winds, rose in the air. Up, up, they went until they were lost in the clouds among sister drops, which had, like them, risen from the earth. Colder and colder it grew in this high region, until the drops were changed into pure white snow and came drifting down to the earth.

How beautiful it was! Old men and children came out to look at the soft flakes that dropped through the air like the soft down of birds; not pattering noisily, as the rain, but touching all things gently and silently. Soon the dull brown earth and every tree and shrub were clad in garments as white as innocence.

Down in its frozen cell slept the lily. She could not hear the snowflakes that dropped on the ground above her resting-place, even if their coming had not been in silence, for her sleep was like the sleep of death.

For many weeks the snow rested above the lily's hiding-place, softening the frozen earth and drawing out the hard and chilling frost. Flake after flake melted and went down to search for the lily. At last they found her and awakened her with kisses, and she said: "Oh, my sweet dewdrops! I thought you were gone forever."

But they answered: "No, we have come to you again, as we told you when the winds bore us away and carried us into the sky. We came back as snow, and have softened and warmed the frozen earth over your head. The spring is almost here. Soon you can push up your green leaves and hang out your white bells, and then we will rest on your leaves again and creep into your fragrant blossoms."

At this the lily's heart thrilled with delight, and she began to make herself ready for the coming spring. A few weeks longer, and many more dewdrops came down and told the lily that all was ready above. And they gathered about her, and crept into her chilled heart, and like good angels, as they were to the lily, bore her up to the regions of air and sunshine. And then she spread forth her green leaves again, and hung out her row of white flower bells, filling the air with sweetness. And every evening and morning the dewdrops came to her as of old, and she took them lovingly into her heart, and they were very happy.

How much soever a person may suffer from injustice, he is always in hazard of suffering more from the prosecution of revenge. The violence of an enemy cannot inflict what is equal to the torment he creates to himself by means of the fierce and desperate passions which he allows to rage in his soul. Revenge dwells in little minds.

AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

THE Siberian exile, in bidding his friends farewell, fully realizes that this parting is equivalent to death. Scarce less surely does the grave close over its dead than that the sentence of banishment, consigning its victim indeed to a living tomb, will be terminated only with his miserable existence. Legion is the name of those whom the Russian government has sent, as it were, out of the world; two only of them all have ever returned to it. One of these made his escape in the last century, the other in the present. He who made the second successful attempt was a Polish patriot, Rufin Piotrowski. He had already lived



RUFIN PIOTROWSKI.

an exile in Paris for twelve years before incurring this terrible sentence of banishment to Siberia. But he was unable to bear the enforced absence from his native country, and returning in 1843, under an assumed name, he took up his residence in the town of Kamenitz as a teacher of languages. So well did he act his part, that almost a year passed by before he was suspected by the Russian officials. At length, however, he found that he was watched. He received many private warnings, but felt that to flee at this time would only fasten suspicion upon himself, and perhaps involve

others. He could only wait for his doom, meanwhile doing his best to encourage his friends. His final interview with some of those who had aided him is described as being very affecting. The saddened colleagues met in a church at twilight, on the last day of the year. After striving to cheer each other, even though feeling how vain their hope was, they uttered their solemn farewells; then Piotrowski remained alone to pray for strength to meet his fate.

The next morning at daybreak he was roused by the guards, who had come to seize him. Resistance was useless, and he was taken before the authorities for examination. After several days of inquiry, during which he weighed his words so as to criminate no one, he at last confessed that he was a Pole, that he had emigrated after the revolution of 1831, and that he only returned because he wished to breathe his native air. Nothing more could be gained from him, and he was sent to the fortress of Kiow for a more extended examination.

Piotrowski began his journey at midnight under a strong guard. All night and next day he traveled, and then he was shut up for the succeeding night in prison. The excitement of the arrest, the fatigue occasioned by the rough passage, and a slight concussion of the brain caused by the jolting of the rude vehicle, had well-nigh exhausted him, so much so that a physician ordered him rest. After two days, another start was made, Piotrowski this time being chained hand and foot. Hurrying on headlong, the sleigh upset, and he was dragged along in the snow until he was unconscious, and before he came to himself he had been taken into Kiow, and thrown into a close, dark and filthy cell. Chained, worn out in body and mind, harassed with threats of torture, and guarded unceasingly night and day, the wretched man was almost frantic. And in this miserable situation he lived for about six months, the only improvement in his condition being that his cell was cleaned, he was allowed the use of a Bible, and he was permitted to walk in the corridor for an hour daily, an officer on each side, with either of whom, however, he was forbidden to speak.

At last he was called to his final examination. Sentence was passed upon him—death, commuted by the intercession of the governor of that section, Prince Bibikoff, to hard labor for life in Siberia.

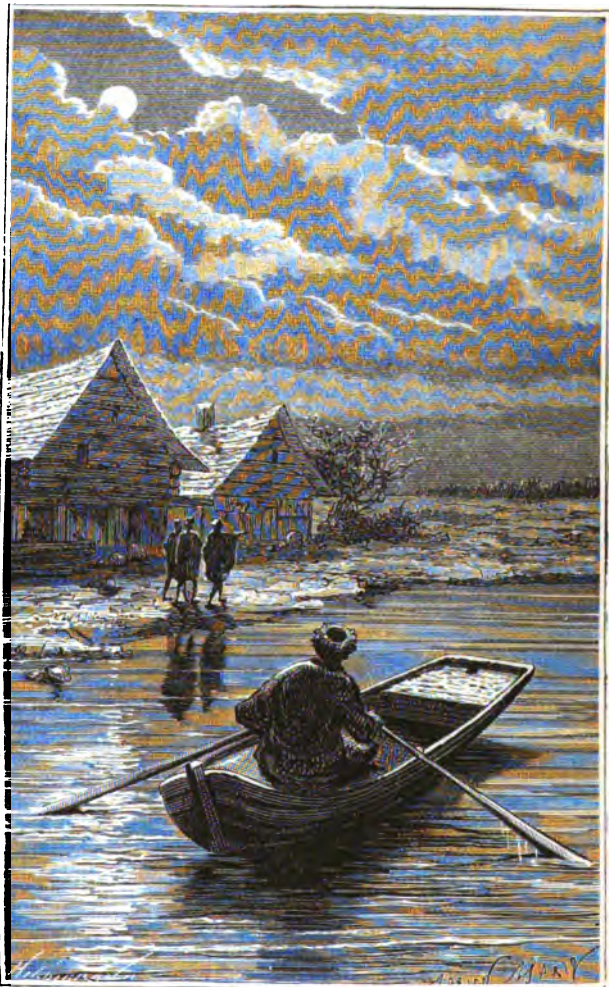
He was degraded from the nobility, and was condemned to make the journey in chains. Immediately the irons were put upon him, and he was placed in a traveling-carriage with his guards, and driven out of the fort. In this vehicle he was to make his journey of two thousand miles over limitless steppes and perpetual snows. The rigor of the government made itself felt even in the conduct of his keepers. They exercised over him a maddening surveillance, they fed him with a spoon for fear of his poisoning himself, and at all the ferries they held him by the arms lest he should attempt suicide by drowning. For three weeks they went on night and day, stopping only to change horses and take their meals. Yet, with all, Piotrowski felt thankful that he did not go in a gang, chained to a convict, nor had been compelled to make the journey on foot.

State severity, however, does not interfere with individual generosity. All along the way, noble and peasant alike treated him with the greatest charity, expressing the most tender sympathy for him in his misfortunes. Many valuable gifts he refused, but he never turned away from the proffered kindnesses of the poor people at the places at which the horses were changed.

Omsk, the residence of Prince Gortchakoff, the governor of Western Siberia, was reached. Here Piotrowski was to wait until it was decided whether he should be sent to the government manufactories, or, far worse, to the mines. But the most deplorable fate was not for him. He was ordered to the distilleries at Ekaterininski-Zavod, a miserable little village of about a hundred houses, two hundred miles further north, and situated, like Omsk, upon the river Irtysh.

On arriving, he was set to work, with his feet in irons. But, owing to the intercession of his countrymen, exiled like himself, these were struck off. Not so easily could be removed from him the terrible, overwhelming degradation of being ordered by a brutal overseer, the brand on whose face showed him to have been a convict of the lowest type. Piotrowski's daily companions were malefactors of the worst class, sentenced for the most atrocious crimes. Day after day his wretched, monotonous existence and his constant apprehension of blows, kept his mind in a state frightful to contemplate:

But his exemplary conduct gained him the approbation of those having charge of him, and at the end of the year he was taken into the office of the establishment as a clerk, at a salary of about two dollars a month. He was now allowed, as was usual with the most meritorious prisoners, to leave the barracks and lodge with one of the private inhabitants of the village, paying, besides his own expenses, those of the soldier who guarded him. Though his condition was much improved,



VAIN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

he never for a moment forgot the one idea which had filled his mind from the first—escape.

His thoughts, and plans, and calculations upon the subject were infinite. He had listened to the most revolting confidences of the vilest criminals in the guard-house; he had absorbed every word of the long stories told by traders who came to the distilleries from all parts of the empire. From

morning till night, in the office in which he was employed, and in which these merchants gathered, he pondered over their words, until at last he gained a thorough knowledge of the entire country and its inhabitants, from the borders of Persia and China to the Arctic Ocean. Little by little, overcoming the most agonizing difficulties, he accumulated money, food, disguise, a dagger, a bludgeon and passports. The last were the most difficult of all—but he took the paper from the office, and a

the clouds, and at the same time he heard the voice of the inspector on the bank. The second time a dense fog obscured his way, so that all night he was unable to see a yard before him or reach the shore. On both occasions he was fortunate enough to get back unperceived. At last he decided to go north, cross the Ural Mountains, and, reaching Archangel, a thousand miles distant, try to secure a passage upon an American ship. Finally, in February, 1846, he set out on foot,

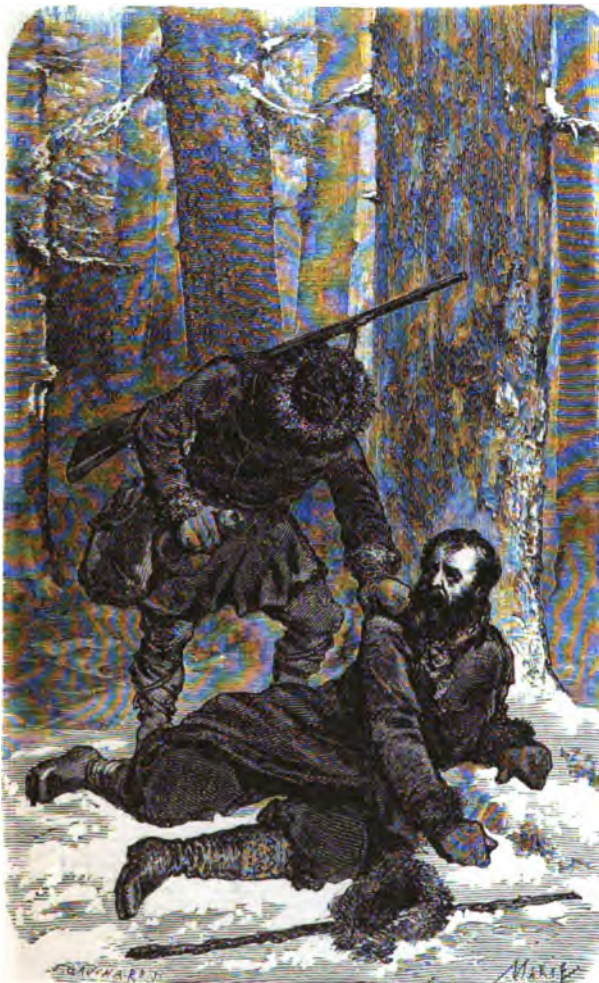
dressed as a commercial traveler might be, expecting to mingle with the crowds traveling from every quarter to the annual fair at Irbit.

He had scarcely crossed the Irtysh upon the ice, when he was accosted by a peasant in a sleigh, who, instead of challenging him as he had expected, offered to give him a lift, which helped him over eight miles of his journey. Next he bargained for horses to the fair, and he soon had them. But it began to snow, the driver lost his way, and Piotrowski spent a horrible night of suspense in a forest, being not yet twelve miles from the distilleries. But at daybreak the road was found, and having changed horses several times, he was soon many leagues away. At the end of the second evening, however, as he went into a tavern to make change to pay his driver, a drunken crowd hustled him, and his pocket-book was snatched away from him. Almost heart-broken at his loss, he still felt that he dared not falter now. On he went, walking with the many troops of travelers. The third evening found him, notwithstanding his enforced delay, at the gates of Irbit, six hundred miles from Ekaterininski-Zavod.

The sentinel demanded his passport. Tremblingly he felt for it, fearing that it could not deceive an official. Suddenly the soldier whispered: "Twenty kopecks, and go in." Fortunately, he had not placed all his money in his lost

purse, and he handed out the sum demanded and went in. He slept at Irbit all night, and got out the next morning through an opposite gate unchallenged. And now began his long and weary journey on foot.

The winter of 1846 was one of unparalleled severity in Siberia. The deep snows covered the roads, and even crushed houses under their weight. Encumbered by his clothes, he plunged through



A SAMANITAN OF THE STEPPES.

counterfeiter in the place forged the formula and signatures for him—one a local pass, the other the passport proper. Besides, he had allowed his hair and beard to grow, and studied the phraseology of the native Siberian. At the end of six months of preparation, he nearly lost all by making two false starts. The first time he got into a little boat which was often forgotten, and began to row away, when suddenly the moon broke through

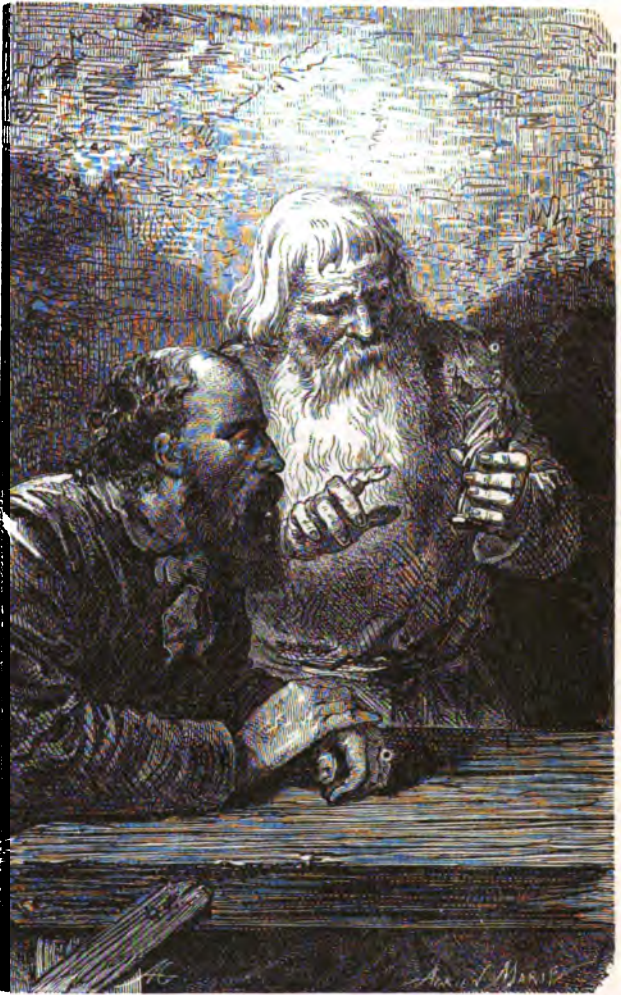
the huge drifts, sinking often to his neck, and expecting every moment to be buried alive. As he went, he tried to satisfy his hunger by morsels of frozen bread, and to quench his thirst by melted snow, as he dared not go into the villages. At night he would creep into a forest, and dig a hole in the snow in which to sleep, frightened often by the howling of the wolves. His feet became frozen, and only by the greatest of exertions did he succeed in curing them. One night, almost overcome by cold and hunger, he asked shelter in a little hut in which were two women. Dried, warmed and fed, he stretched himself out on a bench behind the stove to sleep. But he was soon awakened by three men, who roughly demanded of him who he was, and insisted on seeing his passport. With wonderful presence of mind, he asked by what right they interrogated him thus. Discovering that they were not officials, he showed them the local pass, now quite worthless, but which satisfied them. After this he was more prudent, and had advanced far into the Ural Mountains before he again asked lodging.

On he went, often turning many miles out of his way to avoid the towns. At length, as he was descending the mountain-slopes, he missed his way. His provisions were exhausted, a blinding snow-storm arose, and he sank down, as he believed, to die. Rapidly was he losing consciousness, when he was roused by a trapper. The Good Samaritan urged him to get up and walk, which he did. Assisted by the kind friend so providentially sent, he staggered on to an inn, fainting at the threshold. But after a deep sleep of twenty-four hours, restored by warmth, rest and nourishment, he set out again.

At the beginning of his journey, Piotrowski had taken the part of a commercial traveler, then a workman seeking employment, and now a pilgrim to the convent of Solovetsk, near to Archangel. Easter was approaching, and he fell in with bands of travelers bound thither. It was now about the middle of April, and he had been journeying for two months. He was detained a month longer at Veliki-Oustog, waiting for the frozen Dwina to open, passing the time, like all the pilgrims, in manifold acts of devotion. At length the river was free, and he was enabled to replenish his scanty purse by taking an

oar. Among the many, the irregularity of his passport escaped notice, and two weeks later he had reached Archangel.

But, alas, it seemed to him that he had accomplished his thousand miles of suffering only to be baffled at last. Flags of every nation floated in the harbor, but a Russian sentinel stood on every wharf, and another on the deck of every vessel. Vainly he tried to speak in French and German to the groups of sailors in the streets; vainly,



THE BENEDICTION WITH TWO FINGERS.

despite the icy coldness of the water, he swam in the bay, trying to attract the attention of some captain. After three days of despairing endeavor, he was forced to realize that he could not escape from Archangel.

Piotrowski walked on, along the shores of the White Sea, through limitless swamps and desolate sands, reaching Onega after many days. Hardly knowing whither he went, he started southward

along the river. It was now midsummer, so that he had not the intense cold to contend with; nevertheless, his failing hope and his physical exhaustion told on him to a fearful degree. Once he nearly betrayed himself by his ignorance of a national dish. At another time he stopped at the hut of an old man who treated him kindly. His host belonged to a sect of dissenters, and in the course of a long conversation dealt pathetically upon the religious persecutions to which these

him a passage on condition of his taking an oar. He consented, and commenced his long voyage upon the Lakes Onega and Ladoga and the river Neva, to the very head-quarters of his country's enemy. Many poor people going into the city took passage upon the boat, among them a woman, to whom he showed some little kindnesses, winning her gratitude. On his arrival, this woman expressed her thankfulness by finding him some cheap lodgings in a retired quarter. Here he could exhibit his passport in safety, for the people in the house could not read. The next day he met the pilot of a steamer bound to Riga, who offered to take him for a very moderate fare. This man, too, declined to see his passport, but, fortunately, as had been his lot so far, the sailor glanced at it carelessly, expressing no suspicion.

From Riga, Piotrowski had to make his way on foot to the Prussian frontier, assuming this time the character of a dealer in hog's bristles. Conquering every yearning to speak his native tongue, and make himself known to his fellow-countrymen, he passed over his own soil. When he reached the border, he had the greatest difficulty in learning how it was guarded, but at length discovered that there were no sentinels on the Prussian side. He stood at last on the ramparts, and seizing a moment when the two soldiers on duty had turned their backs, he jumped down into one of the ditches which marked the boundaries. Shots were fired at him, but he leaped and clambered until all three were crossed, and then sank down panting in a little wood. There he lay hidden for hours, until he was satisfied that there was no pursuit, and then he shaved himself completely and made a final change in his costume. When night came on, he started again, and passed on safely over two hundred miles of Prussian soil, reaching Königsberg without inter-



CROSSING THE FRONTIER.

people were exposed; then, exhorting Piotrowski to secrecy, the old man showed him an antique bronze figure, representing our Saviour in the act of blessing with only two fingers raised, as was the custom among this class of Christians.

After several hundred miles more of aimless traveling, Piotrowski found himself at Vytegra, on the Lake Onega. Here he fell in with a peasant who was going to St. Petersburg, and who offered

ruption. But here, so near freedom, and after all his perils, he was taken. Falling asleep on a heap of stones in the street, he was awakened by the patrol. Suspicions were aroused, his confused story deceived no one, and he was held in prison a month. He demanded a private interview with two government functionaries—one Prussian, the other a naturalized Frenchman—to whom he told the whole truth. Overwhelmed with amazement

and sorrow, they broke out into expressions of the deepest sympathy, but declared that they could do nothing, the international treaty compelling them to send him back. A higher official was appealed to; but he, though uttering the kindest regrets, felt himself helpless. Meanwhile, poor Piotrowski's story got out, and excited the greatest commiseration among the townspeople, one of them, M. Kamke, an entire stranger, offering to go bail for him. The bail was effected with difficulty, and he spent a week in the family of his benefactor, who treated him with the utmost generosity. At the end of that time he was again summoned before the authorities, who told him sadly that they had been ordered to send him back to Russia, and that they could only give him time to escape at his own risk, praying God for his safety. A plan for his flight was at once concerted; and well-furnished with all essentials by his good friends at Königsberg, he crossed Germany safely, and found himself in Paris on the 22d of September, 1846.

GETTING HIS FEE.

A PHYSICIAN'S ordinary fee at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries was ten shillings; but if it happened that his patient were a man of condition, the doctor expected gold; and still later, several pieces of that coin from rich patients. A good story is told of Sir Richard Jebb, who was once paid three guineas by a nobleman from whom he had a right to expect five. The doctor dropped the coins on the carpet, when a servant picked them up and restored them. But Sir Richard, instead of walking off, continued his search on the carpet.

"Are all the guineas found?" asked his lordship, looking round.

"There must be two still on the floor," was Sir Richard's answer, "for I have only three."

The hint, of course, was taken, and the right sum made up.

Another physician, who had been accustomed to receive a three-guinea fee from an old lady-patient, received one day only two, and had recourse to one part of Sir Richard's artifice, and assuming that the third guinea had been dropped through his carelessness, looked about on the floor for it. The result, however, was rather disappointing.

"Nay, nay," said the old lady, with a smile; "you are not in fault. It is I who dropped it."

It will be found that it is with people as with trees. If you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence, and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, becomes but a whimsical misshapen trunk.

TENDER AND TRUE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

CHAPTER XVI.

ONE of the drawing-rooms had been cleared for dancing, and we found several couples already whirling about on the floor; among them Olive and Mr. Markham. The slender little woman, and the colorless face, and the large troubled eyes were there also; and the eyes were never for an instant withdrawn from Olive and her companion, but kept following them up and down the room with a look in which I could see heart-ache and despairing helplessness.

For nearly ten minutes the waltzing had continued, one couple after another gliding in among the whirling circles, before Olive, who was being held closer and closer every moment to the person of Markham, made a sign of exhaustion; when she was led by her companion to a seat near one of the bay-windows. My time to act had come. I saw it and did not hesitate. Leaving Rachel, I made my way to where Olive was sitting, and pushing by Markham, addressed her with the easy familiarity of an old friend; and in spite of the young man's frowns, and Olive's evident surprise and embarrassment, held her in conversation until Markham, growing weary and disgusted at my continued intrusion, left us alone. This was what I wanted. He was scarcely out of hearing, when I said, with the changed manner of one who had serious business on hand: "Do you see that young girl, with the white, dreary face, and great melancholy eyes, standing near the bronze figure? She is looking this way."

"Yes; who is she?"

"You have observed her before?"

"Yes, I saw her in the supper-room, and never glanced toward her that I did not find her strange eyes fixed on me, and with something in their expression which I could not understand. And now she is here! I wonder who she can be?"

"Poor child-wife!" I said, pityingly. "Love-wrecked. Heart-broken. And so young!"

"A wife! Who's wife?"

"Markham's!"

"Davy! Mr. Lovel!" Olive's face blanched and crimsoned in successive moments. "Markham's! I did not know that he had a wife."

"I am sure that you did not, Olive. But it is true. Mrs. Catherwood knows all about them, and says that she is as pure, and true, and loving as he is evil, false and heartless."

A look of mingled pity and abhorrence crept into Olive's face.

"Oh, if I had only known of this!" she ejaculated. "Poor young wife!" And with a tender yearning in her eyes she looked toward Mrs. Markham, who remained, statue-like, where she had

been standing alone for a considerable time. At this moment we saw Mrs. Catherwood approach and speak to her, and then a faint smile flitted across her face.

"She seems to be almost an entire stranger here," I said. "Let me take you over to her, and Mrs. Catherwood will introduce you. Young wives should be friends and not enemies to each other."

"Enemies! What do you mean?" Olive drew herself up, as if I had falsely accused her.

"You have stood as an enemy in her eyes to-night, Olive. As one who was trying to rob her of all that she held dearest in life; poor and almost worthless as that all has become. Let her know you as you really are: a pure, true, sympathetic woman."

I made a movement toward that part of the room where Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Catherwood were standing, and Olive went with me. As we approached, I saw a quick change in Mrs. Markham's face. The dead calm went out of it, and every moving fibre became alive with feeling. She seemed instantly transformed into an image of hate, with fiery flashing eyes, and mouth set into hard and almost cruel lines.

To the introduction by Mrs. Catherwood, and the proffered hand of Olive, there came no courteous response, but a step backward, and a look of intense dislike and rejection.

"Olive did not know of this, and the discovery has filled her with pain and regret," I said in a low voice, aside to Mrs. Catherwood. She understood me; and I left the case in her hands. I had my reward, and it was full of satisfaction. When I next saw Olive, she was standing alone with Mrs. Markham. The arm of the latter was drawn within hers, and her eyes lifted to Olive's face, into which she was gazing with restful and tender confidence. As I looked away from them, I saw Markham with his evil eyes fixed upon Olive, and an expression in them that made a low shiver creep along my nerves. Once he moved a little way toward them; but seemed to change his mind, stopping and then going in an opposite direction. He seemed baffled and annoyed. Not long afterward I saw him in the supper-room, to which I had been attracted by the bacchanalian sounds that could now and then be heard above the music. He was drinking; not from a wine-glass, but from a goblet foaming with champagne.

The scene upon which I had now come, surprised and shocked me beyond measure. It was a drunken orgie, such as I had never imagined possible in the house of a respectable citizen. Only a few ladies were present, most of them having withdrawn to the parlors; but I saw two or three women with shamed and troubled faces, and I knew what those faces meant. These were mothers

and wives. Herbert Radcliff was still there; not quite so noisy as when I last saw him, for he had grown heavy and maudlin. It was the same with Donald Payne, who could drink twice as much as Herbert without showing it. His father, whom I saw talking with two or three gentleman strangers in Oakland, showed few signs of indulgence in wine, beyond an increase of self-importance, which verged a little upon confident swagger. He was leading in the conversation, while his companions seemed content to listen. One of these was the gentleman whom I had heard express surprise when Herbert Radcliff was pointed out as the cashier of the Oakland Valley Bank. I noticed that he was intent on what Mr. Payne was saying, and that his brows would close and fall every now and then in a peculiar way. I had an impression that he was drawing Mr. Payne out, and seeking for admissions which might be used for his own special benefit, or in some way adverse to Payne himself. He was very cool and quiet, saying but little, while Mr. Payne was free of speech, confident in tone, and evidently intent on making a good impression in regard to himself as a man who knew how to command success.

"What do you suppose all this cost?" It was later in the evening, and I recognized this man's voice. I was so situated that I could not help hearing what followed.

"Anywhere along from sixty to a hundred thousand dollars," was replied.

"A man who puts that much money into a house should be able to count his one or two millions at least. Do you imagine that Payne is worth a million of dollars?"

"Don't know anything about it. John Catherwood appears to have a great deal of faith in him. They have been together in some large and successful operations."

"John Catherwood!" A sign of impatience in the speaker's voice. "Is it any indorsement of a man that he is the half-blind agent or pliant tool by which John Catherwood works out some of his financial schemes?"

"I did not know that this was the regard in which you held Payne?"

"I probed Catherwood just now about this folly of the man, and saw him wince. If you are carrying any of the Oakland Valley Bank or Oakland Mills Company stock, I would advise you as a friend to quietly dispose of it, as I shall do. After this grand house-warming of the president, I fancy you will see it begin to decline. Men are not fools! When you see these mushroom money-lords begin to spread themselves out after this fashion, it is just as well for prudent people to stand from under."

"A palatial residence has drowned thousands upon thousands when cast into the troubled sea of finance, who might have gone through safely, but

for this millstone fastened to the neck," was answered.

"And if this same millstone does not drown Andrew Payne when he finds himself, as will surely be the case sooner or later, cast into the depths of the sea of financial reverses, I am no true prophet," said the other.

I heard no more; but I had heard enough to satisfy me that Mr. Payne was in all probability getting beyond his depths in his great money ventures; and that he was in the hands of men who would use him for their own purposes, and ruin him, in the end, if he did not ruin himself before their time came.

Later I observed a change in Mr. Payne. The proud, self-important bearing of our host was gone, and I saw him standing alone with knit brows and a sober expression of countenance. Herbert Radcliff, so much intoxicated as to have lost all sense of propriety, came near him at the moment with a snatch of song on his lips. Mr. Payne's face grew dark with anger, and he said something to the young man that had the effect of partially sobering him. He left the room quietly a little while afterward, and I did not see him again.

Mrs. Markham and Olive were close companions during the rest of the evening, and I saw light and warmth coming into the young wife's dreary countenance. There was a change also in the face of Olive, which had more of its old sweet expression, and there was the old girlish softness in her beautiful eyes.

"You did me a great service to-night, Mr. Lovel, for which I shall always feel grateful. Let me thank you for it."

I was passing from the house, with my sisters, and met Olive in the porch, when she laid her hand on my arm, and said this in a quiet, steady voice.

Before I could frame a fitting sentence in which to reply, she had moved forward and entered the carriage into which her husband, stupefied with drink, had just been taken.

That great house-warming settled some doubtful questions, and was the era from which important events dated. It was like the lifting of a veil which had hidden many signs that foretell the future. There were but few of the guests, I think, who did not make, on the day that followed, some shrewder estimates than before of certain persons and public interests with which they had become more or less acquainted. In my own case, there was a new light upon almost everything, and I was as one to whom had been given a clearer vision.

Mr. and Mrs. Catherwood did not return to Boston for several days, during which time they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Payne. That the two men had matters of grave import on hand, no one who saw them together at the bank, at the

mills, or on the street, could fail to see. There was a noticeable change in the president of the Oakland Valley Bank. He did not carry himself quite as erectly as before; nor was his bearing so proud and self-confident. You saw in the two men conscious power and conscious weakness. The spirit of the dissatisfied master, and the concern and fear of the guilty or unfaithful servant.

During the time that business kept her husband in Oakland, Mrs. Catherwood came out frequently to see us. The change in her appearance was greater than I had detected, when I met her under the glare of light and reflected color of Mr. Payne's drawing-rooms. All the sensuous beauty which made a part of her queenly and gracious presence when she first appeared in Oakland, was gone. Her face and form had lost much of their rounded fullness; and you saw in clearer contrast with the pure, transparent skin, the blue net-work of veins which ran along her snowy temples. You did not, as you looked at her, say in your thought: "How beautiful!"—for the word "beautiful" expressed but faintly what you saw; and nothing of the inner light and spiritual elevation that were revealing themselves through the translucent tissues of her face. Her manner was quiet, and had become absorbed and absent; and I noticed that she was more inclined to listen than to talk.

It so happened that no opportunity occurred for me to be alone with Mrs. Catherwood during these visits, greatly as I desired that privilege. One afternoon she said, as she was about leaving us: "I shall have to bid you all good-bye. We return to the city in the morning."

After regrets and good wishes had been uttered in words that came warm from our hearts, Mrs. Catherwood looked at me with something in her eyes that I could not misunderstand. She wanted to talk with me alone. I was handing her into the carriage when I saw this look; and as soon as she was seated, I stepped in and closed the door, saying to my mother and sisters as I did so: "I am going to see Mrs. Catherwood safely back to town."

The driver touched the reins as he heard the door of the carriage shut, and we were instantly borne away.

"It is very kind of you." Mrs. Catherwood's voice trembled slightly.

"I trust that I have not been too bold; but I have so wanted to have a talk with you, all by myself," I replied.

"And I with you, Davy. How many years both of us have lived since our last meeting; years, a few only of which are marked in the calendar."

The sun was yet two hours high. There had been three or four warm autumn days, with their soft atmosphere and strange quiet. The trees were already shorn of half of their foliage, and you saw new openings and wider reaches in the landscape.

As we rose along the range of hills across which our road lay, and came to the spot where my first meeting with Mrs. Catherwood occurred—I in company with Mr. Fordyce, and she with her husband—the sentence on her lips was broken, and she leaned back in the carriage, silent and still. She did not speak again for some minutes; then leaning forward and looking from the window, she said: "This is the spot, Davy. You remember it."

Yes, I remembered it. She spoke to the driver, and as he drew up his horses, she pushed open the door next to which she was sitting, and stepped to the ground. It was at the point where I had once found her carriage, and the driver in much anxiety. A little way from the road was stretched the belt of woods beyond which I had discovered her sitting on a fallen tree, lost in meditation.

In a few minutes more we were upon the same spot. The old tree, now almost covered with lichens and mosses, was still there, with the clearing in front; and below lay the beautiful valley stretching across to the distant mountains. But we had not come to see and admire the view which now opened upon us. There was a time when it would have deeply impressed us both; but we did not feel its influence now—scarcely noted its many attractive features. Our sight was turned inward, and did not note the images of outward things which lay reflected upon the retina.

"And now, Davy, that we are alone, I want to ask if Mr. Fordyce has ever written to you; if not, whether you have heard of him since he left Oakland?"

We were sitting just where we sat on that memorable afternoon. There was no betrayal of feeling in my companion's voice, and her eyes were looking steadily into mine.

"He has never written to me, Mrs. Catherwood," I replied. "Nor has anything been heard of him, so far as I know, since he went away."

Her eyes dropped from mine; and she sat very still for a long time, as it seemed to me. But I could not detect any change in the expression of her face.

"That is all, Davy," she said, at length, a faint sigh following her words. "All as to Mr. Fordyce, I mean."

"Have you heard anything in regard to him?" I asked.

"Nothing," she answered, quietly; and with the manner of one who did not wish to be questioned any farther.

The shrill scream of an engine at the foot of the hill just below us cut the air, and through a break in the woods we saw a train of cars come suddenly into view. As it glided out of sight, Mrs. Catherwood turned toward me, and said: "What about Olive, Davy? Is she falling to the level of her husband, or rising toward the higher and truer life?"

"She can never go down to his mean level?" I replied, with some feeling.

"No, I should think not. But is she falling toward it? Becoming worldly, and selfish, and vain? I could not make her out entirely the other evening. But I was pleased with her conduct toward Mrs. Markham. After what looked almost like a flirtation between her and Mr. Markham, she did all in her power to atone for it to his unhappy little wife."

"She did not know anything of Markham's character until I warned her against him."

"You warned her, Davy?"

"Yes. After you told me who and what Mr. Markham was, I saw my duty clearly. It was the first time I had seen it in any connection with Olive since her marriage, and I acted promptly."

"And rightly," Mrs. Catherwood responded, with strong approval in her voice. "Do you meet her often?" she then inquired.

"No, our paths cross but seldom," I replied, "and then, we meet almost as strangers. Her manner toward me has been growing more and more indifferent. Sometimes it has seemed like aversion."

"And how have you felt toward her?"

I did not answer immediately. The question threw my mind into some confusion.

"Not with indifference; nor with anything of aversion," I replied. "But as of one for whose welfare I must always be concerned; as of one who, sometime, would need my help and care; both of which must be freely given."

"What was her manner toward you when you warned her against Mr. Markham? Did she manifest annoyance or displeasure?"

"No. Only surprise and pain."

"I think you have done her a good service, Davy," Mrs. Catherwood answered, "and one that will extend far beyond the present time. A downward moral drift may have been arrested. Light may have been thrown upon the path she is treading, and its dangers made clear. New thoughts and new purposes may have been awakened in her mind. Who can tell?"

My pulses throbbed with a stronger motion. Might this indeed be so? Had I saved her from a threatened evil, and thrown about her an invisible shield of defense? Would she be safer in the future because of what I had done? Stronger to meet temptation? Purer, truer, nobler in her womanhood? As these questions pressed in upon me, I felt an enlargement of soul, and a deep peace and satisfaction. I seemed to rise out of my old dull self into the consciousness of a higher and more sensitive life.

"If it might be so!" I returned. "Fallen as she is from the high place in which my boyish fancy once enthroned her, I can never be indifferent to her welfare. As for love, my passion died

when I saw the nuptial rite sealed on her lips by Donald Payne. The taint then left upon them can never, never be washed off!"

"O Davy! Davy!" It was a sudden low cry, full of pain. For a moment the face of Mrs. Catherwood was ashen pale. But she recovered herself quickly, and said: "You can only think of her, only feel toward her, as you would think and feel toward the loyal wife of another. Any state of thought or feeling different from this would be sin."

"I do not regard myself as in any danger," I said. "Let me tell you just how it is and then you will understand me. My love for the old Olive—the Olive who grew up with me from childhood, and whose image is like a living presence in my soul—is as sweet and tender as ever, and I am true and faithful to that love, and shall remain faithful till I die. But the old Olive lies dead and buried in the past, and in the new Olive I see only faint and blurred resemblances of the lovely ideal that once filled my imagination. Every time I see her, I miss something of the grace and charm that once held me captive to her person. Love has changed to a feeling of deep concern. I think of her as one destined to walk through rough and thorny places; as one into whose life shadow and storm must fall. Pity has taken the place of love. And this pity is no idle sentiment, but an active force."

"I see how it stands, Davy," Mrs. Catherwood replied, her voice in a lower key, and touched with a shade of sadness. I read an expression of the same feeling in her eyes, as they looked steadily into mine for a few moments, and then fell away to the ground. She sat for awhile without speaking; and I could see that her thoughts were very far away.

I had a stick in my hand, and was aimlessly pushing aside the leaves and mould that lay near my feet, when a small object, which attracted my attention, was thrown to the surface. As I stooped to pick it up, I saw that it was a seal-ring, and recognized it in a moment as one I had seen on the hand of Mr. Fordyce. It bore the initials A. F. By its soiled and stained condition, it was evident that it had been lying here for a long time.

I handed the ring, in silence, to Mrs. Catherwood.

"O Davy!" in a quick exclamation, as she caught it from my hand, and held it close to her face, looking at the small circlet with an eager surprise that trembled along every nerve and thrilled in every feature. It seemed to me as if she would never take her eyes away from it.

"His ring," she said, speaking in a calm voice, but so changed that I hardly knew it. "Lost here, and found by us after so long a time!"

She did not look at me, but kept her eyes fixed upon the ring. After awhile, the hand in which

she was holding it, began moving slowly toward me, her eyes following the movement.

"Will you not keep it?" I said. The motion of her hand stopped. She was very still again, but with her face bent a little away from me so that I could not see by its expression anything of what was passing in her mind.

"Thank you, Davy!" Almost a minute had gone. She spoke in a voice that betrayed no sign of feeling; turning and looking at me with a steady, searching gaze. I did not read the meaning of what I saw in her eyes. They were larger, brighter and more beautiful, but held a mystery I was unable to fathom.

All at once a deep shadow fell into the air, and looking toward the west, I saw a heavy cloud moving across the sky. Mrs. Catherwood arose quickly. Was it a warning sign? Had her face caught its darker hue and changed expression from this outward obscurity; or from a shadow which had fallen upon her spirit? She drew her shawl closely and shivered.

"Let us go, Davy!" she said, her voice a little husky. She did not speak again until we were in the carriage, and then only to remark that it had grown suddenly colder. She gathered her shawl more tightly about her person as she spoke. To me the atmosphere had scarcely changed in its temperature a single degree.

We rode in silence all the way back to town. As I handed her from the carriage, she said: "We must part here, Davy." Her voice was serious; almost sad. "It was kind of you to come with me. The driver will take you home. Pray, Davy; pray for yourself and for me, that, when we fall into temptation, the Lord may deliver us from evil."

So we parted, and I did not see Mrs. Catherwood again for many years.

(To be continued.)

If you would be a welcome visitor, and be dismissed with a pressing invitation to come again, place yourself in a receptive mood; be for the time the attentive pupil, and not the teacher. When others visit your place will be the proper time to teach. Of all the bores who visit, perhaps the greatest is the man who brings his own place with him, and who, whatever may be shown him, at once institutes a comparison with his own, and begins averring: "Mine are better than that," "I can beat you on so and so."

If a man excels in any direction in human life, it implies some exertion. And the scheme of Providence in creation is to take a clod and make a man of it; to inspire it; to re-inspire it; to educate it; to develop it; to mould it and stimulate it. And all the world is at it. The heavens are a school-master; the earth is a school-master; the seasons are school-masters; a man's hunger is his school-master.

A MATRIMONIAL EPISODE.

M^{R.} AND M^{S.} ADAMS had been married nearly five years, and during that time there had been smooth sailing upon a very blue matrimonial sea, with a very blue sky overhead. But just as the five years were at a close, a cloud gathered.

Mrs. Adams came into the breakfast-room on a certain morning and found her husband still there, although it was past his hour for business. He was so intent upon a newspaper, that he did not notice her entrance; and when she placed her hand on his shoulder, he started, turned red and crumpled the paper.

"What is it, Ben? What is it so interesting?" and she tried to get hold of the paper.

But he drew it away, and gave her a little push from him.

"Nothing, Bella. Nothing but a daily. Can't a fellow look at the markets?"

Something in Ben's manner sent swift forebodings into Bella's heart. He stuffed the paper into his duster pocket, and bent his head for a good-bye kiss. She kissed him obediently; but she did not follow him to the front door as usual. As soon as she heard the door close, she commenced to walk the floor and to ask herself questions. What made Ben act so queerly? What was he reading that he wanted to keep from her? What had happened, or was going to happen?

No satisfactory answers came to her questions; but after awhile a text of Scripture did come, and impressed itself upon her mind, as though it had found just the right time and place to apply. "Be ye, therefore, as wise as serpents, and as harmless as doves."

"Yes, that is what I must be," she said, firmly. "I must wait, and watch, and be still."

When Mr. Adams came home to supper that night, he found everything in nicest readiness. He himself was somewhat flurried, his wife was very sure; but she asked no questions. The evening passed on as usual. But when Bella came up from an errand in the kitchen, just before bed-time, she found her husband had left the room. The door of the room across the hall was ajar, however, and a light gleamed through. She crept round to a china-closet which communicated with this room, and, stooping to the key-hole, looked breathlessly. Her husband sat at a table with that crumpled newspaper before him. He clasped his hands over his forehead, then drew a pencil and a bit of paper from his pocket, and wrote, looking up to the ceiling now and then, while his lips moved; but poor Bella, with all her strained attention, could not catch a syllable. He rose, walked across the floor, then back, as if from an afterthought, and tearing the newspaper apart, touched half of the

sheet with a match, threw it into the open fireplace, and watched until it was burned.

Bella rose from her knees, and, hurrying out, was in the sitting-room before her husband. "Wise as a serpent—wise as a serpent," she repeated to herself, to still the quick beating of her heart. But could even the wisdom of a serpent find out this mystery? Bella hoped that it could.

That night she rose softly from her bed and went down into the parlor. The half of the newspaper was there, and she took it eagerly. It was a *Daily Advertiser* of a few days before. But of course the secret would be upon the half that was burned. The bit of paper her husband had written upon lay under the table, and she snatched it up with a checked exclamation; but there were only a little figuring, a few straight lines, and the words "Clinton Street" under one of the lines.

"Where is Clinton Street?" Bella asked herself. She did not know. She had found out nothing. But as she went back to bed with a cat-like tread, she comforted herself with the thought that she would have a *Daily Advertiser* of that date to-morrow, if there were one in the city.

As soon as Ben was out of the way in the morning, Bella sent her maid on the errand, and lay with her head in the sofa-pillow till she returned. The latter half of the *Daily Advertiser* was in very small print. Bella ran over it nervously; but nothing startling appeared until her eyes lit upon an item in "Personals," down in one corner:

"L. A. No. 8 Clinton Street. Four P. M., Wednesday. White glove, right hand. B. A."

Bella grew faint and dizzy. "B. A.," Benjamin Adams—that was plain enough. "Clinton Street"—the very words he had written on the bit of paper. What did it mean? How long had it been going on? She crushed the paper in her hand, she stared out at the window vacantly, then finished with a breakdown of sobs and tears in the sofa pillow. But her text came to her, and she raised her head. She must follow this up. "No. 8 Clinton Street. Four P. M., Wednesday."

Poor Bella was very miserable all that long day. She sent her servant down town again for a whole file of *Daily Advertisers*, and she searched them faithfully, the excited throb in her heart almost driving her crazy as she searched; but nothing more from "B. A.," nor anything from "L. A.," could she find. She threw the papers into the store-room, then went up-stairs to her own room with the one fateful paper. She read the lines over and over, she drew heavy lead-pencil marks round them, then cut them out with her embroidery-scissors, all the while her quivering lips murmuring resolves firm as death. She was just locking the scrap of paper into her writing-desk, when the door opened, and her husband came in. She turned her key quickly, thrust it

into her pocket, and rose, her face crimsoning, while she tried to cover her embarrassment.

"Why, Ben! What a shame! Have you just come? I've had such a headache all day, I haven't done anything. I'll dress for supper and be with you in half a minute."

Ben went down whistling to himself meditatively. He stood at the mantel as he waited for her, and kicked at the andirons, and, on his part, wondered and questioned.

He watched his wife narrowly at the supper-table. But Bella had fortified herself with her text, and was tolerably calm. After supper she excused herself by the wretched headache, and lay upon the sofa. Her husband tucked a shawl round her tenderly; but she looked out now and then and watched him. She saw him mark upon a paper, and the words, "Clinton Street"—"Clinton Street" under straight lines, went through and through her tired brain.

Bella was so worn out with excitement that she fell asleep as soon as she retired, and she did not see her husband abstract the key from her pocket and open her writing-desk. She did not hear his muttered exclamations when he drew out the little, crumpled, tear-stained bit of newspaper with its marks of black draping it.

Ben read it three times slowly; then the light gleamed into his mind, and staggered him so that he sat down with a groan. "B. A."—that meant Bella Adams without a doubt. And had it come to this? Was she answering advertisements, making clandestine appointments and concocting signs of recognition? Ben's proud head sank with the utter humiliation of the thought.

But what should he do about it? "I'll wait," he hissed back to himself in answer to the question. "Wednesday. Four P. M. No. 8 Clinton Street." The last words seemed to touch him sharply, and he rose and went into the hall. "This ends *that*," he muttered. "Why in the name of the commonest humanity must it be Clinton Street?"

He went softly back, put the paper and the key in their respective places, and glowered at his wife as she lay with her flushed face on the pillow. He passed a night as miserable as its day had been to Bella, only his trouble, like men's troubles, foamed on the surface and stung him into wrath; while Bella's, woman-like, sank deep, and almost broke her heart.

The morning of the day that was to be so eventful to the Adams husband and wife came. At breakfast, husband and wife met with their mutual suspicions and exultations at finding each other out, and their mutual plans for tracking each other down, counterbalancing at the two sides of the table. There were mutual searching glances, and each saw in the other unmistakable signs of guilt and confusion. When Ben said a frigid "good-

bye," poor little Bella's secret almost choked her. It seemed like a final leave-taking. So much—oh, so much!—was to be disclosed that day which would make such a great distance between them. Ben saw the tears spring into her eyes, and noted the wistful look, and for an instant he was tempted to take her in his arms and ask her all about it; but he turned on his heel and closed the front door very hard after him.

Bella dashed away the tears when she heard the door slam, and her quivering face tried to put itself into the look of dignity and resolve her injury entitled her to wear. But the tears would come as, after giving orders to her maid that she was not to be at home all day, she went slowly upstairs. She had everything arranged in her own mind; but between the crying, resolving, breaking down and resolving, she was a long time in getting ready for the execution of her plans.

An old washer-woman went out at Mr. Adams's gate. She wore a shaker bonnet, and the hair that was combed down under it looked gray. Her eyes were red, as if from weeping, and something that looked like a red scar was on one side of her face. An old waterproof covered her figure, but left in sight her feet encased in heavy leather shoes. Her hands were covered with cotton gloves, and on one arm hung a basket with some very white linen folded in it. She walked briskly until she left the street on which Mr. Adams lived; then she inquired of a boy who had been wheeling parcels in a sort of home-made cart, and who was just opening the gate to a large house, if he could tell her where Clinton Street was.

The boy had a pleasant, intelligent face, and an expression of pity came into it as he looked up at the old lady.

"Clinton Street? Well, yes, ma'am, I do know where Clinton Street is; but it's a nigger of a piece out. You just wait till I run into this ere shanty, and I'll go along with you till I can p'int it out."

The washer-woman leaned against the fence till the boy came back. He clicked the gate with a cheery click.

"Now, ma'am, you just follow me, and I'll take you there quicker'n scat. Put your basket on here, ma'am, and I'll wheel her along for you."

"My basket isn't heavy, thank you. And I can get along very well if you will only just tell me where Clinton Street is."

The boy looked curiously into her face, as though he could not make the connection between it and the voice.

"Well, ma'am, I'd just as liefs as not, seeing as how you're kinder tucked out, and I hain't got no other job a rushin' on me. I won't charge nothin', so don't be scart."

The washer-woman placed her basket on the cart with a little unconscious sigh, which added to the

boy's pity. The afternoon was very warm, and in her heavy waterproof she grew dreadfully tired.

After awhile the boy spoke up sharply: "See here, ma'am, if you'd a mind to set down on my cart, I could take you along as easy as if I was a deliverin' on you. 'Twould save your shoe-leather, you see."

"Oh, no!" And the washer-woman turned for a good look at the boy. Freckled face, warts on his hands, patched trousers and boots; but he was wonderfully handsome to her, nevertheless.

"'Tain't a covered carriage with a couple of hosses hitched on, I know," said the boy, as he met her eye. "But it's way up street here, and nobody will see you much; and, if they do, it's none of their biz. So just set on and I'll give you a free ride."

The washer-woman dragged herself a few steps farther, then seated herself gingerly upon the cart. The boy with a lift of the handle placed her in the right position, and she leaned back resignedly, a little sense of relief coming into her tired limbs. They met fashionably-dressed ladies and children, who laughed, and chattered, and turned to look at them. One sweet little girl, dressed in white, threw an orange to the poor, sick washer-woman in the cart. They met some well-dressed, boisterous boys, who commenced to joke and hoot at the washer-woman; but her knight put down his cart-handle and shied pebbles at them till he sent them dodging out of the way.

At last Clinton Street was reached. "Here we be, ma'am," said the boy, and the washer-woman alighted and took her basket. She offered the orange to him, but with a scornful flourish he turned his cart and hurried down street.

Clinton Street was in the suburbs, and a still, shady street it was. The houses were few and far apart, with plats of grass and strips of bloom between them, and the blue of the river gleamed between the trees on one side.

The washer-woman leaned over gates and went up walks, to see the numbers on the doors. She noticed one house which was in process of repair, and it, somehow, struck her with a peculiar look of familiarity, as though she had seen its bay-windows and little porticoes before. But that was not No. 8, and the washer-woman went on wearily. The street was short, and at its end the river curved in a large white house, with many green blinds all tightly closed. Back of the house, on the bank of the river, were little boat-houses, and there were winding paths leading down to them. The washer-woman's heart beat fast as she saw No. 8 on the door of this house. She opened the gate cautiously, and turned into one of the winding paths, then turned back, and opened and closed the gate again with a very shaky hand.

"I will watch from the other side," she said to

herself, as she hurried across the road and leaned against a tree on the opposite side of the street.

Nobody seemed to be stirring in the street; and, except some sounds of talking which floated out from a window through the shaded yard behind her, there were no signs of life. The washer-woman slyly drew a gold watch from under the waterproof, looked at it, and put it back. She stood for hours, as it seemed to her; but the street was utterly deserted, till at length a man in sailor's clothes came upon the other side and seated himself upon a curb-stone near No. 8. The washer-woman began to walk slowly, but she soon saw the sailor was watching her. Furtive glances passed from under the slouched hat and out from the shaker bonnet, as the washer-woman, tired to faintness and almost desperate, clamped with her heavy shoes upon the walk and the old sailor sat upon the stone with bowed head.

But what could she do? She must keep moving and she must not get far away from No. 8. Minutes seemed hours, and hours in which there was nothing but a dead silence with the sailor watching her. But at last a sound of laughter floated through the trees up the street, and then a carriage load of ladies and gentlemen was stopped with a flourish before No. 8, while the blinds were thrown open from inside in a welcoming way. The sailor rose, and retreating a few steps, leaned against a tree. The washer-woman stood still and looked intently. She could not see plainly through the trees, and, a little hesitatingly, she commenced to cross the road; but, quickening her steps as she heard the gate close after the party, she hurried forward so eagerly that she hit her foot against a stone and fell, and the linens from her basket sprawled and flapped around her. Just then she heard the great front door slam shut, and, forgetting her surroundings, she groaned heavily.

"Are you hurt?" inquired a familiar voice beside her, and looking up she met the sailor's eyes. They looked at each other, then the washer-woman burst into tears and rubbed her ankle.

"O Ben! Ben!"

"Bella Adams! What in thunder!" then he checked himself. "Is your ankle hurt?"

"I guess not," she said, wincing a little as he raised her.

"What did you rush over here like a streak of lightning for?" he asked.

"I wanted to see if you were in that carriage."

"Me? Thunder! Well, I wasn't. I was looking to see if you were there."

"I? How could I be there? What made you think so?"

He did not answer, but scraped up a few of the linens and stuffed them into the basket.

"Are these your duds? What is—well no matter! Let us get out of this as soon as possible," and he took the washer-woman on one arm,

and her basket on the other, and they went on together, a comically crest-fallen looking couple. They walked a short distance, then the sailor swung open the gate to the unfinished house on the street.

"Lucky the carpenters don't work to-day, and lucky I've the key," he said, as he drew the washer-woman along. He entered a large, unfinished room, and, after lifting her into the shavings on a carpenter's bench, seated himself by her side.

Neither of them were in a hurry to speak; but they looked at each other in a shame-faced way. At last he said: "Where is the white glove, right hand?"

"Where is yours?" she returned.

Gradually an explanation was reached, and the sailor laughed boisterously, and slapped his knee, and inquired if anybody wanted to see a couple of lunatic idiots; and the washer-woman cried on his shoulder, and sobbed out repentance and explanations.

"Now listen to the awful catastrophe," he said, stopping his laughter suddenly. "You know how much we've wanted a house of our own, and how we've drawn plans, and talked it over and over. Well, I had a chance to buy this place at a bargain, and I thought I would fix it up as near as I could to those nice little plans of yours, and surprise you on the next anniversary of our wedding—five years, you know. The paper that killed you had a notice relating to the property sold with my name in it. You didn't condescend to look at that, I suppose, did you?"

"Oh, no! And you have made bay-windows and all just as we've planned so many times! It seemed just as if I were acquainted with this house. And I was—in Spain! O Ben, I should think you'd perfectly hate me for being so prying and jealous!"

"Well, I do awfully," said Ben. "But I mustn't throw stones, for I live in a glass house myself."

"So you do!" said Bella, gleefully. "To think of your putting yourself in that rig, and coming to watch me! But who do suppose the 'B. A.' is?"

"I'll give it up. We didn't either of us imagine there could be another 'B. A.' beside our precious selves in creation. Though it was natural I should think it meant you—that little scrap locked up in your desk, and put in mourning with lead-pencil marks, as though you were conscience-struck."

"I don't blame you," said Bella. "It was I who was the fool."

Ben was too much of a gentleman to let her monopolize the term, and it was divided between them squarely.

"What sort of a house is No. 8?" asked Bella, when that matter was settled.

"It is a sort of restaurant," said Ben. "It is considered a respectable place so far as I know. They have boats to rent, and the young folks come up from the city along toward night and have sails and eat ice-cream under the trees. That's all I know about it."

After awhile the washer-woman, leaning upon her sailor husband's arm, walked around the unfinished house, and went into raptures over the folding doors, the cupboards, and nooks, and corners, that were so like those in the "plans." Then they went down through the trees to the bank of the river, and he left her there in a retired place, looking out upon the boats.

Soon after Mr. Ben. Adams drove up in a close carriage, and took the washer-woman away with him, and she was never seen or heard of afterward.

A boy who did errands around the city with a cart was sought out by Mr. Adams and befriended. Mrs. Adams had tokens of friendship to bestow upon this boy, when he was afterward very often thrown in her way. The boy did not know the cause of this sudden friendship; but it seemed to him, somehow, as if he had seen Mrs. Adams or heard her speak somewhere before, though which it was, or when, or where, he did not remember.

MARY E. HAWKINS.

TRAVELING STONES.

MANY of our readers have doubtless heard of the famous traveling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table or other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling toward a common centre, and there lie huddled up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone, removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet it remained motionless. They are found in a region that is comparatively level and is nothing but bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of those that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be lode-stone or magnetic iron ore.

"WHEN the sexes are educated together," says Mrs. Jameson, "boys learn a manly and protecting tenderness, and girls become more feminine and truthful."

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.*

A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be;
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned."
Youth shows but half: trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"
ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BERESFORD sat writing in his library. On his left the oriel-window was open, and outside the May morning was bursting into vivid green among soft winds, and glancing sunlight, and happy singing birds. At its heart was a dream of the summer, like the first dream of love at the heart of a maiden.

Some pretty conceit of this sort had flashed across the mind of the occupant of the library as he stood for a few minutes drinking in all the fresh wonder and beauty of sight and sound before he turned from the window and buried himself in a heap of business letters that awaited him on the table. He smiled a little as he sat down, thinking about his next hour's work, and how wide of that mark went any romancing about May mornings and maidens' hearts; but he was soon as deeply engrossed with his writing as though Robert Beresford were at bottom neither artist nor poet.

It was more than eight years now, since in that very room he had faced the great crisis of his destiny, and made the choice which henceforth had shaped his life. The room itself had, in these years, undergone a greater change than its occupant. It had quite lost its character of an artist's studio, although some of the old pictures and some precious studies in oils and water-colors still held their places on the walls. But there was little now in the cool, gray tones of the room, in the carved book-cases, the heavy writing-table and the handsome furnishings to suggest the old picturesque effects of light, and shade, and masses of gorgeous color. The subtle, bewildering charm of the artist's studio had disappeared in the elegant modern library. Its mistress, however, still persisted in calling it a studio. The name had to her husband a half-pleasant, half-pathetic association. It was linked with the dearest hopes and aspirations of his youth: His wife's instinct had never penetrated to the heart of his secret. In all these years, Stacey never suspected what a price her husband had paid for the ease and luxury in which her life was nested.

Robert Beresford had done his work steadily, manfully. He had come to be regarded as the inspiring brain of his special department of the great iron firm. He devoted to it all his best hours, his

dearest thoughts, his strongest energies. Other prizes may have awaited him in totally different fields; but this work had its satisfactions, ample enough to make him wonder over them, to often question whether they would not have been less had nature originally intended him for an artist.

Josiah Wentworth—the head partner, on whom these last years had been telling heavily—never ceased to secretly plume himself on his snapping up young Beresford in the nick of time—making a capital business-man out of what would have been wasted in life-long dandling over his pictures.

Robert Beresford had entered into business at a time when mind and habits were elastic enough to take some new bent from the influences about him. In certain directions the new sphere had proved a great training-school for mind and heart. He was beginning to realize this himself as the years lengthened their perspective behind him. Partner in the great house whose vast industries and wide relations made it a power in the business-world, he was brought in contact with all varieties of human nature. He learned much which it is well for a man to know, but which no studio can ever teach him.

The firm owned large mining districts in the western part of Pennsylvania. Hundreds of workmen were employed in the mines and at the foundries. The majority were rough, ignorant, more or less brutal, their passions easily roused into a frenzy of rage and hatred. There were crises when it was no easy matter to deal with such characters. Those in authority had to be on the alert for the first signs of mutiny, for riots in the mines and rebellion in the workshops.

It was not long before the senior members of the firm discovered that young Beresford had a wonderful knack in dealing with the hands. Nobody could allay a storm of rising passion, could put down the beginnings of mutiny with the readiness, the nerve, the tact, that the youngest partner displayed. His popularity with the men was always more or less a mystery to his associates. They thought it was largely due to his handsome presence, his grace of manner and a certain happy tact in managing his inferiors.

The brawny-limbed, grimy-faced workmen knew better.

"'Tain't handsome looks, and fine manners, and 'ily words as could go down with this chap!" said one of their number, a leather-skinned, huge-fisted giant, with a beard which glowed like Chancer's Miller's, as he addressed a small knot of workmen hanging around the steps of a lager beer shop. "But the young bos, when he's says anything, has a way of goin' to the quick; he puts the heart right into a feller; makes him feel that ole clo'es, and rough times, and hard work needn't keep him down in the mind, if he's jest got the pluck to stand up and be a man!"

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A deep, gruff chorus of approval followed this speech. A dozen clay-pipes were waved in the summer evening air scented with vile tobacco. The red-bearded, huge-fisted workman had hit the mark where his betters had failed.

To Robert Beresford the gangs of employees were something more than hirelings and machines. He could never lose sight of the bond of a common humanity between himself and the lowest and worst of the hands. They, too, were men in the midst of life's sorrows, and struggles, and bewilderments—over them, too, arched the sky of eternal hope—beneath them, too, waited the green earth, with the blessed silence and healing of the grave.

Thoughts like these made young Beresford's strong heart tender when he met the men in his office, among the workshops, or in the mines. It made his speech kindly and his bearing courteous toward them as man to brother man. And the swift, sure instincts of the hands taught them that he was their friend. They knew it—at times they secretly, half-resented the knowledge. For discontent and obstinacy, and all evil moods would come to a head sometimes; and the men, spurred on by vicious ringleaders would be on the point of breaking into open revolt. Then young Beresford had to show the disaffected and mutinous another side of himself—the side of power and fearless manhood, of strength and mastery.

The man who sat writing that May morning in his library was the Robert Beresford of old. His ideals were a part of himself. In the wear and tear of life they had not grown dimmed. If the workmen had learned some things from him they had taught him others which he never could have learned in a finer school. He had seen what noble hearts could throb, what beautiful virtues could thrive under coarse speech and rugged faces. At the mines, in the foundries, men toiled daily who would, if need were, have died for him.

There was a sudden rustle of woman's garments outside, and the next moment a lady stood at the side door which opened from the library on the piazza. Something arrested her on the threshold, for she suddenly stood still, with a lovely light of surprise coming into her eyes. Against one of the panes of the oriel-window hung a little oval of stained glass; a beautiful bit of mediæval work which Robert Beresford had picked up long ago in some old castle on the Rhine. The light flashed through the stained glass, and fell upon the man's head and made a glory there of violet and gold. The soft, tremulous rays quivered among the thick locks, and seemed, to the eyes of the woman gazing there, a fitting crown for the spirited, beautiful head. This had still the grace of its youth, still in some subtle, indescribable way suggested Apollo and the morning.

It is a nobler face, although it looks only a little

older than the one we first met in Cherry Hollows Glen. The years have touched it with some finer expression, some added strength and manliness, but there is little other change, even in the tawny brown beard, or in the locks where that wonderful aureole is lying.

The woman, too, standing in the doorway, her eyes full of proud, tender light, is not less fair than when she stood there in her bridal loveliness. No doubt the content at her heart has had its share in keeping the light in Stacey Beresford's eyes, the youth in her face. For the married life of this pair has never suffered the terrible disenchantments that so many wedded lives do. No bitter-nesses have sprung up, no completer knowledge of each other has slowly eaten out the heart of their happiness. Robert Beresford is still in his wife's eyes all and more than the lover of her girlhood. To him she is still the maiden of his young manhood's wooing, the one woman, sacred and set apart, to be sheltered from every harsh wind of life, by his strong arm, in his manly heart.

No doubt Stacey Beresford was dearer to her husband because of all he had suffered for her. It was the good fortune of the pair that thus far no dissimilar tastes made at times a chilling sense of separateness in their lives. Stacey's grace, beauty and wit still charmed, as they had gone far to win, the artist's nature of her husband.

The woman stood still in the doorway, and the man wrote on in the silence, and the glory of the stained glass shone like a nimbus in his hair. Stacey Beresford's thoughts were busy within her. They glanced over her married life, they went far back to the day of her young love. She thought of all the man sitting there had been to her, of all that was splendid and lovable in him, which his wife knew more and better than those who most loved and admired him. In the midst of these thoughts a new idea struck her. It came so suddenly, she seized it so eagerly, that she started a little. The man at the table caught the slight movement, he looked up, and saw his wife standing there, as she had been standing for the last two minutes.

She made a lovely vision in that doorway as she had, years before, when the sight of her helped him to decide the one great question of his life. She was dressed now for a drive, and her dainty hat and her elegant spring costume became her exquisitely.

Before Robert Beresford could speak, his wife came up to him.

"Don't move, Robert!" she said, hastily. "That wonderful light surrounds you like a nimbus—it crowns you like a king!"

"What in the world are you talking about, Stacey?"

"About that light from the stained glass in the window. If you could only see the rays quiver-

ing and glancing in your hair! They held me like a spell on the threshold when I was coming in to say good-bye before driving off."

"How long had you been standing there, and I writing on stupid and oblivious?"

"Less than two minutes, I think. Do you want to know what I thought, standing there and watching you with that lovely aureole—a picture and a poem—in your hair?"

"I shall be delighted to know."

"That the rays had found the right place—the one fitting head to crown!"

The man laughed gayly to hide some deeper feeling.

"It is lucky for the peace of other husbands that their wives would not agree with you, Stacey."

"Other husbands!" echoed the lady, half-archly, half-contemptuously. "As though the crown and flower of them were to be named with you, Robert Beresford!"

"If you go on at that rate, Stacey, you will soon have to substitute a cap and bells for your crowns and aureoles. It isn't safe to flatter any man in that fashion. The whole sex are vain rascals at bottom."

With a woman's quickness, Stacey had her answer ready.

"A vain man never deprecates his wife's praises." Then she glanced at the loose pile of letters on the table. "Are you nearly through with those tiresome things, Robert?" she asked.

He read the wish that was at the bottom of the question.

"No, my dear, they will keep me steadily at work until noon, so it is hopeless for me to think of accompanying you. But you will take Phil along?"

"Oh, yes; it is his birthday, you remember, and he is half wild at the prospect of going into Boston and having the toy sail-boat I promised him."

"I remember my own ambitions at his age, and can sympathize with him. But, Stacey, the wonder all the time is, seeing you stand there, the mother of my boy, seven years old. It seems but yesterday since I brought you here," and as he said these words, Robert Beresford looked at his wife with the look that had been there when he wooed her.

The sight brought back the thought which had struck her in the doorway.

"It is Philip's birthday," she said, speaking with sudden seriousness. "Do you know what always comes a month after that, Robert?"

"You must mean the anniversary of our marriage, Stacey?"

"Yes, and I want to choose your gift to me this time. It flashed across me while I stood watching you just now. Will you promise to give me what I am going to ask for, Robert?"

"How serious you look, Stacey! What is that thing

"That shall not be my offer—not thy asking?"

She drew a little closer to his side. She laid her hand on his.

"Robert," she said, "I want you should paint me a picture for our next anniversary!"

"Paint you a picture, Stacey?" repeated the man, and something came and went swiftly in his face. His wife could have no idea where her light words had struck. She went on: "Yes, Robert, dear. I have set my heart on this matter. No other present could have a tenth part of the value in my eyes. This I ask for would be a part of yourself. Then I do not want you to give up your pictures as you have been doing all these years. The man whom I married was an artist!"

Did she see something in his eyes at that moment that made her add: "I more than half-believe he would be one now, if it were not for me and the boy! To think you never painted anything for me in your life, Robert!"

As she said these words that old morning in Cherry Hollows Glen rose up to him. He had not thought of it for years.

"I tried to paint you a picture once, Stacey, you remember, and what grief it came to!"

"Oh, yes, and how much it had to do with our engagement! Robert, will you promise that I shall have the picture?"

Robert Beresford glanced toward the closet where for ten years his neglected easel had stood. He might have returned to it at times. He had not buried himself, heart and soul, in his business. He had wide leisures for reading and varied studies—leisures of which he made the most. But his high sense of honor had always held him sternly to the covenant he had made with the elder Wentworth. He feared lest, if he plunged into the old work, it would prove too intoxicating for him. He was a business man; he dared not trust himself with colors and canvases.

And now it was Stacey—the woman for whose sake he had sacrificed so much—who urged him to resume the old tasks! It was not, however, fear of himself which made him hesitate before he answered.

"I shall be quite busy for the next month, Stacey; I may not be able to finish anything for our anniversary."

"No matter whether it is finished or not," rejoined Stacey, with the air of a charming woman, accustomed to have her wishes indulged. "It you begin the picture on that day. I shall be quite satisfied. Only promise that I shall have it."

Robert Beresford looked in his wife's eyes. Something tender and solemn in his own awed her a little, as he said: "I promise you, Stacey."

At that moment a beautiful child, breathless with haste and eagerness, burst into the room.

Chestnut curls clustered thick around the small head, and his dancing eyes had his mother's rare violet shade.

"Papa—mamma," he panted, "the carriage is at the door! It is time to go."

The parents watched the little, restless figure in its fresh suit of gray, surmounted with a bit of tasseled cap.

"Come here and tell me where you are going, you small rogue!" said his father.

The boy came over to the man's side. He lifted his eager, grave face to his father's.

"It is Philip's birthday," he said, in his sweet, childish treble. "We are going into Boston to buy a sail-boat, so big," and he stretched his arms to their widest.

"And what will you do with the sail-boat. you get it?" demanded his father.

What a light broke into the small face!

"Philip is going to sail all around the world. He is going to hunt for lions in the big forests, and for camels in the gray deserts. He is going to find parrots with green wings and red spots for mamma, and a striped zebra and a great white elephant for papa!"

The violet eyes danced. It was all real to the child.

"Ah, Philip," said the father, regarding the child with an expression half-serious, half-amused, "at seven every boy is a poet. I should like to see with your eyes, to feel with your soul this blessed moment. There is a heavy balance of birthdays on my side. I wonder if that gives me any solid advantage over you?"

Philip always treated his father's philosophizing with superb indifference.

"The ponies are waiting!" he shouted now, as he scampered toward the door.

Stacey turned also, and then her husband rose, seized his cap and followed the two.

In the drive stood a small phaeton with a couple of ponies. They were beautiful little creatures, of dark chestnut and slender build. Beresford had given them to his wife a year ago. They stood now with flashing eyes and arching necks, impatient to be off, yet they answered perfectly to every touch of the reins. Their mistress managed them admirably. She prided herself on being a skilled horsewoman.

Robert Beresford seated his wife and boy in the phaeton, and placed the reins in her hands. Then he said: "I never do this, Stacey, without a lurking fear lest I am trusting too precious a load to these fiery little quadrupeds."

"Your fears are all moonshine, Robert!" answered the lady, lightly. "My little ponies, though they have plenty of spirit, will never run away with me. I can manage them perfectly."

"As perfectly as you can their master. Now, my dear, don't take revenge on me for that cruel

witticism, and keep your face and Phil's out of my sight until dinner-time."

"And the sail-boat, papa!" shouted Phil, bobbing his curly head forward.

"And the sail-boat, certainly," answered his father, pulling the small pink ear.

Stacey laughed gayly. "I shall find my own time and way for revenging your wicked sarcasm, Robert. Trust a woman for that." Then, just on the point of starting, she grew serious again. She looked at her husband with tender eyes. "I did not thank you for your promise in the library; but you have made me the happiest woman in the world, Robert," she said.

"Then I am paid for the picture in advance, Stacey."

With that she pulled the reins. The ponies dashed off. Robert Beresford stood and watched them as they dashed out of the drive into the road. He saw his boy take off his cap and wave it to him; he saw his wife turn back and smile on him. And Robert Beresford always remembered how his wife looked with the glow in her cheeks, and the gladness in her eyes, as she turned back and smiled on him before she disappeared among the light and dews of the May morning.

CHAPTER II.

THE man did not return at once to his library. The delicious air, the bursting loveliness all around, drew him like a spell. He sauntered among his grounds—ancient grounds, with shady walks and far-spreading trees which had sheltered several generations of Beresfords. Rustle seats and arbors, and green, sloping terraces, and a thousand picturesque effects of art and nature, pleased the eyes. The owner made it a point to keep the grounds and the gray stone mansion, which his father had built, in complete order. The land was dearer to him now than in the days when he would gladly, for his own part, have relinquished every rod of it for liberty to retire with his easel and brushes to some corner where he could watch in peace the dreams that haunted him grow into life and beauty on his canvases.

But the spring morning palpitating with fresh life all about him, and the talk in the library, had stirred some of the old dreams and visions in the man's heart and brain. Robert Beresford, as he strolled among his grounds that morning, watched with an artist's eye the darting sunlight, the quivering leaves, the rich effects of light and shade about him. He looked at the solid, ample house, and his love of the picturesque pleased itself with the oriel-window, the upper balcony, the wide piazzas which had added so much architectural grace to the ancient simplicity.

Yet, in all these changes, the present owner had never lost sight of the original design. He liked

to think: "If my father were to rise from his grave to-day, he would know the old place at a glance."

The house stood on an elevation which commanded a magnificent view of the country. The first Beresford must have had a fine eye for scenery—at least so his descendant thought when he gazed from one point and another of his grounds on the wide landscape below him. Ten miles eastward stood the dark, huddled roofs of Boston, with the State House dome glittering above them, and the slender church-spires piercing the blue air.

In a corner of the grounds, remotest from the house, was an outlook, which in some respects surpassed every other. Robert Beresford, without intending it, suddenly found himself at this place. It was separated by a low, thick hedge from the lane which bordered one side of the grounds.

He glanced over the broad, noble landscape: He saw Cambridge and Somerville in the distance, and ancient Medford and pleasant Arlington at hand. How fair the old towns and villages looked in the soft lights and fresh foliage of the New England May! His eyes were following the blue windings of the Mystic, when he caught a slight sound, like a half-suppressed cry, and, turning suddenly, he saw something which quite drove the landscape out of his mind.

Just inside the hedge stood a boy who could hardly have been as old as Philip. He was ragged, sunbrowned, barefooted. How he came there was a mystery. He had probably climbed over some gate, or crawled through some gap in the hedge; and the bare, dirty little feet had made no sound on the gravel walks.

The boy had no suspicion that any one was watching him. He had suddenly turned a sharp corner in the walk, and his gaze had been arrested by the sight of a great ewing in front of him. He stood perfectly still, gazing at the deep, cushioned seat, his mouth wide open, his round, black eyes full of admiring wonder, his stumpy fingers locked together. Anybody with a little imagination might have fancied him a small savage before his fetich. That was what Robert Beresford thought as he stood just in the shadow of the great maple-tree and watched the child half a dozen yards before him.

Somebody else watched him, too. It was a man squatting on the other side of the hedge—a large, heavily-built man, with a ragged black beard, and shaggy brows overhanging dark, fierce eyes. He was a young man still, but his face had a hard, sullen look which never came of an honest, well-spent youth; his clothes were miserably shabby, and there was an air of general vagabondage about the man which would tell against him in a search for work or a petition for alms.

He sat motionless as a figure carved in stone;

but he gazed watchful, intent as a wild animal, on the man inside the hedge. There was an ugly, suspicious gleam in the eyes under the shaggy brows.

Robert Beresford's mood was an unusually soft one that morning. Whatever came in his way for help or pity would have been certain of double measure at that moment. Something in the child's attitude, in his rapt gaze, in his general untidiness and poverty, went to the man's heart. A look, half of pity and half of amusement, grew in his eyes. But the other, a few rods off, skulking behind the hedge, could not see that. He fancied the face, half turned from him, was growing hard and wrathful, and that the owner of the grounds was only deliberating how best to visit his anger on the child who had ventured into his premises.

Robert Beresford moved stealthily forward; he was drawing nearer to the boy. An amused smile played under his mustache.

But the man behind the hedge could not see that. In a flash, however, he made up his mind regarding the singular behavior of the owner of the grounds. His purpose evidently was to seize the child and give him a terrible beating. At that thought the dark blood surged into the brown cheeks. There was a wolfish gleam in the fierce eyes.

A heavy club lay in the grass close to the man's side. He moved his hand toward it softly, and then the great fingers closed around the club. In moments of rage, that great muscular frame had the strength of a giant, as it had proved in many a drunken brawl.

In an encounter of this sort, the vagrant would have had every advantage over the gentleman. One blow from that terrible club must have laid the latter senseless. The chances were that it would kill him.

This was what the other thought. He chuckled inwardly with devilish glee. He sat there now, cool, alert, but with madness in his brain and murder in his heart. With the child's first shriek of fright and pain, he would leap the hedge as the tiger leaps from the jungle. He feared for nothing, cared for nothing now, but vengeance—vengeance swift and terrible on the man who was drawing near to strike that boy of his—the only thing that he loved on earth.

The gentleman came a step closer to the small figure in the path. It was all done in an instant. He caught the child in his arms, swung him up in the air, and held him above his head.

The boy caught his breath; a look of stunned bewilderment, of swift fright, came into his face. Then he glanced down into the amused eyes of his captor. A child's instincts are swift and sure. They seized the situation, the pure fun of the thing, in a flash. A light broke into the small face. Then the boy gave a chuckle of immense

glee. At that sound his captor tossed him up in the air and caught him deftly in his descent. The little fellow burst into shrieks of delight, and the gentleman laughed, too—not so loud, but almost as merrily as the boy.

There was something of a boy at the heart of Robert Beresford. It came to the surface when he frolicked with children. They were very fond of him. Philip always declared there was no playmate like papa.

The frolic went on for a minute or two before the man brought the child down with one swift movement and set him lightly on his feet. Then he stood over him, looking down with the pleased, merry look in his eyes.

In his whole life, the boy had never met with anything like this. Even his father, of whom he was fond, never played with him, and was often harsh or sullen, and swore at him every day. But this stranger seemed only like a grand, strong, beautiful playfellow. The child was already perfectly at ease with him, and eager for a repetition of the fun.

"Well, sir, you liked that, on the whole, did you?" said the gentleman, speaking for the first time, and laying his hand on the little, curly, unkempt head.

The boy plucked his new friend's coat-sleeve. The little, tanned face was radiant.

"Do it adin, man, do it adin!" he cried.

"Do it adin!" repeated the gentleman, patting the head this time. "That is the way you treat me, is it? You walk into my grounds as cool as a prince, and you order me about as though I had no better business than to hold myself at your beck and nod. No matter where your small boy turns up, he shows himself an inborn tyrant in a twinkling!"

He had no sooner said this than he bent down again, seized the child, and swung him over his head; and there followed some more of that pretty tossing and catching in the air, with shrieks of rapture from the boy, and the deep bass laughter of the man.

At last Robert Beresford set the boy on the ground.

"There! I think that will do for one morning," he said.

All this time the figure had been crouching behind the hedge. It had sprung half way to its feet when the owner of the grounds first laid his hands on the child. A low, fierce growl broke from the man's lips. Another instant, and he would have been over the hedge. But as he paused for the leap, listening with strained ears for the blow and the shriek that would follow, he saw the boy held aloft in the arms of his captor, and struggling in the air; he saw, an instant later, the look of stunned bewilderment, of swift terror, change into one of immense delight.

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At that sight he crouched back again behind the hedge. Nobody had caught a glimpse of him. He sat there and watched, motionless, breathless, the pretty pantomime that followed. As he gazed, the wolfish glare went slowly out of his eyes, the grip on his club relaxed, while his face had the look of one half-stunned. But through all he kept his blank, unwinking, riveted eyes on the two inside the hedge; not a look, not a syllable, not a gesture, escaped him.

In a moment the owner spoke again. "Now tell me your name."

"Joe."

"Well, Joe, you were looking at that swing with big eyes when I saw you. You were thinking it would be a grand thing to get into that fine seat, and go swinging off higher and higher, until your feet could brush the sky or the branch of that big tree. You thought it would be the biggest fun in the world."

"So I did!" exclaimed Joe, his eyes rounder and blacker than ever on perceiving that his thoughts had been read so perfectly.

But, after all, anything seemed possible to his new friend. Joe would hardly have been surprised if, with a single swoop, he had brought the moon down out of the sky for him to play with.

"You shall try how it feels. You shall have a swing, Joe."

Before Joe could fully take in the gentleman's meaning, he found himself in the deep, cushioned seat. A light touch sent the swing grandly into the air. Joe gave a yell of delight. When he came down, another light, strong touch sent him higher. The third time, his little, bare feet actually grazed the lowest limb of the horse-chestnut. Joe was in a seventh heaven of rapture. Every time his feet touched the boughs he shrieked with triumph. The gentleman's laugh occasionally mingled with the child's. After his long writing, the exercise was a real pleasure to Robert Beresford. He owed his splendid health largely to the fine physical training which he daily gave himself.

At the end of ten minutes, perhaps, the owner stopped the swing. At that instant he caught sight of a figure just behind him, whose large, muscular build was surmounted with a ruddy-complexioned, honest face. The gardener was regarding the scene before him with stolid amazement. He had been drawn to the spot by the laughter and screams of the child.

The man was used to various little eccentricities on the part of his young master, but his present behavior and companionship put all other things of that sort into the shade.

"Well, Roger," said his master, laughing at the man's amazed stare, "do you think I have taken leave of my senses?"

"It looks a good deal like it, sir," answered the

gardener, touching his hat. He was an Englishman, loyal and trusty, as some faithful old mastiff, but his prejudices were obstinate, and poverty and vagrancy always aroused them. "Where did you pick him up?"

"At my feet, literally. He had strolled into the grounds through a gap in the hedge or a side gate. He and I have had glorious times for the last twenty minutes—haven't we, Joe?"

"Yes," promptly answered Joe, glancing with the keen instinct of childhood from one face to the other. He would most likely have run away from Roger as fast as his stumpy legs could carry him, but he was not in the least afraid of Roger's distinguished-looking master.

The latter regarded the boy again with grave earnestness.

"He can't be as old as my boy," he said, "who just rode off with his mother, happy and proud as a prince, his little head full of toy boats and sailing around the world. I believe the thought of him made my heart softer toward every other little rogue of his size. This one happened to come in my way. Roger," turning suddenly toward the gardener, and looking the man full in the eyes, "why shouldn't this little ragamuffin have a share in my boy's birthday?"

Roger drew a long breath, and looked doubly glum.

"It ain't my business to interfere with your ideas, sir," he said, very stiffly, "but he's some wuthless tramp's cub—you may depend on that."

"Very likely. But the boy isn't to blame for that. If Joe here had been allowed to choose for himself, his father would be as honest, industrious and kind-hearted a fellow as you yourself, Roger Bryke!"

When the man skulking in the shadow of the hedge heard that, an expression flashed across his face, the like of which no human being had ever seen there before.

Roger's glumness relaxed at that compliment, and he even regarded Joe with a slightly mollified air.

Once more Robert Beresford laid his hand on the little tangled head.

"Joe," he said, speaking half to himself out of the abundance of his thoughts and the fullness of his heart, "I'm sorry for you! I should be glad to do you some good. You have had a hard time of it so far, evidently. It don't seem quite fair on your side. I can't see why my boy should have been born into all the good fortune—have had all the prizes thrust on him—should know nothing but the soft side of life; should sink into a downy, love-sheltered nest from the beginning, while you—poor little rascal—have had to be turned out in the cold, to scramble over the stones, and be torn with the briars. When I look at the terrible contrasts in your fates, it seems as though things

weren't adjusted on quite a fair basis. Why is the balance in my boy's favor so tremendous? Will you live to grow up, Joe, and wish you had had a chance, and think it would have made a man of you? It gives me a twinge to think you may do that sometime, as you stand there looking up at me with your brave, innocent, black eyes."

This speech was, of course, Greek to the boy, who listened and thrust his dirty little toes into the gravel; but there were two men who heard and understood perfectly.

"Got anybody to take care of you, little boy?" asked the gardener. His tone, as he addressed the child, was very unlike what it would have been ten minutes before.

"Yes," he said; "I've got my father."

"Where is he?"

"He's a lookin' up a job," answered Joe, as though he were repeating a lesson.

He had been thoroughly instructed in this reply, the truth of which depended upon circumstances. He and his father had been tramping around the country for the last month. There was no doubt in the child's mind that the man was lurking somewhere in the vicinity. Joe had strolled away that morning, as he was in the habit of doing. The gate, accidentally left open, and the pleasant grounds, had attracted him, as they certainly would his father, if a chance had offered to help himself to anything inside.

While this talk was going on between the gardener and Joe, Robert Beresford had looked at his watch. It was later than he supposed. In his business life, his mind had grown used to rapid processes, to prompt decisions. He resolved on the instant.

"Roger," he said, "I haven't a moment to spare. Some important letters must wait for the next mail to pay for my half hour's frolic with Joe." If the speaker could have dreamed what fate hung for him on that half hour! "But I want you to take him up to the house, put him into Martha's hands, tell her to give him a good bath; and when he is clean and sweet as she can make him, tell her to dress him in one of Philip's suits. Something the boy has outgrown will just fit this one," measuring Joe's sturdy little figure with his rapid glance. "Your wife will know how to do this thing perfectly; and I want Joe thoroughly dressed from his cap to his shoe-strings, and to have afterwards a breakfast set before him—the best the house affords, mind. Tell Martha, and trust the thing in her hands. Ask her to do it all for my sake."

"I'll tell her, sir; and Martha'll carry out your orders to the letter. But—beggin' your pardon—what are you doin' all this to the little beggar for?"

"What am I doing it for?" repeated Roger's master. "I hardly know myself. I suspect Phil

and his birthday have a good deal to do with it. I want Joe to have a share in my boy's fun. I really haven't any plans about him. One learns to be chary about meddling with other people's lives. Bring the little waif up to the library after he has had his breakfast, and we will see what Martha and clean clothes have done for him. It won't hurt him to go back to his father with those and a full stomach, will it, Joe?"

As he said that, the speaker took Joe's little soiled hand in his palm. The boy had listened, with round, puzzled eyes, to all this talk; he comprehended very little of it; but he would have gone that morning with his new friend to the ends of the earth.

They turned toward the house. Roger followed a little in their rear. When they came to the path which led to the side of the house, Joe's friend paused.

"You must go with this man now, Joe," he said. "He will take good care of you."

Joe hesitated a moment, and glanced up doubtfully into the gardener's face. When the man saw that, he smiled a little encouraging smile on the boy.

Then Joe took his little, black hand from the gentleman and placed it in the gardener's big, red hand, and trotted off contentedly by his side. Robert Beresford stood a moment watching them with a smile in his eyes.

"Joe isn't the only one who will get some good out of it," he said to himself, as he went to the library.

But he did not suspect there was still another of whom this might be said. The man with the weather-beaten, sullen face still sat in the shadow of the hedge. He had thrown his club in the young grass, where the dew still lingered. His big hands were locked together, his powerful frame seemed to shiver sometimes with an inward sob. For the most part he sat motionless, but from the eyes that a little while ago had blazed with wrath and vengeance, a few tears dropped slowly and shone in the coarse, unkempt beard.

Two hours later Joe sat in the kitchen with what in his eyes seemed a princely banquet spread before him. A kindly-faced, middle-aged woman was watching him with a good deal of interest. It was difficult even for her to recognize in the shining-faced boy before her, with his fresh brown jacket and his bit of snowy collar, the ragged little vagrant whom her husband had brought to her two hours before. The tangled, stubborn hair had yielded at last to Martha's patient fingers, and now lay smooth and curly around the open, tanned forehead. She had a right to feel some pride in the transformation she had effected.

As for Joe himself, he must have found it difficult to realize his identity. He was half-starved, too. Never had such tempting rolls, such fragrant

coffee, such juicy steak passed his lips. He ate and drank with the greediness of a young animal; but in the midst of it all, he would pause occasionally to inspect his new trousers, or to lift up one foot, and, with his head a little on one side, stare critical and admiring at his shining boot.

Martha had turned away to hide a smile at that sight, when somebody suddenly called her in a loud, frightened voice. She went out in a hurry, leaving Joe all alone. Then he heard a sharp, sudden cry, and other voices that seemed full of amazement and terror. There was a rushing to and fro, the tread of heavy feet in the halls. Joe began to feel that something had happened. But he ate on, pausing to listen between the mouthfuls, and nobody came near him.

At last his appetite was sated, and then the stillness and strangeness began to impress him; he grew uneasy; he wished Roger would come and take him to the man who knew how to play better than a boy, for all he was such a grand gentleman; and finally Joe slipped off his seat and went to the door, hoping he should get a glimpse of somebody. But he found nothing outside, but the bright sunshine, and the young leaves stirring in the soft air, and he heard the birds singing in the stillness; he looked carefully around him for some signs of human life as he went slowly to the gate by which he had first entered the grounds. All the time he had a feeling that something was in the air. When he reached the gate he glanced up and down the lane. Then he caught sight of his father, skulking in the shadow of the hedge. The two had separated on the edge of the town that morning. It was nothing for Joe to stroll off by himself for an hour or two. The man had a glimmer of self-respect which made him keep up a fiction of looking out for a job, when idleness and bad habits made him set off with Joe on a tramp. He could not leave the boy behind. Joe's mother had sunk out of life years before—crushed by toil and hardship.

Joe went softly up the lane to the man. His new clothes set oddly upon him. He felt very grand and a little ashamed withal. He was curious to see whether the man would recognize him.

Joe stole up to the back of the big, shambling figure with its hands on its knees.

"Father!" he said, softly.

The man turned sharply at that, and saw the little figure standing there with its clean face and its fresh clothes. What a contrast to the ragged little cub he had seen scampering away from him down on the railroad!

Joe stood quite still while his father looked him slowly over. At last, when his gaze had taken in everything, from the neat little cap to the polished boots, he broke out: "Who'd a believed they could a smartened you up into such a young buck, Joe! How do you like fine clothes, you young rascal?"

"I think they's jolly," answered Joe. "Other things has happened which was jolly, too."

"I know that," replied the man. "I was sittin' here all the time. I heard what went on the other side!"

At that Joe had not a word to say, but his eyes grew big with astonishment. He stared at his father awhile in silence, then he squatted down on the grass beside him. He had come primed with a tale of miracles, and now there seemed nothing to tell.

But his father was curious about what had happened in the house. Joe related everything to the best of his ability. But he had no language to express the feeling which had crept over him in the strangeness and stillness, and which had sent him out of the house with a vague fear.

After he had done questioning, the man sat still a long time gazing at Joe. The boy fancied his father was inspecting his new clothes, but there was a grave, softened expression in the whole face. Something was at work in the man's brain; something was pulling at his heart. At last it became audible.

"Joe," he said, suddenly, and his tone made the boy look up in a startled way, "you'd have a grand time if you could go and live with that gentleman. S'pose now you could do it. He'd take good care of you. He'd al'ays be thinkin' of his own boy when he see you about. If he'd given his word he'd keep it, he'd make a man of you. You'd have fine clo'es all the time, and good things to eat, and a soft bed to sleep in. Your little legs wouldn't grow tired trampin' around the country, and you'd have a chance to be somethin' like other boys as has homes, and comforts, and those as care for 'em. Now, Joe, own up. You'd like all that, wouldn't you? Likely as not you could live in this grand house, and play in the grounds every day, and that fine gentleman would have an eye on you, and see you didn't want for anything. You'd like all that now, Joe, wouldn't you?"

Joe's black eyes sparkled, his little tanned face flushed with delighted anticipation.

"I should like it—lots an' lots!" he cried.

Then his father rose. "Come, Joe," he said, in a loud, resolute tone. "I've made up my mind. I'm goin' to take you to that grand gentleman, and ask him to give you a chance. I'm goin' to tell him to do it as he did them other things to-day—for the sake of his own boy! Come along!"

Joe slipped his little, hard hand in his father's with alacrity. Then he glanced at the club lying in the grass. He had seen that before. His father had carried it off from the old barn into which the two had crept after dark and passed the night in the sweet-smelling hay.

"What are you goin' to do with that, father?" asked Joe.

The man seized the club with a muttered curse,

and shot it with all his strength to the other side of the lane, then he took Joe's hand again, and they trudged on together.

The boy's head was full of the grand times that were coming—of frolics, and swings, and wonderful breakfasts, and above all of the kind gentleman to smile on him and play with him every day. His imagination was bewitched with visions wild and lovely enough for a fairy-tale, only Joe had never heard of fairy-tales.

Suddenly he heard his father speaking. "One of these days you'll get so fine, Joe, you'll be ashamed of your old dad, and with reason enough, too. He ain't been much of a father to you. But he'll be lonely a good many times, and miss his little boy that's been a comfort to him when they've been off round the country, lookin' out for a job. There'll be days and nights as'll hang heavy without you, Joe!"

The man stopped short there. When Joe looked up he saw something shining on his father's red eyelashes. The round little face suddenly grew grave. The sparkle of hope and anticipation went out of the boy's eyes. Some new thought was at work in his brain; some new feeling tugged at his heart. At last, just as they reached the gate, he stood still, he pulled at the man's sleeve.

"Father," he said, "you—you needn't go in there. I'll stay with you, and go off on the tramp."

There was a pause. A struggle worked in the man's face. It shook even his big, slouching figure. Then he spoke with dogged resolve: "No, Joe, I won't have it on my conscience that I stood in your way. You shall have a chance, I say," and he hurried the boy inside the gate as though he were afraid to trust himself.

Joe's father knocked at the back door until his hard knuckles stung. It stood ajar just as Joe had left it, affording a rare chance for anybody who had been disposed to enter and help himself to whatever he found inside.

At last a maid came to the door. She had an absent, scared look, but she had not Martha's pleasant face. Her first glance at Joe's father was not likely to impress her in his favor. He asked for the master of the house.

"You can't see him to-day," she answered, curtly. "He's gone away, and it's in great trouble, he is."

"But I must see him," said Joe's father, very decidedly. "I ain't a tramp, woman. I've business with your master. It's about this boy. He wants to see him," and he pushed Joe forward.

"You can't see him to-day, I tell you," said the maid, excitedly. Then she broke out, more probably for the sake of relieving her feelings than to enlighten Joe's father: "The poor gentleman has gone to the mistress; he was writing in his library when they came for him. The ponies run away

with her, and they're afraid she's killed, though they hadn't the heart to tell him; and now he's gone to her, he'll find out for himself. Oh, the beautiful lady!" and with that she burst into a loud wail and shut the door in the faces of the two.

Joe's chance was gone! That day his father met some of his old comrades. They drank together and set out on their tramps in company.

The same night Stacey Beresford was brought back to the home out of which she had passed in a smiling loveliness that spring morning.

The ponies were turning a sharp curve in the road when a great elm-tree which they were cutting down in a field near by fell with a terrible crash. The horses took fright, they dashed along the road for some distance, their mistress vainly striving to hold them. On one side of the road was a bank which fell, steep and ragged, into a deep ravine. It was all over in an instant.

Philip was picked up on the edge of the bank with only a few bruises. But they found his mother on the other side, lying in the rocky hollow, beneath the ruins of her phaeton. She opened her eyes and stared bewildered around her. Then she closed them again without a moan. Stacey Beresford's eyes had looked their last on the world!

(To be continued.)

ECCENTRIC WAGER.—For an eccentric wager, the strangest was one laid at the beginning of the present century. The sum staked was only five shillings, but the interest was very great when the terms of the bet were made public. It was a contest between two men as to which should succeed in adopting the most singular and original costume. The rivals appeared in the Castle Yard in York and submitted themselves to the jury who were to decide the question. One had his coat trimmed with bank-notes. Ten-guinea notes formed the lapels and pocket-flaps, and five-guinea notes the waistcoat and collar-band. His hat was trimmed with notes; he wore a purse full of gold coins as an ornament on the brim of it, while a paper was pinned to his back, with the words, "John Bull." His rival seems to have shown less wealth, but more ingenuity. One-half of his body was dressed like a woman, with petticoat, a silk stocking, and a slipper, his cheek rouged and heightened with patches; the other half was that of a negro, woolly-headed, black-cheeked, booted, with spurs. There could be little doubt which ought to have gained the victory, and yet the five shillings were won by the wearer of the bank-notes.

Do **not** retail your troubles to your neighbor, for most likely he has more and worse troubles than you have, but has the good sense to keep still about them and bear them with resignation.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS LITTLE ONES.

VICTOR HUGO, who has written so many beautiful books for France, has two little grandchildren, Jeanne and Georges, who hear his stories from his own lips. The little boy, when he is ill, will not go to sleep unless his grandfather sits beside his bed and talks to him. The child who is sick or in pain is always his pet, and the deep tones of his voice soften, and his eyes shine with the tenderest love when he speaks of his "little ones."

When the terrible siege of Paris was going on, a foreign army at the gates, and famine and tumults within, the little Jeanne was ill, and, they supposed, dying; but she is now rosy and well. Her grandfather wrote some exquisite lines to her, which were translated, I think, by Miss Hooper.

"LINES TO A CHILD LYING ILL DURING THE SIEGE."

"If you continue thus so wan and white;

If I, one day, behold

You pass from out our dull air to the light—

You infant, I so old;

"If I the thread of our two lives must see

Thus blent to human view,

I who would fain know death was near for me,

And far away for you;

"If your small hands remain such fragile things;

If, in your cradle stirred,

You have the mien of waiting there for wings,

Like to some new-fledged bird;

"Not rooted to our earth you seem to be,

If still, beneath the skies,

You turn, O Jeanne, upon our mystery,

Soft, discontented eyes!—

"If I behold you, gay and strong no more;

If you muse sadly thus;

If you, behind you, have not shut the door

Through which you came to us;

"If you no more, like some fair dame, I see

Laugh, walk, be well and gay;

If like a little soul you seem to me

That fain would fly away—

"I'll deem that to this world, where oft is blent

The pall and swaddling band,

You came but to depart—an angel sent

To bear me from the land."

In his book called "Ninety-three," Victor Hugo beautifully describes the little children in the midst of a great war, doubtless inspired by the innocent sweetness and pretty sayings of his own grandchildren. As a touching contrast to the horrors of battle, he tells of some little ones who have heard the cannon for the first time. One rosy little creature sits up in her crib, and putting her dimpled hand to her lips, tries to mimic the

unusual noise, "Boom, boom." So these infant souls, "always in the presence of a Heavenly Father," live in a spiritual atmosphere of play and delight, and no idea of harm or evil enters to disturb them.

Among the children in Victor Hugo's books, there is a sketch of one little boy which shows his keen interest and deep tenderness wherever a child's life is concerned. It was a little street-boy—a *gamin*—from Paris, called Gavroche. This little fellow had no father or mother to shield him from privation; he slept upon boxes and doorsteps, he learned only what he could catch from others here and there, and often went dinnerless and supperless. But the unfailing merriment of the child's heart is unclouded, making ever

"Sunshine in a shady place."

Little Gavroche sang like a bird, and mixed together in his *repertoire* all the gay tunes he heard on the streets, and the chirping and the whistling of the birds in the gardens. Victor Hugo paints exquisitely the innate freshness of the little heart under its dirty exterior. The ragged clothes, the pert answers, the slang and the profane words, do not keep the child from love of the laburnum flowers blooming over the high wall, or make him careless or selfish to two other children—mites of humanity—smaller and weaker than he is, whom he calls "My children," with a comic air of patronage, and with whom he shares his dinner and his bed.

Around this childish life the tumults and clamors of revolutionary Paris darken and increase; the troops have fired on the people, the streets were blocked with barricades and unsafe with flying missiles. In the midst of it was Gavroche, singing and chirping with a young voice as clear as a silver bugle. He was not afraid; he wanted a gun, poor little fellow, to help the people. After awhile the cartridges were exhausted behind the barricade, and the daring child sprang lightly into the street where the smoke is scarcely cleared away from the last volley, to get the cartridges from the cartridge-boxes of the dead soldiers. He was seen by the soldiers, and another volley clouded the air; but above all rang the singing of the sweet, clear voice as the wind blew back the hair from his childish brow. Another shot and another; then the voice was hushed. "This time he lay with his face on the pavement, and did not stir again. This little great soul had fled away."

Equally as touching, though less dramatic, is Victor Hugo's story of the little girl, Cosette, with her unkind mistress, who will not allow her even to touch the doll which her own daughter plays with and caresses. The affection of the child for the doll is so earnest, and even reverent, in its fear of injury, and its yearning after some weaker thing

that may be petted and protected, is so strongly drawn, that one recognizes in every word the heart of a great artist, who sympathizes with every living creature's delight and pain. Nothing could be more vivid than the description of the little girl sent to the spring at night for water, and passing through the shadowy woods, which seem all alive and astir with crackling twigs, and rustling leaves, and swaying boughs, and all the soft, mysterious noises of insect life that become so distinct in the stillness and darkness. The whole forest seems to palpitate with life, and vague, moving shadows appear to hover on the outskirts of the darker recesses of the thickets.

It is a very striking trait in our modern literature that our greatest minds delight so thoroughly in the descriptions of child-life, and enter so vividly into their ignorance, and wonder, and surprised delight. The circle of human thought grows fuller and tenderer as it includes the little ones, who in their innocence are so near Heaven. We see that French literature is not altogether sensational or superficial, while it contains such fresh and idyllic sketches; and to one who knows Victor Hugo's history and home, behind these children, who are creations of his intellect and imagination, the real and familiar faces of little Georges and Jeanne appear. Companionship with them, and the continual care for their amusements and entertainment, must have endowed the sympathetic mind of the great author with a most subtle and quick insight into the nature and heart of childhood everywhere, for "love is ever the beginning of wisdom, as fire is of light."

E. F. MOSEBY.

THOSE young persons whose shyness proceeds from an undue self-consciousness may be benefited by the following remark of Sydney Smith: "I was once very shy, but it was not long before I made two very useful discoveries—first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); and, next, that shamming was of no use—that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out."

TO PREVENT ANGER.—As a preventive of anger, banish all tale-bearers and slanderers from your circle, for it is these that blow the devil's bellows to rouse up the flames of rage and fury, by first abusing your ears, and then your credulity, and after that steal away your patience, and all this, perhaps, for a lie. To prevent anger, be not too inquisitive into the affairs of others, or what people say of yourself, or into the mistakes of your friends, for this is going out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn your own house.

ANECDOTES OF PAINTERS.

VERNET, the grandfather of the late famous French painter of the same name, relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said: "The landscape and the cave are well made; but the saint is not in the cave."

"I understand you, sir," replied Vernet. "I will alter it."

He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The purchaser took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the figure was not in the cave. Vernet then obliterated the figure, and gave the picture to the purchaser, who now at last seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers, he said: "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave."

"But we cannot see the saint," the visitors would reply.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," the possessor would answer; "he is there; for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it!"

Of Gainsborough we are told that both himself and his neighbors were ignorant of his genius, until one day—he was then residing at Sudbury—seeing a country fellow looking wistfully over his garden wall at some pears, he caught up a bit of board, and painted him so inimitably well that, the board being placed upon the wall, several of the neighboring gentry and farmers immediately recognized the figure of a thief who had paid many unwelcome visits to their gardens; and being, by means of this impromptu portrait, charged by one of them with the robbery of his orchard, the thief acknowledged his guilt, and agreed, in order to avoid a worse fate, to enlist.

Sir John Sinclair, happening once to dine in company with David Wilkie, asked, in the course of conversation, if any particular circumstance had led him to adopt his profession. Sir John inquired: "Had your father, mother, or any of your relations a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that art?"

"To which Wilkie replied: "The truth is, Sir John, that you made me a painter."

"How! I?" exclaimed the baronet. "I never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

Wilkie then gave the following explanation: "When you were drawing up the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a colored drawing of a soldier in the uniform of your Highland Fencible Regiment. I

was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it; and thus, insensibly, I was transformed into a painter.

Never, relates Haydon, was anything more extraordinary than the modesty and simplicity of Wilkie at the period of his production of "The Village Politicians." Jackson told me he had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to send this celebrated picture to the Exhibition; and said he: "I remember his bewildered astonishment at the prodigious enthusiasm of the people at the Exhibition when it went, May, 1806."

On the Sunday after the private day and dinner, *The News* said: "A young Scotchman, by name Wilkie, has a wonderful work." I (Haydon) immediately sallied forth, took up Jackson, and away we rushed to Wilkie. We found him in his parlor in Norton Street, at breakfast.

"Wilkie," said I, "your name is in the paper."

"Is it, really?" said he, staring with delight.

I then read the puff *ore rotundo* (in a clear voice); and Jackson, I and he in an ecstasy joined hands and danced round the table.

Anachronisms in painting are often very amusing. They are to be found in the works of all ages. Thus we have Verrio's *periwigged* spectators of "Christ Healing the Sick;" Abraham about to shoot Isaac with a *pistol*; an Ethiopian king in a *surplice*, *boots* and *spurs*; Belin's "Virgin and Child" listening to a *violin*; and in Albert Dürer's "Angel Driving Adam and Eve from Paradise," the angel wearing a *flooned petticoat*. Then we have Cigoli's "Simeon at the Circumcision" with *spectacles on nose*; the Virgin Mary helping herself to a *cup of coffee* from a *chased coffee-pot*; and St. Jerome painted with a *clock* by his side. N. Poussin has represented "The Deluge" with *boats*; and "Rebecca at the Well" with *Grecian architecture* in the background. And in a picture representing "Lobsters in the Sea listening to the Preaching of St. Anthony of Padua," the lobsters are *red*, though yet, it is to be presumed, *unboiled*.

LAUGHTER AS A MEDICINE.—There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body which does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges lengthens his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

Religious Reading.

TRUST IN GOD.

IT is not uncommon for those who are able to feel the support of some trust in the Lord for themselves, to be without this trust for others whom they love. Children or other relatives are dependent on them. The end is drawing near, and the fear of leaving those dear ones without adequate provision torments them with anxieties. These anxieties really come from their mistaken belief that it was they who in their own strength supplied the necessities of those who were dependent on them. Let them remember that they could not have given them a garment or a loaf of bread, if their Father in Heaven had not enabled them to do so. They may die, but that Father still lives, and His arm is not shortened or weakened because they die. The Father of the fatherless will count the hairs of their children's heads—for they are His children, too—and be sure to keep them in comfort unless discomfort be better for them; and will give them abundant means, unless want and poverty will best promote their eternal welfare. And will they as parents be cruel enough to wish their children happy for the brief moments of this life at the cost of their unending happiness hereafter? The feebleness of our trust in our heavenly Father indicates, and in part arises from, our imperfect belief in another life. For, if our belief in that life were as distinct, and definite, and free from doubt as it should be, it would be impossible for us to forget that this transitory life has no real value except in the preparation it permits for that life. Our natural man is very slow to receive this belief in its fullness. It tells us that we *know* that we live here, and do not *know* that we shall live there; and then we forget the unending happiness for which what we are permitted to suffer here is the appointed and the only means. Why it is so we do not know; and it is just here that our faith should come in, and be the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen.

When the fears, the mental distress or external calamities which are necessary to advance our regeneration come to us, trust in God will give us consolation and strength. But it must not be a trust that our wishes will be gratified, and what we deem our wants supplied. That must not be. His wisdom cannot be governed by our wisdom. It must be a trust that He will so restrain the swelling waters that they shall not overwhelm us, and that out of apparent evil He will bring abiding good. It may be that poverty has come or is drawing near; that sickness threatens or has smitten us; that disappointment of our cherished wishes, or the fear of this has darkened our sky. Let us not strive for trust, merely in the hope that it will put an end to these calamities. They would not have come, if He who is perfectly wise did not see that they would be good for us. And because He loves us, we shall call upon Him in vain to withhold from us what may be the instruments of blessing. "Thy will, not mine be done." When this is the very truth of our prayer, then will our trust in Him make it possible for His will to be done in us, and in all that concerns us.—*Parsons.*

BEING SAVED.

IF we do not conquer selfishness in our lives, if we continue selfish, we cannot be happy anywhere; we have not been happy before death, and we shall not be happy after death. But many say: "If I can but get into Heaven at last—just get in—I shall be so happy." You won't unless you get into a heavenly state before you go. An owl is not happy when it gets into the sunshine, although a dove rejoices in the beautiful light of heaven. And why? Because the owl's nature is contrary to the nature of light and beauty. And, it is just so with a selfish spirit. For what is selfishness? It is the desire to have everything for ourselves, and nothing for any one else.

Suppose there are twelve selfish persons put together, and placed in a palace, with every enjoyment at their disposal, but each one is trying to get the whole for himself; every one has got eleven enemies constantly looking out to see how they can over-reach him. And how can persons so principled possibly be happy? On the other hand, let the spirit of Christ rule—let a man be saved from his sin by fighting against his selfishness, and he will be happy anywhere. How often we forget, and think it is only believing in certain propositions that is the work of religion. It is so believing that we conquer our selfishness, and if not so, our religion is a sham. "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." "If a man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Does any one say: "I can't do it; if I don't look after myself, who would look after me? In this world it is everybody for himself and God for us all." That is the very reason why the world is such a miserable world. So many act on this principle still, though in every age it has failed. Although the world has tried all sorts of schemes; has put bad men into grand palaces, they have been unhappy. The rich and the noble have tried all plans to make themselves happy; have built great houses; have had a large number of servants; yet some of these are among the most miserable of mankind. Though in ever so splendid mansions, if the spirit is not right, there will be no happiness. That is the reason why we have so much yet of which to complain.

One has thought and believed his creed to be the right one; another says that he is right; a third thinks that neither of their creeds is right, but his view is the one to make people happy. It is not believing in any creed or no creed that makes people happy; but to *act* upon this, which is the essence of all belief—the belief in Jesus Christ, when he says: "That thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." He who believes these so as to embody them in himself, and subdue everything in himself that is contrary to them; he who believes showing he believes by doing it; he who passes his days in the effort to form his soul into the

image of Jesus Christ, by power from Jesus Christ; he is the manly worker who is completing the work of salvation—of being saved from his sins.

This is actual salvation, and he finds it in being a better man, a kinder man, a juster man and a happier man, every day he lives. He cannot accomplish it at once. It is not a dream or a fancy. It is work, it is the battle of life. It is the Christian campaign, against whatever is against happiness and against Heaven. "The kingdom of God

is not Lo, here! or lo, there! but the kingdom of God is within you." There is the kingdom of God, and it descends into man's soul in proportion as the spirit of Jesus conquers in him the spirit of selfishness in all of its ramifications. As he advances, step by step, getting victory after victory over every passion, every temper, every thought—everything that tends to make unhappiness within, and unhappiness at home—he will know he is on the way to Heaven, because Heaven is in him.—*Bayley*.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE BOY AT THE DYKE.

LET me tell you a story about a little boy in Holland, which I read in a book a good many years ago. Perhaps you have seen it before; but no matter; you will like to read it over again, I am sure. This little boy was on his way home, one night, from a village, to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke, a large bank which had been built up to keep out the sea. He stopped, and thought of what would happen if the hole were not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell of the sad disasters which had come from small beginnings, how, in a few hours, the opening would become bigger and let in the mighty mass of water pressing on the dyke, until the whole defense being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry sea would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and everything in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive; and the hole, even then, might be so large as to defy all attempts to close it. What could he do to prevent such terrible ruin?—he only a little boy! I will tell you what he did. He sat down on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the passing of a villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the water that tried to pass the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last morning broke, when a clergyman, walking up the canal, heard a groan, and looked around to see where it came from.

"Why are you there, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy and surprised at his strange position.

"I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could hardly speak. Then the astonished minister relieved the boy and sent him to alarm the villagers, who came out and mended the dyke, thus removing the danger which threatened hundreds of lives and vast amounts of property.

Heroic boy! What a noble spirit of self-devotedness he had shown! And what was it that sustained him through that lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not

fly to his home? What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the responsibility of his position? Did he not resolve to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the cold, the darkness, rather than permit the ruin that would come if he deserted his post? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people all desolated by floods of water, and he said to himself: "I will stay here or die at my post."

Now, dear young readers, is there not a sense in which every boy and girl occupies a position of even far more responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night? By the good or bad influence which you exert you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and ruin or a pure stream of goodness on the world. God has given you somewhere a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful to it. You are as responsible, if you leave your work undone, as if you do it badly. You cannot excuse yourself by saying: "I am nobody; I have no influence;" for no one is so mean or obscure that he has no influence; and you have it, whether you will or not, and are responsible for the good or evil that may come of it.

Lay all this up in your hearts, dear children, and resolve that at all times, and in all places, you will do whatever lies in your power to hold back the evil waters of wickedness that are forever trying to break through and destroy the souls of men.

As I lifted my eyes from the sheet on which the last sentence was written, they rested on a slip of paper, on which was printed the following incident, headed, "Blessed are the Peacemakers." You will see how one of the boys, Edgar Simms, like the brave little Hollander, put his hand to the breach and stopped the angry waters that were about breaking through and flooding two human souls with evil passions.

"It is none of my business; if they want to quarrel, let them. I don't quarrel myself, and I sha'n't meddle with other boys' quarrels, and I shouldn't advise you to," and Harry Eames walked homeward with a most satisfied look, while Edgar Simms, the boy to whom he made the remark, turned, with a troubled face, toward the boys who were disputing, saying to himself: "I wish they wouldn't! And there's Tim's sister, too, feeling so badly about it! I mean to try and part them."

He found the cause of contention was but a slight matter; and with a few quieting words and cheery "Come, boys, stop now, and let's have a

game at ball," the ruffled tempers were smoothed, and all was calm again.

When Harry reached the corner of the street he cast a glance back, and seeing that the storm had passed, concluded to return and enjoy the game; but the good angels, who looked down upon the little scene, sang, "Blessed are the peacemakers!"

SELF-MADE.

SO much is said and written in praise of self-made men, that young people are apt to fall into the delusion that some successful people are not self-made. But this is an error of which they cannot be too early dispossessed. You may have Cressus for your father, and may move in the most distinguished social circle, yet you can never acquire true greatness in any department of effort without hard and persevering labor.

Many a rich merchant's son has been placed in the most advantageous position for acquiring a practical business education, yet has utterly failed

to meet his parents' expectations, simply because he did not chose to make himself a good business man.

I knew three sons of a college president who had every facility for acquiring an excellent education, but who utterly threw away their privileges, and grew up worthless idlers, a real curse to any community where they were located. They were all bright boys, who if they had been self-made might have been blessings to the world and an honor to their parents.

Do not trust, boys, to your social standing, or your father's money to give you a position in the world. You must be the architects of your own fortunes, you must be self-made men, or utter failures. There is no "royal road." You cannot take goodness or greatness second-handed.

Then gird up your minds for a strong, hard race in this good, new year, and let its close find you far on your way in the road to true knowledge and excellence. There is nothing that will so conduce to your happiness as you go along as the thought that you are surely making progress. J. E. McC.

The Young Girls.

SEASONABLE HINTS FROM "PIPSEY."

NOW that the winter season is beginning to show its white teeth, let us talk of seasonable things.

Just before we sat down to write this morning, we went into the closet to look over the winter clothing, to see what could be made as good as new and what would be required entirely new. There are only three of us left now in the old home. First we looked over the deacon's clothes. There were two pairs of pantaloons about half worn out, but with good linings. Patches are bulky, and they will give a nice old man a sort of a dead-beat look, no matter what may be his claims to respectability. So we will bridge over that difficulty. We will rip up the seams in the legs and body without interfering with the waist-band or pockets, wash them well through two or three hot suds, dry and press smoothly, and then cut out the worn and thin places, and use them for patterns in cutting new pieces for patches, which will be sewed in, pressed and then sewed up with the seams. Don't you see how easily this is done, how smooth and neat they will look when finished, with never a hint that they are old and patchy and have seen better days? Why, we can make over, and make into "second best," such clothing, and it will be quite as good as new. We think after one gets the fit, gets acquainted with a garment, it is well to make it last as long as possible. There were two good vests that can be newly bound with braid, the button-holes worked over, buttons tightened, a fresh buckle-strap put on, and they will carry him through the winter, and he will come out "clear and smiling," as the old song says, in the spring.

(Wait a minute! Lily is knotting comforts upstairs, and she calls us to come and help spread on the cover. We run up the stairs, two steps at a clip, help to place the calico, say, "Why what a

little lady you are!" when we see how exact her work is, and then we run down again.)

The coat—well, it will answer to husk corn in, and haul wood, and feed calves, and finally wear on butchering-days. But it is faded and frayed. We will rip open the sleeves and make the lower side new from the elbows down, and will put on new cuffs and new buttons, and set in a newer front so as to make stronger button-holes. The collar is soiled, and we will cleanse that with ammonia and hot water, and the grease-spots on the shoulder we will remove with benzine. We look over his socks, and find some of them past saving. But Mrs. West wants to buy some good soft soap, and we will let her do footing, and healing, and toeing to pay for it. The nice mittens, a present from Aunt Paty, are just as good as new; he prized them so much, that he hardly wore them at all last winter. When he tears out the heels of his socks with new boots with faulty counters, we don't fret over them; we think the greater annoyance is his; for if anything tries the patience of a boy or a man, it is to have boots fair to look upon on the outside, but of the balky sort, that will go so far and no farther. And while we sympathize with them, we would take a soft, new piece of repellant cloth and make a gentle patch of it for the poor heel so rudely torn out. That is better than to scold.

For men working with rough timber, or boards or saw-logs in the winter-time, we would make cloth mittens to save good gloves or yarn mittens. Take odd bits of cloth left in cutting-out garments, or take an old pair of trousers which, when worn past all use, will have good cloth left from the knee down, at the back part of the leg. This cloth, lined with some soft material, will do very well. For a pattern, lay down a knitted mitten and cut around it, making great allowance; stitch a strip of elastic half way around the wrist, fit in a sizable thumb with a gore, and the mittens are done.

(Wait a minute. A student has called to borrow a school-book—Loomis's Geometry—and we must tell him in what room he will find such books. My! what a boy! He wants to impress us; and so when we say, "How are you getting on this term, Mr. Smith?" he breaks out into a dazzling smile, and says: "I progress very satisfactorily, thank you; and I am the only one in our family that is interested in literary pursuits; and I hope to make my mark in the literary world; and no money would tempt me to part with what little knowledge I have gained in literary acquirements." We presume he learned his speech for the occasion.)

While looking over old things in the clothes-closet, we came upon some nubias, one white with a blue edge, and one white with a pale yellow edge. And a pretty fancy came to us which we will tell the mothers. These will work over into dainty baby-wear by letting them out to the largest size, large enough for little spreads to put over the babies in their cribs. They can have a fleecy lining of snowy canton flannel, a little fine batting between; and wherever the stitch comes, say five or six inches apart, can be fastened a little knot of very narrow ribbon—blue to match the blue-edged nubia, and yellow to correspond with the yellow-edged one. They will certainly be pretty and warm, and with care they will last long enough to pay for making. They can have bindings of ribbon to match likewise.

We have a new claimant on our love now—Ida's baby, a darling little girl four weeks old. Her name is Kitty Louise. Nothing could make us any happier than these two babies have; they nestle right down into our hearts, the dear little beauties. When we laid the precious baby before the deacon, he looked at it—his baby's baby—and his short laugh was full of emotion; it seemed more like a stifled cry than a laugh.

(Wait another minute. A rap at the door; a man has called; we shake hands, because he looks so embarrassed; he asks for the deacon; the deacon's in the corn-field; will he not come in and wait until the deacon comes to dinner; see the clock points a quarter till twelve. He tussles his hard hands one over the other in a bashful way; he looks up the stove-pipe; he scans the big geography lying open on the lounge, and then, lapping out his tongue, he asks how the deacon is prospering. We reply that the deacon prospers finely. Just then Lily comes in from the cellar with the bread and butter and cream, and we tip her a wink which she understands. She frees her hands hurriedly, and presents him with the right one, saying: "How glad we are to see you, Joeephus! You are just in time for dinner, and we're glad of that. Does us good to see your face again. How nice this is!" Then she rings the bell, and father comes and makes Joseph welcome. Poor fellow! Papa says if you lift a man socially you lift him morally; and—Joseph was in the penitentiary once, and though he tries hard to live a correct life, he will drink, and will forget his manhood.)

We tried our hand lately making afghans for the babies' carriages, and we succeeded so well that we want to tell the women how to make such things after our plan. It seems so strange that we, Pipesey, can fashion a baby's carriage-robe; we can hardly believe our own eyes, and that these pretty

and useful things are specimens of our own handiwork.

One is made of one yard of Turkish toweling, hemmed. We took about four ounces of zephyr of a pretty shade of blue, made into balls and sewed on about three inches apart in regular squares. When finished, we held it over steam, which swelled and puffed them out beautifully. Bound with blue ribbon is pretty; or a shirred ribbon set on near the edge; or a fringe of blue zephyr. We bound ours, because we were saving of time and hurried to get it off our hands.

Zephyr afghans are very pretty either crocheted in stripes or by commencing with one stitch and increasing to fifteen; then crochet eighteen times with fifteen stitches; then narrow down to one stitch. They must be knit afghan stitch. If a dark one is desired, let the colors be seal-brown and blue, or clouded green, or any colors that will not fade.

We think the prettier one of the two we made last. We did not want them alike. That for the little boy, Shirley, we made of common cheese-cloth, with both sides alike. Instead of batting, we used two layers of cotton wadding, and tacked closely and evenly, and at every tack we fastened on worsted or zephyr balls, which, when steamed, puffed out satisfactorily. We crocheted the edges with the same shade, and tied in a fringe. Ours was just one yard square without the fringe. The edge must be turned in and run with a coarse thread before it is crocheted.

At first we thought we could not make the balls; we did not know how to make them puff out so round and full; but with a little experience one's fingers become deft enough. We wound the zephyr around a bit of card-board a few times, then caught the needle through and sewed it firmly in its place, then cut and trimmed it, which, after steaming, rounded each ball out perfectly.

But to go back to the clothes-closet again. We find a twenty-five cent basket-cloth goods, very serviceable for winter—not to wear when we wash, and bake, and mop, and sweep, but afterwards, when we sew and do light work, and on days that are not the busy ones of the week. But for us women who are white and chilly, and have thin blood, waterproof goods is the best thing. Let the dress be made plain and close, and short enough to clear the ground, and well lined about the waist and sleeves; then, with sensible underwear, we can face the winter right cheerfully. There is a great deal of good cheer in a knit sacque, or one made of flannel; and these close-knit hoods are good, too, for winter.

The combination-suits are a god-send to most women, and we hope this style may remain in vogue the longest of any. Every good breadth in an old dress, or in an old-style overskirt, is valuable, and will find its place somewhere. Some of the prettiest dresses we have seen have been made of even three kinds of goods, number three being used for collar, cuffs and trimmings.

(Wait a minute.) A long minute that was—two whole days and nights! Well, just then, when we were beginning to tell you how to make old clothes into new ones, the deacon marched a gentleman into the room, and right up to our desk, with: "Now, sir, there she is—my daughter Pipesey—alive and smiling. And now, Pipesey—way, look at this man, and tell me who he is,

You've played 'peep' with him in babyhood through the slats in your granny's rocking-chair hundreds of times; and you've played 'keep house' later'n that; and he's been your beau at singing-schools, and you've sung out of the same old Missouri Harmony; and now up and shake hands with him, and make him welcome."

We looked up. Surely we'd never seen that man before! His nose reared up in the centre and at the tip in such a peculiar manner, that surely, if we'd ever, ever seen that hillocky nose we could not have forgotten it! His head was as bald as a jug, only for a little fringe of yellowish-gray hair around it, and just below his hat; his chin was peaked, and had a habit of quivering and quaking in a vague, uncertain way; the tops of his ears kind of hung over in a flapping manner, and when he smiled his mouth formed itself into a V shape, with the points turning up. He smiled, and seemed to enjoy our embarrassment. What a smile! We did not want to be uncourteous, so we rose and extended our hand, with: "We are glad to see you, sir, even though we do not recognize you. And so you are one of our old schoolmates!" And we shook hands. We don't know whether we saluted rudely or not, but he shook all over, as though he were a man made of pine shingles or of pasteboard.

"And so you don't recognize Sim McCracken?" said father.

And that was little Simeon! And then we shook hands again, and sat and visited until we were called out to tea just at sunset.

That was two days ago. We have been down to the village with Simeon in his buggy, and over to the old home of his childhood, and he has invited us to go with him to church on Sabbath. He says we have not changed at all, that we are the same Pipesey that he remembers in the long ago. He wears the widest scarf on his hat that we ever saw; it covers the whole crown. The poor fellow lost his wife last winter, and his home is broken up for the present. He is visiting about in hopes that it may cheer him and make times seem pleasanter. We told him to leave all his laundry work at our house; that his little mite of a washing could go in with ours as well as not. He sighs frequently, and roams about with his hands crossed behind him and his head down meditatively. Sometimes he hums to himself little extracts of hymns, and sometimes he chants them melodiously.

To think that we didn't recognize Simeon! But then no man would look like himself after a mustang had fallen across the bridge of his nose.

He is very fond of mush and milk, and last evening we made some just before bed-time for the deacon and him. He ate it in a way that grandmother used to say was "praise to the cook."

Just as we lighted the lamp and gave it to him last night at eleven o'clock, we spoke in a cheerful way, and told him that discouragements and sorrow were the lot of all; that perhaps his last days might be his best; that in time he might marry again and his heart be healed.

Poor fellow! we will never forget the expression in his smitten face and in his mournful eyes, as he answered with emotion: "O Pipesey, my dear friend, that's just where you hev me!"

PIPSEY POTTS.

SAVING TIME.

I FIND, as many a one has done before me, that it is much easier to preach than to practice.

I have been faithfully trying for weeks to have another little chat with the readers of the "Home Circle" about "saving time," and until now could, by no means, "save time" to do so. There seems to be such an incessant demand on the time and energy of mothers in general, that it is certainly an important question whether there is no way to obviate any part of the difficulty. I have read somewhere lately, that one does not, and need not expect to have strength given him to bear the burdens rightfully belonging to another.

I wonder if many of us are not staggering under a heavier load than we need to bear. It is seldom that mothers require much help from their children; yet there are innumerable little things which little girls can do—and which they are more than willing, even *glad* to do—which will save to a surprising extent both time and strength. There is no earthly reason why boys should not be taught to assist in many ways about the house. If always accustomed to do so, they are not awkward or stupid about such things; neither are they unwilling, unless carefully taught that any such occupation detracts from their present boyish dignity and future manliness. Many men expect to be waited upon in even the most trifling matters, and are not altogether to blame for it, either. I know of many mothers to-day who are bringing up whole families of boys to be just such men. They wait upon their sons with willing submission, and insist upon the daughters of the family doing the same.

I have seen a specimen of humanity, stout and able-bodied, six feet in height, and with perfect ability to use his limbs, come into a house and demand a dozen articles, more or less, in rapid succession, located in various spots, ranging from cellar to garret; his wife immediately drops everything, and rushes in all directions, to do the bidding of her lord and master!

In such a case she is almost wholly to blame; she is bearing the burdens of another—using time which she needs to accomplish her own particular labors; and if this sort of thing is carried on from day to day and from week to week, there is no possibility of saving time for recreation or improvement. No woman has a right to deteriorate into a mere household drudge. If God has given to her a measure of good looks, talents and health, He meant them to be of some use.

Do not, dear sisters, neglect your dress and appearance, give up your music, your reading, any little accomplishment you may possess, and wonder after awhile that your husband ceases to treat you as you expect and deserve. We all want to be companions for our children; we do not want to see them growing away from us, gaining in knowledge and grace, while we are steadily retrograding and widening the breach. We can help it, and it is our duty to do so. We owe it to them and to ourselves. But in order to read and keep up with current literature, science, etc., we must act with forethought and determination. Work must be arranged and systematized, plans laid for days beforehand, as a general would plan a campaign. Children must do their part, and be taught to do it cheerfully, and many ways of econo-

mixing time will suggest themselves to each one, suited to her own peculiar circumstances. One person cannot lay down rules for another, except in a general way.

To leave theory, and talk for a moment on practice. Said a lady, one day, in recounting to a neighbor her various hindrances of that morning: "I had finally commenced to iron, when, of course, I had to stop again to wash potatoes for dinner."

This is only one little thing, but our lives are made up of just such trifles. No one who had tried washing potatoes by the quantity would ever again be reduced to the necessity of preparing enough for one meal when hurried with other work. Vegetables can be prepared for a week, or even a month ahead, and it will require but a few moments, while to be obliged to stop every day, or twice a day, takes nearly as long each time. When clearing tables, pare and slice potatoes that are left, put them at once into a clean spider ready to fry for another meal. A little attention to salt-cellar, butter-plates, etc., when putting them away, insure their readiness for the next meal.

And just here, in conclusion, let me suggest a method of dish-washing which I read of a year or two ago, and have tried since, much to my satisfaction. Pile plates, saucers, etc., neatly, according to size, in a pan, and pour boiling water over and through them, letting them stand for a few moments while attending to some other matter. Then take out, and throw away the water, which has removed all grease, and, as you will find, nearly everything adhering to them. Then wash in luke-warm water with toilet soap, and rinse with boiling water. Done in this manner, dish-washing is no drudgery, but really as pleasant as any other work. Pour boiling water into kettles, spiders, dripping-pans, etc., add a little ammonia, and they are nearly clean at once. This method also saves the hands; and if we can keep our hands from becoming red and swollen, and having a parboiled appearance, we certainly have a right to do so. Try it, and I am sure you will not regret it.

MRS. ELLA R. BLAKE.

THE SCHOOL OF FRUGALITY.

FIRST SESSION.

FIRST TERM—INFANCY.

WHILE many condemn the too common neglect of girls' education in the domestic duties of life, others complain of over-worked women, who after marriage never find time for mental culture. These extremes do truly exist, but it seems that one should counterbalance the other; as women after marriage have a lifetime of practice and experiment (after all "experience is the best teacher") in housewifery, it may be well to leave the youthful mind the whole field for the cultivation of the other arts and sciences. However this may be, there should be a *School of Frugality* connected with every institution of learning in the land; aye, it should exist in every household. This would compass the whole subject, from the improvident waste of time in childhood, to the lavish expenditure of fortunes in old age; and whatever the education outside of this school, there would be a check-line, a guide for all the years to come, which would compel a sparing use or appropriation of moneys or commo-

dities—a judicious use of anything to be expended, let it be time or talent. There would not then exist that false notion so detrimental to all prudent economy and good housewifery, the idea of *parsimony* which is an excess of frugality, and which children are taught to despise.

Frugality is always a virtue, and when a man in office exercises that careful management of money which expends nothing unnecessarily, and applies what is used to a profitable purpose, it is accounted to him as wisdom and judgment, and is sure to make him so popular as to re-elect him to offices of the highest trust in the gift of the people. *Housekeeping is administration on a small scale*, and every woman should be fitted to fill that office to which she has been elected from the foundation of the world: This destiny for woman is almost inevitable, and her educators commit a grave error, if not a *sin*, in neglecting to teach her from childhood, the first principles of administration: that use of everything in which nothing is wasted. Were the proper attention paid to this branch there would not be such a cry of incompetent housekeepers and worn-out women. They could enjoy the benefits arising from that expenditure of time and means which can fit the surplus of one into the absence of the other with such dove-tail exactness that no ground is left uncovered, nor is any material so far overlapping as to be unnecessary or extravagant. Then would thrift, the effect of frugality, ensue. "Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." "A prudent wife is from the Lord," says our great pattern of wisdom. Also, "He becometh poor that dealeth with a *slack* hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich." In language almost synonymous, Johnson says: "Without frugality none can become rich, and with it few would be poor," and Webster says: "He seldom lives frugally that lives by chance." Then there must be a school for establishing a system of economic living, and this school must hold its first session in the nursery, by the very cradle of the infant. But how through books can we reach the mind of the child? Through the medium of the mother, of course. Thus, at last, our first scholars must be grown up men and women, the parents of children whom they do not wish to arrive at maturity only to spend, like the prodigal in riotous living, that property accumulated by hands hard with honest toil, and heads gray with careful speculation.

No school is perfect without its regulations, nor can the scholar obey till he has learned the rules, (nor is it necessary to learn them, if they are not enforced.)

Rule I. The infant must receive attention at regular hours, and before it becomes impatient.

Rule II. This attention must never be in excess, till the little human is worn-out or surfeited.

Rule III. The dress must be simple, but comfortable and clean.

For the observance of these rules satisfactorily, the mother must study the *wants* not the *whims* of her children; and when they are old enough to sit at table, do not hasten to heap upon their plates whatever they cry for, but *know* what is good for them, how much, and give accordingly, never helping the second time till all on the plate has been consumed. Do not give bread in such excess that it will be scattered in crumbs on the floor,

for flies become the *Lasari* which eat of the crumbs which fall (too often) from the poor man's table, and more than twelve baskets full of fragments might be gathered up after the multitude of spoiled children have been filled. Therefore when your child asks for a loaf do not give her a "stone," but a *small piece*, and if this dividing with her seem selfish, and she take offense, and redden, and swell up, and dash her willful little body upon the hard floor, and stiffen her determined little limbs, with a long, ominous silence-like nature catching her breath for a thunder-clap, just anticipate the event a little, and divert her mind from imaginary wrong to a real smarting vigorously applied, for nothing so allays internal pain as detraction by external application. "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

In correcting always be consistent. ("Oh! inconsistency, thy name is woman.") Do not at one time pacify by gratifying the caprices, and at another, by adopting severe measures. Sustain your character as mistress so well that the child may understand her subjection. Maintain your hold upon her respect, and she will soon see *right* in all your ways. Vacillation begets uncertainty, and uncertainty experiment, and experiment success, and when the child once succeeds in overcoming the mother, she holds in her hands the reins of the chariot of the sun with its four fiery steeds, Morning, Fire, Inflammation, Burn. In the very morning of life her temper will ever be on fire, it will *inflammation* and *burn* to the very consuming of her mother's heart, and result, like Phaeton's steeds, in her own destruction.

Never render others uncomfortable, by crowding children to the first table to be waited upon to the neglect of your guests, nor allow them to clamor for pickles, jellies or preserves, nor have their plates heaped with rich viands or deserts to be eaten or fingered over till it is not fit for anything, not even the cat—thus sowing the seed of wastefulness and disease. Milk should be the chief diet of young children, and should meals be delayed, let them have this at their accustomed hour, or a piece of bread. Never allow constant eating between meals. It destroys the appetite and makes waste. Economize labor in dish-washing by making one plate serve for all the courses which a child should eat. Where the food is put down in child's portions, a large plate gives room enough for a bit of pudding, and a small cup is safe in the hands of a child, and this should contain milk—not coffee, unless greatly diluted. Never allow a child to cry for what brother has, nor pacify her with a *handsomer* goblet, nor turn over each cup that is poured, to her, and supply brother with a fresh one, till a half dozen teacups and saucers have been used and left standing full of coffee quite sweet, but full of *infant slobbers*, then get up and march off your noisy troop and leave *grandma* all the dishes to wash. Extravagance springs often from want of feeling. It is a mistaken kindness to help other people's children without consulting them, for only the mother knows what the child will eat and what she will play in with a pretense of eating. Therefore, always be ready to suggest to your hostess what you would like your own children to have, and teach them to restrain themselves and behave with becoming modesty.

In the matter of dress, let the laws of health and decency be your guide. Obedience and a sunny temper make a child far more lovely than sashes and white shoes. Children's toys should be spelling and counting blocks, working tools or machinery. These should be few and kept in their places by the little owners. Never allow *whole-sale* destruction of toys, but teach the child to *save everything*. Close of first term.

M. L. SAYERS.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 44.

When the twilight shadows gather,
As night's sable curtain falls,
And the firelight, flickering lower,
Casts its shadows on the walls;

Then I muse o'er days departed,
And the faces loved and gone,
Come around me in the gloaming,
By the power of memory, drawn.

Tender looks they seem to give me,
Silent words they speak again,
Till they slowly fade and vanish,
Leaving only sad, sweet pain.

DO any of you, my readers, love this twilight hour better than any other? There are some who find greater charms in the early morning, when the day is in its first dawn of beauty, when, in summer-time, the song of newly-wakened birds greets the ear, and the dew sparkles on grass and flowers, and all nature looks fresh and bright. Others like best the full glory and brilliancy of the sunlight in later hours, or the starry splendor of winter nights. All are equally beautiful in their time and place, but when I wish to think quietly, or when sad moods are on me, and it is a pleasure to indulge in memories and sad fancies, then give to me, at this season of the year, the quiet hour "in the edge of the dark"—as the Welsh express it—before the lamps are lighted, or the circle gather around for talk, or reading. 'Tis then that cherished memories come, like phantoms gliding down the aisles of time—some filled with a sweetness that makes the heart yearn over them with a vain longing for their reality once more. Some sad and painful, yet holding a fascination that makes us linger over them, loth to turn away.

There are eyes into which we seem to look, and see again the unspoken words which were so dear, and the light which made earth brighter for us. There are presences which seem so near, so tangible, we can almost touch them. Then as they fade away, what a lonely feeling it leaves.

But the thoughts are not all sad ones. There are mingled memories of many pleasant things during the past year, that bring gleams of light. Joyous meetings with friends after long absences; words of comfort and counsel from wiser lips, in hours when need of them was felt; little visits for rest and refreshment, with dear companions, in the cool green shades of the country; and tokens of love and sympathy from so many. Thoughts, also, of friends found in these latter months, never known of before. One in my own State, from whom I had a beautiful letter last summer. One who sent me bright autumn leaves from Colorado,

with cheering, encouraging words. Another who tried to help me by writing of a remedy which might improve my strength. And two others—a mother and son, whose tender love for each other shows through their letters—have been helping me ever since midsummer, to be strong in heart, and have courage for my life-work. I thank "Minnie Carlton" for her thoughts of me as she looks at her pansies. I wrote a chapter about those dear, human-faced flowers, long ago, and tried to tell what they said to me. I want her still to think of me when she "turns to those darker, deeper ones," which remind her of the "faces out of which some of the joy of life has gone, but which still wear, on the deep mourning of the violet, a rim of gold." May the flowers ever give her thoughts as pure and sweet as those she sent us in the October magazine.

And the dear little teacher, in a "far-off Western village"—I want to peep in at her windows, and tell her that I, too, am glad to know of her, and I would like to talk with her face to face. I shall remember her words about us, and hope she will long have the enjoyment of reading the HOME MAGAZINE.

So through a part of the long evenings, my thoughts are employed with all these things, and the little rays of brightness gleam across the darker shadows made by the many days of sadness. For sad thoughts *will* fill a greater part of the space, when retrospection comes.

"The year is dying, dying!
And for a world of sweet, dead things,
These hearts of ours are sighing."

Sighs which break into the grand music of nature, and spoil its rhythm for us. The years go on, and one by one our joys die, and sometimes hope sinks in our hearts, and only faith is left to keep us from failing utterly.

"If faith came not, to hold our hand,
How weary we should be,
Wandering along the lonesome strand

That bounds the narrow sea;
While one by one, our best beloved
Pass o'er, dear Lord, to Thee."

So many have "passed over" during this year; closing their eyes to all the scenes of this life of change and turmoil, and opening them upon a blissful eternity. How many, even in the circle that is dear to me. As I sit alone to-night I think it all over, and think how small the band has grown, how few near ties are left to me, while yet my young days are hardly over. And I am not the only one, by many, who sits alone to-night and "longs" for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still.

"Only for a little while," says the preacher. "Only a little while," repeats the friend, trying to comfort. Yes, a little while, compared with the happy eternity beyond, but oh! so long to hearts that grow weary, and eyes that look forward to years of earth-life for which they care not, without the beloved companionship to which they have been used.

Oh, dying year! what hast thou taken that was precious to so many of earth's children, and which no future years can bring back! Pitiless render of human hearts and human ties, thou movest on in calm unconsciousness of all, and soon thou, too, wilt be numbered with the past. What comfort could we find, at times, were it not for the knowledge that all our days and years are numbered and watched over by Him who made them, and for His blessed gift of faith, to lead us along the narrow way, and hope, to bid us look for hours which shall be brighter, and for joys which shall never fade.

"She walks with us and holds our hand;
Her eyes are angel eyes.
She walks with us across the sand—
Sweet Faith, from out the skies!
Wearing a rose upon her breast,
That smells of Paradise."

LICHEN.

Evenings with the Poets.

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

THERE lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my heart,
And its sweet lisplings win me, till the tears
a-trembling start.

Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody,
And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs
to me—

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Night's starry tendernesses dower with glory evermore;

Morn's budding, bright, melodious hour comes sweetly as of yore;

But there be million hearts accurst, where no sweet sun-bursts shine,

And there be million hearts athirst for love's immortal wine.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

If faith, and hope, and kindness passed, as coin,
'twixt heart and heart,

How, through the eye's tear-blindness, should the sudden soul upstart!

The dreary, dim and desolate should wear a sunny bloom,

And love should spring from buried hate, like flowers o'er winter's tomb.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

With truth our uttered language, angels might talk with men,

And God-illuminated earth should see the golden age again;

The burdened heart should soar in mirth like morn's young prophet lark,

And misery's last tear swept on earth, quench hell's last cunning spark.

The world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Lo! plenty ripens round us, yet awakes the cry for
bread,
The millions still are toiling, crusht and clad in
rage, unfed!
While sunny hills and valleys richly blush with
fruit and grain,
But the paupers in the palace rob their tolling
fellow-men.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Dear God! what hosts are trampled 'mid this kill-
ing crush for gold!

What noble hearts are sapped of love! what spirits
lose life's hold!

Yet a merry world it might be, opulent for all,
and aye,
With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth
that wastes away.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flow'r-lips
of the sod—

The happy birds that hymn their raptures in the
ear of God—

The summer wind that bringeth music over land
and sea,

Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of
songs to me—

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

GERALD MASSEY.

EVENTIDE.

WHENEVER, with reverent footsteps,
I pass through the mystic door
Of memory's stately palace,
Where dwell the days of yore,
One scene, like a lovely vision,
Comes to me o'er and o'er.

'Tis a dim, fire-lighted chamber;
There are pictures on the wall,
And around them dance the shadows,
Grotesque, and weird, and tall,
As the flames on the storied hearthstone,
Wavering, rise and fall.

An ancient cabinet stands there,
That came from beyond the seas,
With a breath of spicy odors
Caught from the Indian breeze;
And its fluted doors and mouldings
Are dark with mysteries.

There's an old arm-chair in the corner,
Straight-backed, and tall, and quaint;
Ah! many a generation—
Sinner, and sage, and saint—
It hath held in its ample bosom
With murmur nor complaint!

In the glow of the fire-light playing,
A tiny, blithesome pair,
With the music of their laughter

Fill all the tranquil air—
A rosy, brown-eyed lassie,
A boy serenely fair.

A woman sits in the shadow
Watching the children twain,
With a joy so deep and tender,
It is near akin to pain.
And a smile and tear blend softly
Sunshine and April rain!

Her heart keeps time to the rhythm
Of love's unuttered prayer,
As, with still hands lightly folded,
She listens, unaware,
Through all the children's laughter,
For a footfall on the stair.

I know the woman who sits there;
Time hath been kind to her,
And the years have brought her treasures
Of frankincense and myrrh,
Richer, perhaps, and rarer,
Than life's young roses were.

But I doubt if ever her spirit
Hath known, or yet shall know,
The bliss of a happier hour,
As the swift years come and go,
Than this in the shadowy chamber
Lit by the hearth-fire's glow!

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

GOD'S TEMPLE.

SILENTLY, as a vision of the night,
It rose in beauty; not a sound was there
Of workman's axe or hammer, to affright
The Sabbath stillness of the summer air;
But stone by stone, each ready hewn, was brought,
Fitted as by the angel's measuring-rod
To fill its destined place. Thus fairly wrought,
Rose the old Temple to the living God.

A greater one we build; and day by day
Sorrows and trials shape the chosen stones;
Patience that waits, and hopes that fade away,
And faith that trusts, and love's persuasive
tones—
Each silently perform their work for years.
No sound is heard, and yet prepared they stand
By the long training of their prayers and tears,
As ready for the mighty Master's hand.

So shall we never dare to craven shun
Trials most sore and long, if such there be
Needed to make us perfect every one;
Since temples of the Holy Ghost are we.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

SMALL feet before the dawn of day
Are marching to and fro;
Drums beat to arms through all the house,
And penny trumpets blow
A health to brave old Santa Claus,
And to his reindeer bold,
Whose hoofs are shod with eider-down,
Whose horns are tipped with gold!

Young Ladies' Department.

HOW TO DRESS.

OFTEN have I felt how much I wished to speak a word of advice to school-girls just struggling to learn for themselves the art of dressing. Tastes and habits formed at this period of life are likely to remain with them always.

Of course no girl pursuing an extended course of study in one of our higher institutions of learning, can possibly do much more than merely put her clothes on and take them off again, for her making and mending she cannot properly be held responsible. I know that there are girls who do actually attend to their sewing and their studies, at the same time, but I know, also, from experience, that to do so is too much for any human creature. It is more like work done under the influence of stimulants than natural, healthy activity.

But let any such girl use her eyes and think. Let her reap the benefit of her own tastes and judgment whenever possible—and perhaps we will not hereafter see so many ill-dressed women as we do to-day.

Take into consideration as much as possible the saving of time, and every means to facilitate dressing. For instance, don't trust much to pins, but have in their places as many buttons and strings as you can. Pin a ruffle or a collar in the neck of a dress before you put it on. In these days of princess robes and trimmed skirts, you will find it very convenient to have the most of your drapery all in one piece.

Be careful of your hair. Brush it well and often, though not enough to make your head ache, and don't wet it, if you can possibly wash the scalp without doing so. Arrange it in the style which suits your face best, no matter what may be the fashion. Happily, in these sensible days, false hair and padding are out of date, unless to remedy a defect. And don't believe any one who tells you that you ought to wear it plainly as a matter of principle. There is more vanity and affectation in so doing than in wearing it as most becoming to you, because, in the first place, you set yourself up; and in the second, you demand too much of your face alone, by depriving it of the softening effect of its natural ornament, the hair.

Bathe every day thoroughly, unless the weather is too severe, when you may get along with an ablution once or twice a week. A few minutes' sponge bath is all you need—and it should be with cold water always, and a coarse towel. Rub vigorously, so as to be sure of a warm reaction—if you can stand the friction of an old hair-brush, or a pair of hair-gloves, all the better, for then you may be perfectly sure of keeping open the pores of the skin—and almost sure, too, of a soft, clear complexion. Of course you won't paint nor powder.

The teeth should be religiously cleaned after every meal—yes, and even after an impromptu lunch—and as a dentifrice, nothing is so good as simple prepared chalk.

For winter wear you ought to have a complete layer of flannel next your skin, from neck to heels. This will be an almost sure preventive against

chills and colds. Wear also, good, warm stockings, to garter above the knee. (For all seasons, colored stockings will be far preferable to white, as they do not soil so easily). Over your flannel, have a layer of muslin. And now, a word as to dress reform. The principal garment in this system of underwear is the chemilette, or combination chemise and drawers. Of this I would say, that while it has its advantages, it has also its disadvantages, chief among which is that you cannot change any part of your underclothing without completely undressing. A sleeveless basque, to which the drawers are buttoned will be found more satisfactory. I fully agree with the dress reformers that the chemise is a barbarous garment—I hope it will soon vanish, to be known no more. And I agree with them also in thinking that all underclothing ought to be high-necked and long-sleeved, winter and summer, so as to preserve an equable temperature and protect the shoulders of the dress from being soiled by perspiration. But I don't say, as I once did, banish corsets. It may be unnatural to wear them, but so it is to dress at all—while society imposes upon us clothes, it also imposes upon us the obligation to manage them as well as we can. I don't think it is either neat or modest to do without corsets. But then, you mustn't lace tightly. Fix the strings in your corsets so that you can clasp them around you without drawing, and then leave them so, never altering them while they last, fastening and unfastening, just as you would any other garment. Wear your corsets, then, next to the underwaist supporting your drawers, which is, as you know, next your flannel in winter, your skin in summer. Suspenders saw into the shoulders, and are more trouble than help. If you must have a chemise, now is the time to put it on. But a neatly-fitting corset-cover is better, as it does away with any wrinkles inside your dress waist. To this you may button a short muslin skirt, which will take the place of the lower part of the chemise. But by far the best plan is to adopt the new princess chemise, which is made precisely like a plain polonaise, with a short, round skirt. This obviates any necessity for chemise, corset-cover or underskirt, and may be made as fanciful as you please, with ruffles around the bottom, and, if you like, square-neck and elbow-sleeves.

And don't pad. If you get a good, well-fitting French corset, you won't find any necessity for such a thing, unless your figure is execrable. But, then, remember, a large bust is rather vulgar than beautiful, and when seen in company with a small waist, it is painful to look at, for it gives the form the appearance of being squeezed in. Most likely yours is just the right size in proportion to your waist, for there should not be any very remarkable difference between them. If a young girl persists in loading her growing person, she causes undue heat and compression, so affording another instance of "arrested development," and when she is older and ought to have gained her womanly figure, she will find herself compelled to "make up." Besides, such a practice causes her to look older; for, it is not common in this country to find a girl of eighteen or twenty fully formed, and,

generally speaking, no woman in our land attains her complete shape very much before she is thirty. If, however, you are remarkably defective, there are open work, sieve arrangements which admit of free movement and ventilation.

Underskirts should be short and the bands should be loose enough to lie upon the corsets below the waist line, as a number of thick belts pressing up under a basque interferes with its snug fit. A flounce around the outer one will add to its warmth, prevent a violent wind from lifting it too high, and insure a nice set to the bottom of the dress-skirt. And, girls, whatever you don't have, have as soon as you can a complete outfit of nice underclothes, for you cannot feel dressed, no matter how elegant your outer garments, if you are conscious all the time that beneath you are all patched and pinned together.

Never wear a conspicuous dress in the street, even if *La Mode* should demand of you red, and green, and yellow. Fashions are useful, but too strict a compliance with them is not elegant, but vulgar—a true lady always adapts them to herself, not herself to them. She is never seen upon the public thoroughfare in a trained dress of garnet, trimmed with blue, and wearing diamond ear-rings. For out-door attire, study to be neat and tasteful, but plain enough to escape marked attention. And remember, certain colors can never properly be combined; among these are blue and green, blue and purple, pink and scarlet, scarlet and blue, cardinal and garnet. As a rule, be very sparing of bright color.

And never, under any circumstances whatever, buy any material that is not good of its kind. A dress of common mixed goods will not look like anything unless it is nicely made; but is such a perishable fabric worth the same pains in making as a better one would be? Good material, no matter how plainly made, always shows what it is, and if finished elaborately, it is well worth the trouble. And when you come to the "fixing over"—while you could not make an old alpaca anything else than a shabby affair, of an old cashmere, you could have a stylish garment almost or quite like new. As a rule, make a dress after a pattern that may easily be analyzed by the eye.

In purchasing dress materials, shun all fancy, high-sounding names, unless you have plenty of money. Get good, honest silk, and merino, and cashmere, and lawn, and cambric, and calico, whose virtues have been well tested. And, even in the matter of buying the better class of goods, lay out your money judiciously. These bourettes, and chuddahs, and *damaasés* are very elegant, but they go out of style in a season or two, while a plain, handsome silk never does. Remember, too, that generally speaking, a light silk is not a good investment, for silk don't dye well—all wool goods do perfectly. But, then, a small quantity of a novel fabric is useful in remodeling an old dress.

As to millinery, observe that a leghorn hat, or a black velvet one, with a long ostrich feather, never become old style, and may be worn with any costume. The straw can be pressed over three or four seasons, the velvet can be transferred from frame to frame for years, and the feather will last a life-time. Good articles always outwear inferior ones, they look well as long as they last, and they will be found far the cheapest in the end.

If you are in doubt as to what color a dress

ought to be, get black. Black is always dressy and ladylike, and is becoming to every complexion and every purse. I think that every lady ought to have at least one black silk, with a black cashmere to save it, and in summer for special times, a black hernani. With proper accessories, such dresses may be brightened up, or toned down for almost all occasions. The black silk, with dainty laces, and flowers, and gloves, is fancy enough for a party, and without them, quiet enough for a funeral. And every lady ought to have pretty white lawns—percales, linens and the like, vary from season to season, but not so white. Change the trimming and you have a complete new suit—or, as a variety of white dresses, even, is pleasing. Besides, every one looks well in white—some, indeed, better than in anything else. For a dressy gathering, what can be prettier for a young girl than Swiss and natural flowers?

And it is best to think of everything. Black gros grain ribbon is always serviceable for making bows to put on any suit. Tinted pearl buttons harmonize with every fabric, from silk to calico, and may be used over and over again for years. Novelities in garniture cost money and soon have their day. There are some things, however, in which you cannot save much, chiefly shoes, gloves and *lingerie*. You don't need so very many dresses, and ribbons, and trinkets—but you *must always* have perfectly neat shoes and gloves, no matter what else you have to sacrifice. One pair of fine kid boots, well made, will last longer than three pairs of cheap ones, will look better and cost you less in the end.

And don't wear cloth gloves, nor dogskin, nor soiled kids, nor patched ones—keep one elegant pair back for best; for ordinary wear, have well-fitting undressed kid or castor, and for slipping on, just to run out, a nice pair of hand-knit mittens. In the summer, wear *white* lisle thread, not dark, for white can always be washed perfectly, while dark will look streaky in spite of your care. Provide yourself with plenty of fine, white handkerchiefs and cuffs, and use them freely. Scorn imitation lace and tarlatan ruchings for your neck; wear plain linen collars until you can afford to have real *Valenciennes*. *Crêpe lisse* is very elegant, but so perishable as to make overmuch indulgence in it quite expensive—use it only with handsome dresses, upon grand occasions. If you don't, it will cost you more than point lace in the end, and you will have nothing after all.

One or two other little points. Stripes and trains make a person look taller. A light suit makes one look stouter. A tall, slender person ought to dress the neck high; a short, fat one, low. Too many flounces upon a short woman make her look too squatly. A gay shawl, unless of cashmere or paisley, is loud, but such shawls are suitable only for middle-aged ladies. A long-waisted person should wear a wide belt.

A profusion of jewelry should never be worn in the street. Wearing rings outside the gloves is a fashion worthy of Mrs. Shoddy herself. Don't buy a gold chain until you have a good water-proof, and shawl, and umbrella. And *always* it is better to be underdressed than overdressed.

For morning wear you need an ample, well-fitting wrapper, nicely made, but free from any superfluous tags and bows to catch dust and tear off. With it wear a clean calico collar and apron.

The sleeves should be trimmed enough to do away with the necessity for cuffs. Arrange your hair just as carefully for breakfast as for any other time, but wear no jewelry, other than a plain brooch. Be neat always—you dress as much for yourself as you do for other people.

At night, take off *every stitch* that you have worn during the day. Think of the impurities which have been thrown off by the body, and then think of pressing them all in again! Give your day-clothes a good shaking and spread them out to air. Wear a long night-gown always, so that you will not be obliged to sleep in your petticoat. As a general thing, unless your room is insufficiently warmed, or your bed-clothing is too light, wear nothing under your night-gown; if you need anything, let it be one of your flannel undersuits. This would, in winter, be a good time to bathe, as the warmth of the bed will prevent your taking cold.

Don't get into the fashion of wearing a jacket in the house, for if you do, you won't be able to leave it off, and after awhile you will begin to look like a dowdy, muffled-up old woman. A knitted or flannel sack is sometimes useful, however, to wear under a coat, but a chamois cuirass is better. A regular made one is very expensive, costing from eight to fifteen dollars; you can, though, have a very nice one for less than a dollar by buying three chamois skins at the drug store, and making it yourself. The three skins will cut two fronts and a back, to be simply stitched together and bound around the edge—you don't want sleeves. For walking or riding a long distance in the cold, provide yourself with good, warm leggins, either knitted or make of cloth.

Having thought out all these things, you have given the dress question nearly as much attention as any reasonable woman ought to give. So much of it will be attention well bestowed.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

SPENDING-MONEY FOR WOMEN.

WE had been talking about women helping themselves—this subject which interests all women alike; a theme in which our women all over the United States are concerned—when the gate clicked, and we knew the carrier had brought our news. One of the girls ran out for the papers, and our surprise and delight can hardly be imagined when she flitted open the *Inter-Ocean*, and turning to the "Woman's Kingdom," edited by that excellent author, Elizabeth Boynton Herbert, she said: "Why, Aunt Chatty, how charming this is! Just like a story! Mrs. Herbert has had a like experience with your own. Oh, do read it aloud, and let us see what sort of girls she has had to deal with. You know she is interested in the subject the same as all the how-can-I-earn-a-living girls are?"

We read the article aloud to the listening group. We extract from it such portions as may be strengthening and helpful to those of our girl-readers who are interested in the subject of self-support. She says:

"Yesterday the mail brought me three letters weighted with the past self-same question, '*How can I earn a living?*' Two-thirds of these questions have been supplemented with the assertion: 'I am not strong, have not been trained to any special

work, and desire some very easy, genteel employment; would prefer to work for a few hours each day, as I desire to have time for study and literary work, and as I wish to be able to do a good deal for charity I shall expect good wages.'

"These letters generally end with a suggestion to this effect: 'Knowing your interest in woman, I am sure you will not disappoint me, but will send me a letter in a few days, telling me of a situation such as I want.'

"Hence, we attempt to give this morning our earnest thought, coined in the white heat of an intense desire to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. In the first place, in the discussion of this subject, we must face facts, and not base our arguments or conclusions on theories merely, however pleasant they may be. Our own theory is that every man and woman should be willing to labor cheerfully a given amount of hours each day, and should receive a just equivalent for such toil; but we are confronted with the stubborn facts that multitudes are poorly paid, and that, owing to our extravagant habits and false system of trade, almost every avenue of labor for which woman by her past education has been fitted is crowded with applicants, especially in and about cities. Hence, we say to many young women who write us from farm homes, complaining that life is irksome, that they feel that they are being supplanted by others when they desire to be independent, 'Dear girls, the impulse that prompts you to desire to be self-supporting and independent is commendable; but study this whole matter carefully. Are you sure that your duty does not call upon you to remain by the side of your mother, whose young life was given in care and toil for you; and, should you leave your post, would not your place have to be filled by another? Have you ever talked earnestly with your father in regard to giving you some special work for which you should receive regular remuneration—such money to be used as you think best?'

"We believe that many family circles have been broken, and many heavy burdens borne by both parents and children, which might have been lightened by an hour's earnest talk around the fireside. To illustrate, we will choose an instance from hundreds that we might indicate.

"Some months since, a letter was received from a young lady, an entire stranger to us, begging us to find something for her to do at once, and stating that it was a case of urgent necessity. The following Saturday, we decided to forego a musical entertainment which we had eagerly anticipated, in order to make another attempt to find employment for her and for a number of other young women. Failing to find any work for which—judging from her letter—the young lady in question was fitted, and dreading to disappoint her, we wrote that we could not hear of any situation; but if the applicant were so needy that a place as housekeeper in our own home would suit her, she could make the experiment, and meanwhile we might hear of something better.

"In a few days, the omnibus drove up to the door, a card was sent up, and upon entering the parlor we encountered a young woman dressed in a more elaborate costume than our own wardrobe could have supplied, and with a list of practical knowledge astonishingly small, and with expectations surprisingly great. Her second question

was: 'If I decide to stay and help about your housework, can I associate with all your friends, and will you give me lessons on the piano? I wouldn't have thought of leaving home, only I heard about your big library, and the lectures, and the literary people that I would meet.'

"Of course this young woman was not happy. She had not counted the cost. She had not remembered that often, when these friends were engaged in earnest conversation, three little pairs of brown eyes were sleepy, and somebody must go up-stairs with the children. She had not realized that the women who are busy in endeavoring to secure better laws for an entire State, or in educating public sentiment to a better view of all these social questions, have less time to give to an individual than the little groups of people who live quietly on farms. Hence the keen disappointment.

"The accomplishments of the girl who was the queen of the apple-bee or singing-school are quite overlooked by those weary workers, and then she grows bitter and disappointed because she had not counted the cost, because, as she afterward assured us, she was not obliged to work. She had plenty in the farm-house, and mother needed her. She had thought it would be so much more 'lively' in the city; and then she would have more opportunity to 'find out about the fashions.' She was amazed to know that there were those who would buy a dress and wear it until it was worn out, and think no more about it. She wondered that they were not re-modeled every spring and fall; and she would say in astonishment: 'I never did see a woman work as many hours in a day as you do!'

"Because these are stubborn facts, dear girls, we say to you in tenderest love, there is no royal, easy road to any genuine success. Be sure that there is not some duty or some other work nearer home before you conclude to encounter all of the trials incident to earning your living in a great city. Do not experiment in new and untried fields of labor needlessly. In most instances, around you and about you, are the opportunities of which you should avail yourself. In so doing, you have the helpful counsel and co-operation of friends which you would greatly prize, and sorely need if you should go among strangers. Seek diligently this work, and, having found it, enter upon it zealously; become interested in it, and you will find it pleasant, and you will make it congenial. We say this to those who are not absolutely obliged to be self-supporting, and who have time to carefully survey this great field. We would be helpful to such, and we hope our words may be full of wholesome advice that will benefit them."

This was the article that fitted so well into our conversation that day, and we thanked the writer for it. And then we went on talking on the same subject—woman's work and woman's wages; and how shall she make herself independent, and how shall she even earn her own spending-money—and we planned dozens of ways.

Now do not say that it is easier to plan than to put in practice. All the essential requisite is to know what you want to do, and then take hold with vim and a cheerful perseverance, and time and patience will bring you genuine success. We do believe this. Perseverance, of the kind that turns not to the right nor the left, that heeds not

the voice of the charmer, nor the voice of the dreamer, nor the meddlesome friend's advice, must succeed, provided the individual has ability.

And then, in proof, our thoughts turned backward and brought forth examples. There was Ann Reynolds, a cousin of ours, whom we remembered as a successful teacher and trainer of the village babies; all the little tots between three and seven years of age were hers a part of every day for years and years. The parents remunerated her acceptably, and the work she did will never come to an end. It will live forever. That was before the Kindergarten system was known or even heard of. What beautiful employment for a lone woman—one of the few with the love, and sympathy, and adaptation for this wide field of labor. There is hardly a village in the land in which such a work could not be carried on successfully, and with profit and pleasure.

Then, of the large number who are not adapted to this sacred work, there lie open other paths and other avenues. One woman deft of hand and gentle in disposition can follow bee-keeping; another can make the raising of poultry remunerative, especially if she lives near a market and is not above her business. And the world all over is in need of good cooks, and will give them permanent employment. The world also needs good books, but not half so badly as it wants good cooks, for the latter would supplant the want somewhat of the former. The intellectual hunger would be appeased greatly if the bodies were well and properly fed—if meats, and grain, and fruit were made to give out the best they afford. Mind and body would work together in harmony. A sweeter sense of peace would be found existing between them. The woman who is a good cook possesses an accomplishment greater than the linguist, or the musician who pleases but for a little time, and whose gift is more to be enjoyed by themselves than by others.

Then we thought of Martha, the playmate of our childhood. She married a poor blacksmith, who lived down the alley below Madam Lunes, the milliner. Her baby died, and she was lonely, and would go sometimes and sit and watch the girls bleach hats, and press, and remodel, and trim; and finally they began to ask her opinion about the bow on this side or that, the flowers here or there, and what shades of silk contrasted prettily; and in the end Mattie became forewoman in the grand establishment; and when the madam removed to New York, then Mattie, the wife of the enterprising blacksmith, took her place, and filled it most admirably. Her husband became traveling salesman for one of the best business houses in the city of Cincinnati; and all this prosperity was due to the energy that stimulated the little wife to put forth her best efforts.

Dyeing, if understood properly and well, is a good business for an active woman; and, understanding it, she need not lack for paying employment. It is a science amounting quite to an accomplishment, as any practical, economical woman will tell you.

And what a wide field lies almost fallow for want of efficient workers, when we refer to the calling of the nurse. How few women there are who are good nurses—kind, tender, watchful, wise, discreet, sympathetic nurses. This is an occupation which ranks among the noblest and the best.

Women with kindly natures are peculiarly fitted for this important office.

A good laundress need never seek for employment. Her work praises her. The snowy linen, fresh from her dexterous hand, is all the commendation she requires.

And the other day, when we women discussed this subject in Elder Ewalt's parlor, and one of them said complaining words because one of our number was so stingy, and always pleading poverty, and making of herself the shirkiest shirk in our society, we said there was no need of her lacking all the spending-money she needed when she could make such good bread. Now we'll warrant that in any town, or village, or country neighborhood, if the woman who makes excellent yeast-bread would announce her business, and say that she would supply a certain number of families with good home-made bread, she would have good sales and very fair profits. And we are sure that she would enjoy spending her own money as she pleased. The woman who gives a paltry pittance toward her pastor's salary, or gives nothing toward buying a widow a fresh cow or a new sewing machine, must feel like a sneak all the time.

While we would not find fault with the sisterhood who reach out their hands for paying employment, we must condemn the pride that keeps them from bravely laying hold of any work in reach of them for fear of being classed with "menials." In our own opinion there is no menial employment. There is no honest labor

that is dishonorable. It is the manner in which we accept of it, and the way in which we perform it, that renders it dishonorable.

Too many of our bright American girls have a false view of this great domestic problem. They put too high an estimate on their own abilities; they hope for too much, expect too much; and because they feel that others are blind to their superior talents and their wonderful gifts, they become cynical, and haughty, and intolerable. It is a lamentable fact that so many of them have not the sweet womanliness in their young natures that we look for and long for. They are content to trifle away their lives in a little round of frivolity and gayety, and they acquire no self-reliance, no culture, no valuable experience that they can profit by in mature years.

But with all this, fact and speculation, we would advise good girls who have homes and parents, one or both, to stay with them kindly and lovingly to the end. Make the best of the station where God has placed you. If you were born first rate, you will find your place as truly as if you were born fourth rate. There is no cheating fate or dodging the truth. If you are not in your niche now, you will be sometime, rest assured of that. In any case, "act well your part," be honest, brave, truthful; shun affectation, make yourself loving and beloved, forgetting never to

"Fling all the windows of your soul
Wide open to the sun."

CHATTY BROOKS.

The Temperance Cause.

A STARTLING EXPERIMENT.

THE National Temperance Society, 28 Reade Street, New York, has published a twenty-four page pamphlet, with the title, "Alcohol and the Human Brain," by Rev. Joseph Cook. It is a very able and striking presentation, from a scientific point of view, of the injurious effect of alcohol upon the brain. It merits the widest possible circulation, and ought especially to be in the hands of every young man, of every moderate drinker and of every law-maker in the land. The price is ten cents. We make one or two extracts.

The lecturer—for the pamphlet before us is only the printed form of a lecture—exhibited to his audience an experiment by which to give them ocular proof of the effect of alcohol on the brain. In doing so, he said:

"Central in all the discussion of the influence of intoxicating drink upon the human brain is the fact that albuminous substances are hardened by alcohol. I take the white of an egg, and, as you see, turn it out in a fluid condition into a goblet. The liquid is a viscous, glue-like substance, largely composed of albumen. It is made up of pretty nearly the same chemical ingredients that constitute a large part of the brain and the nervous system, and of many other tissues of the body. Forty per cent. of the matter in the corpuscles of the blood is albumen. I am about to drench this white of an egg with alcohol. * * *

"If you will fasten your attention on the single

fact, that alcohol hardens this albuminous substance with which I place it in contact, you will have in that single strategic circumstance an explanation of most of its ravages upon the blood, and nerves, and brain. I beg you to notice that the white of an egg in the goblet does not become hardened by exposure to the air. I have allowed it to remain exposed for a time, in order that you may see that there is no legerdemain in this experiment. I now pour alcohol upon this albuminous fluid, and if the result here is what it has been in other cases, I shall pretty soon be able to show you a very good example of what coagulated albumen is in the nervous system and blood corpuscles. You will find this white of an egg gradually so hardened, that you can take it out with a fork. I notice already that a mysterious change in it has begun. A strange thickening shoots through the fluid mass. This is your moderate drunkard that I am stirring up now. There is your tippler, a piece of him [holding up a portion of the coagulated mass upon the glass pestle.] The coagulation of the substance of the brain and of the nervous system goes on. I am stirring up a hard drinker now. The infinitely subtle laws of chemistry take their course. Here is a man [holding up a part of the coagulated mass] whose brain is so leathery that he is a beast, and kicks his wife to death. I am stirring up in this goblet now the brain of a hardened sot. On this prongless glass rod, I hold up the large part of the white of an egg which you saw poured into this

glass as a fluid. Here is your man [holding up a larger mass] who has benumbed his conscience and his reason both, and has begun to be dangerous to society from the effects of a diseased brain. Wherever alcohol touches this albuminous substance, it hardens it, and it does so by absorbing and fixing the water it contains. I dip out of the goblet now your man in delirium tremens. Here is what was once a fluid, rolling easily to right and left, and now you have the leathery brain and the hard heart."

Speaking of the ultimate consequences to the brain, Mr. Cook gives these warning sentences. They should be carefully considered by every moderate drinker who reads them:

"Who shall say where end the consequences of alcoholic injury of the blood and of the substance of the brain? Here within the cranium, in this narrow chamber, so small that a man's hand may span it, and upon this sheet of cerebral matter, which, if dilated out, would not cover a surface of over six hundred square inches, is the point of union between spirit and matter. Inversions of right judgment and every distortion of moral sense legitimately follow from the intoxicating cup. It is here that we should speak decidedly of the evil effects of moderate drinking. Men may theorize as they please, but practically there is in average

experience no such thing as a moderate dose of alcohol. People drink it to produce an effect. They take enough to 'fire up,' as they say, and unless that effect is produced they are not satisfied. They will have enough to raise their spirits, or dissipate gloom. And this is enough to impair judgment, and in the course of years perhaps to ruin fortune, body and soul. The compass is out of line in life's dangerous sea, and a few storms may bring the ship upon breakers.

"It is to be remembered that, by the law of local affinity, the dose of alcohol is not diffused throughout the system, but is concentrated in its chief effects upon a single organ. When a man drinks moderately, though the effects might be minute if dispersed through the whole body, yet they may be powerful when most of them are gathered upon the brain. They may be dangerous when turned upon the intellect, and even fatal when concentrated upon the primal guiding powers of mind—reason and moral sense. It is not to the whole body that a moderate glass goes; it is chiefly to its most important part—the brain; and not to the whole brain, but to its most important part—the seat of the higher mental and moral powers; and not to these powers at large, but to their helmsman and captain—Reason and Conscience."

Life and Character.

BROTHER HARKLISS; OR, CHANGING PLACES.*

AN aged negro, most of whose life had been spent in bondage, but who was now rejoicing in liberty, appeared one day at the study of an eminent minister, and introduced himself as "Brother Harkliss Jones, from Sou' Caliny."

The good minister shivered at the thought of another clerical beggar for church money, to be spent, as so much of it usually is, in the traveling expenses of the applicant.

"Well, Brother Harkliss," he asked with patient kindness, "what can I do for you?"

"You can *listen to me*, bruder," replied Harkliss, with a princely air.

"I'll do that if you'll be short; but my time is very precious, brother," answered the pastor.

"So is mine, bruder!" exclaimed the visitor, with a dignity which almost startled the minister. "You and I's both sarvants of de King, and His business always 'quires haste."

"Yes; and your church wants a little help, I suppose, after the war. Well, I'm glad they sent a sensible man for it."

"No, sir. My church is de church universal, and dat has got de mighty One of Jacob for her help, and needn't go beggin' of nobody! I come to give and not to az, sir."

"Then you've got some money for my church, I suppose," said the minister, smiling.

"No, sir; what I've got to give will come closer home to you dan to your church."

"Well, what have you to give me then?"

"A little advice and a heap of comfort; I come up from my ole home cause my chil'n and gran' chil'n was bound for to come. I was as near de Lord on de banks of de Great Pedee, as I ever spects to be up here; and dere was as many souls for to save down dere as dere is up here. But young folks, you know, is songunery in dere views, and mighty 'strob'lous in carryin' on 'em out. Dey got de notion—poor things—that every foot o' land up North was sanctified by Mr. Lincoln's sperit, and that the arth yielded like it did afore the cuss fell on it—widout labor or sweat! Dey thought de North was a little heaven whar no man had to say to his neighbor: 'Love ye de Lord,' kase dey all loved Him a'ready. I told 'em dere was work, and poverty, and sin up here, like dere was down home; for I've seen northern folks plenty in my young days, and mighty hard ones dey was, too! But my chil'n, dey 'phood' at me, and said 'mong demsels: 'Daddy, he's hind de times. If we goes he'll soon foller.' Now dey was right dere, for nex' to de Lord, I loves my chil'n and gran' chil'n. When I see dey was comin', I packed my bundle and come, too. It 'peared like I saw a great shinin' finger in de dark cloud one night pointin' due north. Den says I: 'dat's my pillar o' fire, and where I'm sent I'll go, and de Lord will have my work all laid out ready for me.' So here I be, sir."

"And you want me to set you to work?"

"Not a bit of it, sir; on de con'try I wants to set you to work! Dat's what I'm comed here for dis mornin'."

The cool composure of the sable guest fairly astonished the gentleman used to so much defer-

* Congregationalist.

ence and respect; and he asked, in a tone of surprise: "What do you mean, brother?"

"Well, I've been to hear you preach two Sundays, and I've made up my mind that you're off de track! You talks like it was a chance anyhow, whether we saints gets to Heaven after all. There was too many 'ifs' in your sermons. De Master hadn't no 'ifs' in His preachin'. His gospel is, 'Him dat believes shall be saved, him dat comes I will in no wise cast out; come unto to me you dat is tired and heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Dere is no condemnation to dem dat are in Christ Jesus. Whar I am, dere shall my people be also. I give eternal life unto as many as my Father give me, and none shall pluck dem out of my hands.' Isn't dat good gospel, sir?"

"Yes, and I believe every word of it," replied the minister.

"Is dere any chance, think you, for Satan to slip in by a trick and upset de great work of redemption?"

"No."

"Den why don't you tell people so? One sarmon o' your'n was tellin' all 'bout de doubts Satan pushes into de hearts of de Lord's people. Why, dat sarmon was mor'n half 'devil' all through! And another was tellin' de saints dat dey must do dis, and dat, and t'other to get peace and comfort here and Heaven beyond. If you believes dat Christ died and rose again, and dat kase He lives we shall live also, why don't you comfort God's people wid dese words? Let de devil alone for a while in your preachin', (you'll get 'nough o' him widout makin' so much on him) and just preach Christ, Christ! 'Pears like I don't want to hear nothin' else but just only dat dear name while I stays here in de flesh. I rises every mornin' in Christ, and I walks and talks wid Him all day. When night comes, I lies down and sleeps wid Him, like it was my last sleep, and I mought wake next morning wid Him in glory!"

"I'm black, and poor, and old to de eyes of de world; but I'm fair, and rich, and fresh in His sight, kase I'm in Him. All dat He has got is mine, and there ain't a king on arth dat old Harkliess would change places wid. No, no, no!"

"But while you never doubt God's power to save, you sometimes have doubts of your acceptance with Him, haven't you?" asked the minister, who was, by this time, seated meekly taking his lesson.

"No, never; why should I? Dere was a night once, long time ago, when my soul was 'ceeding sorrowful, like de Master's when He was in de garden. I felt like I was helpless for dis life, and I had no light on de world beyond. I hated my hard master, and I most hated God, too, for not giving me a better lot. I was out in de cane-brake all alone, a mile away from any livin' cretur'. I felt like I wanted to kill myself kase my massa he done gone and sold my wife and baby! Dat ar night I got a hint in my soul what hell was; and as I sot dere a thought come into me, and I spoke it out: 'Dere isn't no God,' says I. And dem words scart me so't I sprung right off de ground whar I was lyin'! I was bewildered, I reckons, for all of a sudden I see a great white hand sweep back de dark night, and a light shined all roun' 'bout me. I didn't see nobody, but I felt strong arms about me, and in a minute my poor aching head was leanin' on somebody's breast; and

oh, what a place dat was to rest on! Den a voice said: 'Come unto me poor, tired and heavy-laden soul, and I will give you rest.' Den I knowd dere was a God, and dat it was de voice of His Son in my soul. I've been a new man since dat night; but half de time I been only a common sort of a Christian, like you, risin' and fallin', hopin' and doubtin', such a Christian as puzzles de world to know whether dere is any good in 'ligion or not!"

"I was a waiter in dem days, and was a good deal wid de white folks, and it was fash'n'able 'mong dem for to doubt, and mourn, and whine, when dey talked 'ligion; and I used to forget dat night in de cane-brake, and fell into de fashion of de gran' folks. But it didn't work with me, and I got into darkness. Den I'd try to fight my own way out of de swamp; but de more I tried, de faster I stuck. Den I would try to hire de Lord to lift me out of de horrible pit and de miry clay, by good works, helpin' de weak field hands, or givin' away my pocket money. But we never made a bargain—de Lord and me! He always brung me low till I was glad to get peace free; and to take away all chance o' bragging from me, He gine'rally brought de peace when I was asleep and doin' no good works. Den I would wake wid glory in my soul, and I would run on mighty peart for a spell. I didn't know what Christ was den. He was in me; but dere was plenty else in me besides Him."

"Come here and sit in this large chair, brother, it is more comfortable than that one," said the minister, in a subdued voice, as if addressing a superior. "I want to hear how you got clear of the tempter, and filled with Christ at last."

"Oh, well, it isn't no great story, but here it is; dere was an old col'd sister dey used to call Gimsey, a sort of preacher like 'mong de field hands. Well, when she come down to her death bed, she done call all massa's people and de neighborin' black folks 'round her, kase she said she'd been in Heaven a whole hour, and come back to give us a word of comfort. We gathered 'bout her, and she lift up her two hands and pray dis way: 'Lor' Jesus, answer dis one pra'er of mine, for dy own name sake. It is old Gimsey's last pra'er, de next word wid me will be praise and hallelujahs. Bring dese poor chil'n into de light like you bring me into de light fifty years ago! Don't let Bruder Harkliess cast contempt no longer on dy blessed name by doubtin' of dy word which is truth! Humble proud Jennie, and in massy punish drunk Dose, and comfort lone Polly, and cure sick Abe, and bring all de rest to dy feet here, and to dy house up dere bam by!' Den she open her eyes, and began for to preach, and she give each one a separate little sarmon all to hisself. She den call me. 'Come here, Bruder Harkliess, and take my cold hand in yourn.' I went, and she said: 'O Harkliess, Harkliess! you's worse den an onprofitable sarvant! You's half de time b'aring false witness gin de Lord dat bought you, and tellin' de world dat His Word ain't for to be trusted, dat He don't always speak truth!"

"No, no," says I, 'antie, I never done dat; I trust Him wid all my heart."

"'Meby you do, right here on de varge o' Heaven; but quick's you gets out, you'll say: 'Dere's no tellin' whether I'll ever reach Heaven or not.' Harkliess," says she, 'do you believe de

Lord has writ yer name on de palms of His hand, and His name on your forehead?"

"I bowed down my head in shame, for I see my sin. And den de truth of God shone out like a great sun as I never see it afore. My soul was full of glory, such like as de world never sees, and I says: 'Yes, auntie, He has told me time and agin dat He is mine and dat I am His.' 'Do you believe He speaks de truth, Harkliiss?' says she. 'Yes, auntie,' says I, 'I know now He does. I sees His word like fire.' 'Den you quit a doubtin' afore de world,' says she. 'Harkliiss, if you'd been as disrespectful to your owners as you've been to de great Master, and if you'd gone round saying, he's promised me such and such, but I doubt he'll keep his word—he'd sold you into de rice swamps a hundred times in dese years! Better cut off yer right hand and pluck out yer right eye den to doubt de truth of His word. You is His, for He bought you wid His own precious blood, and as sure as He's in Heaven you shall go dere, too! I'm tired chil'n and must go to sleep. Good-night.'

"Dere, sir, dem was old Gimsey's last words on earth; de next one she spoke was glory 'fore de throne.

"Well, dere was a great light all through my soul den, dat has never gave out sence. 'Pears like de Lord is in de midst of it, where I can feel His presence, and when de 'ifs' and 'may bes' comes round trying to break my peace, I shouts out, no matter who hears me: 'De Lord says dat I am His, and dat whar He am dar shall I be also; and His word endureth forever.' Den de 'ifs' all fly off like they were unclean birds, and leaves me in de light! Why, sir, I's got de world so under my feet dat nothin' in it can worry me, only de sin I sees; and dat will be cleared off some day, for de Lord is comin' down here mighty soon to make all things right. De Lord's chil'n got a good right to glory, and nobody—no, not de devil dat you make such 'count on—can't take it 'way from 'em!

Now my errant's done here. You quit preachin' 'bout book larnin', and 'doubtin', and de 'devil', and stick to de gospel—Christ, Christ—and you'll see de glory come down on yer people; and you'll see them a trampin' on de world, like I do! Don't think this yer is speritual pride in me, for I am as humble as a kitten, in myself; but oh, I am proud of my King, and my country whar I'm goin' mighty quick! Good-bye, sir."

The minister rose and took the hand of his guest, kindly saying: "Let me write your name down, brother; for I want to see you again and to know you better. How do you spell Harkliiss?"

"Her-c-hell—I don't guess I can 'member it, for it's nigh on to forty year sence I larnt how to spell it from my young master. He said I was named from one of dem heathen goddishes dat dey use to make believe dey had in old times. He's 'mong dat nonsense dey teaches in college. He's de fellow dat killed lions, and monsters, and such-like wid his club, and stole queens and clean out stables, and de dear knows what all nonsense! You's been to college, so you must know 'bout him, de strongest goddish of all—Harkliiss."

"I know him," replied the minister. "Well, brother Hercules, come and see me again very soon. Good-bye."

When the old negro had closed the door behind him, the minister read over the few pages he had already written of his next Sunday's sermon. It was cold, and lifeless, and worthless—there was no Christ in it. He tore the sheets into atoms, which he threw into the waste basket, and sat down before his fire to meditate on the words of his poor visitor. He never thought so little of himself before. He felt that he could write nothing to instruct or edify his people then; and taking up his hat, he went out to visit some of the poor hidden ones of his fold, whom he knew to be great in the Kingdom of Heaven.

MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN, Author of "The House-top Saint."

Housekeepers' Department.

A LETTER ON HOUSEKEEPING, AND SOME OLD VIRGINIA RECIPES.

"Coffee is to-day just the mid point between bodily and spiritual nourishment. It acts agreeably, and at the same time upon the senses and the thoughts. Its very fragrance gives a sort of delightful activity to the wits, it is a genius who lends wings to our fancy, and transports it to the land of the Arabian nights."—*Attic Philosopher*. SOUVESTRE.

MY DEAREST JULIA: In your last letter to myself, requesting me to send you more recipes and more advice and instruction about housekeeping, you mention that you found great difficulty about many things, coffee in particular, the great renovator of mind and body; therefore, I commence my letter by giving that subject a prominence; and as Sancho has said, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep," may not we add, "Blessed be the goats who browsed on coffee," thus making known its exhilarating effects, and "Blessed be the superior of the convent who was thus induced to make the experi-

ment on his dull, sleepy monks, waking them to new life and buoyancy. I shall, according to your request, write you an excellent recipe for coffee, as well as for other things, hoping, to use your own expression, "they may not appear to you as unmeaning columns in a spelling-book."

I am glad that, since the utter wreck of your English plum pudding, you have determined in future to be less ambitious in your desserts till you become a more experienced housekeeper, having only such things as can be prepared beforehand. It is well to keep in the house sponge-cake, jelly and sweetmeats, which, with the addition of whipt cream, make a nice impromptu dessert, thus relieving yourself of many anxieties and perplexities, and enabling you to enjoy more fully the society of your guests when freed from the fear of unsuccessful experiments. It will be well to keep your cook in practice with French rolls, waffles and Sally Lunn, as well as with cakes, puddings and pastry. Keeping her thus in practice, she will not be apt to fail on important occasions.

I remember an anecdote of a celebrated cook in Paris, who went to live with a French nobleman, noted for his great parsimony. At the end of a month the cook, resigning the place, stated as his reason for so doing that if he remained in the service of this nobleman he should forget his trade.

We have in the past the words of Madame Roland in ably defining and making easy the duties of housekeeping, proving they are no hindrance to intellectual pursuits; and may I not here quote a short passage from her writings: "I think the mistress of a family should superintend everything herself, without saying a word about it, and with such command of temper and management of time, as will leave her the means of pleasing by her good humor, intelligence and the grace natural to her sex."

Lady Mary Wortley Montague maintains that there is a high degree of sentiment in ordering a dinner, or in upholstering a room for one we love; and our own experience also teaches us that housekeeping is a field for cultivation and nurture of the most loving and unobtrusive acts of kind thoughtfulness from the wife and mother; not the commonplace, prosaic employment of giving out provisions to a household, but a loving regard for every member, whose individual tastes are all thought of.

It has been said even by the good Jeremy Taylor, that too much stress has been put upon "what we shall eat," and that did we regard such things less, our spiritual state would be higher. But I maintain that nothing so much impairs our spiritual state as ill-cooked, unwholesome food, and that a proper regimen nourishes and sustains a calm, holy state which makes us more ready to receive our Lord into our hearts. He who came to teach us the way and the truth, fed the multitude, and in His beneficence has not only given us the needful things of life, but he has spread before us the various and refreshing fruits, as well as the flowers to embellish and adorn.

Since "order is Heaven's first law," have your table always set in the most careful manner—bright glass and silver, snowy table-cloth, and flowers, which Christ has blessed, always in the centre. Your sister Evelyn, with whom I have been this winter, is a practical example of this. Her beautifully-arranged table, and her elegant set of dinner china, which she wisely uses every day, give such a dazzling appearance to all of her breakfasts and dinners, that I tell her it is so beautiful each day for her own family, that when there are invited guests we cannot feel there is "company," and sometimes we feel like the Tullivers in the "Mill on the Floss," when they were going to dine at Uncle Pallet's; they got out all of their clothes, and spread them out hours before the time, not caring to think that dining out was a common, every-day affair.

It gives me pleasure to hear of the pleasant table-talk you and John have. Nothing so conduces to health as cheerful conversation at table, and nothing so much produces indigestion as ill humor and conversation on uninteresting or disagreeable subjects. We can all at least try to imitate the apostles of old in eating our meals in singleness and thankfulness of heart; and the simplest meals thus taken are as sanctified in the eyes of the Lord as are the services of the church

when the pealing anthem rises through the vaulted roof.

There are so many ways now of ornamenting dwellings, and so much ingenuity, that I do not regret the smallness of your cottage or the plain style of your furniture. Your native talent will thus be called forth, so that you can harmonize simple and common articles so as to produce a whole, really beautiful. Your friend Matrika here in Richmond is an example of this. Her resources, you know, are not large, and I do not think that in her rooms there is thirty dollars' worth of furniture. Yet, with her pictures, her autumn leaves, her pure lace curtains, her sofa and chairs covered with scarlet chintz, her book-case, her growing plants, all of which, with her extreme order and neatness, give her rooms a really sumptuous appearance. I hope you will be encouraged to do the like on your cottage. By all means arrange your guest-chamber, and let it be at all times ready for a guest, though he should come at midnight. You will thus be at your ease in an unexpected emergency, as nothing is more mortifying to a visitor than to be received by the lady of the house with a cold, perplexed countenance. It is indeed an ungracious thing to receive a guest with a flutter, and then to hurry off to superintend the arrangements of his dormitory. By having these things always in readiness, it will enable you to feel at ease, and thus in a measure preserve the spirit of kindly Virginia hospitality, though our changed fortunes in the Old Dominion cause us to spread our tables with plainer fare and to adorn our houses with simpler articles of furniture.

I shall comply from time to time of sending you old Virginia recipes, as well as others, not forgetting my promise in my former letter of sending you those recipes for substitutes so desirable to those housekeepers of whom I then spoke as "twelve miles from a lemon," and often forty from articles equally as important in housekeeping.

Hoping ere long to be with you, and with kind regards to John, I remain

Your attached friend,
GRETA C. C.

OLD VIRGINIA RECIPES.

HOW TO CURE VIRGINIA BACON.—A hog weighing from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty pounds, is the best size for a private family. After it has been killed and cleaned nice, and quite cold, lay the hams on a board with the skin side down; rub over the fleshy part a tablespoon of finely-powdered saltpetre, mixed with a half teacup of brown sugar, to each ham, and about a pint and a half of salt well rubbed in on both sides. If the weather is cold, lay the hams in a pickling-tub with the skin side downward. Let them remain a month, and after rubbing them over with powdered red or black pepper, mixed with nice molasses, hang them up with the hock side down. Smoke them every dry day with hickory wood and a pod of red pepper. Some leave the hams hanging up, though many prefer taking them down, rubbing them with hickory ashes, and occasionally sunning them. Avoid boiling the hams very fast. Let them boil gently and simmer, never allowing cold water to be added whilst boiling.

EXCELLENT COFFEE.—Roast coffee slowly till of a chestnut brown. Then take equal quantities of Mocha, Java, Laguayra and best Rio coffee, and grind it. Allow for every heaping tablespoon of ground coffee one teacup of boiling water. Measure the coffee, put it a spoonful at a time into the percolator, adding one cupful of boiling water to each spoonful of coffee. Pour off the coffee, returning it to be the sifter or percolator to get the strength. It will be

perfectly clear without the addition of white of egg. Have ready rich cream, as well as boiled milk, and use the best white sugar.

OLD-FASHIONED APPLE-PIE.—For really good apples-pies a nice pie-crust is better than puff paste. To one quart of flour, one teaspoon of salt, add a teacup of lard; work it lightly into the flour, making it up with a little cold water. Line a pie-dish, an oblong one, with crust not too thin. Stew dry some nice, high-flavored, acid apples; mash them fine, adding to them whilst hot a heaping tablespoon of fresh butter, two teacups of sugar, the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Spread the apples smoothly and thickly over the pie-crust, grating over it some nutmeg. Put at regular intervals on the pie a teaspoonful of thick cream, and between them a teaspoonful of currant jelly and pieces of green sweetmeats, reserving for centre of the pie a large, handsomely-cut piece of green sweetmeats.

APPLE PUDDING.—One pound of high-flavored apples, stewed dry, a half pound of fresh butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the rind and juice of a lemon, some pounded mace. Mix with the apples the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three. Line a tolerably deep, oblong dish with pie-crust; pour in the mixture and bake nicely. Make a meringue with the three reserved whites of eggs and one teacup of best powdered white sugar. Put it on top of the pudding and brown lightly.

VELVET ROLLS.—Three pints of flour, one teaspoon of salt, a tablespoon of sweet lard, one of fresh butter, two eggs, one small teacup of yeast. Make the dough up with sweet milk, and beat it with a pestle till it blisters. Roll out like biscuit, set them by to take a second rise, after they have fairly well risen, and bake them moderately brown.

NICE TEA-CAKES.—Three pints of flour, a large spoonful of butter and lard mixed, a teaspoon of ground cinnamon, half of a grated nutmeg, a little pounded mace, three eggs well beaten, two teacups of sugar, two-thirds of a teaspoon of bi-carbonate of soda dissolved in sour cream, one teaspoonful of salt; mix smoothly, and roll out moderately thin, as they rise very much.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—One quart of flour, six eggs beaten well, the whites and yolks separate, a tablespoonful of melted butter, milk for a batter not too thick. Dissolve two-thirds of a teaspoonful of best super-carbonate of soda, and dissolve also two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Add both to the batter, and bake quickly. Make the sauce thus: One teacup of butter, two teacups of brown sugar. Work them together till white, add a teaspoon of essence of vanilla; make it up like batter; grate some nutmeg over it.

PLAIN BOILED PUDDING, WITH SAME SAUCE.—One quart of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon lard, a double handful of raisins, or currants, or dried cherries; mix into a dough with sweet milk. Put it into a bag, or tie it up in a cloth, allowing room for the pudding to rise. When done, dip the pudding into cold water, so that it will come easily out of the bag, which for boiled puddings should always be wrung out of warm water and floured

well on the inside; before being put on to boil, put in, dissolved in cold water, two teaspoons of cream of tartar and two-thirds of a teaspoon of carbonate of soda.

ROAST CHICKEN.—Kill two nice fat pullets, and have them nicely prepared for cooking. Make a stuffing of light bread, butter, pepper, salt and a small onion; mix it up with tomatoes. Put them down to roast, with a dozen large tomatoes peeled around them. Cover them with slices of nice sweet middling; baste them often with butter, and roast them a delicate brown. It will take about a half hour to roast them.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Bake nicely a sponge cake in a tin pan, cut out the inside, which can be used for making a nice bread pudding. Leave the walls about an inch thick. Dissolve an ounce of isinglass in a pint of boiling water, boil a pint and a half of sweet milk, making a custard of one teacup of sugar, yolks of four eggs, pouring it on the dissolved isinglass. Beat it till it thickens. Whip the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, add it to the custard. Whip a pint of cream till it is firm, like stiff syllabub, and stir that, too, into the custard, which you must continue to beat till it thickens and becomes cold. Then pour the Charlotte Russe into the cake prepared for it, and set it by to become firm.

GOOSEBERRY FOOL (Magnanimous Goldsmith).—Preserve nicely two pounds of green gooseberries. Put them at the bottom of a deep glass bowl. Make a rich boiled custard. When moderately cold, pour it over the gooseberries and set the bowl on ice till wanted. A delicious pudding can be made by lining a deep pie-dish with pie-crust, filling it half full with preserved gooseberries, melting a spoonful of butter, adding to the boiled custard poured over the gooseberries. I prefer corn-starch custard for baking.

SAVORY CAKE.—Take ten eggs, the weight of them in sugar, and half their weight in flour, the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Bake in a mould or in small cups and pans. It answers well for jelly-cake when baked thin.

OLD-FASHIONED YELLOW PICKLE.—Have prepared a year beforehand a jar of strong vinegar, put in two large onions stuck thickly with cloves, a flannel bag with four ounces of turmeric in it, a thin muslin bag in which are ginger, cinnamon, mace, black pepper, white pepper, a box of Durham mustard dissolved, and put in jar. Have put in brine cucumbers, gherkins and snaps. Put early York cabbage in another jar of brine, and let it remain at least a week. On a dry, hot day put all of the articles out on a table covered with a blanket, as it absorbs the moisture. Turn the articles often, sprinkling them with salt, and do this from day to till they become white. Then soak them a day in cold water, after which put them in plain vinegar till they plump out. Then scald them in vinegar, in which the spices are not in a bag, and with a small bag of turmeric. Let them remain in this vinegar for a week, and then put them into the prepared jar of vinegar, with the addition of celery seed, horseradish and two pounds best sugar and four lemons cut in slices. It will be good to use in a month after being put in the vinegar.

Health Department.

"WINTER AND ITS DANGERS."

THIS is the title of a valuable little book published by Lindsay & Blackistone of this city, and is the sixth in their series of "Health Primers."

Under the head of the duties of parents in regard to the health of their little ones, the writer, Dr. Hamilton Osgood, says: "What is to be thought of those whose indolent carelessness brings sickness upon the tender children who are confided to their care? These delicate beings cannot think for themselves. They cannot judge as to what

they need in dress, in temperature, in protection against cold. All days are alike to them. Half-clad limbs and uncovered throats do not arouse their indignation against their foolish parents. Innocent and helpless, they must passively accept what is given them. And yet the terrible list of infant mortality, with its solemn warnings, brings but slow change. Neglect continues and children die like flowers in a bitter frost. It would seem as if there should be a law forbidding marriage until it is shown that possible fathers and mothers have received at least superficial education in the care of children. The amount of general igno-

rance, even among the more intelligent, in regard to the simplest physiology and natural philosophy, is amazing. People cannot conceive how a slight chill, life in close, hot rooms, constant absence of sunlight, severe exercise during fasting, warm or cold full baths before breakfast, and other wrongdoing of a like nature, can work such harm. So far as a wise care of the body is concerned, people live and rear their children with a dangerous indifference to hygienic laws, and dangers increase according as the weather is colder. In summer we live nearer to a state of nature; our windows are open, baths are frequent, we are out of doors by the hour, our food is fresh and succulent, the sunshine purifies our blood. But winter comes, and with him the furnace and the double windows. Fresh, pure air has become converted into an enemy; we sit long hours in rooms lighted by gas and heated by hot air; the atmosphere remains unchanged; we re-breathe our own breath and that of everybody else in the room. We go out and come in without sufficient thought as to protecting ourselves against the very abrupt change in temperature. We forget the dangers of draughts. We neglect the warning cough, and ache, and pain, and in a thousand ways are in the grasp of the dangers of winter."

Dr. Osgood further specifies these dangers as those arising from errors in dress, from carelessness and ignorance in bathing, from breathing impure air, from living in too close and hot an atmosphere, from indifference to sunshine, from a sedentary life and neglect of exercise, from crowded school-rooms, and from cold and accidents while journeying, sleighing or skating. We will briefly note a few of each.

The greatest danger to be apprehended is from insufficient clothing. No one should pass through a winter without a complete suit of flannel or merino covering the entire body, nor should any one go out without fully protecting the extremities, which are farthest removed from the source of heat, the heart. The popular theory, the writer says, that exposure to cold will *harden* one to it, is a false and pernicious one. Among other examples, in support of his assertion, he gives that of the Highlanders, who, so far from being robust, suffer very greatly from rheumatism. Warm clothing, too, should be put on early—what will enable us to endure the damp chilliness of November, will answer perfectly well for the dry cold of January.

A little suspected cause of a large proportion of the colds is the practice of going out into the open air from a cool room, and removing outer garments immediately upon coming into the house. It is best in both cases to sit awhile in the warmth. Ample clothing may be counted on as an almost sure preventive against the multitudes of coughs, and colds, and catarrhs, and pleurisies, and pneumonias.

Not only do we need warm garments, but also pure air. Yet most of us live for months in close, unventilated rooms, re-breathing our own breaths and other peoples', as well as shreds of carpet and clothing, particles from stale food, and, very likely, germs of disease in addition. All this has been told before, but it can scarce be told too often. The thing to do, is, ventilate, and ventilate thoroughly. Look after everything like sewer-gas, odors from decaying garbage, poisonous ingredients in wall-

papers, and so forth. And adopt the following simple and effective plan of keeping the air in a room in constant motion and renewing. Take a strip of wood, several inches in width, and place it on its edge, between the frame and lower sash of a window. The lower sash being raised, will leave between itself and the upper one, a fissure, through which the outside air can constantly pass, without causing a draught in the room. A window, merely raised at the bottom, or lowered at the top, will give admission to a current which will only fall in a cascade to the floor, but, by this plan, the fresh air will constantly rise to the ceiling, displacing that already there, so keeping up a continuous circulation.

The common air of a house, moreover, is too hot. With more clothes to retain warmth in our bodies, we could well afford to live in a cooler medium. The scorching, dry heat from the furnace, or from gas-lights, is best calculated to shrivel our flesh upon our bones. An air-tight stove is also a bad thing to have about. The most hygienic way to warm a room is by the open fireplace, and the next best, is with a stove which draws a great deal. Every stove should have its evaporating-pan kept constantly filled with water. The effects of over-heated air upon the system are very weakening, causing one to become super-sensitive to cold, to lose tone and vigor, and become enfeebled in mental powers. Sleeping-rooms should be warm, but not hot.

Bathing in winter is attended with danger. The same class of writers who believe in hardening, and that children generate heat faster than older persons, rhapsodize over the full bath before breakfast. But such a thing should never be taken in winter. If in the daytime at all, it should be about eleven o'clock, provided that the person can stay in the house for several hours afterward. The proper time is immediately before going to bed, and once or twice a week is sufficient. The temperature may be regulated to suit the person, but for young children it should be warmer than for adults. Ablutions of parts at a time, or moist friction baths, however, are in order. Russian and Turkish baths should never be taken without the advice of a physician.

In the chapter upon "Indifference to Sunshine," Dr. Osgood speaks of the benefits to be derived from admitting into rooms as much of it as possible. If a room cannot receive the direct rays of the sun, open doors, so that it may be in communication with rooms that do receive it. And children should be sent out in it. Scarcely ever is there a day too cold for even the mere babe to be out, if wrapped warmly, if only for a few minutes at a time. Women, as well as children, should go out every day, for they grow nervous and irritable, if not actually sick, if too closely housed. Small children should not be out earlier than ten o'clock nor later than four.

Regular, intelligent exercise is insisted upon for all, but especially for those who lead sedentary lives. Time spent in caring for the health is not wasted, but, on the contrary, adds to life. The author incidentally remarks that no one should ever go to sleep with cold feet; neither should any one retire hungry. Of course, rich, indigestible food should never be taken at night, but a cracker, a piece of bread and butter, a glass of milk, or something equally simple, has quieted many a

restless child, and even induced sleep in an older person, when nothing else would.

Parents should see that their children attending school have plenty of warm clothing, sufficient lunch and substantial, regular meals. No child should be allowed to go to school unless perfectly well; at the first symptom of illness he or she should be kept at home, the progress of the disease carefully watched and the doctor sent for; this not only for the child's own sake, but for fear of endangering others. Especially should parents be on the alert against scarlet fever. The book right here contains another fling at that much-abused, long-suffering class, the teachers. We know, of our own experience and observation, that in the city public schools, at least, the very matters concerning which teachers are warned—heating, ventilating and dismissing—are beyond their control. These things also belong to the parents, who must create a public opinion which will sustain the teachers in their actions.

Among the suggestions given in regard to winter amusements, the writer advises never to go out sleighing unless thoroughly warmed at the fire first, and provided with more wraps than seem necessary. If chilled during the drive, stop immediately, even at a private house, and be warmed before proceeding. Wrap up warmly, also, for skating. In case of any one's breaking through the ice and being taken out apparently drowned, do not be discouraged if for hours he show no signs of life, but use every effort to revive him. Chafe the limbs always *toward* the centre of the body, so as to drive as much blood as possible to the heart. Very gentle breathing through a tube into the mouth or nostrils may be employed. An open bottle of ammonia water may be passed under the nose. Heat in every form may be applied to the body. Artificial respiration may be induced by raising the arms high over the head, and then bringing them down again, meanwhile seeing that the mouth is kept free from accumulations and

the tongue forward. In case of insensibility caused by a fall upon the ice, lay the person so that the head will be lowest. If nose, or ears, or toes be frozen, immediately apply snow or cold water, only gradually allowing the sufferer to approach the fire. Never sit down in the open air, nor go to sleep, and, in no case, allow a child to do so.

This paragraph we must quote entire: "It is a mistake, too, to suppose that alcoholic beverages will act as a defense when one has to face a cold air. On the contrary, they reduce the temperature of the body, and detract from bodily power. As already mentioned, alcohol is chiefly useful as a temporary stimulant. Its warming effect upon the throat and stomach is merely local, and does not extend to the blood and nervous system. Far better is it to take hot soup, beef-tea, hot milk, or even coffee. What we need at such a time is nourishment as well as warmth."

On the subject of putting children to bed, the writer speaks especially of the great danger of their becoming uncovered, and recommends as a night suit a single garment, ending in drawers and stockings. Over this, in cold weather, may be worn a flannel sack. At severe seasons, instead of putting an extra coverlet on the bed, he advises the use of a large bag, made of a light blanket, into which the child may be securely placed, and closely buttoned around the neck. Light coverings, generally, are preferable to heavy ones, if the night-clothing and the room are sufficiently warm, as they do not induce perspiration nor check exhalations.

Dr. Osgood concludes by trying to impress upon his readers the care of the health as a *duty*, and warns them of the consequences of physical neglect.

We hope that all the books of this series will be extensively read, and their teachings practiced, throughout the land. They are well worthy a place in every household.

Mother's' Department.

CARE OF CHILDREN IN WINTER.

IT may be felt as a hard saying, that at least one-third of the deaths which occur in young children are due to the ignorance or carelessness of mothers and nurses; and yet it is to be feared that the assertion has in it more of truth than exaggeration. Winter is the season in which little children are usually exposed to special dangers. Says Dr. Hamilton Osgood: "There are no words strong enough to characterize the folly of those parents who think it right to 'harden' their children by forcing them to face the cold insufficiently clad. 'By this means,' a medical writer declares, 'children are hardened out of the world.' If it were possible to compute the number of children who lose their lives simply because they are not warmly enough dressed, the statistics would startle fathers and mothers. The death-rate of children in cold climates during winter, especially in Russia, is enormous. In justice to fathers, however," adds the doctor, "it must be said that they

are less responsible than mothers for the ill-judged manner in which many children are dressed in winter."

Never let little children go out of doors in winter without being warmly clad. They lose heat rapidly, and easily contract throat and lung affections. Every child should have full suits of underclothing; and especially let the legs and ankles be well protected with thick stockings and leggings. The mother who sends her child out in winter with bare legs is a vain and foolish mother, and cruel to her child. If the doctor does not have to be called in before the winter is over, the case will be an exceptional one. She may have need of the undertaker.

The cold bath in the morning for infants and young children, has done a vast amount of injury. Dr. Osgood, in his little book, "Winter and its Dangers," says: "As for bathing children on rising, especially in winter, I consider nothing more reprehensible. It is slow murder. They may be dry-rubbed at that hour, but bathed, never.

This, of course, refers to the full bath, not to the ordinary ablution of head, face and hands. Indeed, it is my firm belief that, save dressing, nothing should be done before breakfast. The toilet completed, we should go straight to the table. In view of our actual physical condition at early morning, how a sane person can advocate the full bath and exercise before eating, is a mystery."

In bathing children during the cold season, the same authority says: "The forenoon hours are the proper time for bathing children. If the hour be inconvenient, unless they are too tired they may be bathed about fifty or sixty minutes before the evening meal. Food must not be eaten directly after a bath, and it need not be said that neither adults nor children should bathe *directly* after eating, whatever the season. This would be especially dangerous in winter.

"It is best to bathe the children before an open fire; but they may be bathed in an adjoining bath-room, if the latter be sufficiently warm, and if when taken from the bath they be wrapped in flannel, carried to the vicinity of a fire or open register, and there bedried. There, too, they should sit, well wrapped, while eating their supper, but not so near the fire as to become unduly warm. After a bath, children react with less ease than adults, and hence require especial care. They should not only be rubbed dry, but until the skin blushes rosy red. Particular care should be given to drying their hair and warming their feet."

While parents should carefully guard their children against colds in winter, they should by no means err on the side of keeping them shut up in close, warm rooms where the air soon becomes vitiated. Children so housed soon lose vitality, and take cold easily even while in the house. They become tender and sensitive, lose appetite, become more liable to lung and throat affections, and grow irritable and restless from confinement. Unless the temperature should be exceptionally cold, children should be sent out for a short time every day; but then they must be warmly clad. Says the same authority we have quoted: "Let mothers who wish to make strong men and women of their children, send them out of doors morning and afternoon when not absolutely stormy, but not earlier than ten o'clock A. M.; nor should they be out later than four o'clock P. M. The heartiest, most robust children are those whose mothers insist upon giving them plenty of fresh air. Of course, on very cold days, the clothing must be warmer, and the stay in the winter air correspondingly shorter. I would have it understood that this advice applies to *all* children over four months of age. The tenderer the age, the greater should be the care and the less the length of time spent in the air. Children may be sent out for a few minutes, then brought in for warmth and sent out again. There are but few days in any winter when children may not go or be taken out of doors."

Literary and Personal.

JEAN INGELOW is a small, slight woman, perhaps forty years of age, with a pleasant manner and a quiet, somewhat timid smile. Her eyes are bright and expressive, her hair tinged with gray.

OF Mr. Gladstone, recently his guest in Paris, Emile de Girardin says: "What first strikes attention and retains it are his eyes, wonderful for fire and depth. They seem to see further and better than others. They light up and they pierce. It would be difficult to deceive him while looking at them."

THE many admirers of Edward Eggleston, author of "Hoosier School-master," etc., will regret to learn that he has been compelled by ill health to abandon all work, whether of a pastoral or literary character. He is suffering from a nervous disorder, probably brought on by overwork, and intends to go abroad to seek relief.

ONE day a peasant woman took a basket of eggs to the house where the Italian royal party was lodged. At the door she met an individual who greeted her politely, and on finding out her errand carried the basket to the kitchen, which done he returned with a handful of small coins. Emboldened by so much condescension, the good woman mustered up courage to mention her great desire to set eyes on the king, Victor Emanuel. "I am the king," said the person with whom she was speaking. She looked at him scrutinizingly; then, after some seconds of mute contemplation, she exclaimed: "Oh, never! Such a sweet and beautiful woman as the queen would never have married a man of *si beurt*." The king (for it was

he) dismissed her with an extra piece of money and proceeded in all haste to ask some peasants what was the meaning of *si beurt*. "So ugly," was the reply. Victor Emanuel related this small incident with the greatest gusto.

THE betrothal of Miss Dudu Fletcher, the brilliant young American, to Lord Wentworth, raises again the question: "Who is she?" It is no longer a secret that she is the author of "Kismet" and "Mirage," which have received the highest praise from American and English reviewers. It is known, too, that she resides at Rome, and is accounted gifted and handsome. Two years ago she won the hearts of all young Oxford, and to her was dedicated the prize poem of that year. The news comes of her being wooed and won by the only surviving grandson of Lord Byron. It was in Venice they met. Two weeks later sympathy had ripened into love and the affair was arranged. With all her imagination she is not dreamy, but a healthy and sprightly little maiden, fond of swimming, riding and skating.

MRS. EATON knew during the last few days of her illness that life was at an end for her, and waited very quietly and calmly for death. "It is a beautiful world to leave," she said, looking out at the sunshine the day before she died. "I am not afraid to die, but it is such a beautiful world!" The nearest living relative of Mrs. Eaton is her daughter, the beautiful Virginia Timberlake, now the Duchess de Sampaio of Paris, and the mother-in-law of one of the Rothschilds.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FUR trimmings are worn more than ever. They are used to ornament many varieties of cloaks and coats, besides which, they appear upon cloth suits which have no other trimming. Some of the newest walking suits show a band of fur around the underkirt, only a few inches above the hem. A narrow knife-pleating is all that shows below it. The sealskin side satchel is mentioned among new fancies, but the fact is, it is an old one. It shows, of course, to best advantage with a sealskin sacque, and is exhibited in fur stores as part of a sealskin set—but it can be just as well worn independently.

The short, picturesque costumes now worn, recall quaint figures in china, the plain skirt, and puffed panier being precisely like the dresses seen in pretty Dresden models.

There is a rumor that hoops ere long will be worn with them, as a short, plain skirt does not generally hang well without some kind of support.

Among the novelties in trimmings are sets of velvet or satin, in all shades, comprising cuffs, collar, vest and pockets, embroidered or hand-painted. Wide bands of black velvet, adorned with wreaths of hand-painted flowers, is another pretty fashion. A stylish trimming for the edges of overskirts and so forth, is made by plaiting together ribbons, in three or four strands, and often of different shades. Variegated ribbons combined in this manner with black, produce a beautiful effect. New ruffs are of lace, in two frills, one rising up high around the neck, the other falling

down. Fichus, of all shapes and materials, are worn with both day and night costumes.

In evening dresses, the prevalent love for color is seen at its height. Almost every new fabric of every conceivable kind, appears literally gemmed with bright floral hues, principally red, and blue, and yellow. These are made up in combination with materials of all species—plain, rich satins, bright or dark velvets, white or cream silk, gauze, tulle and what not. The most notable feature of dresses of this is seen in the revival of the velvet bodice of old times. Sometimes this is a plain, close-fitting basque, beneath which appears skirts of a totally different color and character, while often it is varied in shape so far as to hint at the low-necked and short-sleeved velvet spencer of many years ago, which was worn over white. Fringes and feather trimmings of all kinds are used with such costumes. Another fancy is for many-colored silks and satins, combined in the fashion of the Bandana handkerchief costumes of last summer. Thin dresses display a great deal of shirring. Long trains, except for very ceremonious occasions, have mostly disappeared, short skirts and round demi-trains having taken their place to a great extent.

New train pleating is, in fact, not pleating at all, but a deep band of plain muslin, having along its lower edge three rows of ruffles, made of embroidery. Black evening dresses are usually made of satin, combined with figured silk, and trimmed with costly lace, fringe, jet and so forth. The general tendency seems toward old styles, and we note plain skirts, round waists, broad belts, baby-sashes, and short, puffed sleeves.

New Publications.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Tales of Old Thule. Collected and illustrated by J. Moyr Smith. A volume of beautiful fairy stories, delightfully told, and all the better for being very ancient. They will well repay perusal, not only by the young but by those who have not become so old as to have outgrown their childhood's fancies. Price, \$1.25.

Women's Husbands, consisting of three stories, *The Barber of Midas*, *The False Prince*, and *Narcissus*, originally published in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Spirited, well-drawn society sketches, showing to perfection, in all his foibles, affectations and even redeeming traits, the fashionable, self-centred dandy, as well as the discomforts and trials of all women connected with him.

Through Winding Ways. By Ellen W. Olney. A powerful novel, of unusual merit, in portraiture, plot and analysis of human nature. Perhaps the destructive career of the bad, bold, beautiful woman, upon whom the chief interest of the story turns, is a little overdrawn, but not so

are the intense emotions and noble characteristics of the minor actors in the drama. One can readily believe that he is not reading from the cold pages of a book, but living in an actual world, among real men and women of flesh and blood. We unhesitatingly pronounce "Through Winding Ways" a finished work of art.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Adventures and Conquests of Magellan. By George M. Towle. This is one of a series of *Young Folks' Heroes of History*, comprising accounts of Vasco da Gama, Pizarro, Marco Polo and others. A plain, unvarnished, probable narrative of this true hero, the book is, nevertheless, as entertaining as any romance. Not least of the discoveries made by the expedition of Magellan is the fact that, in circumnavigating the globe, one loses a day in sailing west, and gains one in sailing east—his was the first to perform the feat of encircling the earth. The descriptions of the passage through the Strait of Magellan, the discovery of the many islands of the South Pacific,

the commerce and conflicts with the savages, and the return of the shattered remnants of the fleet, are exceedingly graphic. We trust that books of this order will soon be better appreciated than "yellow-covered literature." Price, \$1.00.

Castle Foam, or the Heir of Meerscham. By H. W. French. One's impressions in wading through the first half dozen chapters, can scarce fail to be exceedingly confused, and the question must come up, again and again, "What's all this for?" As the story progresses, a little more coherence is discovered, which finally leads to a conclusion not quite so unsatisfactory as might have been expected, though far from clear. In fact, the book is little more than a queer jumble, though, here and there, are good descriptions, fine, even dramatic situations, and passages of true morality. Price, \$1.50.

The Reading Club, or Handy Speaker, No. 7. By George M. Baker. One of a series of admirable selections for school or lyceum declamation. Price, 50 cents, cloth; 15 cents, paper, or \$7.00 the whole series.

Tribulations of a Chinaman. By Jules Verne. Translated by Virginia Champlin. Written in the author's usual style, a daring mixture of brilliancy, science and improbability. The story is as thoroughly enjoyable as any of its predecessors. We believe this gifted writer has accomplished a good work for his day and generation, by giving to the world a series of books which, while they cannot fail to attract those who seldom read anything better than what is called trash, form an easy transition from that variety of literature to the domain of true science and useful knowledge. Price, \$1.00.

Four Months in a Sneak Box. By N. H. Bishop, author of "The Voyage of the Paper Canoe." First of all, we may state that a sneak-box is a boat well known along the Jersey coast, of which the top is covered over, leaving in the middle a hatchway, in which the rower sits, while beneath the small deck may be stored his effects. In such a craft as this Mr. Bishop made a journey from Pittsburgh, down the Ohio and the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and thence to Cedar Keys, Florida, which was also the terminus of his voyage in the paper boat. The incidents of this trip, the descriptions of scenery and people, the observations upon things and system, with the clear, graphic style, all make up a most entertaining volume. Price, \$2.50.

Room for One More. By Mrs. T. W. Higginson. A very pretty, simple, unpretending story of home life, suitable for Sunday-schools or children's reading generally. It is of a bright, mischievous boy, left an orphan, an inmate of a large family, and who, with different training, might have gone astray on account of his restless disposition, but by a firm, motherly hand, is led aright. Price, 90 cents

FROM THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Apples of Gold. A pretty little weekly periodical for the youngest readers, beautifully

illustrated. We have before us the year's numbers; bound up in a convenient volume, which gives to the wee ones pictures and large print paragraphs in plenty, for 50 cents.

Pictures and Stories of Long Ago. By Faith Latimer. Another beautiful book for children, well printed and illustrated. It is made up of thirty-six Bible stories, chiefly scenes in the life of Our Saviour, told in clear language adapted to the capacities of the little ones, each embellished by an appropriate engraving. Price, \$1.25.

A Crown of Glory. By Catherine M. Trowbridge. A Sunday-school story of the average order of interest and merit. Price, 90 cents.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, 58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

The Pledge and the Cross; a History of Our Pledge Roll. By Mrs. M. S. I. Henry. A clear exposition of all that is intended and hoped for in the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, giving also some idea of what has already been accomplished by that worthy association. Price, \$1.00.

Temperance Stories and Sketches, Illustrated with Pen and Pencil. By Edward Carswell. A very beautiful little book. It is printed on fine paper, in clear type, and the illustrations are well engraved. The shadow pictures and puzzles are exceedingly attractive in themselves, while the reading matter—stories, and paragraphs, and poems—well deserve commendation, being entertaining and amusing, and at the same time filled to overflowing with good hits and solid arguments in favor of temperance. Price, 50 cents.

FROM DICK & FITZGERALD, NEW YORK.

Biblical Things Not Generally Known. This is really a *multum in parvo*, a condensed encyclopedia, giving valuable information concerning geography, language, manners and customs in the East, tending to explain much in Scriptural matters. We recommend it as a valuable addition to a small library, a useful book of reference for those who have little time or opportunity for extended study.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

Courtship and Matrimony. By Robert Morris. The first article in the book has given to it its title. The volume is really a collection of meritorious essays upon Industry, Forbearance and kindred topics of a practical, sensible nature. The neat, agreeable style of composition takes away from it the prosy, mentorian ring possessed by most works of the kind.

FROM W. S. BRYAN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Oddments of Andean Diplomacy. By Hinton Rowan Helper. This book seems made up of the grievances of Joseph H. Colton, through his attorney, who made for the government of Bolivia a large number of official maps, but never received therefrom his pay for that service. Notwithstanding the bulky legal correspondence, governmental and otherwise, so placed before the

world, the complainant seems no better off pecuniarily. Nor is the Fiedler case satisfactorily concluded against Brazil.

FROM LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, PHILA.

Winter and Its Dangers. By Hamilton Osgood, M. D., of the Editorial Staff of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. This is the sixth of a series of Health Primers, edited by Dr. W. W. Keen, Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, Surgeon to St. Mary's Hospital, etc. These little books are designed to furnish the general reader with reliable guides for the preservation of health and the prevention of disease. The volume now before us, "Winter and its Dangers," should be in the hands of every one, and especially of those who have the care of families. The special subjects treated of are: "Dangers arising from Dress," "Carelessness and Ignorance in Bathing," "Inattention to Pulmonary Food," "Dangers from Overheated Air," "Indifference to Sunshine," "Sedentary Life and Neglect of Exercise," "The Dangers of School Life in Winter," and "Winter Amusements." The cost of this book is only fifty cents, on receipt of which sum, the publishers, Lindsay & Blackiston, of this city, will mail it to your address. Take our advice and send for it.

It may save you its cost in medicines and doctor's bills ten times over. Nay, its wise suggestions, if followed, may keep the shadow of death from falling over your threshold. You cannot, at this particular season, make a better investment of so small a sum of money, than by ordering a copy of "Winter and its Dangers."

FROM D. LOTHROP & CO., BOSTON.

Child Lore, Its Classics, Traditions and Jingles. Edited by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates. The children are especially fortunate this season. Here is still another juvenile book, beautifully illustrated. It contains fourteen old fairy stories, newly versified, besides an innumerable collection of nursery rhymes, of all lands and ages, the whole forming a volume entertaining to old as well as young.

Art in the Nursery, Pictures for Baby to Draw, and Pictures for Baby to Laugh at. A most attractive little book, containing thirty comical pictures, adapted to the comprehension of the tiniest, yet so true to nature and perspective as to be admirably calculated to awaken in the little ones a real love of art, if not to create an earnest desire to learn to draw. Price, 50 cents.

Notes and Comments.

Total Abstinence and Temperate Use.

WE hear a great deal about the temperate use of alcoholic drinks. If we change a single word in the sentence, substituting poisonous for alcoholic, we may be able to see the matter more clearly. Healthy articles of food and drink, if used in excess, will produce temporary sickness. If the excess becomes a habit, loss of health will be the result. It is here that temperance really comes in. Men must be temperate in the use of what is good and nutritious if they would preserve health of both mind and body. As for poisons, there can be no legitimate temperate use. Here we must have total abstinence. If alcohol, whether found in brandy, beer or wine, be a poison, then temperance in the use of any of these articles cannot be predicated; for there can be no temperate use of poisons. Total abstinence is the only law regarding them.

Dr. John Ellis, of New York, in an article in the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, sets this matter in clear light in the following brief sentences:

"It must be evident to every one that when the use of any article of food or drink, in quantities in which healthy articles can be used without harm, tends to hurt and kill men, it is not a suitable article for such use, and is to be shunned as evil. There can be no temperate use of such an article as food or drink, however useful it may be in other respects, or for other purposes, perhaps even as a medicine.

"It would seem that a lover of his fellow-men, who looks around him and sees the vast multitudes who are 'hurt and killed' by the use of alcohol in

the various forms of distilled and fermented drinks, and beholds the terrible desolation, both natural and spiritual, the wretchedness, the poverty and crimes, which are constantly being developed by such use, would hesitate to put forth one word in favor of the use of such drinks."

Pictures.

IF you are anxious to have pictures, own one good painting, rather than a dozen imitations. Or, if you cannot own a good painting, have a few choice engravings, and heliotype copies of some real masterpieces. If you can draw or paint ever so little, the simplest sketches of your own are far better than gaudy, ambitious shams.

Still, we don't say banish all but these from your houses. Chromos and lithographs may fill several niches that nothing else very well can.

First, in the sleeping-rooms of children. They don't know anything about "tone" and "effect," and "school"—but, oh! how quickly they understand that somebody has tried to please them, and to make an attractive retreat for them. They don't know the least about the execution of a picture, whether manual or mechanical—but they see at a glance that the little boy has a big cat, and that the little girl is crying for something. Better still, if their pictures are copies of genuine works of art, they will not forget them, whether or not in later years they have opportunities to see the originals—certainly, they will most likely grow up with a better knowledge and appreciation of art than their companions who were pretty well

into their teens before beginning to think about pictures.

And the second, in servants' rooms. In many houses, a guest might imagine, were he treated to a sudden transition from parlor to attic, that he had, in some unaccountable way, taken a journey from one latitude to another, and not remained under one roof. Cracks in the whitewash, and discolorations by rainwater are by no means lovely objects. Why not hide them with a few cheap and showy pictures? Let black Dinah revel in half a dozen gorgeous roses and dahlias, none the less grand to her because they only cost you a few pennies. Let Biddy feast her eyes upon something, "grane, sure," to remind her of the far-distant Emerald Isles, though you sacrifice a yard or two of ribbon in consequence. And we are not afraid to say that you will find yourself better served in consequence.

Perhaps, after all, it is a good thing that chromes are so cheap and plenty.

The Old Year.

A FAREWELL.

WHERE art thou going so fast, old year,
Where art thou going so fast?
There's a tremulous sigh in the midnight air,
There are requiem whispers of wild despair—
Chant they a dirge for the past, old year,
The shadowy, vanished past?

What is thy record, to-night, old year,
What is thy record to-night?
There are lessons of life unstudied, untaught,
There are dreams of its schemes unwritten, unwrought,
And gleanings of bliss or blight, old year,
Time's gleanings of bliss or blight.

Not unmeet were thy blessings, old year,
Blessings that brighten for aye!
There were deeds of charity, kindness and love,
Forgotten below, remembered above;
These, thy noblest incentives, old year,
Incentives that never die.

Snow-flakes are wreathing thy shroud, old year,
Winds wail thy funeral knell—
The seed-time and harvest will come, as of yore,
And seasons return with their vintage and store,
But thou!—thy destiny!—death, old year
Pilgrim, ephemeral, farewell!

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

Effect of Diet on the Mind and Morals.

D. R. BOCK, of Leipsic, speaking of the moral effect of different kinds of food and drink, says: "The nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee; the digestive organs of confirmed coffee-drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts on the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods. Fine ladies addicted to strong coffee have a characteristic temper, which I might describe as a mania for acting the persecuted saint. Chocolate is neutral in its psychic effects, and is really the most harmless of our fashionable drinks.

VOL. XLVIII.—5.

The snappish, petulant humor of the Chinese can certainly be ascribed to their immoderate fondness for tea. Beer is brutalizing; wine impassions; whisky infuriates, but eventually unmans. Alcoholic drinks, combined with a flesh and fat diet, totally subjugate the moral man, unless their influence be counteracted by violent exercise. But with sedentary habits they produce those unhappy flesh sponges which may be studied in metropolitan bachelor halls, but better yet in wealthy convents."

Bitter-Sweet.

A ROSE hung high on a slender stem,
And a dew-drop shone in its heart like a gem;
How it wooed and won me, swaying there,
Its subtle sweetness freighting the air!
I strove and climbed, till I reached at last
The coveted blossom and held it fast.
Ah! a hidden thorn gave a sharper wound
Than the treasure was worth, to my cost I found
I had won for a moment my peerless flower—
It faded, and withered, and died in an hour.

A bird sang sweet in a distant wood,
A song that my faint heart understood;
A gurgle of brooks, a whisper of leaves,
And a dream of a nest 'neath shading eaves.
I spread a net for the free-born thing,
And carried it homeward to hear it sing;
But it beat the bars with a constant fret,
Till its life-blood stained them, warm and wet;
And my bird of blessing, my joy and pride,
A tuneless captive, lay down and died.

A gilded cup held a sparkling draught
That my thirsting soul would fain have quaffed;
For its glow flushed up to the rosy rim,
And the beads were bright on the beaker's brim.
I drank till my deepest want was filled;
Fennel, and wormwood, and aloe distilled
Were the dregs, I found, of the gleaming wine
That had charmed and periled this soul of mine;
And all that was left for my life to meet
Was ever and only a bitter-sweet.

MARJORIE MOORE.

"Little Nell."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have published an American edition in two volumes of "The Letters of Charles Dickens," edited by his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, and his eldest daughter, Miss Dickens. While many of the letters in these volumes are of but slight interest to the public, some of them let us into the heart of the man as he wrought out the marvelous creations of his brain, and interest deeply. Here is one of these—a letter to Mr. George Cattermole, giving direction for an illustration in one of his stories—the scene, "Little Nell," lying dead:

"The child lying dead in the little sleeping-room, which is behind the open screen. It is winter-time, so there are no flowers; but upon her breast and pillow, and about her bed, there may be strips of holly and berries, and such free green things. Window overgrown with ivy. The little boy who had that talk with her about angels may be by the bedside, if you like it so; but I think it

will be quieter and more peaceful if she is quite alone. I want to express the most beautiful repose and tranquillity, and to have something of a happy look, if death can."

"The child has been buried inside the church, and the old man, who cannot be made to understand that she is dead, repairs to the grave and sits there all day long, waiting for her arrival to begin another journey. His staff and knapsack, her little bonnet and basket, etc., lie beside him. 'She'll come to-morrow,' he says, when it gets dark, and goes sorrowfully home. I think an hour-glass running out would help the notion; perhaps her little things upon his knee, or in his hand.

"I am breaking my heart over this story, and cannot bear to finish it."

And here is an extract from a letter to Miss Hogarth, while he was writing "Pickwick:"

"I have at this moment got Pickwick and his friends on the Rochester coach, and they are going on swimmingly, in company with a very different character from any I have yet described, who, I flatter myself will make a decided hit. I want to get them from the ball to the inn before I go to bed; and I think that will take me until one or two o'clock at the earliest. The publishers will be here in the morning, so you will readily suppose I have no alternative but to stick at my desk."

Degrading Sacred Things.

DICKENS, in replying to a letter charging him with making light of religion in the person of one of his Pickwick characters, says: "The design of 'the Shepherd,' and of this and every other allusion to him, is, to show how sacred things are degraded, vulgarized and rendered absurd when persons who are utterly incompetent to teach the commonest things take upon themselves to expound such mysteries, and how, in making mere cant phrases of divine words, these persons miss the spirit in which they had their origin. I have seen a great deal of this sort of thing in many parts of England, and I never knew it lead to charity or good deeds."

Magazines and Papers for our Young Folks.

THERE are two magazines for young people in this country which so far exceed in beauty of typography, wealth of illustration, and literary excellence, anything published abroad, as to leave scarcely a measure of comparison. We refer to *St. Nicholas* and *Wide Awake*, both of which, we are glad to know, are largely circulated, and growing more and more in favor with the people. *The Youth's Companion*, issued weekly, has long been a rival in its particular field. Young and old find its handsomely-printed pages crowded with interesting matters on almost every subject. The best writers for children in the country contribute regularly to the *Companion*. It is one of the most carefully-edited papers we receive. Harper's *Our Young People*, only a few numbers of which have yet made their appearance, promises to be attractive and popular.

Here are four American magazines and papers for children which are unsurpassed in typographical and artistic beauty, and unexceptional in the character of their literary contents. They are

carefully edited, and the best talent in the country is engaged in furnishing original matter for their pages. One, or all, of these periodicals should be in every American home. The best investment of a small sum which the father of a family can make for the benefit of his children is a subscription for these publications, the whole of which will not cost him over eight dollars a year, or less than, if he be a smoker, he spends in self-indulgence in in one or two months.

From a Correspondent.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me, though a stranger, to add my feeble words of gratitude and appreciation to those of your numerous list of approving friends. I have taken the *HOME MAGAZINE* one year only, and would not know how to get along without it. Its contents are so appropriate, and justly fitting to every-day life, that one cannot read them without being greatly benefited, and feeling more desirous of doing and gaining good. I must thank dear "Earnest" for her gems of thought, so beautifully worded that it seems to lift one at once to a higher sphere of life, and drive away the shadows that are so constantly flitting before us. After reading one of her quiet "talks," I feel so strengthened and encouraged, that I am ready to take up the thread of life with new zeal and a ready purpose. Life seems far sweeter, and the burdens easier to bear. I have trials, as well as others, trials known only to myself and God. Sometimes when nearly ready to sink and give up in despair, your precious budget of love and words of counsel come to me to cheer the dark hours, and smooth the rough edges. "Chatty," with her good, wholesome advice, must not be forgotten; nor sunny-eyed "Lichen," with her smiles of joy and welcome. You all seem near and dear to me. Heaven bless and prosper you!

Tea-Drinking.

TEA-DRINKING is regarded by many physicians as more hurtful than coffee-drinking. Tea acts more directly upon the nervous system, and induces dyspepsia. Many of its bad effects are, no doubt, caused by the poisonous nature of the drugs used by the Chinese in preparing it for our market; and we have no means of guarding against this evil; but we can get pure coffee by purchasing the berry and having it ground at home. In the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases*, Dr. W. I. Morton, speaking of the effects of tea-drinking, says:

"In moderation, tea is a mental and bodily stimulant of a most agreeable nature, followed by no harmful reaction. It produces contentment of mind, allays hunger and bodily weariness, and increases the incentive and the capacity for work.

"Taken immoderately, it leads to a very serious group of symptoms, such as headache, vertigo, heat and flushings of body, ringing in the ears, mental dullness and confusion, tremulousness, 'nervousness,' sleeplessness, apprehension of evil, exhaustion of mind and body, with disinclination to mental and physical exertion, increased and irregular action of the heart, increased respiration.

"Each of the above symptoms is produced by tea taken in immoderate quantities, irrespective of dyspepsia, or hypochondria, or hyperemia. The prolonged use of tea produces, additionally, symptoms of these three latter diseases. In short, in immoderate doses tea has a most injurious effect upon the nervous system."

"Many of the symptoms of immoderate tea-drinking," he adds, "are such as may occur without suspicion of tea being their cause; and we find many people taking tea to relieve the very symptoms which its abuse is producing."

"Persuading Papa."

A PLEASANT and graceful home-picture. But what this vigorous assault upon papa means must be left to the reader's imagination. Each one can interpret the story for himself. It is quite plain, however, that there are too many for one in this little contest, and that whether it means a trip to the mountains or sea-shore, a night at the opera, or jewels, silks and laces, good-natured papa will be borne away from the point of resistance, and the girls will have all they desire.

The Children's Friend.

This unpretending but excellent magazine is of the purest character, and parents will find it a pleasant friend, companion and instructor for the little ones at home. See advertisement.

"PARENTS and other persons, though having at heart the good of children, are very apt to be heedless of what they say in the presence of the young ones, whose minds and hearts catch the hue of every sentiment expressed. They talk on, and the child is seemingly engaged in its play, but words and statements then made come up days after, when perhaps the conversation is forgotten, wonderfully fresh from the child's lips. Its mind has been revolving what it heard, for good or evil."

"We put too much value on the transient, and too little on the permanent. The things that are seen are transient; the things that are not seen are permanent. Eternal immovable things are the things which we reach by our thoughts and by our imaginations; while the things which we are handling, and for which we sacrifice all else, are transient."

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1880.

With the new year, we make an important reduction in the terms of the HOME MAGAZINE, both as to single subscriptions and club rates (as will be seen by our Prospectus, thus restoring the old popular prices, and bringing it within the reach of a still larger number of persons. We shall, also, add to its value in many ways. For the extent, range and character of its literary matter, for the excellence and variety of its illustrations,

and for its peculiar adaptation to the wants, tastes and varied interests of refined American households, we shall make it *the best and cheapest Magazine of its class in the country.*

Miss Townsend's new serial, "HER LIFE IN BLOOM, A SEQUEL TO LENOX DARE," is commenced in this number, and promises to be a story of rare interest. On the completion of Mr. Arthur's, "TENDER AND TRUE," we shall begin the publication of "BITTIBAT FARM," by Miss Emma Brewster, author of "*Alma's Crown.*" This story will give our readers some new phases of American life and character, drawn with skill and graphic force.

As to the shorter articles and varied departments, as presented in this, the initial number of the year, we need say little or nothing. For interest, variety and attractiveness, they can hardly be surpassed. And we shall give to each succeeding number the same careful discrimination in the choice of its literary contents that we have endeavored to exercise in this.

Of the general character of the HOME MAGAZINE, now so well known throughout the country, we need scarcely speak. "Taking rank," as we say in our Prospectus, "with the best periodicals of the day, it claims to be, in its peculiar characteristics and varied departments, more thoroughly identified with the people than any other magazine of its class; going into their homes not only as a power for good, but as a pleasant companion and friend, interested in all that interests the household, and ready to help, comfort, amuse, instruct and delight all, from the oldest to the youngest." What we have tried to make it, the editor of the Westchester (Tenn.) *Guardian* declares it to be when, in a recent number of that paper, he says:

"It is really refreshing to find in one, at least, of the popular monthlies, reading matter that is pure and healthy as well as strengthening. We laid the HOME MAGAZINE down with the thought: Here is reading matter written expressly to build up and strengthen moral character, to elevate and purify, to do good. Not a single article, or even page, but has in it some good moral, and a good purpose is felt and seen in every sentence almost throughout the book, and you feel that you are better for having communed with the minds that teach through its columns."

And now you have the opening number of the new year. If you like its tone and character; if you believe that the introduction of our magazine into other households than your own will afford innocent entertainment, and good instruction, and, above all, give that pure and healthy home influence which it seeks to impart, will you not speak of it to your neighbors when opportunity offers, and help to extend its circulation for the good it will do?

THE NEW TREATMENT FOR CHRONIC DISEASES.

No Charge for Consultation.

Reader, are you one of that large and steadily-increasing class of invalids who have vainly sought for relief in medicine and physicians, and who are almost ready to give up in despair? If so, we have a word to say to you which it may be of the highest moment for you to hear and consider.

After more than ten years' experience in administering that new and remarkable remedy for chronic diseases, now so widely known as "Compound Oxygen," and after a careful observation of its action in the largest range of diseases, some of them of the most complicated and hopeless character, *we are now prepared to treat that special line of cases which are usually regarded by the profession as beyond the reach of medical skill.*

Not that we will promise a cure in any and every case that may come to us. But we invite a statement, by letter or otherwise, of the case of any of that large class of suffering invalids to which we have referred. This will be carefully considered, and compared with other and similar cases which we have had under treatment, and as honest and intelligent an opinion given as it may be in our power to render. *For this we will make no charge, whether, after consultation, the Oxygen Treatment be ordered or not.*

We are physicians of long practice and experience, not vendors of a patent medicine. Our business is to cure diseases. There has come into our possession a knowledge of the way in which to combine oxygen and nitrogen, the two elements which make up our common or atmospheric air, in such proportions as to *render it much richer in the vital or life-giving quality.* This preparation is one of which chemists know nothing. It contains no medicament, unless the elements of pure air are medicines, and its administration introduces nothing into the body which the system does not welcome as a friend, accept with avidity and appropriate as entirely homogeneous to itself.

The results of over ten years' administration of this new remedy are of a most remarkable character, surprising alike to ourselves and our many patients.

Extensive arrangements have just been completed by which we are enabled to supply the "Compound Oxygen" for home use to any extent, and to all parts of the country, *giving at the same time the right of free consultation by letter during the whole time a patient may be using the Treatment.*

Every case submitted to us will be, as we have said, carefully considered. If we see a reasonable ground for anticipating the favorable action of "Compound Oxygen," we will encourage the patient to give it a trial; but if we think the matter at all doubtful, *we will frankly say so.* It is not our interest, as any one can see, on reflection, to promise favorably in a case that we consider hopeless. We might succeed in selling a single Treatment, but our failure to benefit would bring loss of confidence and discredit upon our system of cure. *Unless we are satisfied that our Treatment will do good, we in no case advise its use.*

If, then, you are suffering from any form of chronic disease—consumption, asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia, rheumatism, catarrh, headache, dyspepsia, or any of their complications—write and make a clear statement of your case, and we will

promptly give our opinion, honestly telling you at the same time whether we think the Oxygen Treatment will benefit you or not. If you are not already in possession of our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which contains a history of the discovery of this new agent of cure, and a large number of testimonials to its value, write and we will mail you a copy.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila., Pa.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, published by Perry Mason & Co., of Boston, is a sprightly, entertaining paper, deservedly popular, and is, without exception, the best of its kind published in America. It is filled to overflowing with the choicest original matter, of so diversified a character that it never fails to interest, instruct and amuse, and is welcomed in the household by young and old alike. Each year, during the last half century, has but added to its popularity, until now, in its fiftieth volume, over one hundred and forty thousand subscribers attest its merits.

WE see the Christmas Cards of Messrs. J. H. Bufford's Sons, Boston, are in the market, and are even brighter and prettier, if possible, than those of last year. For beauty of design and delicacy of color in their cards, this firm has no equal. They are constantly surprising us to thinking each fresh Card more beautiful than the last. They are almost indispensable as simple Christmas tokens, and are within the reach of all. We have especially noticed the extension cards, in Japanese and Greek designs, and others representing the four seasons, which are very unique and rich. These have the calendar for 1880 within their folds, and are exceedingly suitable for New Year remembrances.

ONE of the best helps in arranging for an Exhibition or Sabbath-school Entertainment will be found in the series of "One Hundred Choice Selections," embracing seventeen different numbers, entwining articles of acknowledged worth and intrinsic merit, in rich festoons of gayety and mirth; thus happily combining amusement with instruction. The question, "Where shall I get something new to speak," is here fully met. The price is only thirty cents per copy, and a reduction for the whole series. Address, P. GARRETT & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROFESSOR HORSFORD'S "Bread Preparation" is commended to housekeepers as unsurpassed for making superior light bread, biscuit, cakes and pastry. When so many baking-powders, and yeast preparations fail to give satisfaction, it is a matter of importance to be able to get an article that may always be depended upon. Horsford's Bread Preparation is that very desirable article.

CASTORIA IS PLEASANT TO TAKE, containing nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No Sour-curd or Wind-colic; no Feverishness or Diarrhoea; no Congestion or Worms, and no Cross Children or worn-out Mothers where CASTORIA is used.

A FARMER'S PAPER.—We ask attention to the card of THE PRACTICAL FARMER of Philadelphia, Pa., in this issue of our magazine, and recommend it as one of the oldest and most valuable agricultural and family papers of the country.

FEBRUARY,

1880.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



No. 2.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON.
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. 48.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.....

Prof. HORSFORD'S Bread Preparation,

Unsurpassed for Making Superior LIGHT BREAD, BISCUIT, CAKES and PASTRY.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

BAKING POWDER IN THE MARKET.

It adds valuable nutritive ingredients to the bread, biscuit, etc., raised with it, which nothing else used for raising bread does.

It is the only **BAKING POWDER** used and publicly recommended by physicians as being nutritious and beneficial to health.

Baron Liebig, the eminent chemist of Germany, said of it: "I have, through a great series of experiments satisfied myself of the purity and excellence of your production. The bread has no acid, is easily digested and of the best taste. Aside from the conveniences this invaluable idea of yours has provided, I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind! It is certain that the nutritive value of the flour will be increased ten per cent."

The late Dr. Samuel Jackson of the Institute of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, whose opinion as a physician and physiologist, is held in such high estimation, said: "Your Preparation, while it makes a light, sweet, and palatable bread, restores to it the phosphate of lime which had been separated from the flour, and thus adapts it as an aliment for the maintenance of a healthy state of the organization."

The cost is about half that of ordinary Baking Powder. If you cannot obtain it of your grocer, send a three-cent stamp to the manufacturer for a sample packet and cook-book.

Manufactured according to the directions of Prof. E. N. Horsford, by the

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,

Providence, Rhode Island.

ADELINA PATTI.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.
LONDON, ENG., June 16, 1879.—MRS. CHAMPLIN & Co.: Madam Adelina Patti asks you to send her immediately by the next steamer five dozen of your

LIQUID PEARL.

Address, if you please, Madam Adelina Patti at the theatre By order of Madam Patti. G. FRANCHI.

CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL is sold by all druggists at only 50 cents a bottle. Beware of imitations.

CHAMPLIN & CO., Proprs, Buffalo, N. Y.

2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

BEATTY'S TOUR IN EUROPE.

Only 10 cents. Being a condensed history and travels in Europe. Over 30 engravings; nearly 100 pages; nicely bound book sent for only 10 cents. Address the Author and Publisher, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

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2-4

6 for \$1.14 for \$2, postpaid. Greenhouse and Potting Plants, Hardy Shrubbery, Seeds, etc., by mail.

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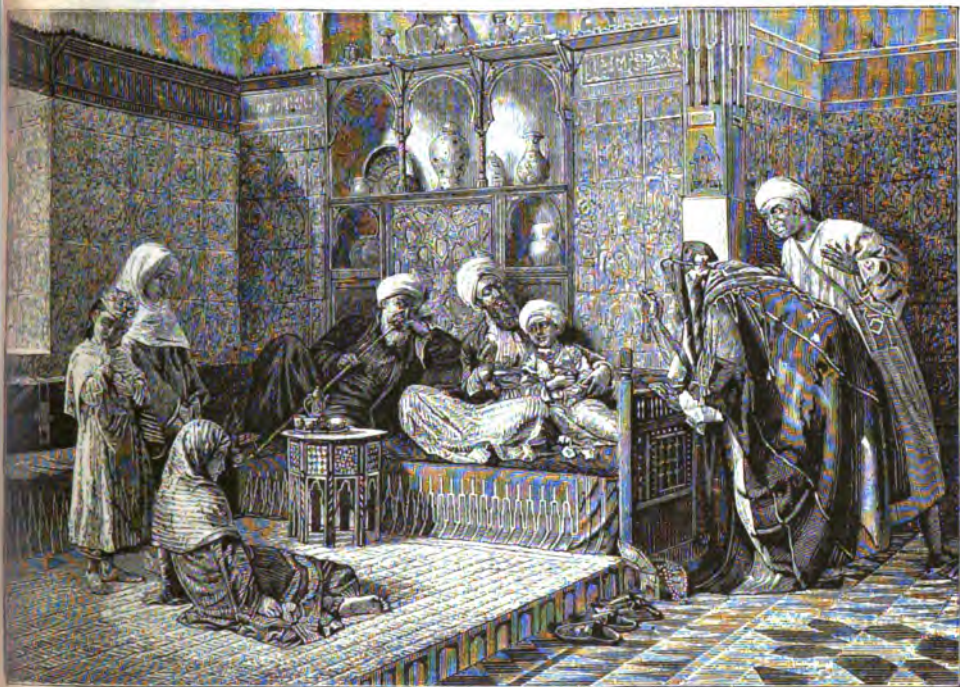
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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

FEBRUARY, 1880,

No. 2.



THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

ONE glance at the picture before us reveals volumes—the whole system of female oppression in the midst of heathenism, in a nutshell. Father, grandfather and slaves join in lavishing attention upon the youthful heir—while the downcast looks and humble attitudes of the little girls in the foreground, as well as the total neglect with which they are treated, show plainly their present nothingness and their future degradation, as opposed to the coming prosperity of their brother.

These poor girls are, in fact, worse than nothing. Their own father would think it a disgrace were their existence known to the world outside his house, and, if asked how many children he had, would reply, "One," meaning thereby the little fellow at his side. In India, it is considered an unpardonable breach of etiquette to ask after

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the women of a family, as a woman is supposed to occupy so low a position in the order of creation, that it is a shame even to speak of one! Happy are these little girls that they have escaped death in their earliest babyhood, at the hands of their own mothers. Happy shall they be if delivered from the deep dishonor of being left widows! Happier still, if they can be saved from the fearful doom of a suttee!

Until recently, one or another of these barbarous fates threatened every Hindoo girl, so that from her birth till her death she was in hourly danger. When a mere babe, her life was no more sacred than that of a kitten or a puppy; when betrothed or married, she was absolutely at the mercy of a despotic master; when widowed, an outcast, unless she chose the more terrible, but only honorable, doom of self-immolation upon the funeral pile of her husband.

But in a Hindoo woman's happiest estate, that

is, while her husband lives and she pleases him, what is her lot? Let us consult the Shasters, the sacred books that define woman's duties.

"When in the presence of her husband, a woman must keep her eyes upon her master and be ready to receive his commands. When he speaks she must be quiet, and listen to nothing else besides. When he calls she must leave everything else and attend upon him alone. A woman has no other god on earth but her husband. The most excellent of all good works that she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion. Though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god. She must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet. If he laughs, she must also laugh; if he weeps, she must also weep; if he sings, she must be in an ecstasy."

The Shasters further say that she must not sit down in the presence of her husband, neither must she eat until he has finished, and then must she carry the remains of his feast into another room, and satisfy her hunger out of his sight. She is never permitted to pronounce his name. Also, "If a man goes on a journey, his wife shall not divert herself by play, nor shall see any public show, nor shall laugh, nor shall dress herself in jewels or fine clothes, nor hear music, nor sit at the window, nor shall behold anything choice and rare, but shall fasten well the house door, and remain private, and shall not eat any dainty food, and shall not blacken her eyes with powder, and shall not view her face in a mirror; she shall never amuse herself in any such agreeable employment during the absence of her husband."

So, it will be seen that a wife in India is nothing more than a slave. She may be favored, and pampered, and loaded with fine dresses and jewelry; she may be beaten and tortured to a point just short of actual murder, for she has no law to shield her—still, she is an absolute slave, and knows nothing else. Her mother has taught her, just as she herself was taught, and her religion has for her nothing better. She has, indeed, "jealousy for her jailer, and suspicion as her spy." She knows no world but her zenana, and out of it she seldom goes until carried out dead.

Through all her years of seclusion, she never sees the face of any man, save that of her husband, her father and her brothers—she would forfeit her reputation as a virtuous woman if she did. Strangely as it may sound, it is nevertheless certain that, though nearly every young lady marries, not one ever had a lover—for her future husband she never sees at all until she is delivered into his custody. As her own heart and affections are never consulted in the matter, it would be absurd

to suppose that her devotion to her master is the result of love and self-forgetfulness, and not of fear and the weight of custom.

But man's inhumanity to woman always reacts on himself. What kind of sons must necessarily be those trained by ignorant and enslaved mothers? Take it for an unchangeable truth, the world over, that wherever you find men holding a degraded opinion of women, there, too, you find degraded men. The men of India are notoriously selfish, bigoted, extravagant, immoral, cruel, treacherous and blood-thirsty. Their idolatries are frightful, and their murders unblushing. The sight of human blood and human suffering seems to fill the people of this benighted land with no especial horror, as witness the terrible prevalence of infanticide, the wanton sacrifices to hideous idols, the self-inflicted tortures of the Fakirs, and the most abominable custom of all, the suttee.

The infanticide alluded to means, of course, the murder of baby-girls. In times past, so universal was this practice, that whole villages often contained within their limits *not one* little girl. The slayer of the helpless infant was usually its own mother. Several reasons are given for this terrible custom. The chief one, it may be supposed, was the disgrace and misfortune of having a daughter. Another was the fear of parents, on account of poverty, of being unable to provide for her a suitable marriage; for, next to the dishonor of being a girl at all, is that of being a girl and remaining unmarried. Still another is, that the father and mother may have already decided to keep one or two little daughters, and dread the expense as well as the humiliation of more. So the helpless babe may be lulled to sleep forever with opium, or thrown to the crocodiles in the Ganges!

In case the poor child is permitted to live, the next thing is to look out for her a suitable husband. Professional match-makers are employed, who find a boy of the same rank as the girl, and pass backward and forward between the two families, settling the terms of the dowry, and so forth. Priests and astrologers are consulted as to horoscopes, consanguinity, and the like, and if all appears favorable, the two are considered betrothed, which, in Hindoo law, means the same as marriage, so much so that, in case the boy dies, though the girl be only six years old and have never seen him, she is considered a widow, prohibited from marrying again, and even expected to perform the suttee. A little girl is usually betrothed at the age of five, never later than ten, and in no case must her marriage be delayed past the age of twelve. A father who permits his daughter to live unmarried beyond this time, lays up for himself fearful penalties in the next world, and forfeits perpetually the respect of his children in this.

Marriage ceremonies in India are very costly.

Only the expense of one pageant ever deters the Hindoo from having as many wives as he can support. Money and presents are liberally provided for the relatives and retainers upon both sides, and entertainment is given at both houses to hosts of guests from both families for days at a time. The street procession is made as impressive as possible. First comes the bridegroom on horseback, richly dressed, and attended by gayly-attired servants, flinging money into the streets, accompanied by a noisy band of professional musicians. The bride is borne after, entirely hidden in a palanquin. The friends of both swell the numbers in the parade. The bridegroom's house is reached, the bride is lifted across the threshold. The ceremony is then considered complete, and the wife sees her husband for the first time.

Her education has been carried on by her mother, looking forward only to this occasion. She cannot read, nor write, nor sew; her sole accomplishment is cooking, and upon this great stress is laid, for upon a man's food more than anything else does his *caste* depend. Besides this, her only knowledge consists of prayers and texts from the sacred Shasters—the Vedas, of still higher authority, are considered too holy to be understood by women.

If widowed, she is expected to perform the *suttee*, or be burned upon the funeral pile of her husband, if she would secure to herself a happy immortality. In that case she is richly dressed and placed with the corpse upon the prepared *fagots* and costly perfumes; then the pile is fired by her oldest son or nearest male relative, and soon, as Hindoos say, "she mingles her ashes with his." If she decides not to immolate herself, all her handsome dresses and jewels are taken from her, she must wear the meanest apparel, eat the coarsest food, endure every privation, and be considered by her relatives as disgraced and lost. When a Hindoo woman dies, her body is not buried, but thrown into the Ganges.

Happily, in our day, the laws of the British government and the influence of the missionaries are fast overcoming these terrible things; and soon, in the Providence of God, we may hope to see a blessed change in the condition of women in India.

It is the activity of the mind, not the functional vitality of the body, that constitutes life. By the enlargement of our ideas and the general diffusion of knowledge, consequent upon our increased powers of locomotion and comparison, we may condense a whole existence into a narrow compass of time, and enjoy a dozen such lives as were passed by the most enlightened of our ancestors. And yet, doubly precious as this state of living has become, how many are compelled to throw away life for a livelihood!

BARDS AND MINSTRELS.

A LOVE of music is one of the most universal characteristics of our nature. There is scarcely any race or any age, however barbarous or ancient, that has not manifested this trait. The oldest nations of which we have any record had their songs, their musical instruments and their minstrels. Not to go back to classical times, when Grecian and Egyptian minstrels, as well as those of other cotemporary nations, held their hearers entranced with songs of love and war, let us take a brief glance at some of the bards and minstrels who have flourished in Europe since the Christian era.

Far back in the Dark Ages, bards flourished under various titles among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and indeed amongst all the early inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic origin. Especially in Northern Europe, among the Teutonic and Danish tribes, did the race of bards find favor. By these tribes they were called *Scalds*, which signifies smoothers or polishers of language, and they combined the offices of musician, poet, historian and genealogist.

The Danes attributed the gift of bardship to their deity, Odin, and consequently deemed their bards sacred, loading them with favors and honors. In those days, the bards might well have said, in the words of Fletcher, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

The Grecian mythology, with all its beautiful and graceful traditions, did not furnish a finer field to bards than did the mythology of Northern Europe in the Dark and Middle Ages, when amid Icelandic snows, and in the darkness and silence of a Polar winter, the Edda and the Icelandic sagas took their rise. Snow and cold and dark did not benumb the imagination of the children of the north, but in their bleak, ice-bound land they wove legends as fresh and glowing as did the Greek in the balmy air and amid the warm, rich tints of his own sun-lit clime. This so-called night of the Dark and Middle Ages was thickly studded with stars, as an authoress of the day says.

It calls up a pleasant picture before the mind to think of these Northern Europeans, fierce and war-like though they were, gathered around their bards, to whom they looked up with child-like reverence, regarding them as beings altogether higher and wiser than themselves, listening to them entranced as they sang some wonderful old Norse legend, it might be that beautiful old Icelandic saga* of Frithiof the valiant, who loved the fair Ingeborg, "the white lily with the blush of morn on her cheek." How they must have been

* In this century, Esaias Tegner, Bishop of Wexio, and finest of Swedish poets, has founded one of the most beautiful poems of the nineteenth century on this saga.

thrilled as the bard went on to tell of Frithiof's sword, Angurvadel, "brother of the lightning," with hilt of beaten gold, and on the blade wondrous runes that could be read only at the gates of the sun; of his arm-ring, made by Vaulund, the limping Vulcan of the north, the border engraved with the signs of the zodiac, the houses of the twelve immortals; of his dragon ship Ellida; of his many marvelous deeds by land and by sea; of the many wanderings, trials and conflicts through which he passes before winning Ingeborg.

These old scalds had indeed a great wealth of material for their songs, and even now there is a wonderful charm in the traditions that formed their themes. They transport us into a delightful wonderland, telling us of vikings riding the waves and performing dauntless deeds; of Odin, the Jupiter of Scandinavian mythology, who awaits in Valhalla the souls of warriors slain in battle; of the Valkyrias, or celestial virgins, who conduct these souls to Valhalla; of the watchman Heimdel, whose watch-tower is upon the rainbow, and who blows the Gjallar horn whenever a fallen hero rides over the rainbow to Paradise; of the mighty Thor; of Balder the beloved, who was wept by Heaven, and earth, and sea when he fell, slain by Höder's arrow; of Strömkarl, whose flute is heard in tinkling brooks, and his song in waterfalls—all these are but a few of the fanciful creations of the northern imagination—fresh, warm traditions which, coming from these stern Norsemen, amid the cold and darkness of the Polar winter, make us think of the northern lights that visited those people amid their long winters, casting a rosy glow over the snow, and painting the sky with glorious gold and crimson.

When Rollo the Dane went southward and took possession of Normandy, he carried with him that love and reverence for bards which was a strong and universal feeling in his own country; so we need not be surprised that minstrelsy flourished in Normandy, colonized as it was by Danes and Norwegians. Indeed, the Normans were peculiarly distinguished for their talent for minstrelsy, and so highly was the art reputed amongst them, that it was cultivated by persons of the highest rank. Fontinelle tells us that the younger sons of noble families sometimes followed it as a profession. The brave Taillefer, who was said to excel in minstrelsy as in valor, led the charge in which he perished singing the song of Charlemagne and Roland. Some eminent French writers contend that the Norman minstrels were the originators of all modern poetry, bringing forward proofs that they were celebrated for their songs a century before the Troubadours of Provence arose (1162). To the latter, however, are generally referred the origin of modern poetry, as they are supposed to have paved the way for the poets of France, Italy and Spain.

To return to Normandy, however, William the Conqueror, having been reared in an atmosphere of minstrelsy, was very partial to the art, and when he invaded and conquered England, he gave it a fresh impetus in that country, though he did not introduce it there, as it had already existed among the Anglo-Saxons, and further back among the Britons, for centuries past.

Minstrelsy had also existed from a very early age amongst the Welsh; and so strong an influence did the Welsh minstrels wield over the people, that Edward I of England, fearing they would keep up a war-like spirit amongst their countrymen, took stringent (though not very successful) measures to put them down—a fact which Gray commemorates in his famous poem purporting to be addressed to Edward by one of these persecuted bards:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though fanned by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air in idle state."

Most of the English minstrels were from the north of England, the prevalence of the northern dialect being very marked in all the old ballads and songs that have been handed down. On the other hand, Southern Scotland was the chief seat of minstrelsy in that country, both of which circumstances are probably due to the martial spirit kept up at the border of the two countries, whereby ample materials for song were afforded.

Cœur de Lion was peculiarly the friend of minstrels, not only patronizing the order, but loving and practicing the art himself. This latter circumstance, indeed, led to his being rescued from captivity by his minstrel Blondel de Nelle, who, after wandering from place to place in search of him, "by good hap," as an old historian tells us, "after expence of divers dayes in travail, came neare to the castell where his maister Richard was kept." The host told him that one lonely prisoner was kept there, he knew not who. Suspecting this prisoner to be Richard, Blondel sat beneath his window and sang the first verse of a song composed jointly by the king and himself, to which the former responded by singing the second verse.

Minstrelsy flourished more or less in England till the sixteenth century, when it declined signally, and finally became extinct, minstrels being classed in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign with street rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars, and adjudged to be punished as such. Minstrelsy also gradually declined in other countries after the age of chivalry passed away, that spring-like age that caused poetry and song to blossom into such exuberance. As the world grew soberer and sadder, it put away minstrelsy as amongst the follies belonging to its youth, and so the bards and minstrels gradually fell from their high estate, and at length passed away.

MARY W. EARLY.

FIRST FRUITS.

NEIGHBOR as you are, Peters, you're a stranger in this region yet, and don't know that Satan and me parted company two years ago. He's never on very good terms with folks he can't make considerable off of. His followers are like him in that, too. There's no go-as-you-please on the down course. If a man has such a hankering after wickedness he can't turn his eyes away, he may come to a stand, like Lot's wife, but if he moves at all, it's toward the land of doom, sure as I'm talking.

Well, as I said, Satan and me parted company two years ago. We fell out on first fruits.

Owing to evil ways father got into after living sober and industrious, and saving and slaving half his life, our little truck-farm business was nigh run out when, after ten months' sickness, he died. When we'd laid him away poor, dear mother took heart a bit, but was struck down all in a minute it seemed, and we made her grave beside father's before snow fell.

Left alone in the world the first thing I did was to sell one-half the farm to pay the other half's debts, and run up this little frame. There's the other half of the place, and that brick with the wisteria clambering over it, is the house father built. I did nearly everything myself around here. There's a parlor, two bed-rooms and kitchen, all on one floor. Excepting when the Fabers come for a summering, I'm alone month in and month out, but for all that it's as neat a home as you'd care to see. Always being one of the handy sort I was in no hurry to marry after I'd built. Still, when it come to furnishing you may be sure I bought everything with an eye to the wife I meant to take by and by. I even went so far as to get a hair-pin holder. That's what they called it where I bought the cushion, though how that tiny basket crammed full as could be with some red woolly stuff was going to hold hair-pins was more than I could see.

Before I was eighteen I'd had to leave home and work in the city 'cause father and I couldn't agree, but year in and year out, up to the day I was twenty-three, it was my intention to go back sometime after Angeline Drugg. When I got back for good I found I didn't fancy Angeline. She was a fine-looking girl, married a city chap and lives in style, they tell me. She could dance all night and turn around next morning and do a day's wash without flinching. Coming home from time to time to see mother I got in with her, and there was a sort of understanding between us that kept other fellows away. However, settling down and turning over this matter of marriage seriously I discovered I didn't care for Miss Drugg an atom, and that all my heart went out to a little yellow-

haired morsel in a city court back of where I'd boarded.

I grew from boy to man expecting that this piece of ground would come to me if we could prevent father's drinking it up. Seeing that precious child going out to work morning after morning, and day after day getting thinner and whiter I actually panted to get her out here.

All that summer father was sick I used to imagine him away, and my sweet little Lutin here with just mother and me.

You've seen the waning moon's ghost flitting before morning's light, haven't you? That, and thistle-down high in air, just a shimmer of fairy wings in sunshine, or a bit of sea-foam blown along the shore, anything in fact that was white, fair and ready to vanish, reminded me of the dear girl. I used to shut my eyes and make a picture of her as she would look after being out here a month or two. I would see sunshine turning her hair to gold, warm winds opening roses on her cheeks, and stars, and sky together bringing light and color to her big blue eyes. This picture got to be such a real thing I carried it with me all that winter, getting the place ready for spring, and stared at it after dark sitting alone by the fire.

Next mine was an empty chair I'd got for my wife, when she come. I was pretty close-fisted; excepting the hair-pin holder and a few chromos, that was the only bit of extravagance I fell into. It was cushioned with what looked and felt like calico, and I guess was, only the furniture man called it some high-sounding name so's to put a big price on it. Any way, it was blue with field daisies and yellow butterflies dropped pell-mell on it, and suited me exactly. For the life of me I couldn't put Angeline Drugg in that chair. So, one day I went over to see her, determined to settle the matter once for all.

"Ange," I says. "I'm not fixed in my mind about marrying. I hope if you get a good offer you won't let that old affair of ours stand in the way."

I tell you her sharp tongue made my head ring and her black eyes snapped, but I found out she had her mind on that city chap, and come away light as a feather.

Next April I married Lutin Faber. It's like going back into fire to talk over these things, but I want to tell you how Satan lost his grip. He takes a nip at me here and there, now and then, but his hold's gone.

My little Lutestrung—as I came to call her—was the oldest of nine. They were a poor, sickly lot, from the father and mother down, but the way they rejoiced over every bit of good that come to them, and thanked the Lord for it, was a lesson for luckier folks to profit by. They had what seemed to me then a queer notion about what they called first fruits. A bit of the first money father,

the boys, or any of them, earned at a new place, the first early vegetables or fruit, they put into the collection box, or shared with folks poorer than themselves. This odd kind of a streak run all through their lives and turned up in such unexpected ways and places it bothered me fearfully at the outset. Why, neighbor Peters, I've even known the three youngest girls to give away the first piece out of a cent's worth of taffy or a bundle of patches.

Well, when I brought my wife home, I found she always wanted some of the first and best. A bunch of early radishes and salad were sent to an old couple up a back court. The Johnny-jump-ups went to a sick girl in a garret, and so things run till Lutin wanted to carry the first pick of currants to a woman with a fever.

Now, as I've said, I was tolerably close-fisted, inclined to save, as father and mother was before me, so, not having much in the fruit line either, I wavered.

"See here, Lutestring," says I, "I don't begrudge what goes to your folks, bless them, but this handing out right and left, here and there, won't do. We'll never get rich that way. Currants are scarce. I can get a good price for them in market."

"I've been wanting to tell you, ever so long, that now you've got me to do for, and Andrew to help you, that is enough." The voice that fluttered into my ear—most like as if a humming-bird brushed me—was a meek little affair, but her sweet, field-daisy face all in bloom, and her hair turned to gold, was just as I'd pictured them. "I am sure father and mother will say so, too. I know they would so much rather you'd stop giving to them and give to the poor."

I tell you, if I could have found a more poverty-stricken lot just then, I'd like to know it. And as for stale vegetables and things, all I ever doled out wouldn't have kept life in a baby.

"It's stop giving her folks what won't sell, and tossing off the best to paupers," says I to myself. "I can't afford to do business that way. We've been married three months now, it's time for me to take a stand."

Take a stand I did. I, a big, lumping fellow going on fast for twenty-five, set my heel on the heart and conscience of the eighteen-year-old child I'd vowed to love and cherish. Once started on that road making fine pace was an easy matter. Still, all the while I loved Lutin to distraction, and she would have been happy in her child-like, yielding way, if she hadn't had that notion about first fruits belonging to the Lord and being owed to His poor. Not honoring Him with our substance in that way was like breaking the commandments.

The anniversary of our marriage came round and everything prospered so with me I was like

the man we read of in the Gospel. I wanted to build "more barns." Other ways I was planning to buy back the piece of ground I'd sold, when Lutin got sick. Neighbor Peters, I had a good, old-fashioned Presbyterian mother. She brought me up in the fear of the Lord, and I considered myself a first-class example till I saw the death shade creeping over Lutestring's face. Then I knew my so-called righteousness was nothing but "filthy rags."

Instead of buying land I bought a falling-top and took her out riding every day. I brought the first and nicest of everything that grew, and told her to send it where she pleased.

"Send it for me," she would say, and smile a sweet, vanishing sort of smile, like a peep of sunlight on a winter's morning.

Before the leaves turned next autumn that little white drift of a face was under the sod.

Sitting alone by the fire that winter I'd nothing to do but remember and repent. I'd a long, strong, rough-and-tumble struggle to loosen that close fist of mine and make it a giving hand for the Lord's sake, and for Lutestring's. But, I declare to you, if a fellow wants to get rid of a besetting sin and backs up the grace of God by squaring 'round and doing what sin cries out against, he's more than a match for it every time.

As one and another of these old people and sick folks die and go where there's no more pain, I can't help feeling there comes a time when, sitting down with them all in the midst of the glory, my angel wife hears about the fruit and things I gave for her dear sake.

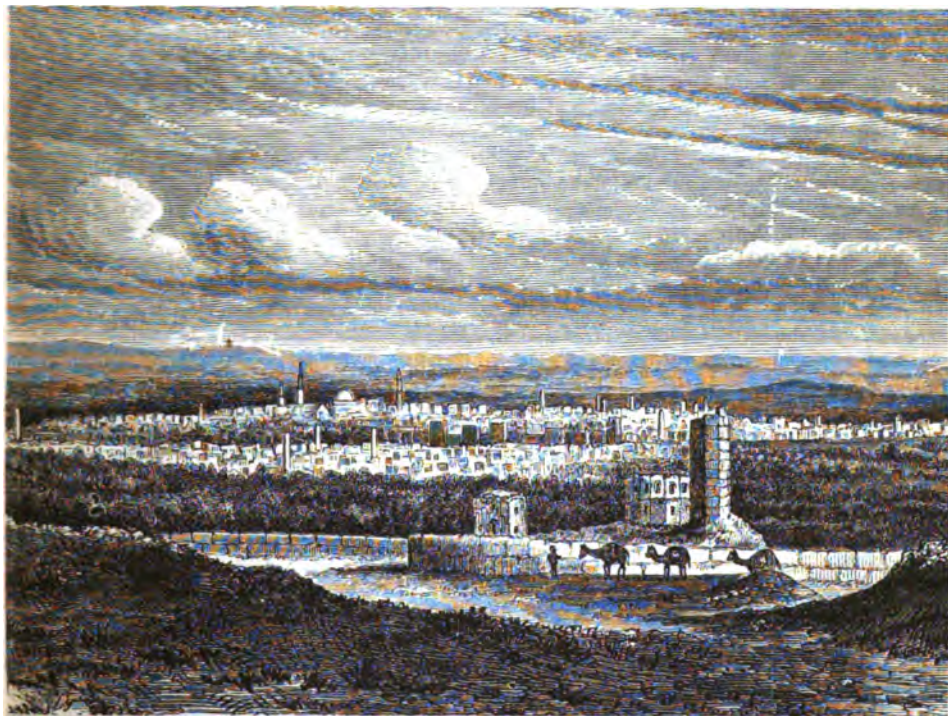
And, maybe it's foolish, yet I love to think there's a harp up there making sweeter melody because of what I do away down here—it's my little Lutestring's harp. MADGE CARROL.

PERFUMES.—A lady may always be recognized by her quiet taste in everything; and in nothing more remarkably is this fact exemplified than in the choice of perfumes which she affects. In France what one may call "violent" perfumes have gone out of date, the ladies there using only those healthy and pure essences which are extracted from the ordinary products of the garden—such as lavender rosemary, and even mint. The flowers of the linden have yielded a delicious perfume, which is one of the recent additions. Nothing more is now allowed than the slight scent which would naturally emanate from the growing flower. It is also considered a mark of good taste to make no change of perfume, but, having once made choice of a favorite, to keep solely to its use. The violet-like scent of orris-root, for instance, is delightful, and is so easily attainable that no one can complain of any difficulty in making up *sachets* to impart its pure fragrance to paper, clothes and dresses.

DAMASCUS.

DAMASCUS is believed to be the oldest city in the world. According to Josephus, it was founded by Uz, the son of Aram and the grandson of Shem. In the fourteenth chapter of Genesis it is referred to as a well-known city, and in the fifteenth chapter it is stated that Eliezer, Abraham's steward, was from Damascus. Upon the road to Damascus occurred the miraculous conversion of St. Paul. Long has it been noted for the splendor of its roses and the sweetness of its plums, the beauty of its brocades and the fineness of its steel. Hence, from the name of the city their respective appellations—damask-rose, damas-

they stopped and uttered cries of joy while showing me an opening on the side of the route. I approached, and my gaze fell across a slope of the rock upon the most magnificent and the most strange horizon that has ever astonished the gaze of man; this was Damascus and its desert without bounds, at some hundreds of feet below my steps. The eye fell first upon the city, which, surrounded by its ramparts of yellow and black marble, flanked by its innumerable square towers, from distance to distance, crowned by its sculptured battlements, dominated by its forest of minarets of all forms, furrowed by the seven branches of its river and its rivulets without number, extending itself to loss of sight in a labyrinth of gardens of



THE CITY OF DAMASCUS.

cene or damson, damask or damassè, and Dāniascus blade. When taken by the Mohammedans, in 634, it was one of the first cities of the Eastern World. Napoleon threatened it, but, being compelled to raise the siege of Acre, relinquished his design. Those who have pored long over "that Bible of childhood, the Arabian Nights," know the high place it has held in the realms of the imagination.

Interesting to some of our readers may prove the subjoined translation of Lamartine's description of the city from his famous work "*Voyage en Orient*."

"I proceeded at the head of the caravan, at some paces behind the Arabs of Zebdani. All at once

flowers, cast its immense arms, here and there, in a vast plain, everywhere shaded, everywhere pressed by the forest of ten leagues alternately of apricot-trees, of sycamores, of trees of all forms and all in verdure, seemed to lose itself from time to time under the vault of these trees, then re-appeared farther in large lakes of houses, of suburbs, of villages; a labyrinth of gardens, of orchards, of palaces, of brooks, where the eye lost itself and left not one enchantment except to find in it another.

"We marched no more; all pressed to the strait opening of the rock pierced like a window; we contemplated, sometimes with exclamations, sometimes in silence, the magic spectacle which un-

rolled itself thus suddenly and all entire beneath our eyes, at the end of a route, across so many rocks and arid solitudes, at the commencement of another desert which has no bounds except Bagdad and Bassora, and which it takes forty days to traverse.

"At length we resumed our march; the parapet of rocks which hid from us the plain and the city lowered insensibly, and allowed us soon to enjoy in full all the horizon; we were not more than five hundred steps from the walls of the suburbs. These walls, surrounded with charming kiosks and country mansions of forms and architectures the most Oriental, shone like a girdle of gold around Damascus; the square towers which flank them and of them surmount the line, are encrusted with arabesques pierced by pointed arches with tiny columns like pairs of reeds; and embroidered by battlements like turbans, the walls are invested with stones of marble, yellow and black, alternated with an elegant symmetry; the tops of the cypress and other great trees which elevate themselves from the gardens and from the interior of the city, rise above the walls and the towers, and crown them with a sombre green. The innumerable cupolas of the mosques and of the palaces of a city of four hundred thousand souls, reflected the rays of the setting sun, and the blue and brilliant waters of the seven rivers sparkled and disappeared alternately across the streets and gardens. The horizon beyond the city was without limits, like the sea; it mingled with the purple borders of this heaven of fire which flamed like the reverberation of the sands of the great desert; on the right, the great and high swellings of the Anti-Lebanon fled like immense waves of shade, the one beyond the other, now advancing like promontories in the plain, then opening like gulfs profound in which the plain was swallowed with its forests and its large villages, of which some count about thirty thousand inhabitants; some branches of the river and two great lakes shone there, in the obscurity of the general tint of verdure in which Damascus seems as though engulfed; at our left, the plain was more vanishing, and this was at no greater distance than twelve or fifteen leagues, that one found again the summits of mountains, white with snow, which appeared beautifully in the blue of the sky, like clouds above the ocean. The city is entirely surrounded by a forest of orchards of fruit-trees, where the vines interlace as at Naples, and run in garlands among the fig-trees, the apricot-trees, the pears and the cherries; beneath these trees, the grassy earth, fertile and always irrigated, is carpeted with barley, with corn, with maize and with all the leguminous plants that this soil produces; little white houses pierce here and there the verdure of these forests, and serve for the dwelling of the gardener, or the place of recreation for the family of the proprietor;

these gardens are peopled with horses, with sheep, with camels, with doves, and with all that which animates the scenes of nature; they are in general of the size of one or two acres, and are separated one from the other by walls of earth dried in the sun, or by beautiful living hedges; a multitude of roads, shaded and bordered by a rivulet of running water, circulate among these gardens, pass from one district to the other, or lead to some gate of the city; they form a radius of twenty to thirty leagues of the circumference around Damascus."

In addition to this charming description, we need say little more, further than that Damascus is the capital of a pashalic of the same name, a division of Syria. Ancient though Damascus is, it is exceedingly well-built, and it is situate only a short distance inland from the Mediterranean Sea, near the northern boundary of Palestine. It is at present one of the leading towns under the sway of the Turks, and is considered by them as one of their holy cities. Here the pilgrims assemble on their journey to, and separate on their return from, Mecca. It has long been notorious for Musulman bigotry and hatred of Christianity, and fanatical outbreaks have been of frequent occurrence. In 1860, no less than six thousand Christians were massacred, and their quarter of the city burned. Formerly no Christian could walk the streets of the city without incurring the risk of being insulted and otherwise maltreated; but during the last ten years the people have learned to have a wholesome dread of Christian nations, and to treat Christians with greater respect. Here, as all over the Turkish Empire, the power of Mohammedanism is waning, and that of Christianity is rising.

WELL-ORDERED HOUSEHOLDS.—Where there is disorder there is no tranquility, no excellence, no advancement, no happiness. Order in families is essential to their peace, elevation and progress. In our households everything should be done at the best time, as well as in the best manner. There should be rules to direct and govern, from which there should be no deviation, unless necessity compel. Disorderly habits, a constant want of arrangement, will entail nothing but loss and misery; and, as the children grow up, these habits will be rendered fixed and permanent, so that they will become men and women, fathers and mothers, without any love of rule or order.

THERE is a common feeling that he who has succeeded against great odds, who has made his mark where those possessed of many advantages over him have failed to make theirs, must possess in himself remarkable elements of success. And the feeling is right. The self-made men are on the whole the safest to be intrusted with great undertakings. The stuff of which they are made has been tested, and has been found to be of the durable kind.

MILLAIS.

MILLAIS, the eminent painter, an engraving of whose charming picture, "Awake," is here presented, was born at Portland Place, Southampton, England, in 1829. His ancestors resided for many generations at Tapon, in Jersey, and the earlier years of the artist were spent at

bright little boy they had all seen; and their incredulity led to a memorable wager. This wager was a dinner. The officer produced his evidence and won the bet. Some thirty were present at the lost wager dinner; and one of those present, the infant artist, is said to remember vividly the pride and pleasure which thrilled his childish bosom at this early recognition of his power in art.



"AWAKE."

Dinan, in Brittany. At the age of six, his genius began to show itself. Dinan being full of soldiers, his early efforts at drawing naturally took a military direction. Some of these fell into the hands of an officer, who, pleased at the precocity of the child, showed them to some of his brother officers, who refused to believe them the production of the

At the age of nine, his mother brought him to the President of the Royal Academy to ask his advice about the lad's future studies and career.

"Better make the boy a chimney-sweeper than an artist," answered the president, without looking at the boy's drawings; but when he got sight of

them, his tone was changed, and he gave warm commendation and kindly advice.

At the age of eleven, Millais studied in the Academy, but he never had any Continental training. At the age of ten he had won a prize—the first medal of the Society of Arts. But he had a hard upward struggle and a fierce conflict with fortune. He did not gain success until he had conquered all impediments and won it by the force of persistent and long-continued effort. The lesson of his life in this particular should be taken to heart by young artists. There were years in which he did not receive more than from three to five pounds for his paintings, which were for the most part portraits. He made drawings at ten shillings each, and worked at book illustrations. At twenty-two he was elected a member of the Royal Academy, but was met by opposition and jealousies, which greatly embittered his feelings, and had his election canceled on account of his age, which was below what the regulation required. It was not until he was twenty-nine that he became a full Royal Academician. For years he did not earn with his brush an annual income of over one hundred and thirty pounds. For his great work, the "Huguenot," he received only the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, and this was paid to him in installments extended over a long period. When the fortunate possessor had gained thousands by this work, he is said to have given the painter an additional fifty pounds!

Referring to the artist and his works, a writer in the *Magazine of Art* says: "There is in Millais such decisive strength, such passionate ardor and such vital force, that to name a work of his raises up a full image of the picture. It will be enough if we recall here a few only of his leading works. Painting is a language for the expression of thought; a great work of art must be the production of a great mind. Millais's work is instinct with passion and with romance. Its human interest is always deep and moving. As I cite a few of his paintings, the works themselves rise vividly before the mind's eye, and I see them once again. In 1852 appeared the 'Huguenot' and 'Ophelia'; in 1853, the 'Order of Release' and the 'Prescribed Royalist'; in 1856, 'Autumn Leaves'; in 1860, the 'Vale of Rest'; in 1861, the 'Black Brunswicker'; in 1864, 'Charlie is my Darling'; in 1865, the 'Romans Leaving Britain'; 1869 saw the 'Gambler's Wife'; 1870 gave us the 'Boyhood of Raleigh'; 1871, the 'Chill October' and 'Yes or No'; 1874, the 'Scotch Firs,' 'Winter Fuel' and the 'North-west Passage.'

"In Millais," continues this writer, "we have thankfully to recognize our greatest painter. He works with as much power as reticence of power. His works have firm hold of all that can feel deeply and nobly. Hamlet may be played by strolling players in a barn, and its humanities will

yet appeal to the heart, while the same play exercises the highest critical intellect of a Goethe. And so with Millais; he delights a people and rejoices criticism."

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

I BUILT a castle grand and fair,
Its towers tall, its turrets high;
It overlooked wide waters where
Swift, white-winged ships went sailing by.

And down upon the gray-ribbed beach
The waves their glittering lengths uncoiled;
Bit at the sands beyond their reach,
And crept back like a spoiler, spoiled.

Mountain and valley, forest, fall,
And idle river winding dim;
My castle looked down on them all—
Unto the world's far purple rim.

Its beams were laid in gilded air,
Its dusky halls were high and wide,
With many a nook and corner, where
The tired soul from itself might hide.

One room was for my love and me,
Its windows looked out to the west,
Where, sailing in an azure sea,
The slow sun sought his golden rest.

Far off the sunset's sapphire burned,
While gold and crimson flamed below,
Till mimic mountains rosy turned,
And faded in a purple glow.

The star of evening trembled there,
As if by dusky breezes swung;
Near by the new moon, faint and fair,
Her dainty silver chalice hung.

A wind came up from out the sea,
With savage hunger in its breath,
Mad waves grew white in cruel glee,
And sullen breakers moaned of death.

I sought, when morning's sun was fair,
With eager gaze the storm-swept skies;
No sign or trace of wreck was there,
Where once the proud walls used to rise.

The trees lay prone upon the path,
A lone spar drifted in to land,
The rocks were torn by ocean's wrath,
And storm-steps marked the fretted sand.

But never more shall red lights gleam
On lofty tower and winding stair,
And none can ever know or dream
Where stood my castle in the air.

MARJORIE MOORE.

OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 7.

LONDON.

"IN London!" exclaimed Katherine. "It makes me breathless only to imagine it!"

"The first thing which strikes one," observed Dr. Kent, "is how truly it fulfills the signification of its name—built on the Thames whose flowing tides roll beyond the city, and which bear large ships to the port of London, and barges and boats more than a hundred miles above, it is indeed 'a city of ships'—a centre of commerce to all the world. There is a network, vast and intricate, of communication with the most distant isles and seas."

"There is a poetic as well as a practical side to trade," said his wife. "I have never realized this more fully than when watching the unloading of some great trading vessel, and seeing the boxes of fragrant tropical fruits, the spices and silks, the carved work in ivory and wood, or perhaps grain, and timber, and furs brought into the great store-houses of a large city. If it should be during a London fog when the streets are so obscured that one would not be surprised to find one's horse with his head in the front door of a house, and the counting-rooms are lighted with gas at noon, and everywhere there is a perpetual descent of tiny black particles of soot and coal-dust, the contrast is still more startling with the vivid scenes recalled by association of the countries whence these products are brought—the far-off southern isles, and mighty tropical forests and jungles, the strange, dark faces of the native workmen in Japanese and Chinese villages, the golden grain fields of the West stirring in the fresh wind, and the birch and firs of Canadian woods with the foot-prints of the martin, the sable and the beaver in the snow. One feels then what a widening education it might be to the mind to live where the sea roads lead everywhere—to the very ends of the earth."

"All nationalities seem to be gathered together in London," remarked Miss Alice. "I was startled the other day to read in an article in an English review that London contained 'more Jews than Jerusalem, more Catholics than Rome, more Mohammedans than Constantinople,' besides its vast English-speaking population. I believe the inhabitants are numbered as three millions and a half. The mental power and influence of such a place must be very strong, Dr. Kent."

"Yes, there is a continual pressure of intellectual excitement and an unceasing stimulus to exertion. The whole atmosphere of life is pervaded with a restless electricity and stir. Some writer very truly speaks of 'the nation of London,' for it is very distinct from the rural districts and the mountains of Wales and Scotland that lie so near it."

"Do you remember Wordsworth's sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge, 1803?" I said. "It expresses very fully to me the majesty of the great city, and yet there is a freshness of conception which shows the writer has come from a more quiet region of lakes and hills, and is only entering the crowded and hurried life of the metropolis—not yet fully imbued with it."

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

For a moment every one was silent, hushed by the intensity of the feeling expressed in the exquisite lines of one whose insight grasped the spiritual as well as the external aspect of all things. Harry Halstead's eyes darkened and kindled as if he had felt the magnetic drawing which attracts all young and eager hearts to a great gathering-place of men. Frederic looked with a questioning glance toward his father.

"Is London still growing in size?"

"Yes, the suburbs are continually stretching farther and farther onward on every side, and the houses and streets creep on and on like a steadily advancing army."

"It is no wonder then that England holds such far-off countries—Australia, India and the many islands under her flag. It is the character of her race to grow and rule."

"But," exclaimed Katherine, "they rule by virtue of suppressing and holding in check savage instincts, of bringing law and justice among barbaric tribes. At the time of the Indian mutiny one Englishman was sometimes left in the midst of hundreds of natives, keeping the disaffected in check, encouraging the loyal, organizing the uncertain and manacng the turbulent, by only the invisible power of English justice behind him. English conquests are not entirely selfish, or they would not last so long. Like Rome they bring the power of law among unrestrained and ignorant races. Their power lasts because of the good they can give these, not because of their navies and treasures, although they seem the means of victory."

"I think," said Mrs. Stacy, "that America is as greatly to the honor of England—having inherited all from her race and her past—as the British dominions, which still have the old flag

waving over them. We are more truly English in our very independence and self-reliance than the colonies, and the reverence for England as a 'mother country' is with the cultivated and thoughtful, not declining, but steadily growing in strength."

We laughed at Mrs. Stacy's patriotic warmth.

"I doubt," said Mr. Elmore, "whether England would own us as more truly English, though I think your remarks are very correct."

"I always felt sorry for the Tories," said Miss Alice, "after England was defeated. Their loyalty to the land of their birth was condemned as disloyalty to the land of their adoption, their wealth was confiscated, they were distrusted and disliked by their neighbors, and even England neglected their claims. It must have been pathetic to see the disheartened and dejected Tory gentleman in a crowd rejoicing loudly over the victories of soldiers whom he considered as rebels against their king, and huzzaing and tossing up their hats in jubilant congratulation over their separation from the birthplace of their fathers."

"No doubt their lot was an evil one, unless they succeeded in returning to their old homes in England, yet there was a higher loyalty in George Washington and his followers to the everlasting principles of truth and right than in the blind personal devotion to George III. It was well for the world that the strongest element in the contest was also the highest and truest faithfulness."

"I suppose the charities of London are very extensive," said Mrs. Elmore, "to touch such a population."

"Very extensive and very effectively organized. Alms-giving, without knowledge or distinction of persons, is discountenanced, but in its place the higher form of charity, which unceasingly endeavors to supply the spiritual and mental, as well as bodily needs, of the poor, to teach them to live a pure and happy life, to aid them permanently by enabling them to aid themselves, is growing steadily. Miss Octavia Hill is a well-known instance of one whose charity is not an impulse, but a habit, whose whole life is laid down in their service. In order that the degraded and poor should feel what *home* is, their teachers have, in several cases, made their abode in the very wretchedness of their own precincts, by their loving and untiring efforts proving themselves true disciples of the Master, who for our sakes, was 'made flesh, and dwelt among us.'"

"I suppose our time will not allow us to enter into the details of charitable institutions, such as hospitals, homes for orphans, guilds for visiting the poor and sick," said Mrs. Stacy.

"I think we could scarcely do the subject justice, but there is a writer, George MacDonald, who in his beautiful and earnest stories, has entered into the description of this far-reaching work with the

deepest and tenderest sympathy, and the wisest insight. I will only mention one instance of fulfilling the law of love, which Christ dwells upon especially when he says: '*I was a stranger and ye took me in,*' as it may be new to most of us present. There is a 'London Caravansera,' as it is well called near the docks, a boarding-house, where for a very small sum, or if necessary, gratuitously, safe lodgings, good food and all desired information are afforded to the helpless Orientals from India, China, Africa, etc., who arrive in London, ignorant of the English language and laws, and ready to fall a prey to every dishonest person. The attendants in the house are familiar with many dialects and Eastern tongues, and are able to prepare the dishes desired by their visitors. Their money is kept safely for these as long as they desire it, and they are assisted either in obtaining employment, or a safe passage home. In case of illness these poor aliens receive every attention and care. One has to see the pitifully forlorn expression of these strangers, puzzled by the foreign tongue and customs, chilled by the colder climate, and feeling themselves utterly helpless, to understand what a boon this house is. It was in my eyes one of the most striking illustrations of the common brotherhood of humanity I had ever seen."

"What public building did you visit first, doctor, on your arrival in London?" inquired Harry Halstead.

"The British Museum, as I happened to be accompanied by a gentleman who felt special interest in Eastern antiquities. By the way, this museum may well be considered a mental *Caravansera*, for books of all ages, languages and topics are collected here. A lifetime might well be given to the writing and arrangement of its catalogues alone. In 1835 the library was composed of sixteen different libraries, the last being that of George IV, consisting of 65,000 volumes, besides numerous additions made by purchase, bequest and donations. All authors and publishers are required to present a copy of their work within a month after publication. There is no student of science or philosophy; no specialist in learning, that cannot find works in all tongues, on every subject which he wishes to examine, from old MSS. or scrolls to the most modern editions of to-day. Nor is he without the finest illustrations of science and antiquity, for there is a fine collection of shells, minerals and geological specimens, fishes, birds, etc., also a large number of interesting portraits for the historic student, and a gallery of sculpture and collection of curious relics. There are bricks here from Babylon, and an Egyptian sarcophagus under the same roof as the lovely Portland vase, exquisitely wrought by artistic fingers, and discovered near Rome, and the Elgin marbles from the old temples of Greece, and the

marbles from the temples of Apollo at Phigaleia."

The boys had been speaking in an undertone to one another when the doctor ceased, and presently one of them said to Miss Alice: "Would you not like to teach us geography and history there? After we had recited our lessons on Asia or Australia you might drive with us to the Zoological Gardens to show us all the animals that inhabit those countries."

"Yes; indeed it would be charming to me also. We could see the amphibious animals in their lakes, and the tropical beasts in a temperature kept artificially warm for their needs. Afterward, in the great Kew Gardens, we might study together the plants, the fruits and flowers, even the forest trees of the same countries. We could look at our leisure at the tree ferns and eucalyptus trees of Australia, and the orchids and palms of the

would be carried into a room one hundred and fifty feet in length, where there are represented horses mounted by armed riders, each wearing the dress and armor of his age, and over each a banner, on which are written the name, and rank, and period of the hero beneath. You can see how the knights used to look with helmets and nodding plumes, breast-plates and shields, and scarfs embroidered by their fair ladies. You would find here also the spoils of the Spanish Armada and Asiatic armor from England's conquests in the East—the arms of Tippoo Saib and other Eastern princes, besides many other military trophies. Then if you were tired of thinking of battles—I should be, though the boys might not," she added, with an arch glance at her scholars, "we could enter the Jewel office, brightly lighted, where in dazzling splendor you see the glittering crowns and sceptres, all inclosed in plate glass.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

South, as well as the stunted arctic vegetation of the North."

"O Miss Alice," exclaimed Mrs. Kent's little daughter, drawing her low chair a little closer, "you would carry your class in English history to the Tower?"

She smiled, and replied rather to us than the little girl beside her.

"There are few places of more historic interest. First built to hold the city in awe, then in turn a royal residence and a royal prison, now an arsenal and the place of deposit for the British regalia. How many, famous in history, proud in rank and achievements, must have entered there with heavy hearts. Every revolution or political change, every national crisis must have left some mark here in its ebb and flow. If I were to take you there," she continued, to her little auditor, "you

The most brilliant of all is the crown of George IV. It is arched with diamonds, and around its base is a fillet of large pearls, mixed with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and amethysts. In the centre on one side is a peculiar sapphire of deep azure, on the other the rock ruby, worn by the Black Prince, and by Henry V, at the battle of Agincourt. You see, that, as usual in history, we return to war.

"You may see a fitting end to warrior, and statesman, and royal ruler in Westminster Abbey, where all rest together in the chest, at least so far as the garment of the body which they have laid aside, may be regarded. It is in its solemn, long-drawn aisles and beneath its echoing arches that each tragedy dies into the end—the last requiem for the 'mighty dead.'"

"How old is the abbey?" asked Katherine. "I

cannot imagine Westminster as new, or half finished, or begun. I feel as if it had always been venerable."

"It has been so for many and many a year, for it dates back to the reign of Henry III, and its Gothic architecture well expresses the character of awe and venerable sanctity which should dwell above the memorial place of a nation."

"Who was the architect, or rather I should ask who were the architects of Westminster? I believe a great cathedral or abbey was often the growth of centuries in which one master workman succeeded another."

"That is very true of Westminster Abbey, for no less a person than Sir Christopher Wren gave its finishing touches, which brings us to a comparatively recent date. But I am sorry that I cannot tell you anything of its earlier artists, though no doubt accounts could be found of these. The abbey is divided into chapels and filled with monuments, and the whole style of its architecture is exceedingly ornate. The walls are inclosed 'as if in meshes of lace-work,' it rises in spires and turrets, it is fretted and vaulted, and its carvings are like embroideries in stone. Most of the kings of England were buried here, except George III and his family, and George IV, whose bodies were laid in the royal cemetery at Windsor. Henry VII's chapel contains many royal monuments."

"Is not the celebrated stone held sacred as the pillar on which Jacob rested when he beheld the angels ascending and descending, which was taken by Edward I from Scone in Scotland, kept in Westminster?" asked Frederic.

"Yes, in Edward the Confessor's chapel. Perhaps," I added, "your remember the prophetic rhyme written on it by Kermeth, the Scottish king:

'Where'er this stone is found (or fate's decree is vain)
The Scots the same shall hold, and there supremely reign.'

I suppose they read its fulfillment in the descent of Queen Victoria from the Stuarts, the royal house of Scotland."

"In the chapel of St. John and St. Michael," said Katherine, "there is a splendid piece of sculpture by Roubiliac, in memorial of Lady Nightingale, which mocks all other royalty by its intense representation of the power of death, the king of the grave, as he aims his dart at the breast of the beloved wife, from whom the husband vainly seeks to ward off the blow. There is something peculiarly forcible and touching in his attitude and expression of anxiety and tenderness."

"During my last visit to Westminster, as I was leaving the Poets' Corner, where lie Chaucer and Spenser, masters of an enchanted land, Milton, Dryden, Cowley, Prior, Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith

and many other writers who have ruled our hours of leisure and of study by their strong and musical words, I had the enjoyment of seeing Dean Stanley, so well known in England and America by his broad church sympathies, his earnest knowledge of history and his genial and manly spirit. But it was not as the dean or the writer that I thought of him, but as he is represented when a boy at Rugby school by his school-mate, Thomas Hughes—the innocent little Arthur in "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," whose religious and simple faith burned upward like a flame toward heaven."

"How I should like to see him!" exclaimed his little daughter. "But he is grown now; he would not look like Arthur did."

"I saw some other children that looked just as you would fancy Arthur to have done," continued her father, "at the evening service at St. Paul's Cathedral. It is open for service three times a day, and the responses and anthems are chanted by the chorister boys, all dressed in white, with the loveliest, purest voices you ever heard; every note is as clear and true as a silver bell, and some of the faces were unusually sweet and intelligent, and full of an earnest interest."

"St. Paul's Cathedral is not a Gothic building, but Corinthian, and in the form of a Greek cross, is it not?"

"Yes; and it would present a noble appearance from every point, were it not so crowded by other edifices near it. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren on the site of a former church, which was so ruined by the fire of 1666, that it was necessary to remove it entirely. You may imagine how high the dome must rise when I tell you that the small cross which is seen upon the ball is, in reality, thirty feet high. There are various statues and monuments within the cathedral—of Howard, Bacon, Reynolds, etc. The most impressive inscription is the following epitaph in Latin upon a slab over the entrance of the choir. I give you a translation of it: 'Beneath, lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself alone, but for the public. Reader, do you seek his monument? Look around!'

"This will seem still more appropriate when you remember how permanently he influenced the architecture of London, there being more than forty churches there, which were built either by him, or after his designs."

Our chairman looked at his watch and announced that we had been thirty-five minutes beyond our time.

"We cannot leave London this evening, surely," we all exclaimed, appealing to our president.

"By no means," she replied, smiling. "The next evening, and, if necessary, a third, might be given especially to this subject. We will all gain

more distinct impressions if we do not receive them all at once."

"I have not half begun to realize London yet," said Harry Halstead, with a comical look of dejection.

"That proves that you *are* beginning to have a true conception of its greatness and importance," we retorted.

As we said good-bye to our president and the Elmores, and ran down the front steps, all the boys burst forth into the chorus:

"And in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman!"

ELLA F. MOSBY.

JANET.

SEEN him often, hain't ye, stranger? playin' round about the place,
Yellow curls forever bobbin' round a little freckled face,
Hands not over-clean it may be, bare feet patten' to and fro,
Never restin' for a minit, allus trottin'—that's my Joe!

Did you ever hear him singin'? Why his voice is like a bird!

Beats the bobolinks and linnets—sweeter songs ye never heard;
Such a lovin' little feller, allus runnin' for a kiss,
An' 'twas, "Mammy, let me help ye," or 'twas, "Mammy, I'll do this."

Well, ye see, I've lost him, stranger; I can't find him anywhere;
I have searched the whole farm over, till I'm sure he isn't there;
Through the long nights I keep harkin', hopin' I shall hear his tread,
Fears to me I can't sleep easy till I've tucked him safe in bed.

There's a man in yonder prison, shut up there for life, they say,
One who in a drunken passion killed his comrade in a fray,
And they said with pityin' voices, 'twas *my boy* that struck the blow;
I remember 'twas the mornin' that I lost my little Joe.

Why, he was that tender-hearted that he wouldn't hurt a fly,
An' a little, tremblin' sparrer was enough to make him cry;
An' so, when the neighbors told me, I looked up at them and smiled,
But they couldn't understand me when I said I'd lost my child.

Oh, yes! I was at the trial, for I thought it best to go,

'Cause they all would keep insistin' that the prisoner was my Joe;

An' he cried out, "Mother! mother!" when they took him through the door;

But I'm sure I don't remember ever seein' him afore.

Ah, they shake their heads and whisper, "Poor Janet, 'tis very sad,
She has been jest ravin' crazy sence her boy turned out so bad."

But some day, when I'm a-watchin' at the winder, I shall see

Those same yellow curls a-flyin' as he trudges home to me.

Well, good-day, I must be movin', for 'tis growin' very late,

An' suppose he should be waitin', as he used to, at the gate!

If ye ever see him, stranger, jest be sure an' let me know;

Tell him mammy 'll hunt the wide world over for her little Joe!

RUTH REVERE.

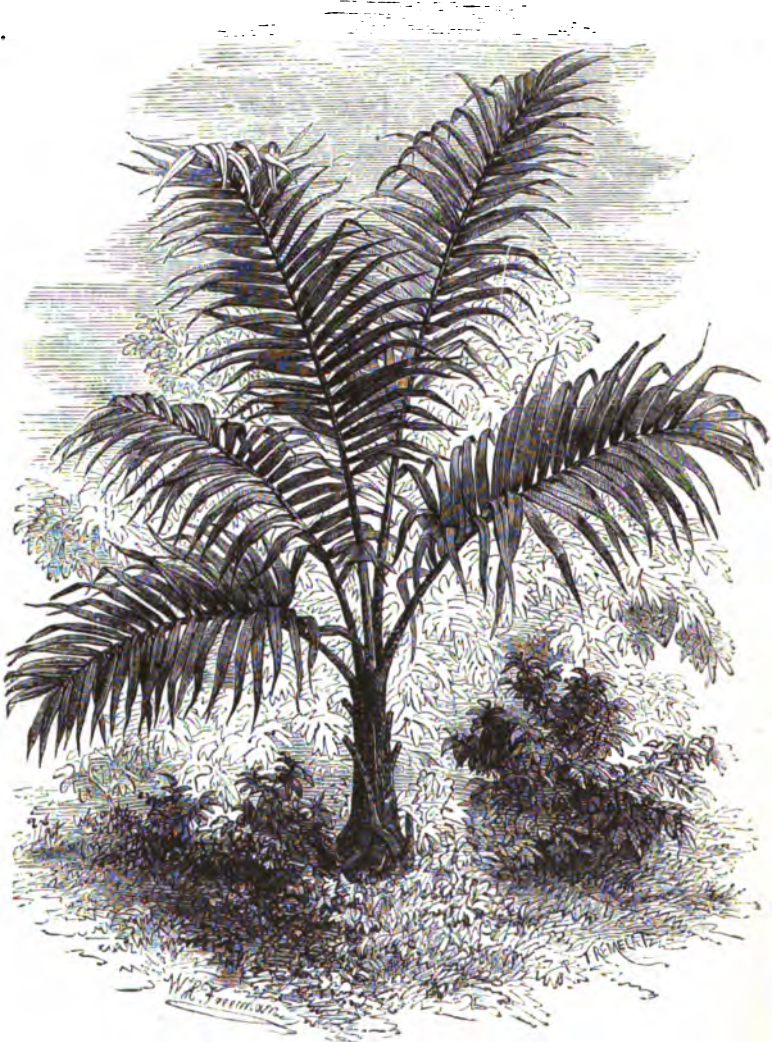
A MATTER OF CALCULATION.—Marriage-brokers are quite important business men in Genoa. They have pocket-books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, etc. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange connections; and, when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relatives, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another, and it is only when everything is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage-ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match on condition of defraying the brokerage and any other expenses incurred.

LITTLE PLEASURES.—Happiness is composed of many small joys. Trample not underfoot, then, the little pleasures which are scattered in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great joy, we are apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

THE ARECA FAMILY.

THE name of *Areca* is given to a beautiful genus of palms mostly found in the East Indies. The *Areca catechu* produces the well-known betel-nut, for which purpose it is very generally cultivated. The nuts are cut into slices, wrapped in the aromatic leaves of the *Piper betel* (betel-pepper plant), and then chewed. The leaves are

where it is now prevalent from the Red Sea to Japan, both amongst males and females. It is asserted to improve the digestion and preserve the teeth, and other excuses for the habit are also made. It gives to the tongue and palate a blood-red hue, and in time turns the teeth perfectly black. The Malays get really hideous from the constant use of these nuts, but the Chinese are exceedingly careful to remove the stain from their teeth. It is



previously covered with a thin layer of shell-lime to retain the flavor longer in the mouth. In most parts of the East Indies the natives are perpetually chewing these nuts. They are of course more accurately termed catechu-nuts, having taken the name of betel-nuts from the leaves which are chewed with them. The habit was at one time confined to the islands of the Malay Archipelago, but has extended thence to the continent of Asia,

fashionable for persons of rank to keep the nuts ready prepared for use in splendid cases worn at the girdle, and when they meet, it is the correct thing to open their cases and offer catechu-nuts to each other, as some people offer snuff in Europe.

There are several species of the *Areca*. Our picture shows the *Areca rubra*, a very graceful variety sometimes seen in English palm-houses. It grows to the height of about thirty feet, and

bears a pinkish-white flower. It is a native of the Mauritius, from which specimens were first brought to England in 1823. By some authorities this tree is placed in another genus, under the name of *Euterpe pisifera*, but the preponderance of opinion is in favor of its being an *Areca*.

There is another species of the same genus, presenting a widely different appearance. This is the *Areca oleracea*, the cabbage-palm of the West Indies, one of the most beautiful and stately of the palm tribe, and hence in some of the islands called the palmetto-royal, and described by different authorities as growing to a height of from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty feet. Ensheathed in the foliage at the top is the crisp, white (so-called) cabbage, about two feet long, and as thick as a man's arm. When eaten raw it tastes something like the almond, but is more tender and delicious. It is usually cut into slices and boiled, or fried in butter, and served up as a vegetable with meat.

OUTER AND INNER.

"DO you think that my hat is becoming, Dear auntie? And how is my hair? My fur sacque was a present from brother, Just suiting this chill wintry air."

"Oh, yes, your attire is most tasteful,
Of nothing I think you have need;
Your outward adorning is faultless,
And you are a darling, indeed!"

"Now your dress is arranged, quite forget it,
For pride brings a stain to the soul;
Form and feature must fade, but the spirit
Lives on while the ages shall roll.

"Seek, oh, seek then, the inner adorning,
That ornament priceless and rare,
A spirit meek, loving and quiet;
Such beauty of soul *all* may share."
KATE SUMNER BURR.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE says that he has never been able to perfect a plot for a novel beforehand. "I have to confess," he continues, "that my incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on, and not my story to fit my incidents. I wrote a novel once in which a lady forged a will; but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confesses her guilt. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately."

VOL. XLVIII.—7.

FROM THE DIARY OF DOROTHY FLEMMING.

SUNDAY, January 20th.—I can never hope to forget this night. If my body should be opened I as surely believe that January 20th, 18—, would be found engraved on my heart as Queen Mary believed "Calais" would be discovered on hers. It has come at last—this first and utterly irremediable break in the family circle—this great change in our lives. I can scarcely write for crying. I forgot that change must come to us—that some day we must be divided. Oh, life is cruel! I never thought that Vally, my precious sister, my pet, my only love, would ever care for anybody as much as for me, and here she loves some one better, for she has gone and got *engaged*! It is too dreadful—I can't endure it—I wish I could die!

And we were so happy only yesterday—we four—papa, Aunt Kate, Vally and I. But Vally has blasted it all. I have yet to write the hardest part of it—*she never told me a word about it!* and I had not the slightest suspicion of it. I had no idea that this was what Eugene Marston meant with his calls, and his flowers, and his bon-bons. Aunt Kate says I ought to have known, but it is no more than Vally received from Bob Harrington before he went to Brazil, and I warrant that Aunt Kate herself never attached any importance to them.

The news first came through papa to-night. Eugene called as usual, but asked for him instead of Vally, and although it was only Eugene, papa actually changed his coat, and brushed his hair, and then went down with the queerest mixed-up expression of gravity, importance and repressed mirth. I turned interrogatively to Aunt Kate, but catching on her countenance her knowing, uncommunicative look I just saved myself from one of those teasing replies in which she so much delights, and went in search of Vally to ponder it over with her, but no Vally was to be found.

I know now where she was, shy little thing, hiding in the pantry to escape me, beyond the slightest doubt. I rushed at papa as soon as he came back, and demanded the why and wherefore of a proceeding so much beyond my insight, but without a word he pushed apast me and went to Aunt Kate's room. I followed in silent astonishment, and then I noticed that he was quite white, and that his eyes had in them a curious, dreamy, *resigned* look I had never seen there before, so I waited breathlessly for him to speak, thinking, the while, of everything terrible imaginable excepting *that*. When at last he became conscious of our anxious faces he told us that Eugene had asked for Vally, and how nobly he had done it, and that he was a fine fellow, but that it was hard to give up his dearest daughter, excepting me (there's only the two of us, you know), but no doubt if mother

had lived she would have approved the match, etc. To all of this I listened in a dazed sort of way, and then as I suddenly realized what it meant, I cried: "You don't mean that our Vally is going to get married! O papa, how could you give your consent to that!"

He laughed and said I would know when my turn came. Aunt Kate laughed, too, and said Vally had put my nose out of joint, I being the older by two years. But papa stopped her with: "Time enough, sister Kate. The birds are already trying their new-fledged wings, and soon you and I will be just where we left off twenty-one years ago."

His voice was very sorrowful. Aunt Kate tried to look sympathetic, but the delight of her matrimonial soul looked out at her eyes, and presently she began talking about the *trousseau*! That was too much, and flashing on her a glance called up from the very depths of my outraged feelings I hurried from the room, and after an hour's crying have come to you, diary, to tell you all about it, and how miserable I am, otherwise I believe I should burst. Vally and I have always vowed never to get married, but to live for each other and papa. She never did anything in the whole course of her existence before without consulting me, and now you see what has come of it. It is not only the meanest, but the most misguided act of her life. I can't see what she did it for. It is not because she needed love, for she has always received a world of that from us; nor happiness for she has always been as gay as a bird. As for Eugene, I shall never consider him anything but an interloper.

Later.—Vally came up just now and asked, with such a bright, shy face, if I *knew*. Thereupon I broke out and told her just what I thought, for I am not one to dribble out my mind. She put on a most amazed look, and said she thought I would be glad, and that she was sorry I took it so. And as for not telling me beforehand it was something girls could not talk about to each other, *as one day I might know myself*. That insinuation put the match to my temper and I burst out in one of my terrible ungovernable rages, and as usual made a fool of myself. I suppose I said something dreadful—I always do at such times—for she grew very red, and shut down her lips in a way she has when she is angry, but she made no reply. Vally's forte is not "answering back," but unfortunately it is mine, and knowing this she turned on her heel, and with a gesture of disgust and impatience, that cut me more than if she had railed for a week, left me for *Eugene*. So it will be through life. Great heavens! I can't bear it—I can't do without her. She has been my pet, my baby since ever I can remember. We have never been separated before; she has always looked to me for everything, and I have lavished my whole heart on her. But I

see she is just like *other girls*. I can't say anything worse than that.

Monday, January 21st.—Still I am crying, but these are penitent tears. I am unutterably ashamed of those last pages written in my wild anger and blind injustice. After Vally had gone down I shed an ocean of tears—I had no idea before that my lachrymal resource was so great. I was sitting at the window with the gas down when I saw Vally and Eugene at the gate. It was bright moonlight, and he was going. They stood hand in hand, and presently he bent down and kissed her, and *she let him!* After that, although I shall love Vally as well as ever I shall never again want to kiss her quite so much—she holds her kisses too cheaply. I am quite cool now, but I was mad then and panted for revenge. Knowing she would soon come up to bed I ran to the little sewing-room intending to spend the night there, because I knew it would worry her nearly to death. I heard Vally come up and then Aunt Kate follow—to congratulate her, I suppose—but she found her in tears, and soon ascertained that I was the cause of them. In a fit of righteous indignation Aunt Kate bore down on me, swept me up before I knew it, hurried me into the room and shutting the door emphatically left us together. I felt injured and far from amicable, but I was forced to acknowledge that I was censurable in making this night of all nights so disagreeable to her, and as she had deigned to cry over it I had no objection to meet her, if she made the first advance. But when I saw her seated on the side of the bed with her face in her dear little hands, looking so awfully ill-used and woe-begone, I just went up and put my arm around her. She did not repulse me, my precious Vally, but just dropped her head on my shoulder and sobbed quietly. Then she told me how hard and cruel I had been, and that she had wanted to tell me all about it, but she couldn't, not if it were to save her life, and if I were angry at her even Eugene couldn't make her happy. I felt as if I were a fiend to cause her such distress, but all I could say in excuse was that I loved her so, and that she was all that I had. When she found I was crying, too, she grew frightened (for I am not given to tears) and implored me to stop, saying everything she could find in her loving little heart to console me. At last we succeeded in comforting each other, and after I had laughingly extracted a promise from her never to go and get engaged any more, we went to bed and to sleep hand in hand. But oh, what a dream I had! I thought that Eugene forced me into a dentist's chair, and in spite of my cries and tears, pulled out a sound, white tooth, and it bled and bled, and all night I was wild with the pain and loss of it, at last waking myself and Vally with my sobs and moans. I told Aunt Kate, and she, with her usual aptness,

said it was a sign that I should lose a friend. I know she was thinking of Vally; but before I'd be that superstitious—

Tuesday, January 22d.—Last night Eugene gave Vally the ring—a flashing, solitary diamond. Just as soon as he placed it on her finger she came straight up-stairs with her hand over it, and did not uncover it until it met my eyes. She said she was determined that I should see it first in spite of any obstacle that might present itself. Was that not too sweet? She looked as excited as if she had braved a hundred dangers. And this is the return I made: “Umph,” I said, sarcastically, “*now* I see the good of getting engaged.” But the next instant I was awfully sorry, and kissing the face so quickly saddened, I said everything sweet I could think of. Then she asked, hesitatingly if I wouldn't come down and say something to Eugene. My first impulse was to give an indignant refusal, but remembering how shamefully I had already behaved I could not be so cruel as to wound her again, and thus allowed her to draw me down. When I beheld the destroyer of my happiness I felt an almost irresistible inclination to tell him that I wished he had never been born, but conquering it I offered at once my hand and feeble congratulations, which he accepted most gracefully. Vally said, afterward, that my manner would have been just perfect had the occasion been one of condolence.

If Vally must marry, I suppose Eugene Marston is about as nice as any man would be for the purpose. He is tall, and straight, and manly enough, I must acknowledge. Vally has been perfectly lovely to-day—it is her way of acknowledging a fault, but for all I feel as if the order of the universe had been reversed. It seems as if I had never rightly observed Vally before, and I take in her new points with a depressing sense of her unnaturalness, and an increasing awe of her superiority, for she has penetrated the great mystery of love. She feels her dignity, too, and has already assumed little matronly airs toward me which are at once amusing and exasperating. I asked her how she ever happened to fall in love, and she confessed, rather reluctantly, that she had never an idea that she had until Eugene proposed! Bah, I don't believe in this thing which, par-excellence, is called *love*, and I can't believe that Vally cares more for Eugene—a *strange man*—than for papa, or me, or even Aunt Kate; as for his loving her as much as we do, it is supremely ridiculous, and yet I suppose he imagines he does.

Sunday 27th.—Is it possible that it has been only a week since that great event? It seems more like seven years. It has been a period of continued disappointments and painful surprises. Vally's engagement has effected a revolution. I thought her betrothal only meant that some day she must leave us. I could not know it meant

this. This means that we are already separated though in the same house, the same room. Eugene has entirely blotted me out. I could resign myself to giving her to him some part of the day, but he has usurped every minute, for when she is not with him in body she is in mind, and though we may sit together with our work as of old she seems far away. The dreamy smile which hovers over her lips tells only too plainly the nature of her thoughts, and if I speak she comes back with a great start, and evidently has to make an effort to answer me coherently. Often I get up and leave the room, and she does not even know that I am gone! At one time if I stirred, it was always: “Where are you going, Dorothy?” She has embittered my nature. I am growing crabbed and misanthropical. I despise my kind, and long to write some terrible satire more scathing than Swift or Thackeray ever dreamed. This engagement has had a generally pernicious effect. For instance, the other evening, feeling sort of aimless, I went in for a little chat with the “lovers.” Eugene and I had always found something to laugh and talk over before the engagement, but to my intense disgust I found him completely changed. He seemed content to sit there dull and taciturn, with Vally's hand in his, as if, now that he had gained his ends, it was no longer necessary to make himself agreeable. It is my opinion that people in love should be transported to some out-of-the-way region so that civilized beings should be in no danger of running in contact with them.

February 1st.—Last night Vally and I were seated in the drawing-room in the moonlight when Eugene came in. It was so bright that we did not turn up the gas. I knew he was not pleased to see me, and that Vally was anxious for me to go, and therefore it was with the greatest satisfaction imaginable that I dropped him a mocking little courtesy, and settled myself comfortably directly in front of them. I was in a perverse mood, and their stolen caresses were like gall and wormwood to me. As I watched his lips travel with light touches from her hair to her eyelids, and from thence to the rosy lips, he reminded me of a great bumble-bee sipping at a honey-suckle; and then I fell to wondering where on earth Vally had ever learnt these pretty new tricks of hers. Just at that point in my reflections Eugene said: “Well, Miss Dorothy, give us the benefit of the view from your stand-point.”

“Shall I, Mr. Marston?” I asked, pertly, inferring by voice and manner that it would not be the pleasantest thing to hear.

“It is too ridiculous the way you Miss and Mister each other,” Vally put in, in an injured tone.

“It is not my fault,” said Eugene.

“Oh, I am quite willing to take the blame,” I answered, demurely, and then Vally cuddled up

to Eugene, and spreading her fan, innocently, gave him a noiseless kiss under its protection, the opened sticks enabling me to see, quite plainly, the whole transaction, and therefore it was with a significant laugh that I intimated that although love was blind other people were not! Whereupon Vally endeavored to draw Eugene to her with an air so protecting and motherly, that I could not refrain from asking why she did not take him on her lap!

In return Eugene surveyed me as a big dog would an aggressive little "pug," but before long I felt the weight of his paw. I had gotten well started in a disagreeable, satirical vein, giving only too pointed an application to my remarks when I suddenly found I had gone too far by seeing a tear roll down Vally's cheek and splash on Eugene's hand. I had had just time to feel a sharp twinge of remorse, when the outraged lover rose, and, before I could guess his intention, lifted me, chair and all, in his strong hands and set me outside of the door, closing it emphatically in my very face! For one minute I fairly boiled with rage, and then struck by the comicalness of it all I shook with repressed laughter, after which, in pursuance of a sudden idea, I noiselessly rose and stole away. I knew the thought that I might still be there in so close a proximity to the door would sufficiently avenge me. But that moment in the chair outside the door had a salutary effect. My eyes were suddenly opened to my childishness and want of dignity. No man would have dared to treat me with such indignity had I behaved properly. And I solemnly vow no man shall ever do it again—that in future I shall behave in a manner becoming an elder daughter and sister.

February 10th.—Have carried out my plan so effectually that I have made myself and everybody else miserable. In my endeavor to be dignified and self-contained, and to show myself independent of Vally, and indifferent to Eugene I have become perfectly unbearable. It is no wonder that Vally is unhappy until Eugene comes, and then in such a state of ecstasy that it sets me all but crazy. The truth of the matter is I am wildly jealous of Eugene, and now that I have discovered it I shall conquer it, for I have no right to be such a torment to Vally or myself. From this date resolve to take just what she gives me, to accept the fact that a sister's love cannot be the first love of Vally's heart, to bide my time when the novelty of this new passion wearing off she shall recognize the worth of my affection, and to take as my motto, *not to love less, but to expect less*. There it is all in a nut-shell.

May 10th.—Three months since I last wrote! How queer all my frantic outpourings sound now. It took many long weeks to put the above resolution into practice, and I suppose it is as much due to time as to my will that I have at last done so. I cannot say that Vally and I have exactly re-

sumed our old relation toward each other—there is an intangible something that constituted its chief beauty that seems forever lost. It may be contained in the fact that I am no longer *first*. But I do not complain. She is very, very happy, but it is not with the old sunniness that warmed us all—this is an exclusive sort of happiness that sheds no radiance on anything but themselves. I have only one thing more to conquer in order to be quite serene—my positive aversion to Eugene. I just *hate* him!

June 1st.—Bob Harrington's come home! He was to see us this afternoon. He has grown exceedingly handsome, and looks as polished as if he had just come from Paris instead of Brazil. Eugene is nothing to compare to him, as I take pains to tell Vally. The girls purpose getting up a picnic in honor of his arrival, and he has actually asked if he might not be my escort. It seems strange it should be I—it was always Vally since they went to school together. But he knows he can't have her now. Vally and I are just now absorbed in planning our toilets and lunch-baskets.

June 9th.—The day after the picnic. Everybody pronounced June 8th a red-letter day. But I must start at the beginning. In the most perfect of mornings, Vally, Gene, Bob and I (and the baskets), stood on the piazza waiting for the stage. Vally looked just lovely, and Gene fairly glowed with pride as he surveyed her.

"Don't Dorothy look pretty?" Vally said, with her usual generosity, but he took his eyes from her so lingeringly that I turned on my heel so that if he ever did succeed in withdrawing his gaze from her he was rewarded by my back view.

The stage thundered up fairly radiant with happy faces and picturesque costumes, and in another second ours were among the number.

I sha'n't attempt to describe the spot that had been selected—the shady trees and the clear, flowing river—or the grand luncheon which of all things seemed best to meet the demands of the men's finer organisms, but I must give a word to the rowing. Three boats had been hired for our pleasure, and Gene had placed his (a long, narrow, racing barge) also at our disposal.

My first row was with Bob, who took two or three of us out in a broad-bottomed boat that leaked undeniably. Bob succeeded admirably in discovering concealed rocks, and more than once nearly decapitated the whole party by running us unexpectedly under the branches of over-hanging trees, but I did not realize how bad it all was until Gene, in his swift barge, shot past us with long, easy pulls, feathering the oars at every stroke, Vally his companion who, although she waved her hand triumphantly, looked scared to death, for she stands in deadly fear of water. I was bored then until we landed, and Eugene asked if I wouldn't

give his boat a trial, and as it is not in my nature to refuse such an offer I was soon in Vally's much coveted place. I suppose he wanted to show me how vastly superior he was to Bob, for he certainly exhibited the river and his rowing to the best advantage. I was in a state simply beatific, the gentle cadence of the oars bringing a corresponding song to my lips, but I scarcely knew that I was singing until Eugene begged me to repeat it, as it accorded so well with the scene. I was surprised to find that much sentiment in him, and therefore would not discourage it by a refusal. As long as I sang it was all right, but as soon as I began to talk it was just the reverse, for we got into an argument which I soon made disagreeable with my vehemence, and as he worsted me on my own grounds it was with no regret that I at last caught sight of the landing.

We found Bob and Vally where we had left them, but the rest of the party had straggled away through the trees: Under the pretense of joining them I wandered away, too, and felt very picturesque and romantic until an old cow, that seemed to be sharing the general mood, frightened me back to the encampment, where I found all hands packing up in great haste under the inspiration of a threatening thunder-cloud.

When we were at last packed in the stage, I found our party all mixed up, Bob and Vally being together, and Eugene looking around for a seat. I made room for him beside me, and asked how it was that he and Vally were separated, adding that Vally looked much distressed, which she certainly did—for a second.

"Oh, I guess it will not make much difference; she and Harrington get on very well together," he answered, morosely.

Perceiving that he was mad with jealousy, I tried to explain it away, for I knew any disagreement between them would fairly break Vally's heart; and I succeeded, for he was in quite a good humor when the stage stopped at our lane, where Gene thought it advisable for us to alight. Perceiving at once that Bob had no intention of changing places with Eugene, I said: "O Bob, is it possible that you are carrying that heavy basket by yourself? It contains all our 'crockery,' and I insist on sharing your burden."

So, without more ado, in spite of his protestations, I hooked on to the basket, and Vally skipped ahead, and was received by Gene very amicably. Bob fairly glowered at me, but I looked quite unconcerned, and to regale his soul told him how perfectly enjoyable boating was if one had a good oarsman like Gene—that was in return for his conduct to me.

June 20th.—Bob Harrington is here some part of almost every day. As Vally is engaged, these calls are supposed to be paid to me; but I cannot think that I am the attraction, for, unless Vally is

present, he seems to find me very uninteresting; and last week I caught him trying to steal a flower from her hair; but she detected him in the act, and said, "O Bob!" so reproachfully, that he instantly begged her pardon.

The other evening Bob and I were playing chess in the library when Gene and Vally came in. Her hair was all frowzy, as it generally is since she has been engaged, and Bob asked, sarcastically, if she did not want his pocket-comb. Whereupon she blushed and pouted, and since then pays more attention to her coiffure.

"You are playing chess!" she exclaimed, a moment after, delightedly, adding: "Gene can't play at all, and Dorothy only imagines she can, so that I haven't had a decent game since you went away."

"Oh, take my place—Bob will excuse me," I said, gladly, and Gene bore me off to the organ to play and sing for him.

By way of thanks, I suppose, he said: "It is well you cannot always be singing, otherwise people might make the mistake of thinking you sweetness itself."

I merely laughed, for I know I am not amiable.

That evening was the first of many like it. Since then there is always a game of chess to be played between Bob and Vally, for there is always a defeat on one side or the other that *must* be cancelled. The game progresses so slowly that the best part of the evening is consumed, and Gene and I have had time for a dozen quarrels.

July 5th.—I took Vally to task for leaving Gene so much alone, and like a good little girl she gave up chess at once; and Bob has substituted euchre for it, at which we all can play.

July 30th.—Lately, Vally is not at all like herself. She is so troubled with headache that frequently she cannot see Gene when he comes. It has made her terribly despondent, and all her old love for me has come back in a great wave; but I can find no happiness in it, for it seems to rise from some sore need of her heart. I would much rather that she forgot me in her old, happy absorption.

August 8th.—Vally is better now, and she begins to smile to herself and forget me again. She takes long walks of afternoons, which necessarily are solitary, as Gene has gone West on business, and I am busy with nursing Aunt Kate (who is ill) and attending to household affairs. Vally hinted at its being selfish in her leaving me with so much to do, but I told her emphatically that her headaches and sleepless nights (which now she is rid of) caused me more discomfort than any amount of work, and that she *must* continue her walks. Bob don't come so often now, and it seems quite unnatural with both him and Gene away.

September 1st.—Since last Saturday, my soul has gone through the valley of the shadow of death.

I could not write of it before—I doubt if I can now; but I'll try. Gene had written that he would be at home Saturday, and at the house in the evening. Vally took her walk in the afternoon as usual, and came home looking frightfully ill. After supper she said: "Dorothy, can you come up-stairs? I want to see you for a few minutes." When we reached our room, she freed herself from my encircling arm, and said, solemnly: "Dorothy, I have something to tell you—something awful! I can't accept your trust and love any longer, when I am so unworthy. I am very miserable, Dodie; and even though I have at last come to the determination to take off the ring, it has made me no happier," and she pointed to her jewel-box, in which sparkled the ring she had exhibited so proudly but a few months ago. And then wringing her jewelless hands, she said, with quiet despair: "O Dorothy, *I do not love Eugene!*"

"Not love Eugene—*Gene!*" I repeated, uncomprehendingly. "But you are engaged."

"Unfortunately, that don't alter it."

"You don't mean that—that all those kisses and caresses meant *nothing!*" I gasped.

"O Dodie, don't bring them up! Oh, how am I ever to tell him *I do not love him!*"

"Vally, you don't love any one else?" I asked, solemnly.

With that she threw herself at my feet like a child, and burst into wild sobs and tears, imploring me not to be harsh, and to listen to her story patiently, else she should die. Her cry was so piteous that I sank down beside her and raised her tenderly.

"I do love some one else," she faltered; "but I shall never marry him. I condemn myself to do without him *all my life*, even as I force Gene to do without me. To-day I bade Bob Harrington a last farewell." Here the memory of that parting nearly overcame her, and with a voice penetrated with anguish she wailed, "We shall never meet again!" Then she continued with more composure: "It is not my fault that I love Bob. I believe, unwittingly, I have always loved him; but when Gene asked me to be his, I imagined the delight I found in its novelty and importance to be love. When Bob came home, I felt my whole soul turn to him; but I did not know it meant anything until it was too late! God knows I tried to conquer it—you know of my headaches and sleepless nights; but when I found my love reciprocated it was all over with my struggle. O Dorothy, it will break Gene's heart, for he loves me so much—so much. If it were right, I would fulfill my engagement; but he is too proud, too just, to take me when my heart belongs to another. And, O Dodie, dearest and best of sisters, you will not despise me if I ask you to tell him all this? I cannot."

"Why, Vally, how can you ask me such a

thing?" I cried, indignantly. "If you cannot say it, at least you can write."

"What, with this hand?" and as she held it up it shook as with palsy."

"Wait until you are stronger, then."

But she cried bitterly: "Oh, don't you know that every hour it is deferred makes it harder? Besides, he will be here *to-night!* There, I hear the door-bell now! It is his step—his voice! For Heaven sake, don't refuse me! If you don't want me to die at your feet, go!" and raining passionate tears and kisses on my hands, she hurriedly snatched up the discarded ring, and pressing it in my palm, forced me by her very vehemence to the door. In my childishness and inexperience, I was not fit for the task I had assumed.

The eager, expectant look on Eugene's face vanished when he beheld me instead of Vally; but in an instant it was replaced by one of compassionate anxiety, and he said: "Why, Dorothy, I am afraid you are ill—is anything the matter?" And then, with sudden terror, he exclaimed: "Vally—where is she?"

I made some answer, I don't know what, and then stared at him blankly, conscious of only one thing, and that the ring in my hand. But when he approached, and tenderly lead me to a seat, I cried: "O Gene, I have had news for you—the very worst that can befall you!"

"Not the very worst—you say Vally is alive and well."

"May you always think that; but—but," and bursting into tears I stretched out my hand and revealed the terrible secret.

He saw at once it was *the ring*, though he did not comprehend its import; but seeing that its touch petrified me, he took it and laid it on the table.

"Try not to cry, but tell me what it means," he said, still gently.

In another second I found myself hurrying through the story, but leaving out, from sheer inability to tell it, Bob Harrington's part in it. I tried to plead for Vally, but I could say little in her defense. I felt his wrong too deeply.

When I had finished, he said, quite calmly, but with a white face: "This should have come from Vally. Go tell her I want to see her. I cannot but believe that this is all a mistake."

"It is *not!*" I cried; and then I had to tell him the most shameful part of the story—that she loved some one else!

His face was something terrible to see then; and seizing the ring, he flung it into the open-grate fire.

After that it is all confused. I remember hearing a violent slamming of doors, but I cannot distinctly recollect anything until I felt Vally's tears on my face. I pushed her away with words of

bitter reproach; but when I beheld the poor, white, scared face, I could do nothing but press it against my breast and mingle my tears with hers. If I had not insisted on those afternoon walks, perhaps this had never been.

September 20th.—Eugene has gone away to some foreign country, and Bob, on finding Vally obdurate to all his appeals, has gone, too. Oh, love is a terrible mistake. It has blighted our lives.

March 2d.—Six months since I last wrote! I write now to chronicle the only gleam of sunshine that has penetrated our lives since that awful day. It is a letter from Gene! This is the way it came to be received. About three months ago I found Vally writing a letter, which she so blurred with her tears that when she passed it to me to read I could scarcely make it out. But, although it was so touching that it nearly moved me to tears, too, I condemned it because it seemed to me that the injury she had inflicted was too great to admit of an apology, and that it but exposed her to his reproaches. But she would send it, so that he might know that he was not the only one miserable. And it is this letter, which we had despaired of ever receiving, that has made this day less dreary than the rest. It grants her prayer, but it is as cold and concise as an official pardon. However, it speaks of me kindly, saying that he would avail himself of this opportunity to testify his appreciation of the part I had taken on that fatal night, and to beg me to forgive and forget his boorishness! Was he boorish? I did not know it. He said not a word on the subject of his feelings.

Vally seems a trifle brighter since the letter came. I shall make use of his apology to me to answer his letter, in order to let him know that poor Vally is not heartless, and that Bob Harrington is also a miserable wanderer.

April 20th.—An answer has come to my letter! I can never tell you how beautiful it is, or how sacred in its noble sorrow and magnanimity. He says that he loves Vally so much that it costs him additional pain that she is unhappy, and that he begs her for his sake—ay, even as an atonement—to recall Harrington!

I told Vally, but she is invincible. She seems bent upon doing full penance for her sin (for so she regards it), and it would not surprise me to find marks of the discipline across her tender shoulders, or that she wore a hair shirt. She is so sad, so sweet, so self-sacrificing, that it is heart-rending, and I believe if she keeps on this way she will kill herself.

July 6th.—I have done it! Obtaining Bob's address from one of the many letters he continually sends Vally, and which she never opens, I wrote to him to come home if he valued her life, and not to fear for the result, as I was assured that his personal presence would do more to overcome

her scruples than anything else in the world. To-day he sent me word that he is at home, and asking what course he should pursue.

July 9th.—It has succeeded! After instructing Bob, I sent Vally on an errand to Mrs. Gray, the farmer's wife who serves us with butter and eggs. She was gone *three* hours, during which I was fairly wild with excitement, spending the time alternately in frantic prayer and craning my neck to see down the street, for I knew the result depended on whether she came home with Bob or not. At last, to my great joy, I caught sight of Vally, and she was not alone! If there was ever a deplorable-looking pair of lovers, it was they. They looked exhausted and tear-stained; but something revealed that they had weathered the storm and reached the haven of peace.

By the time Vally sought me, I had composed my countenance into a perfectly matter-of-fact expression. I foresaw that she would be hysterical, and to avert a scene I said, coolly: "You needn't expect to take me by surprise. I saw him come in at the gate. He looks much better with a beard. I suppose I might as well go down and congratulate him without further delay, for it is the most sensible thing that either of you have done in a year."

Swallowing a sob from sheer surprise, she fell in with my mood, and before Bob had gone the pending hysteria was dispersed, and she was just as happy as she would allow herself to be.

July 11th.—Vally won't let Bob give her an engagement-ring. She says it would only remind her how lightly she held the other betrothal, and that Bob had better not trust her until he has placed the wedding-ring on her unfaithful hand. She never cuddles up to Bob or raises her sweet lips to be kissed. She denies herself all that; but I can see that she fairly adores him, and that in her heart she is very, very happy, although she pretends still to mourn her sins. I can't help thinking about Gene; my heart bleeds for him when I see them happiest, and sometimes I find myself regarding Vally with reproach.

October 2d.—Vally and Bob were married yesterday, and have gone away. Although I feel desolate, yet am I content, for it is the best thing that could happen. Do you remember how I bewailed the first realization of the fact that Vally was to be married? I cannot regret the suffering I have passed through, for to it I owe this frame of mind. But has Gene anything to console him? It is a year now since he went away.

April 2d.—I have not heard from Gene for *two months*! I bore his silence patiently as long as I could hope that the *next* mail would bring me a letter; but I can hope no longer. I did not know that I owed the fortitude with which I have sustained Vally's absence to his letters until their support was withdrawn. I want my sister

home again! O Vally, why have you deserted me!

April 4th.—Gene's home! If I should write those words as many times as my heart repeats them, it would keep me busy for the rest of the day. I went out for a walk yesterday afternoon, and somebody overtook me with quick, ringing steps, and somebody halted at my side, and said, "Dorothy!" in a voice that called my eyes, with my very soul in them, to his face, and it was *Gene*! He has not changed much, only browner, handsomer and a trifle graver, which last disappears in his smile that is, oh, so kind! After the greeting was over, he told me that I had been his consolation in all those weary months; and when at last he realized what a poor return his letters made for mine, and how ill he could show his gratitude with his pen, he decided to come home and try to express it in other ways. He talked quite easily about Vally and Bob, and said that he had greatly felt my loneliness. When we arrived at the gate, I asked him to come in, but he said: "Not yet, not yet. We are all creatures of habit, you know, and I don't believe I could enter that house unless as somebody's lover."

Something, I don't know what, in his accent made me say a hasty good-night, and run in. Gene seems just like a brother. I never had a brother, you know, but I can imagine how a girl would feel toward a brother so good, so true, so chivalrous, so worthy of all love as Eugene.

May 7th.—No, diary, not even with you can I share what he said to me last night. O Vally, darling, forgive me that I should have ever blamed you for giving the first place in your heart to a "strange man," and that man—*Eugene*!

I. J. ROBERTS.

"FLOWERS THAT NEVER DIE."—Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," gives us a most touching instance of the love of flowers to linger upon the spots where they were once tenderly nurtured. Being in search of a pedigree with reference to the Findernes, once a great family seat in Derbyshire, he sought for their ancient hall. Not a stone remained to tell where it stood. He entered the church—not a single record of a Finderne was there. He accosted a villager, hoping to glean some stray traditions of the Findernes. "Findernes?" he said. "We have no Findernes here; but we have something that once belonged to them. We have Findernes' flowers." "Show me them," he replied; and the old man led him into a field which retained traces of terrace and foundation. "There," said he, pointing to a bank of garden-flowers grown wild—"these are Findernes' flowers, brought by Sir Geoffrey from the Holy Land; and, do what we will, they will never die."

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.*

A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

IT would be nine years in September since Lenox Dare went away from Briarswild. They who waited in the June twilight said this to each other, and found it hard to believe their own words. Time had passed smoothly and rapidly over the Mavis household. The first year of Lenox's absence had, of course, been the one when she was missed most keenly. Yet it was not in the nature of mother or son to indulge unavailing regrets.

Lenox's letters, too, seemed almost like that young joyous presence in the household. Her friends knew from month to month where she was—what she was doing. She wrote always in the confident expectation of returning the next year. Some good reason as constantly delayed that event.

"But it was only one year more, after all," Mrs. Mavis would say, with her usual habit of looking at the bright side of things, and Ben always acquiesced with apparent cheerfulness. Each knew, too, that the separation might be ended any moment. Tom Apthorp would keep his promise. They had only to speak the word and Lenox and her uncle would cross the sea. That conviction, however, imposed a double reticence upon the pair. They would never stand in the way of the girl's highest good.

But at last she was coming home! They were looking for her as the brown, summer twilight deepened in the air, and they sat in the sitting-room—so little changed—where Lenox had stood on that night when she first came to them. They thought of this sometimes, although they did not speak of it—perhaps they would not—even if a third—one who had never seen Lenox Dare—had not sat with them.

There was a kind of repressed excitement in the air. Even Mrs. Mavis's busy hands were still, while her ears were strained, listening for the sound of carriage-wheels up the road. It was by no means certain the travelers would arrive that night. The steamer might not be in time for them to take the early train. Then they would in any case, be tired with their long voyage. Mrs. Mavis said this to Ben, and then she remembered there could be no rest for Lenox Dare like that which awaited her under the roof at Briarswild!

Mrs. Mavis's face wears its old brightness as she sits there in her black silk dress and becoming cap. If she has grown thinner and older, that will be left for Lenox to find out. Ben, seeing her every day, is not conscious of any change. The

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nine years have set their mark on him in all gracious ways. Nobody can look upon the broad-chested, shapely-limbed, manly young fellow without admiring him. He has grown used to responsibilities, to respect and a certain deference from those about him. His shrewd sense, his cool, practical judgment, gave his opinions great weight in the county and outside of it. Mrs. Mavis has written to Lenox that there is talk of sending him to Congress; but Ben's ambitions do not at present incline to politics, whatever they may do ten years later. Meanwhile the old Mavis farm thrives under its young owner's care, and the affairs of the county usually prosper when he has a hand in them.

The third person that waited, as I said, with the mother and son that June twilight was a young woman two or three years past twenty. If you saw her for the first time your inward exclamation would be, "Oh, what a pretty creature!" and the thought would be sure to repeat itself every time you turned to gaze on her. Her glossy hair, full of rich auburn tints, her face with its soft curves of youth and health, her eyes of the summer's own blue, and her delicate rose-bloom made a picture, not of marvelous beauty, but of rare prettiness.

Dorrice Cropsey had been at the Mavis's farm for the last two years. She was an orphan—her only kin a brother who was seeking his fortune at the West. She was a niece of the husband of Ben's aunt. The Mavises had found the girl with their relative on their last visit. Dorrice was a mere child at the time, but her bright prattle and rosy face had helped to cheer the darkness of those days. On his way West, Dorrice's brother—a good many years her senior—had brought his sister to visit at Briarswild. She had remained there ever since. Mrs. Mavis had become attached to the girl. Ben liked her, too. Indeed it was impossible to live with Dorrice Cropsey and not like her. She was an arch, playful, warm-hearted creature. If she was not brilliant nor witty she had pretty, quaint ways and turns of speech. She sang about the house like a bird; she flitted around the rooms like sunshine. Dorrice was on the *qui vive* with expectation. She had been hearing about Lenox Dare ever since she came to the homestead. She had listened to her letters and was prepared to admire her immensely, for Dorrice had the capacity for worship of simple, ardent natures. She was dressed daintily in some light, cool, summer fabric with pink ribbons at her throat. Her cheeks and eyes had an unusual glow. Young Mavis noticed that when he roused himself from a reverie. They had all been a little silent, since they came in an hour ago from the supper-table.

Dorrice looked so pretty that Ben smiled at her. That frank, kindly smile, letting one a little way into his soul, brought to light the secret thought

that had been at work in Dorrice's head all day.

"She has seen so much of the world—she is such a grand lady that I am almost afraid to meet her!"

"You need not be afraid, Dorrice," said Ben.

One might almost fancy there was a ring of exultation in his voice.

At that instant they caught the sound of wheels up the road. A moment later a carriage was in sight. It whirled rapidly along. It was at the gate almost before they were at the door. The next moment a lady, young and rather tall, had leaped, light and graceful, to the ground.

"O Mrs. Mavis!" she cried. It was the voice of Lenox Dare. It thrilled the evening with its old familiar sweetness.

"Oh, my child!" cried Mrs. Mavis, and the two women hung speechless upon each other.

Ben was there—Lenox saw him a moment later—standing in his strong, handsome young manhood by the side of his mother. Before she could speak, her uncle had joined the group, and the two men were clasping hands.

At the door Dorrice met them with her smiles and roses—a welcoming Hebe.

As Lenox crossed the threshold, Mrs. Mavis called to her: "Stand still, my dear! My eyes have grown dim! I want to see how you look—to find out what all these years have been doing to you!"

Lenox stood still, and the hall-light streamed over her, and the four people gazed upon her.

The summer after Lenox Dare went abroad she and her uncle were among the Alps. One afternoon they were coming down a narrow pass, to their hotel in the valley below. Lenox's cheeks were flushed and her eyes brightened with the toil and excitement of her five hours' climb. A couple of young men, turning a sharp corner of the rocks, came suddenly upon the girl and her uncle. She had paused a moment to take breath, leaning upon her Alpenstock. She wore a straw hat, and a simple mountain-suit. As she looked up and returned the strangers' salutation, all the color about her was in her glowing face. One of the young men a minute later, remarked, with a slightly foreign accent, to his companion: "What a handsome creature she was!"

Lenox's uncle knew she overheard the remark. She started and glanced up at him, with a face full of surprise and a heightened color in her cheeks; but she said nothing.

That evening, however, he noticed that the girl was absent, that even the view from their hotel-window of snow-capped ranges touched with rosy light failed to attract her. They were standing together, when he turned and said to her, suddenly: "What is it, Lenox?"

She hesitated a moment, then she answered with

her usual transparent frankness: "You heard what that young man said after we passed him this afternoon?"

"I heard, Lenox?"

"Can it possibly be true? I never dreamed of such a thing," she added, this last remark to herself.

Tom Apthorp watched his niece curiously. She actually went across the room to a mirror, and surveyed herself in the glass from head to foot. Her uncle knew enough of womankind to perceive what a turning-point this might be in the girl's life. He felt as though he could have sent the young fellow to the bottom of the Alps. Lenox's simplicity had had an endless charm for the worldly-wise man. Was all that gone now? he asked himself. Had the breath of the world passed over that virgin-freshness and dimmed it forever?

In a few minutes Lenox came back to her uncle. There was a puzzled look on her face.

"Uncle Tom, can it possibly be true?" she asked again, with an earnestness that was half-amusing, half-pathetic.

The man looked at her a few moments, silently, critically. He tried to divest himself of any partiality which might bias his judgment. What a girlish, half-childish face it was under the shadow of those masses of hair! It was a face dark and thin. Its curves lacked roundness, its cheeks lacked color. But there could be no question about those marvelous eyes, or the delicate arch of the dark brows, or the perfect line of the lips behind which glimmered the beautiful teeth that were the birthright of the Apthorps. Plainly it was a face that had not come to its possibilities. Her uncle felt that any opinion he might now express would be premature. But Lenox found that long, silent gaze insupportable. She had flushed to her temples and was turning away when her uncle spoke: "Ask me this question eight years later, Lenox, and I shall be able to answer you."

"Eight years later!" repeated Lenox, with an incredulous laugh. "By that time, Uncle Tom, I shall be too old to care about my looks!"

But it seemed to her uncle she was never the same simple, unconscious girl, after she caught, in the Alpine pass, the stranger's remark that afternoon.

She never recurred to it, however, and it was more than eight years before her uncle did. They were in London and had been to dine with some of his old Calcutta friends. His niece had been as usual the life and charm of the banquet.

"Lenox," said her uncle, when they were alone together, "you remember that first summer we were in Switzerland how we both overheard a remark about you as we came down the mountain pass?"

"Perfectly."

"You asked me a question that night which I was not then prepared to answer. I promised to do it, however, eight years later. You have not asked me that question again."

Lenox came now and stood before her uncle.

"There was no need I should ask you, Uncle Tom," she said, with a kind of triumphant thrill in her voice. "I knew!"

"And you are glad of it?"

"Glad! I am a woman and you can ask me such a question?"

"I should not, Lenox, if you had not seemed to me almost absolutely free from vanity."

Lenox Dare stands only a moment in the hall at Briarswild with the light flooding over her. But it is long enough. No one who saw that picture will ever forget it, and of the four who gazed on the woman, one was her lover.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Mavis, in a tone that was half-amazement, half-motherly pride, "you have been growing a beauty! I never dreamed of your doing that."

Lenox has been pretty well surfeited with flatteries, but Mrs. Mavis's honest verdict brings the crimson to her cheeks; her happy laugh rings again through the rooms. Then she turns and lays her hand on young Mavis's arm.

"How tall you have grown, Ben!" she says, gazing up at the broad-chested figure, "and," lowering her voice a little, "how handsome!"

Mr. Apthorp enjoyed keenly the surprise that his niece's beauty created among her old friends. The travelers had hurried from the steamer, not stopping for even a day's rest after their voyage.

"We can take our ease at Briarswild, Uncle Tom," Lenox said. "Until we get there I shall have no rest—even on my native soil."

She went straight to the sitting-room. She could not fail to remember now that other night when she stood here a worn and homeless wanderer. As she glanced around the familiar room that old scene rose before her. She could not have spoken her thought at that moment even had her uncle not been at her side. He did not suspect the memory that shook her at that moment, but two others knew and kept her secret. But a little later, when she had taken her old seat by the window, a look of ineffable content stole over the beautiful face.

"How good it is to be at home again!" she murmured.

She said that to herself constantly for days and nights that followed. She roamed about the house and grounds like one in a happy dream. The morning after her arrival she went to Dainty's stall. The creature whinnied when she heard her mistress' voice, and felt the touch of those soft fingers about her mane. The little high-bred colt that had played so important a part in Lenox's history, was always kept in splendid condition. The men believed

that young Mavis would sooner have parted with all the animals in his stables, than with that fleet, gray mare.

Once more the old rooms were filled with the bright, magnetic presence. There was so much to hear and tell after these nine years that seemed hardly like two now they were all together again. The changes they had wrought in Lenox grew more apparent the longer one saw her. She had gone out from Briarswild a mere slip of a girl—she came back to it now, a graceful, elegant woman.

Tom Apthorp had kept his word. He had more than fulfilled the promises he had made to his niece that summer afternoon in the Mavis orchard. To indulge his young kinswoman, to afford her every advantage and opportunity which had been denied to her childhood became the central purpose of the man's life. No doubt a secret remorse was at the bottom of all this. Tom Apthorp spared neither time, pains nor money in the accomplishment of his purpose. Lenox had the best masters the world afforded. She studied the languages in their native air. She visited the great capitals of Europe; their palaces, cathedrals, picture-galleries. The treasures of all the schools of art were laid open to a soul which nature had formed to enter far into their secret, and read their meanings of eternal truth and beauty. Her life was full, rich, varied. Her uncle watched with secret pride and delight the blossoming of this rare flower into womanhood.

"My little girl shall have the best of the world at last," he said to himself.

Each year his plans for her development, his desire to afford her new opportunities took some fresh form, some wider range. It was these alone which had kept them so long abroad. A return to Briarswild—even for a visit—would have seriously interfered with his plans at the time.

To one who understood there would have been something pathetic in the man's resolve not to lose a moment, to secure the best for Lenox while there was yet time. He never thought of his dead sister without a pang smote his conscience for his long neglect of her orphan child. A coarser nature would not have so sternly reckoned with itself, a commoner one would not have been so passionately bent on retrieving an unconscious wrong.

Tom Apthorp had, through his long residence in India, a wide European acquaintance. In whatever country they traveled, he could introduce his niece to the best circles. She met the most celebrated men and women—poets, artists, statesmen—the geniuses, the commanding intellects, the great brains and hearts of the world. Sometimes in the midst of spacious thronged drawing-rooms, Lenox Dare's thoughts would suddenly slip away to the old turnpike, to the little attic-chamber, with its small window-panes and its rows of books; she would see herself a lonely orphan

girl feeding her soul, like Charles Lamb, on "that fair and wholesome pasturage of English reading."

Perhaps that sudden vision in the midst of all the splendor made Lenox Dare's heart pitiful for all desolate young souls, and kept her head from growing a little giddy in the world's atmosphere of prosperity and flattery.

She began to be very much admired. Her beauty opened slowly year by year into its perfect flower. Then she had a power, a fascination, which went deeper than all her beauty, which would hold men and women when that faded. She had a marvelous gift of drawing out the best, sincerest side of people. In her companionship men and women seemed to find anew the dreams of their youth, the aspirations of their noblest hours. Women of the world, dizzied by its flatteries and ambitions, seemed in her presence to go back to the fresh heart of their girlhood.

If she was such a joyful, stimulating presence in the lives of her friends, it is impossible to say what she was to her sole kinsman. His love and pride centered themselves on her, the last of his race—the young girl who took the place of wife and daughter to the wifeless, childless man.

Indeed, Tom Apthorp used sometimes, half-laughingly, half-seriously, to assure his niece that she was the sole obstacle in the way of his taking a wife—very likely some blooming young damsel—old fellows with pates as white as his were always making fools of themselves in that fashion.

And Lenox, with a great archness gathering in her dusky eyes, would insist she could, if she chose, retort with terrible effect when he laid his old bachelorhood at her door.

"I know perfectly well what that means, my dear," her uncle would answer. "You are, in the eyes of many a gallant Ferdinand, his fair Miranda, whom he would gladly rescue from her tyrant of an uncle, her vigilant old Prospero!"

And Lenox would laugh gayly, and assure her uncle he was worth all the "gallant Ferdinands" in the world. She was thoroughly in earnest. No man, in her heart and thought, could take the place of her grand, noble Uncle Tom. She repaid his devotion with a passion of gratitude. That atmosphere of mystery and romance which, in Lenox's eyes, had invested her uncle when he first appeared to her—a marvelous surprise from the ends of the earth—still surrounded him.

With her woman's intuition, Lenox had divined the secret remorse of her uncle's life. She never quite forgave herself for the reproaches that had once broken from her. Since that time, neither had alluded to them. Lenox could not save her uncle from the stinging memory of his long neglect, but she had her own ways of showing how she felt all he had done for her—what he had made of her life in these later years. Their con-

fidence in each other was absolute. The stately, handsome, elderly man, and the young, beautiful woman, were often taken for newly-wedded husband and wife—a fact which, whenever it came to their knowledge, afforded the pair infinite amusement.

CHAPTER IV.

LENOX DARE had been at Briarswild three days when she and Ben Mavis came out on the piazza for a walk. It was the loveliest of evenings, with a faint humming of winds and a great summer moon in the sky. He gave her his arm, and for a little while they walked in silence. The moonlight shone on the beautifully-shaped head, on all the clear, delicate curves of cheek, and lip, and brow of the woman, and on the strong, broad-chested figure and handsome face of the young man.

Ben was nearly thirty now, though he hardly looked so; and one would not have taken Lenox to be twenty-five, though she was past it; her life was of those that need the slow, rich summer—not the light, swift spring—for their unfolding.

When Lenox looked up, she met the glance of Ben's clear gray eyes.

"They seem like a dream, Ben," she said, "these nine years since you and I walked here on just such nights as this."

"You thought of the walks, then, sometimes, Lenox?"

"Thought of them?" in a surprised, rather hurt tone. "I don't believe you can imagine, especially now you have asked that question, just what it seems to me to be walking here again."

"I, too, have thought of those old evenings, Lenox," he said, with a voice steady as her own, "when I walked here in the moonlight alone."

She heard the words without dreaming that any hidden meaning lurked in them. In all these years, a suspicion that young Mavis's feeling for her was unlike her own for him, had never crossed her mind. When they first met, Lenox was too much of a child for any possible dream of love. Then the very closeness of their household life had not been in Ben's favor. Her imagination required mystery and distance to fascinate it. Ben had seen this long ago; his love had made him wise; he knew their intimacy had been his misfortune.

"You are just the grand, loyal fellow you always were," said Lenox again. "I knew how you would miss me and think of the old times, and wish they were all they had been before Uncle Tom came. O Ben!" her voice suddenly shook, "do you think I can forget?"

"Forget what, Lenox?"

"Where I was when you first found me. What I was that night when I came here and you took

me in. I never could speak of it to Uncle Tom, because I knew it would hurt him. But there was never a day in which I did not see myself shivering on the threshold, and you bending over me, with your boyish face full of pity and kindness as an angel's. It always seemed to me that I had not been half grateful enough—"

Young Mavis suddenly stood still, as though a blow had struck him.

"I hate that word!" he exclaimed, in a tone of passionate bitterness. "Never let me hear you speak it, Lenox, as long as we both live!" His voice was half a groan and half a command.

She was a little startled at his vehemence; but it was like him, she thought. The generous soul resented any hint of debt on her part.

"Forgive me, Ben; I did not mean to pain you," she said.

"I am sure of that, Lenox."

With her woman's quick tact, she began to talk of other matters—of the household life so little altered, of the delight of coming home and finding so few changes in the people or the world around her, making it seem after all as though she had only been gone on a visit.

"A visit that lasted nine years, Lenox," suggested Ben.

"I know; but they hardly seem like two to-night."

He did not reply, and after a little pause she spoke again: "There was another evening, Ben, which I used to remember almost as often as that first one."

"What evening was that, Lenox?"

"It was the one before Uncle Tom came. Everything that happened about that time was always coming up to me. You and I had a long walk on the piazza. It was just such a summer night as this—not a cloud in the sky, only the stars and a great, solemn moon. I plucked my solitary tea-rose, and fastened it in your button-hole that night. Of course you have forgotten all about it."

"No, I have not forgotten. I have kept that withered tea-rose all these years, Lenox."

Had any other man than Ben Mavis made this speech to Lenox Dare, it might have awakened some suspicions in her mind. She was a woman. She had learned the power of her beauty, the spell of her charms. But her grateful, sisterly affection for young Mavis had no touch of romantic sentiment. The notion of his being her lover would have seemed as absurd now as it did in the days when Guy Foedick used to jest about him.

"Have you that rose still?" she asked, surprised and touched. "And my little bush with its one flower has spread into a green thicket! I could not count its blossoms now. Do you mean to say, Ben, you have tended my rose-tree through all these years because of that flower I gave you?"

"I mean to say just that, Lenox."

Whenever he recalled the talk of that night, this moment always seemed to Ben Mavis its most perilous one. A fierce desire surged through him to turn and clasp this woman madly to his heart; to tell her what she had been to him all these years; to pray her to have mercy on the love which had become in silence and absence a part of his life.

And while the fire leaped along his pulses, and the brave young heart and the strong brain wavered, he heard again the sweet, thrilling voice at his side. She was speaking of his mother.

"Is it my fancy, Ben, or is she looking pale and shadowy? It struck me that she was when I first saw her; and though the impression has partly worn off, I cannot get rid of a feeling that she is not quite well—not just her old self."

"She never complains," he answered. "I see her every day, and that may be the reason I have noticed no change."

Then Lenox spoke of Dorrice Cropsey.

"What an arch, winsome creature she is—pretty enough, too, to sit for an artist when he would paint

'Flora

Peering in April's front.'"

"Dorrice is a perpetual sunbeam in the house," he answered. "She has been a great comfort to mother ever since she came here."

But though he made these replies promptly and steadily enough, his heart was not in them.

At last Lenox came back to himself again.

"After all, Ben, I believe that nobody has changed quite so much as you have."

"I! What do you mean, Lenox?"

"That every change is for the better, Ben."

She smiled up at him in the moonlight—a smile that finished her speech with a flattery delicate beyond any words.

"Ah, Lenox," he replied, "I might well say that of you. I might tell you how you are changed in all wonderful and beautiful ways; but I have no speech gracious enough to express my thoughts. Other men must have told you all that I would in words that would make mine seem poor and bungling."

"No, Ben, that is not true. Your praise must always seem something dearer and better than other men's."

She spoke now with the low, serious tone he knew so well—the tone when she was very much in earnest.

Ben's heart leaped again. "Do you mean all that, Lenox?" and he stopped her where the moonlight could shine full upon her face.

"I mean all that. How could it be otherwise, Ben, my brother?"

What a tender name it was—what a soft voice that spoke it; and yet that last word shot a terri-

ble bolt through Ben Mavis's heart. He knew then how his hope had lived on silent and secret through all these years. He knew, too, those last words of hers had been its death-blow!

There was a sob in the brave fellow's throat. And the woman who walked by his side in the moonlight never dreamed of what she had done.

In a little while he heard her speaking again.

"I want to ask you a question, Ben. May I?"

"Ask anything you like, Lenox?"

"Has any woman since I have gone away—"

"I know what you mean, Lenox," he interrupted, sharply. "It is the only absurd question you ever asked me. There is no other woman."

"I am glad to hear you say that; though, no doubt, the feeling is wickedly selfish on my part. But it is good to come back and find that nobody else is in my place."

"You will always come back and find that, Lenox," he said, in a tone of mocking gayety, because he feared that any other would fail and betray him. "I am as deeply vowed to old bachelorhood as ever a monk was to his beads and his cell."

She laughed lightly at that, but she answered half-seriously: "You will not always tell me that, Ben. Perdita may hide long in the woods, but you will come across her some day, and you will know your princess when you see her."

"That is too pretty a fancy, Lenox, to go so wide of the mark, as it does this time. I begin to suspect—"

She stopped him there. "I know what you are going to say. There is not truth enough in it even to point your jest, Ben."

"But there may be sometime. If you will talk to me of Perdita, Lenox, why should I not to you of Florizels?"

"Why, indeed? But I will be quite frank with you. I have had in these last years a good many beautiful, inspiring friendships with men. But when I have said that, I have told you all."

Before he could answer, Dorrice came out of the house toward them, and the bloom on her cheeks was like that in the heart of a blush-rose.

CHAPTER V.

THE Mavis household kept a long holiday that summer. Lenox took up the old girlish life as naturally and heartily as though the years and the world had not come between and wrought their changes in her. She visited all her old haunts in company with her uncle, or young Mavis, or Dorrice. She was off every morning with Dainty among the hill roads. They all went on frequent drives, too, for even Mrs. Mavis was persuaded into joining the others, and the party would return merry and hungry in the twilight to their late suppers.

Mr. Apthorp vastly enjoyed the settling down for the summer in the softly-lined home-nest from which he had taken his niece. He had a natural pride in showing her friends how the result justified his wisdom, though the separation had seemed so cruel at the time he proposed it.

Ben Mavis had his pride, too—of a different sort. It had been powerful enough long ago to resist all the strength of his young passion. It had made him scorn to take advantage of Lenox's youth and ignorance of the world, when, had he pressed his suit, the chances were all in his favor.

That time was passed now. Lenox was no longer an inexperienced girl. She had seen the world; she was acquainted with men; she could weigh him in the balance with others.

But it was the old pride at bottom which still held young Mavis silent. He knew that the name Lenox had given him expressed the real nature of her feeling for him from the beginning. It must be the same to the end of their lives. No tie of marriage could change the eternal nature of things. He knew perfectly that he would have an advantage over every other suitor in the tender associations of their youth—in the passionate gratitude with which she regarded him. But he saw clearly that if Lenox Dare consented to be his wife it must be with doubtful, half-reluctant heart. His own manliness, his feeling of what was due to himself, recoiled from a union such as theirs must be. He had a conviction, too, which grew stronger in their daily intercourse, that Lenox Dare, if ever she married, should choose a man of different temperament from his own. This was not her fault—not his. It was simply the result of their original constitutions. But Ben Mavis knew there was a side of Lenox's nature with which he could have only a partial sympathy. He could not bring to some of her moods the stimulus and companionship so precious to such a woman. A certain intellectual separation must always exist between them. A smaller or less generous nature would not so frankly have admitted the truth to itself. Ben Mavis did it without the slightest feeling of humiliation. Was he to accuse his fate because he was not artist, poet, genius of any sort? His business was to do his own work in the world—make the best of the birthright power with which God had charged him. But he knew that a secret sense of his failure toward Lenox Dare would poison his bliss if she were his wife. The skeleton would always be in his closet—the fear lest some other man could have been to her something more and better than it was in his power to be. The blood flushed his cheeks at the thought of all the miserable doubts and jealousies which might follow in the train of that haunting dread. How clearly he saw—how sternly he reasoned! And all the while the fire of his young manhood's passion burned in his heart and veins. But he

saw that it was best for Lenox, best for himself even, that he should be—what she had called him—the name that had hurt him more than any blow. Thank God, he could fight his battle alone—not even his mother knew. But he had too often to say to himself:

“This love
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great.”

It was an unutterable joy—at times an infinite pain—to have Lenox about the house—so close, and yet so far apart in his life; but Ben Mavis trod his hard road that summer without flinching.

One day Uncle Tom went over to Cherry Hollows. He set out without confiding his intention to a soul. He had a curiosity to see the home where his niece had passed her childhood—the greater, perhaps, because he never ceased to hold himself responsible for its loneliness and hardships.

The yellow house by the turnpike had disappeared. Mr. Apthorp learned from the neighbors that it had been burned to the ground one night nearly eight years before. The Cranes had barely time to make their escape. Abijah had died suddenly a few months later. His wife had returned to her old home.

That night Lenox's uncle told her where he had been—what he had learned.

“I should have asked you to accompany me,” he said, “only I feared a little the effect which those old scenes might have on you.”

She hesitated a moment before she answered, with a little tremble in her voice: “I think I could have looked on them, Uncle Tom, and faced all they must have revived, so you were by my side.”

But he thought he had done wisely to go alone.

The next day, which was the last of the summer, Lenox happened to be in Dorrice's room. The former had been a good deal moved by what her uncle had told her the night before. Visions of Cherry Hollows had haunted her dreams that night. Old memories clung around the morning. Her heart was unusually tender toward all lonely, orphaned young creatures such as she herself had been.

Dorrice sparkled and fluttered about her visitor. The girl's archness and quaintness—all her pretty grace of speech and manner came to the surface in Lenox's presence.

The latter was unusually silent that morning. She gazed with pleased, tender eyes, at the auburn tinted hair, at the young face with its blooming color and soft curves. The two had grown very familiar, very fond of each other. Indeed Dorrice had owned to Lenox that she fell in love with her that night she came home and stood under the hall lamp.

The girl suddenly came to her visitor's side, dropped on a stool at her feet, crossed a pair of round, white arms on her lap, and said rather gravely: "You are thinking about me, Lenox. I see that in your eyes. Tell me about it."

Lenox leaned forward and stroked the uplifted face.

"I am thinking, my dear," she said, "that my heart is glad to see you so happy this morning—so sheltered from every harsh wind of life. O Dorrice, I know how the world looks when one is out in it lost and alone! I know how long the way seems, how the cruel stones hurt the tired feet—how—"

Dorrice's look of amazed bewilderment recalled Lenox to herself. The girl had been told next to nothing of those painful facts which antedated Lenox's coming to Briarswild.

"Never think again of what I said just now," resumed Lenox, after a little pause. "I want to talk of yourself, dear—to tell you how you remind me of birds and butterflies, of sunbeams, and all beautiful, happy unconscious things."

At that speech a sudden change came over Dorrice; her cheeks flushed; the lips of the reddest rose-bloom trembled. Then she burst into a passion of weeping.

"What is the matter, Dorrice?" cried Lenox, in amazement.

"That is precisely what you all think of me," sobbed Dorrice. "I am no better in the eyes of any of you than a year-old baby who must be indulged and petted to any degree, but who is not capable of a thought, a care, a sorrow of its own. I tell you it isn't true," she continued, with passionate resentment. "I am not a bird, a butterfly or any other of those happy, senseless things to which you choose to compare me. I am a woman and have my own burdens to carry—my own sorrows to—" something checked the indignant utterance at this point; she laid her head in Lenox's lap and sobbed again.

Lenox bent over her in dismay. She stroked the auburn head. Some hidden grief lurked after all in the flower of this young life!

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world, Dorrice," she said.

"There is no need you should tell me that, Lenox," the girl lifted her flushed, tear-stained face. "Do forgive my folly, but you surprised me into it. You only said what you—what all the others believe!" and again the indignant bitterness crept into her voice.

"Dorrice," said Lenox, softly, "is this trouble anything that I can help?"

A wild look came into Dorrice's eyes. A flood of scarlet stained her cheeks.

"There is nothing anybody can help," she burst out. Then she sprang to her feet, glancing around her in a frightened way. An open book lay on

the table close at hand. When Dorrice caught sight of that she started and stared at Lenox a moment like a creature driven to bay. She made a movement to close the volume, then she drew back as though she feared to attract her companion's notice. Some secret emotion had quite bewildered the girl.

She made an effort to recover herself.

"Do forget my foolishness!" she cried, with a little hysterical laugh. "If you will excuse my rudeness I will run away for five minutes and be back again—myself!"

Lenox sat still, after the girl had gone, greatly troubled over what had passed. Suddenly, and not in the least thinking of what she was doing, she bent over the open page on the table. The next moment she was reading Tennyson's "Dora." Her eyes glanced along these words:

"But the youth, because

He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora."

Lenox had seen the look with which the girl turned from the open page to her face. That look held Dorrice Cropsey's secret! With a flash of woman's intuition Lenox's thought leaped to the truth. Dorrice's secret was her love for Ben Mavis!

While the two young women were having this talk Mr. Apthorp and Ben were having another as they returned from a sharp canter over the hills. Indeed the elder man got into the habit of telling his thoughts to the younger this summer. The more he saw of his host, the more he found to admire and trust in the brave, true-hearted, manly young fellow. But Lenox's uncle, with all his worldly wisdom, never dreamed that his coming to Briarswild had destroyed the dearest hope of that brave young life.

Ben's impression on meeting Mr. Apthorp the night of his return very much resembled Lenox's feelings when she saw Mrs. Mavis. It was not merely that the man had grown older, but it struck young Mavis that there was an air of failing strength about him. As in Lenox's case the first impression had largely worn off. It recurred to him, however, during the talk that morning in which Lenox's uncle rather surprised young Mavis with his confidence. The stately and reticent man laid open his plans for the future to his companion. He deplored the necessity which would compel their return to Europe in the autumn. He had, it appeared, entered into some business relations in England where his presence could not be dispensed with. He expressed a resolve to wind up his affairs there as soon as possible, and return to his native land for the rest of his days. He had a fancy to settle down in some quiet spot near his birthplace where he could listen to the sound of the seas which had sung him to sleep in his boyhood.

After this the speaker alluded to a nearer plan on which he had set his heart. He wanted his niece should see something more of her own country, have a glimpse of its famous summer-resorts before they sailed. The trip, which he did not intend should occupy more than two or three weeks would take in Niagara and Newport, Saratoga and the White Mountains. Their pleasure would be greatly enhanced if young Mavis, his mother and Dorrice would accompany them. This proposal took Ben completely by surprise, but Mr. Apthorp pleaded his point with his usual skill and parried every objection which the other raised.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was almost three months later that Ben Mavis and Lenox Dare once more came out on the piazza for a walk. It was to be their last for a long time. The next day Lenox was to leave Briars-wild. It was a sad November night whose chilling winds moaned through leafless branches. They had had a wonderful Indian summer that year; but it had closed now in gloomy skies and in an earth that waited naked and shriveled for the winding snows.

It seemed now to each but a day since they had their first walk here in the June night with the stars overhead and the summer greenness all around them. And now Lenox was going away, for only a year or two at farthest, her uncle said. But Ben remembered he had said a good deal the same thing when she went away before.

He listened to her talk now—to her regret at going away; her longing to see the snows once more cover the hills that watched around Briars-wild. She went back tenderly over all the memories of the summer—of the autumn, for Uncle Tom had carried his point. They had all gone on the trip of nearly a month among the mountains and by the sea-shore. Even Ben Mavis—despite certain drawbacks—had enjoyed it all.

Suddenly Lenox stopped talking, her thoughts went to Dorrice. The girl never had a suspicion that Lenox had surprised her secret that day they had their talk in her chamber. A thousand circumstances, trifles light as air, had, since that morning, strengthened her conviction. After all, she reasoned, there was nothing surprising in the fact. It was, indeed, the most likely thing in the world to happen. Who could know the brave, manly, handsome, young fellow and not love him? But it never struck her as singular that she never had—in Dorrice's way, at least.

Lenox Dare was at heart, a romantic woman. The secret she had surprised had a great interest for her. It gave Dorrice a new sacredness in her eyes. She felt a yearning pity for the girl now she knew what lay at the heart of that young life. The more she reflected on it, the more she became

satisfied that this rosy-tinted, loyal-hearted, lovely-natured woman was the one wife in the world for Ben Mavis. Where could he find such another? she asked herself. She was half-provoked at Ben's dullness in not blessing the kindly fates which had brought such a woman to his side. She was actually jealous for Dorrice. She saw, too, that the girl had judged rightly. Ben had not the slightest notion of falling in love with her. He was really fond of her. But it was much in the same way he would have been of his sister, Janet. He was never tired of Dorrice's playful brightness, of her quaint, arch talk; he enjoyed the sight of that rosy, sparkling girlhood about the house. But it all ended there.

Dorrice's heart had given her true insight, Lenox thought. The poet's line expressed the fact perfectly. Ben saw the girl only in the common, every-day lights of household life. Dorrice was simply a pleasant feature in this.

"They are too close together," Lenox often said, musing about the pair, not dreaming how Ben Mavis had said the same of themselves.

Meanwhile, Lenox did her best for Dorrice. With a woman's tact, she brought out all her brightness, her endless, pretty ways of look, and speech, and manner. She always managed to have Dorrice in the foreground when Ben was by. She repeated the girl's speeches to him, praised her beauty, her sweetness, her artless nature. Ben listened and assented to all this, with a frank heartiness that half-angered Lenox.

As they walked around the piazza in the silence and darkness, she was debating with herself whether she could, by any means, serve Dorrice? Would it be wisest, best to speak? She shrank from approaching so sacred a subject, and yet—and yet—she was going away—there was nothing more she could do for her; and Dorrice's face would come up again with the look in it she had seen that day when she turned toward her from the open book.

At last she glanced up; she saw Ben's eyes shining on her through the darkness.

"What have you been thinking of all this time, Lenox?" he asked.

"Have I been silent so long! I was thinking of you, Ben."

"Of me, Lenox?"

"Yes; of something you said to me that night when we took our first walk here after my return. I did not half like a speech you made then; I like it still less now."

"I cannot imagine what you mean, Lenox."

"You said you were resolved never to marry."

"Did that remark displease you?"

"Just that. Of course if you had been no more than twenty, or if you were in the habit of saying things you did not mean I should have thought nothing of such a speech. But I saw you were serious, and I cannot let you drift into old bachelor-

hood without making an effort to rescue you from so forlorn a fate, Ben," speaking rapidly and eagerly now, like one who fears the ground she treads on; "I wish you would let me choose a wife for you!"

"You choose a wife for me!" he repeated, like one in a dream. "You, Lenox!"

"I, Ben. Do you think anybody else could do it more wisely, with a tenderer thought for your happiness?"

She spoke with a little hurt tone now.

"Who would the woman be, Lenox?"

She laid her hand on his; they paused in their walk; he bent his head to hear. Her courage almost failed her, she spoke the name in a little, fluttering whisper: "Dorrice Cropsey!"

They began to walk again. He did not speak.

After she had waited awhile she spoke again, saying all manner of tender and beautiful things of Dorrice Cropsey. It is doubtful how much young Mavis heard, but he was listening to the soft, vibrant voice and thinking how soon it would be silent for him.

There was a terrible pang, a joy, too, that was like a pain in that thought. It had sometimes seemed to Ben that if Lenox did not soon go away he must leave Briarswild. There are burdens which the strongest man cannot always bear.

When she paused at last, he spoke: "Dorrice Cropsey is all you say, yet I do not think you would have me take a wife to please you, Lenox?"

"No, Ben. I could not ask that, but I hoped—" Lenox paused there with a sudden dread lest she should betray Dorrice's secret.

The rain had now begun to fall. A wet gust suddenly drove under the piazza. Lenox shivered a little. Then voices inside called to them. A great fire of maple and hickory was in full blaze up the black, cavern-throated old chimney. They were determined to keep Lenox's last night at Briarswild with warmth and cheer.

"What a selfish rascal I must be to keep you out here this last evening!" said Ben, and his tone implied there was no more to be said.

"Poor little Dorrice!" thought Lenox, as they entered the house. "I meant it all for the best—but I am not sure—my speaking may have done you more harm than good!"

(To be continued.)

It is certain that time and circumstances have much to do with the relative success of two men, or of the same man at different periods. But it is equally certain that the plain duty of every person, great or small, in storm or calm, is to do the very best he can. More than this is impossible; less than this is a sin. If he is playing the part of a manly man, his reputation will take care of itself; if he is not, no lamentations over the world's coldness will help him.

VOL. XLVIII.—8.

A COUPLE OF FABLES.

THE Philadelphia Press is publishing a series of fables, intended to show the heartlessness which underlies many of our fashionable customs. They are admirable in their way. Here are two of them:

THE BOUQUET AND GLOVES.

"Doesn't she look lovely to-night?" said the Bouquet, softly. "After all, there is nothing as nice as white. You seem very fine, too—twelve buttons, haven't you?"

"Yes," answered the Gloves; "how she will ever have the patience to button them I don't know; and I suppose you won't improve us much. Why girls will carry flowers with nice, fresh gloves, I can't see."

"I do not think we will hurt you," said the Bouquet. "Tea-buds are very clean, you know. He ordered all tea-buds and lilies of the valley—nothing else."

"He! Who?" asked the Gloves.

"Colonel Howland," said the Bouquet. "He seems quite devoted."

"Oh, flowers mean very little!" said the Gloves.

"Why?" said the Bouquet. "Your young lady thinks they mean something. Did you see her face when they were given to her in her dressing-room?"

"Oh, well," said the Gloves, "she may be an exception; but things have changed. We have got to twenty buttons, you to tin-foil and florists. There is no sentiment in life any more. An old pair of mitts told me that when their lady was young her admirers gathered the flowers themselves and presented them to her. Now it is all different."

"Flowers *ought* to mean something," said the Bouquet.

"Oh, yes, they *ought*, but the world seems to have got so moneyed and reasonable," said the Gloves, "a man makes flowers serve him in such odd ways now. His purse must be big; it doesn't matter about his heart—that has nothing to do with the matter. If they want to win a fashionable woman's favor, they send flowers all the time. Then she invites them to dinners and germanes. She can't omit a man from the list when his baskets and bouquets of flowers stare her in the face everywhere. And if a man neglects an ugly girl at a ball, flowers sent to her the next morning are considered all-sufficient. And the women are just as bad; I have known them to send bouquets to themselves rather than to go to an 'assembly' without them. Yes, and they even hint to their men friends about flowers. I heard one say: 'My dress is to be delicate pink, you know; rose-buds just the shade would be lovely; I should adore any one who sent them to me!'"

"But, surely, flowers mean real things at times," said the Bouquet. "There will be love-making as long as the world lasts, and then flowers—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the Gloves, "flowers, music and bon-bons—anything that is easily used up, is permitted. I suppose one reason of it is that they don't know how long the love-making will last, and so they would rather not have strong reminders. Nothing seems to go down deep any more. People have got to such a low level."

"Oh!" said the Bouquet, "don't say that. I hear a great deal of talk about the world changing, but I believe people keep pretty much the same; they may not show their feelings in the same way, but they have hearts."

"Hearts are pretty hard to find under all this flummery," said the Gloves. "Think what a real Swiss lover does—he climbs to the most dangerous spots on his mountains to gather the 'edelweis' for his fair maiden—risks his life to get one little flower. Now Colonel Howland walks into Pembert's and orders an elegant bouquet, perhaps of certain flowers, and never even sees it; there is a difference!"

"But times have changed," insisted the Bouquet. "Colonel Howland couldn't have a flower stuck on Trinity Church steeple and then climb up to get it; that would be ridiculous; and he could not say to the florist, 'I love Miss C. madly; make me a bouquet expressing my devotion.' I know money gets things now, not strong legs, but the heart is much the same."

"I doubt it," said the Gloves. "You are romantic, and so you are trying to put something into people's ways that is not there. That is the case with dreamers always. What I mean to say is, that flowers are not given just to people that one likes now, but to any one. They ought to mean real things, or else not to be given at all."

"Of course, you are right now," said the Bouquet, "because you keep to general principles. But we need not be blind when people *do* feel, and you need not say people have no hearts. Now I will tell you something. Colonel Howland saw every flower that was put into the bouquet, and when it was to his fancy he wrote upon the card, sealed it up, and this is what he said: 'I rarely send flowers, because they seem to be a common greeting now; but believe me when I earnestly claim these to be the real expression of the sentiment which a world-worn man must feel when he meets a modest, pure woman.' Now, then!"

"Why didn't you say that before?" said the Gloves. "It would have saved a great many words. No wonder she liked the bouquet. Modest is a very old-fashioned and rare word. After all, there may be a few hearts left. Well, well!"

MOURNING STATIONERY.

"Dear me," said the Paper, "I feel awfully queer—so stiff round the edges. What is this black band for?"

"Hush!" said the Envelope; "don't you know? Her husband is dead."

"Well?" said the Paper.

"Well," said the Envelope, "how stupid you are. The black is mourning for him, that's all."

"Good gracious!" said the Paper; "does she do it like this? Do you suppose it comforts her to see a black edge on her stationery? How very funny!"

"It's the proper thing to do, at any rate," said the Envelope, sharply. "You haven't seen the world, evidently."

"But it is not my idea of *grief*," persisted the Paper. "If I were sad I would go away from everybody and keep quiet."

"You are very simple-minded," said the Envelope. "Who would see you if you mourned like that? I knew a widow once who was very angry because she found a card with a wider black edge than her own. She said she had told Tiffany to send the widest that was made, and here was one wider. She almost cried, and measured the edges to make sure. That *was* grief, now."

"Was it, indeed?" said the Paper. "Well, times have changed, I suppose. Once when a woman lost her husband her eyes were so full of tears that she could not see how to measure black edges. This is the age of reason, I am told. All feeling is treated as weakness and soothed away by ignatia."

"Oh, people feel, I suppose," said the Envelope, a little ashamed; "but, really, there are so many things expected of one now when one's friends pass away, that there isn't as much time for grief. Just look at our poor lady to-day. At nine the undertaker came upon a matter most painful. It was—well, the mountings on the casket. She was going to have hysterics, but couldn't, because he was waiting for her decision. Then the florist came to know about the decorations for the house. Then Madam Lameau with boxes upon boxes of dresses, wraps, bonnets, etc., and although our lady did sigh when she saw the deep black—tears spoil *crêpe*, you know, and madam quickly diverted her mind by showing Lizette how to drape the long veil becomingly. Then came the jeweler with the latest design in jet, and her diamonds have to be reset now, you know, in black claws. After this the mourning stationery was sent with the crest in black, and all sorts of cards and letters had to be written. Then the servants' new mourning liveries and carriage-hangings were selected. When dinner was served, our lady was so exhausted by all this that she felt faint, and ate a really good dinner to sustain life. Now I should

like to know what time she has had for grief, poor thing!"

"Don't say no *time* for grief!" said the Paper, rustling with indignation; "say no *soul* for it, and you will be nearer the truth. When a woman can choose bonnets and jewelry, her husband lying dead in the house, there is not much sadness in her heart. I see that she needs the black-edged paper to express herself. She might as well give up all this miserable farce and enjoy herself at once. Let her give a ball instead of a funeral, and show her diamonds in their new claws."

"Oh, dear me, do hush!" said the Envelope. "A ball in *crêpe* and jet jewelry; you are not even decent; you don't seem to understand things at all."

"I don't, that's true," said the Paper, "and I hope I never *will*; when women have got to mourning by sending out black edges and wearing the latest thing in jet, I give them up. I never *shall* understand."

"Emotional people always make difficulties for themselves," said the Envelope, coldly. "I accept things as they are, and adapt myself—Hush! she is coming, and crying, too, I declare, after all."

"Well, really, *Lizette*," said a voice broken with sobs, "you are very thoughtless. How should I remember, in my distracted state, to say twelve-buttoned gloves? and here they are only six-buttoned; it is too bad. But every one takes advantage of me now. I am alone—*forlorn*—*desolate*," and the sobs redoubled.

"Poor thing," said the Envelope.

"What *hopeless grief*!" said the Paper. "I *pity* her."

THERE is no reason why a man should be less dexterous with his fingers than a woman; therefore the little men of the household may be introduced to the work-basket, and taught to mend and sew on buttons, to their advantage in after-life. An aid to self-reliance may be found in the idea of the dignity of labor. Strive to impress on children that the only disgrace attaching to honest work is the disgrace of doing it badly. "Who sweeps a room as to God's praise makes that and the action fine," says a wise singer. Thus you get the moral influence of self-reliant effort.

WIFELY TACT.—Whenever you find a man about whom you know little oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man; for the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballasts that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

TENDER AND TRUE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE."

CHAPTER XVII.

I CAN make only a brief record of the events which, during the next few years, influenced the lives and wrought themselves into the characters of some of the personages whom I have introduced to the reader.

No one who observed Andrew Payne closely could fail to notice the fact that, whatever the cause, he was not the same man after, as before, the great social event which has been described. He did not hold himself to so lofty and confident a bearing, and the signs of care and anxious thought were more plainly visible in his face. The house on the hill stood forth to the eyes of all Oakland in its lonely grandeur. The blaze of light which had shone from all its windows, and the music which had thrilled and crashed upon the air from scores of instruments, were never seen nor heard again while Andrew Payne was the possessor. As you looked upon it, you had the impression of a mansion deserted. If you tried to think of the coarse man and ignorant, vulgar woman who lived in this palace, with its elegant and elaborate appointments, the sense of unfitness was so great as to become almost painful. They might be there as servants or retainers; but as principals! The idea was ludicrous and almost disgusting.

For several weeks after the great house-warming party, my sister Rachel was more than usually quiet, and kept herself more than usually alone. She did not refer to anything which had occurred there, and we were careful not to introduce the subject when she was present. As time wore on, I could see that she was making a final settlement of whatever doubts and questions might be troubling her, and that she was coming into states of rest from conflict. Herbert Radcliff's visits had ceased altogether. If he had called at any time after the memorable evening at Mr. Payne's, I do not believe that Rachel would have seen him. His almost lover-like attentions to Miss Endicott, his studied avoidance of herself, and, above all, his free indulgence in wine until he became almost disgracefully under its influence, were of themselves sufficient to determine her course of action. The heart which had, until then, held itself, through sore trial, temptation and conflict, true to its earliest and only love, turned itself sadly away, hurt and half-paralyzed, but patient and submissive. It did not take a very long time for my sister to rise into that strong, womanly adjustment of herself to this relation of things, which pure and noble nature, gifted with clear intuitions, are sure to attain. With what a tender solicitude did I read her countenance from day to day, observe

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her movements, and look below the common significance of the words she spoke for hidden heart-meanings. By the power of a stronger magnetism of love and sympathy than we had ever known before, were we drawing more closely together.

Miss Endicott remained in Oakland for a few weeks on a visit to Olive, and then returned to Boston. A number of times during this period I met her riding out with Herbert. Soon after she went home, the rumor of an engagement was put in circulation; and in due time an announcement of the fact took the place of rumor. Then we heard much about the wealth, and standing, and influence of Mr. Endicott, and of the good fortune of Herbert Radcliff in securing so splendid an alliance. Opinions differed in regard to Miss Jane Endicott. With some she was a "magnificent girl," while others pronounced her "bold, showy and heartless." But most people agreed that Herbert was a lucky fellow, socially and financially speaking. He had made good the main chance; and that secured, other things would easily take care of themselves. If Miss Endicott was not all that most men would desire in a wife, she was rich, and that covered all defects with gildings, and harmonized all minor discords. Given the wealth and social standing, and it was easy to take all the rest on trust.

Between the engagement and wedding only a few months intervened. No impediment to an early consummation of the rite was offered on either side; and there was more evidence of hurry than of delay. Mr. Payne favored the alliance, it was said, and thought that the sooner it was consummated the better. The habits of the young man, so far as could be judged, were not improving, and it was a source of wonder to many why he was retained in so responsible a position as that of cashier of the Oakland Valley Bank; while others shrugged their shoulders significantly, and hinted that Andrew Payne had his own reasons for keeping Herbert where he was.

We heard about the wedding in Boston as a splendid affair, and of the bride's presents as magnificent. Indeed, the event was of sufficient importance to get into the newspapers; but it was not difficult to infer, from the style of the florid description that first appeared in a single daily, and from the high character and financial importance given to certain men who were present, such as Payne, Catherwood, and half a dozen others, intimately associated with them, under what influence the reporter had written. Capital had to be made out of the affair, and the best that could be done was done. And here the show and *éclat* ended. There was no entry of the young couple into Oakland with sound of trumpet and beat of drum. No series of grand entertainments or showy welcomes were offered. The great house on the hill was not thrown open for a bridal reception. The young

couple were permitted to take quiet possession of temporary rooms at the new hotel until their house, not particularly imposing as to size or appearance, could be furnished and made ready. The furnishing was done by the bride's father.

The intimacy between our family and the Radcliffs had been for some time gradually falling off, and now it ceased altogether. Mr. Radcliff had become interested in some business speculations with Payne and others, and was carrying himself as one who felt that he was rising to the top wave of fortune. My father still kept himself free from all participation in the money-making schemes which were turning the heads of half the well-to-people in Oakland. Our quarry was yielding a good annual return, and our dairy farm, which had doubled in value, was adding something to our income every year over and above the cost of the improvements which we were constantly making. We were out of the rush and excitement of busy, progressive Oakland, and becoming more and more separated every year from its social as well as its business life. My father was so much absorbed in literary work, that he knew and cared scarcely anything for what was going on close around him. He was writing for two or three of the leading agricultural journals, and was engaged in several discussions, in which he was maintaining his own views with learning and ability. His correspondence had grown large and important.

As for our mother, she was still the care-taker and wise administrator of affairs. We stood close about her, and acted in harmony with her, doing all that we could to make her cares and burdens lighter. Few households were more united, more prosperous in the true meaning of the word, or more contented, than ours.

The first break in our home circle took place a few years later, in the marriage of my sister Fanny. This was soon followed by the marriage of Edith, my oldest sister. There was little, if anything, connected with these events of interest to my readers, and I will not therefore intrude the particulars. The course of true love in the case of my two elder sisters did run smooth, the poet to the contrary notwithstanding. Two quiet weddings were celebrated, and two new homes established, one in Boston and the other in Oakland, and the stream of our lives at Olney flowed on again, the channel narrower, the movement quieter, and the play of light that touched its surface softer and more subdued. I will only say of my sisters' husbands, that, while not being men of mark in the community for either talent or great force of character, they were true and honorable—men of high moral worth and kind and generous feelings. Both were engaged in business, and moderately well-to-do in the world.

I rarely saw Olive now; for all intercourse had ceased, as I have said between the two families—

that of the Radcliffs and our own; and we were not intimate in any of the social circles of which the Paynes made a part. It must have been a year from the time I saw her on the occasion which I have described, before I met her again. I was in Oakland, and had occasion to visit the bank for the purpose of getting a draft cashed. As I waited at the counter, a lady passed me so closely that her clothes brushed mine, and entered the cashier's room, the door of which was only a few feet distant from where I was standing. Turning, I saw Olive, and heard her ask for her brother. She did not close the door behind her, but remained with her hand upon it. I knew the voice that answered. It was that of Andrew Payne.

"Herbert is not here this morning. He has gone over to the mills on business."

It was not said in any kindliness of tone, but roughly and as though he were annoyed by the call.

"How soon will he be back?" she asked. Her voice was both sharp and querulous.

"Can't tell. Maybe not for an hour or two."

"Will you tell him that I was here?"

"Yes." The voice cold and hard.

And now, as Olive turned and came out of the little room, I saw her face. How shall I describe it? Olive's face! It seemed impossible. The old, sweet mouth was gone, and in its stead I saw close shut lips, hard and unlovely in every outline. The beautiful hazel eyes, once so clear and brilliant, had a fire of passion in them that blazed out fiercely. Anger burned over her face; and beneath and over all I read at a single glance, suffering, disappointment and defiance. She passed so closely again as to brush my garments, but without looking at or recognizing me. What it all meant I did not know, and never knew. But I was deeply disturbed, and hurt, and troubled.

Some months later I met her on the street in Oakland, and as we came face to face, I noticed a sudden rising of color and a flash of feeling in her eyes. There was a quicker beating of my own heart. A moment's pause, a word of friendly greeting, and each passed on. Hurt, troubled and disturbed again! In what better words can I express the state of mind into which the brief encounter threw me. Not from any revival of old feelings, but from what I read in the story of her face. Life was no sail across a summer sea for her, but a fierce struggle with wind and wave. And such was the hold upon me which old relations had given, that I could not know of her suffering, or loss of anything which made life sweet and precious, and character pure and noble, without a pang that went very deep.

A few times I saw her in company with her husband. Once at an evening entertainment; once upon the street; and two or three times driv-

ing out. At the evening party I had good opportunity for observing both herself and her husband. She was very handsomely and rather showily dressed, and made a larger display of diamonds than was in good taste. He bore himself with a self-conscious and superior air, which naturally provoked a question as to the claim on which he set himself above others. His mouth, which even in boyhood was coarse and sensual, had grown almost repulsive. Free living—eating and drinking to excess—had puffed his face, thickened his lips, and darkened and congested his skin. You saw that his lower nature had been steadily gaining the mastery over what was higher and nobler. And this was the husband of Olive! The thought sent my blood almost to fever heat with a sudden indignation. Olive! I saw her, with her old sweet, sensitive face; her girl-face that had been to me all along the years of my happy boyhood as the type and embodiment of everything pure and lovely, bound to this gross and sensual clod as an angel might be bound to a satyr. I was not looking at Olive when this image of her old self stood in an almost palpable entity before me, painfully in contrast with the man whose every look and movement affected me with a disgust that was mingled with anger. Slowly turning, I let my eyes rest upon the real face. As if I had looked upon a swiftly dissolving view I saw its instant transformation; every line and expression changing, but not wholly lost, until the real beauty—the surpassing loveliness—the tender grace and sweetness were so nearly obliterated, that another seemed standing before me in the place of Olive. I shut my eyes from both of them, all my enjoyment for the evening gone.

The few times that I met him riding out together, did not make my thought of them any the pleasanter to bear. She sat, usually, drawn back in the carriage, with a dissatisfied, dreary, or utterly wretched look on her face; while he leaned forward, away from her, indifferent or scowling—always with a cigar in his mouth. And I would have been so true and tender, had she been mine! It was not possible for me to keep that thought away.

The years went on; and Andrew Payne, continued to hold his position as president of both the Oakland Mills Company and the Oakland Valley Bank. Herbert Radcliff also kept his place of cashier in the bank; although there had been several unsuccessful attempts made by some of the directors to have another and more competent person elected to fill that important office. Mr. Payne's influence in his favor was stronger than any that could be brought against him. Every one knew that he was unfitted for the position in consequence of the dissolute habits into which he was falling; and those who had business with the bank, could not fail to discover that

he was of little more importance to the institution than the figure-head to a ship. He was only the puppet and echo of the president.

Herbert's marriage had not proved a happy one for either himself or his heartless young wife. There was nothing in the social life of our small country town to satisfy the wants of a fashionable girl from a great city; and she soon became weary and disgusted with everything around her, and as she had no true love for her husband, weary and disgusted with him as well. Her visits home were frequent, and at each recurrence of longer duration, until she came to spend nearly one-half of her time with her friends in Boston, where she went much into society and was among the gayest of the gay. During the time passed with her husband, she made his life wretched with her ill-temper and dissatisfaction; and he was usually as glad to get rid of her as she was to go away. Hardly any state of affairs could be worse for them both than this. It was loosening the bands of resistance to evil, and opening the door for temptation. Both were tempted and both fell. Scandal followed; and at the end of six years a decree of divorce separated them. I only state the fact, veiling all the sad and disgraceful particulars.

As, often, a flash and sullen roar in a distant and scarcely noticed cloud which has pushed itself up from the horizon into a sunny sky, are but the warnings and precursor of a storm that may break in wide-spread destruction, so this decree of divorce between the daughter of Mr. Endicott, one of the reputed rich men of Boston, and Herbert Radcliff, cashier of the Oakland Valley Bank, fell upon many who knew the parties and their standing and relation to important financial interests with an impression of concern, and set them to pausing and thinking. What about Mr. Radcliff? What of his character and habits? These questions were asked, and the truth began to come out. Why, if he is so incompetent and so dissolute as he is represented to be, is he continued in so responsible a position as cashier of a bank? This question was also answered, and more truth came to light. Men began to look more closely into the operations in which Mr. Payne was involved, some of them little better than desperate ventures, and many of them far worse. With the exception of Mr. Catherwood, Mr. Endicott and one or two others, none of the men who were interested with him a few years back had any money in the stock of the Oakland Valley Mills Company, or the Oakland Valley Bank. The shrewdest and most clear-seeing of these had quietly disposed of their scrip soon after the great house-warming, and disconnected themselves with all financial schemes in which he had any controlling influence. In doing this, prudence had been exercised, in order to prevent alarm, and the precipitation of a

crisis in the affairs of these corporations, should any crookedness be discovered in their management. It would have been far better, as the sequel proved, if the crisis had come then. The disaster would have been light in comparison with what it was, after five or six years of a reckless use of the funds of these institutions, in which the most desperate and dishonest means were resorted to for raising vast sums of money, the larger part of which was utterly lost in stock gambling, and other wild expedients for getting money at any and every body's expense.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE little cloud, not larger than a man's hand, out of which the light flash and far distant sound of thunder had come, moved steadily up the horizon, broadening, darkening and growing all the while more portentous. Men who had anything in danger of injury from this threatened storm, began to look at the sky with a vague feeling of alarm; to study the movements and directions of the clouds, and to calculate by the flash and muttering voice of the thunder how far it was away, and how soon it was likely to break, if it fell at all. Then came the swift and half-desperate rush to save what might be saved in the impending disaster; each man regardless of his neighbor's interests so that he might escape loss and ruin himself.

The storm broke, so suddenly, and with such violence, that only a very few of those who were in the line of its course escaped utter ruin.

The gathering clouds had not been observed by me, nor had I heard the far-away mutterings of the storm. I knew nothing, in fact, of its approach until a sudden darkness fell, and the crash of its fury was in the air above and around me.

I had received a check on the Oakland Valley Bank for three hundred dollars in payment for royalty due by the men who had the contract for working our stone quarry, and driven into Oakland to make a deposit and draw out a small sum for use at home. On reaching the bank I found it shut and an excited crowd standing in front of the building. A notice was posted on the door to the effect that it had become necessary to close the institution temporarily; but that business would be resumed in a few days. Depositors were assured that everything was safe, and that they would lose nothing.

"Where is Andrew Payne?" demanded a loud, imperative and threatening voice, just as I came upon the ground. "Has any one seen him this morning?"

"He's in there," answered one.

"No, he isn't," cried back another. "He's cut and run, the scoundrel!"

"Who says that?" It was the first speaker,

who now pressed through the crowd and up to the door of the bank. He was a tall, muscular and well-knit man, with a strong, resolute face, that was pale and agitated. I recognized him as one of the foremen in the Oakland Mills. He had saved a few hundred dollars, which were deposited in the bank, where the sum was earning interest.

"I say it; and everybody ought to know it," was the answer. "He sneaked off in the midnight train. One of the men at the station told me."

A deep silence fell upon the crowd, followed by a strong outburst of indignation, mingled with threats and execrations. Every moment the crowd and excitement increased, until half the town were in the street and in the neighborhood of the bank building. Rumors of the wildest kind ran through the multitude, and passion throbbed for something on which to wreak its pent-up fury. Then came cries for Herbert Radcliff, the cashier.

"Break in the door!" "Bring him out!" "Make him tell what he knows!" shouted several voices. And there was a rush of men toward the door of the bank, against which clubs and stones were dashed.

Glancing upwards, I saw for an instant, at one of the windows, the white, scared face of Herbert. Others saw it also, for the cry arose above the wild discord: "There he is!" "Come down here, you're wanted!" "Open the door!"

At this juncture the mayor came upon the scene, and addressed the crowd from the bank steps. He was a man of considerable nerve and force of character, and, as it happened, in no way mixed up in any transactions with Andrew Payne. He was not a director in either the mill or the bank, and held so fair a character in the community as to command the respect and confidence of every one.

"My friends!" he said, in a clear, ringing voice that fell like a strong wind upon turbulent waves holding them down, "two wrongs never make a right. Passion is blind; strikes friend and foe alike, and tramples, if its fury is set free, the innocent as well as the guilty under its feet. You are men, and must govern yourselves by reason. You cannot make any better the existing state of things, do what you may; but you can make them a great deal worse than they are for others as well as for yourselves. I am credibly informed that Mr. Payne, the president, left town last night. You will search for him here, therefore, in vain. The cashier can do nothing for you. If he is in the bank, let him stay there. It will be seen to that he does not leave town, should he attempt to get away. I have called upon two or three of the directors, who inform me that a searching examination into the affairs of the institution will at once be made."

"What do they say about it?" called out a clear voice from the crowd.

"Who are the men you interviewed?" demanded another voice.

"Yes! yes! Give us their names!"

"All this helps the case nothing," returned the mayor. "There are men on the Board of Directors who will see that a true statement of affairs is given to the public. Until we get that, we are all in the dark. So you see, my friends, that we must wait patiently until an investigation is completed."

Sullen murmurs and fitful outbursts of passion followed; but the violent temper of the crowd was allayed, and men began moving away from the door of the bank, and to cluster in little knots to discuss the situation, or gather from each other any scraps of information which might be afloat.

Little or no business was done in the town during the day. The Oakland Mills were kept running, but only as an act of prudence on the part of the management, in order to keep down the excitement, which would have been largely increased if from two to three hundred operatives had been thrown idle upon the community.

I did not return home until evening, and then I had news of the gravest and most astounding character to communicate. The telegraph had been busy at work since early in the morning, sending and receiving intelligence to and from Boston and New York. From the former place our arriving two o'clock train brought half a dozen anxious-looking men, who went silently to the bank, where the directors were shut in. The whereabouts of Andrew Payne was unknown. He had not been seen either in Boston or New York. Before night there was a rumor that Mr. Catherwood had disappeared also. Then a dispatch came over the wires to the effect that a large moneyed institution, of which he was president, and in which he and two or three others held sufficient stock to give them a controlling influence, had gone down with a crash, and that there was great excitement over the event. Later, it was announced that Mr. Catherwood had been seen going on board the steamer which sailed on that day, and it was believed that he had fled to Europe.

The report made by the directors of the bank was followed by the arrest of Herbert Radcliff on a criminal charge of having conspired with Andrew Payne to defraud the public. It was discovered that an over-issue of stock, equal to the whole amount of the capital stock of the bank, had been made, and either sold on the market or deposited as collateral security for loans. Beyond this, it was found that Payne and Catherwood had used the credit of the bank in Oakland, and that of the institution in Boston which was managed by Catherwood, in the most reckless manner, in

their temporary expedients for raising money. Drafts and acceptances, bearing the signatures of the two presidents, were found to be in existence, covering the sum of over half a million of dollars.

An examination into the affairs of the Oakland Mills Company followed immediately, and revealed the fact that this concern was utterly bankrupt also. There had been no fraudulent issue of stock; and this only because the treasurer of the corporation was not the pliant tool of Mr. Payne that Herbert Radcliff had permitted himself to become. But funds had been misapplied, and the credit of the company used in outside operations to an extent undreamed of by the stockholders, whose scrip had been rendered utterly worthless. There was no alternative but to close the mills and throw nearly three hundred men and women out of employment.

In the meantime, no certain intelligence had been received from either Mr. Catherwood or his accomplice in crime, Andrew Payne, and it was generally believed that both of them had made good their escape from the country. To what extent they had supplied themselves with funds could not be ascertained.

Legal proceedings were at once commenced in order to get possession of any property belonging to Payne that could be found. The great house, the flouring mills of which Donald was part owner, and a dozen other pieces of real estate in and out of Oakland, all found to be heavily mortgaged, were taken by his creditors. Donald, though not implicated in any of his father's fraudulent operations, was so involved with him in business as to be responsible for obligations that swept away every dollar he was worth, and left him hopelessly in debt.

CHAPTER XIX.

SO the end came in disaster, as the end of all wrong, and dishonest greed of gain, and a reckless disregard of other's rights is sure to come sooner or later. The manner of this coming is not always alike; nor always with observation; but still a disastrous end to all evil-doing is as certain as death; for the seed sown in every act of deliberate wrong to the neighbor is an evil seed, and can produce only evil fruit, as every man who sows it will find when, in the later autumn, if not in the early summer of his life, he gathers and garners his harvest.

No ruin could have been more complete than that which fell upon nearly all the parties in Oakland who had been drawn into a participation with Andrew Payne in his schemes and speculations. The failure of the bank entailed serious loss upon many who were depositors, or who held its stock in the belief that it was a safe investment. A sudden collapse in business followed. Large

numbers of persons were thrown out of employment, and fear or anxiety was upon nearly every face you met, while bitter execrations against the men who had brought this great disaster upon the community were upon almost every tongue.

No over-issue of the stock of the Oakland Valley Bank could have been made if Herbert Radcliff had not affixed his signature, conjointly, with that of the president, to the fraudulent certificates. This he had done under a pressure which he was not strong enough to resist, and so became guilty of an act which the law recognized as criminal. The next term of the court was permitted to go over without bringing him to trial, as the prosecution still hoped to get knowledge of Mr. Payne, and secure his person for trial also. Three or four indictments against the latter were out, and diligent efforts were being made to find him. At the end of six months, the case of Herbert was called. The trial was a brief one. Only a technical defense was offered by his counsel. The criminal acts, which ran through several years, were clearly proven, and the jury, some of them men who had known the prisoner at the bar from childhood, and who pitied him, rendered a verdict according to the evidence. In pronouncing sentence, the judge, an old personal friend of Mr. Radcliff, father of the prisoner, leaned as far to the side of mercy as his regard for justice would permit, and gave the lightest sentence that was permissible under the law—an imprisonment at hard labor for two years.

I was in court when this sentence was pronounced, and witnessed the parting scene between him and his father and mother and Olive; but I will not attempt to describe it. A sadder sight my eyes have never looked upon. What a wreck the young man was! A few years of reckless dissipation, from which neither the influence of his mother, sister and friends, nor the remonstrances and threats of Mr. Payne, could hold him back, had wrought the saddest ruin. Ah, it was a sight to make the heart sick, the swollen face, and blood-shot eyes, and wild, half-crazed look of the wretched prisoner as the sheriff laid his hand upon him to lead him away. The deep silence of the court-room was broken only by the sobs and low moaning cries of his mother and Olive. How fervently I thanked God, in my heart, that he was not the husband of Rachel!

I was standing a little away from the sorrowful group, with my eyes upon the face of Olive, when I saw her grow deadly white, and stretch her hands forward as if to grasp a support. She would have fallen to the floor if I had not moved quickly toward her and caught her, fainting, in my arms.

It was over twenty minutes before she came back to living consciousness. During most of this time I sat supporting her head, with my eyes upon her face. Could I help studying every lineament?—or fail to have every minutest line and expres-

sion photographed in my memory? Two pages in that book held ever afterward the images of two faces—each the face of Olive; but how strangely different! One so sweet and tender—the embodiment of all that was lovely and pure; the other—oh, I will not describe the other! I would shut my eyes that I might never see it again, if that were possible. Not that it had grown repulsive, or lost every trace of girlish beauty. Even in its whiteness and pinched lines I could see the old look; and through its changed expression the face of my Olive of old—but my Olive no longer.

There were signs of returning consciousness at last—slight nervous spasms and quivering of the eyelids. Then her eyes slowly opened, resting first upon her mother in a glance of inquiry, and then turned upward to my face, which was bending over her. A look of surprise; a sudden in-drawing of the breath; a rush of life and warmth into the rigid features, which grew soft, as if the old spirit were flowing into them.

“O Davy!” With a glad tone in her voice she threw up her hands and caught hold of me. I could feel the thrill in her nerves.

One brief moment, and the illusion was gone. It was no awakening from an awful dream. The whiteness came back into her face, the rigidity and the despair! We were not the Olive and Davy of that dear time gone forever. Between us stood impassable mountains, and gulfs which no bridge might ever span.

Not once did she lift her eyes to my face again. I assisted her to rise, and then drawing her arm within mine, took her from the court-room to the carriage, into which her father and mother, who preceded us, had already entered, shut the door and turned away. Until the carriage was out of sight, I did not stir from the spot; and then I moved slowly away, with so heavy a weight on my bosom that its pressure was almost suffocating.

Again our paths in life had touched—the paths of our external lives—but how far away from each other had the course of our inner lives borne us! I knew of the distance—of the mountain and the gulf—and she knew it as well. Alas for what might have been!

Long before the arraignment and conviction of Herbert, the affairs of Donald Payne had reached a crisis. He had tried his best to save something out of the wreck of his fortunes, and in the effort to do so had involved himself in transactions that brought him before the court on a charge of defrauding his creditors, and in the issue of which he only escaped conviction under some technical rulings of the law. But in the eyes of the whole community he bore a dishonored name, and none pitied him in his downfall, which was complete. What the sheriff left, after all the executions against him had been pressed to their last extremity, was little more than the clothing of his

family and a small remnant of the costly furniture with which he had ostentatiously crowded his handsome residence.

If only property had been lost, Donald might have recovered himself, for he inherited his father's tough will and large vitality. But the sensual side of his nature had seduced and betrayed him, and now held him in bondage. He had become, like Herbert, the slave of an appetite which gains new strength with every indulgence, and will not be satisfied until it has the complete mastery. A complete loss of manhood followed the loss of property. He fell, never to rise again. Out of business, humiliated, and conscious of being disgraced in the eyes of all honest men, he soon became lost to every consideration of duty and honor, and to every feeling of pride. Step by step he went down lower, gathering nothing, and wasting what little remained, until his wife and three little ones stood face to face with want; and, to keep hunger away, Olive had to earn the bread that filled the mouths of her children. This extremity was reached in less than a year after his trial and narrow escape from conviction.

“I heard something very sad about Olive today,” said my mother.

“What about her?” asked Rachel.

“Donald has become a perfect sot, and doesn't do a thing for his family. I'm told that poor Olive has to do all her own work, and take in sewing besides. I've been feeling very badly about it.”

Do all her own work and take in sewing besides! The intelligence fell upon me with a shock of pain. “O Olive! Olive! And has it come to this?” It was the unuttered cry of my soul; the sorrowful, pitying, helpless cry; for I could not go to her rescue—could not lift her away from suffering, destitution and exhausting toil, and set her feet in pleasant places.

My mother and sisters talked on, while I sat silent. I asked no questions, for they were saying already more than I could bear to hear.

“Then I must go and see her,” said Rachel. “Poor Olive!”

I thanked her in my heart, but still kept silent.

On the next morning I drove Rachel into town. We talked freely about Olive by the way. I was able to do this now, for I had been awake nearly all night, turning over and over in my mind one plan after another by which I could assist her, without my agency being too clearly seen; and my earnest thought and purpose were holding down my feelings. The question that perplexed me was, how to supply her wants; how to provide her with comforts, and not at the same time supply the needs of her idle and besotted husband, for whom my heart felt a double loathing. I could see no way of doing this. He would take a share of what she had, come from whence it might—take

it with the selfish, sensual indifference of a greedy brute! It was a hard thing for me to accept this; to know that a portion of what I was ready to supply to Olive would go, after it reached her hands, to feed, and shelter, and clothe the miserable husband who had wrecked her life, and for whom I had a feeling of detestation that was akin to hatred.

"It is worse with Olive than I had thought."

So Rachel made her report to me as we rode slowly homeward. "They are living in three small rooms, and have but little furniture. Almost everything that would bring a price has been sold to get food and to supply Donald with drink. And Olive is such a wreck, though not wholly broken in spirit. She has three pretty children, the oldest the very image of herself in the old days of her happy girlhood. I found her at work on some plain sewing, by which she says she is earning from two to three dollars a week. She was shy at first, and it was some time before I could get her to talk freely. There was an effort to make the best of things—to cover up and to hide. But the means of covering and hiding were so small that she did not long continue the fruitless effort. Then there was a complete breaking down, and then a full unveiling of her heart. The story she gave me of her life with Donald since their marriage is a sadder story than I had ever thought to hear from a woman's lips. It has been a life of perpetual conflict. Love, if the feeling which drew them together could be called love, died on their wedding-day. Respect had been extinguished even before. I find her greatly changed in disposition. Not broken in spirit, as I have said, but holding herself as one at bay, and readier for a battle than for submission. She will fight her way through; or, if she fail, will die with her face to the enemy. Mother-love is strong in her heart, I am glad to say. For the sake of her children she will do and suffer almost anything. They were all clean and neat; though I can hardly say as much for herself, poor thing!"

Enough for the reader of all that Rachel told me about Olive. We took up her case as one that had been given us to care for. I saw her crushed down and panting under the weight of burdens too heavy for her failing strength, and to put forth my hand to help her was an instinct against which I set no argument. My father had, some years before, given me an interest in the firm and stone quarries, and I had already saved a considerable amount from my portion of the annual returns, which were steadily increasing, so that I was in the possession of means to do what I might think best for Olive.

Rachel acted for me in everything, and with a prudence that concealed almost entirely my agency in holding Olive above the wretched condition into which she would have fallen if left wholly to

herself. She saw her frequently; helped and advised her in many ways; drew toward her the friendly interest of others; was careful that she suffered for nothing; and yet so directed and influenced her, that to most people it seemed as if she were sustaining herself and children in comfort by her own unaided efforts. All the while, her husband sank lower and lower; becoming more and more debased and brutalized.

One day, on returning from town, where she had been to see Olive, I found Rachel greatly excited and indignant. In a drunken fit, Donald had caught up one of the children, and lifting it above his head, threatened to dash it upon the floor. In her attempt to rescue the child, Olive had been badly hurt by her husband, who had knocked her down and kicked her. Rachel found her in bed. To my inquiry, if anything had been done about it, I learned that Olive had made no complaint, and that her brute of a husband had not been called to account for this assault.

It was only an hour to sunset, but before the sun had touched the horizon's line I was in Oakland, and in the office of a magistrate, to whom I told the story of Donald's assault upon his wife as related to me by Rachel, and asked him to send an officer to Mrs. Payne and get, if possible, a corroboration from her own lips. He did as I desired, and the report made by the officer led to the issuing of a warrant for Donald, who was brought to the office in a half-drunken condition; and from thence committed to jail to await a formal hearing next morning. This was set down for ten o'clock.

For reasons which the reader well understands, I did not wish to be known as the active mover in this effort to protect Olive from the brutality of her husband; and I had only to make my father acquainted with the affair as it stood, to arouse his indignation, and induce him to take the matter fully in hand, which was promptly done. Long before the ten o'clock hearing on the next day he was in Oakland and in conference with the magistrate who had committed Donald to jail. The injuries received by Olive were more serious than had at first been thought. She was still in bed, and the doctor expressed a fear that she had received some internal hurt. During the night she had been delirious, and now had considerable fever. She could not turn herself in bed without suffering great pain.

Under this aspect of affairs, it required no great stretch of authority on the part of the magistrate to refuse bail and order Donald back to prison, there to await the result of his assault upon his wife. This much gained, my father, who was becoming thoroughly interested in the case, gave himself, with that singleness of purpose and directness of action for which he was noted, to its arrangement and ultimate disposition. It was not

his way to do noble and unselfish things in any limited or half-hearted manner. All the kindly instincts and generous impulses of his nature, as well as some of its sterner qualities, were quickened into life whenever he became the defender of right against the oppressor and wrong-doer. He hated wrong; and his heel was shod with iron when he set his foot upon it. All of his early affection for Olive, when she had been like one of his own children, came flowing back into his heart, and with it his kind feelings for his old neighbor, her father, who had been utterly ruined by his connection with Mr. Payne, and was now in a destitute condition.

It so happened, that in consequence of a failure on the part of the contractor to meet his engagements, the working of our stone quarries had been suspended, and we had not yet made a lease to new parties. Two or three proposals had been made, but they came from persons in whom we could have no confidence. The question as to whether it would be advisable, or not, to work these quarries ourselves was under discussion, but no conclusion as yet arrived at.

Day after day the case of Olive was considered, and my father at length unfolded his matured plans in regard to her, which involved a complete separation from her husband, and a final divorce, which he had no doubt could be obtained. He had talked freely with Olive, and knew her mind. She had no love for her husband, but held him in aversion; declaring, that since his last act of brutal treatment she would never live with him again; not considering either her own life or that of her children safe from the fury of a drunken madman.

"I think," said my father, after he had been in town all day, and we were holding a family council at the supper-table, "that everything is shaping itself right."

This was at the end of a week from the time Donald had been sent to jail, where he was still lying; no one feeling interest enough in him to endeavor to get him out on bail.

"I saw Mr. Radcliff to-day, and had a long conversation with him. He has nothing whatever to do; is in great extremity, and will gladly accept of anything by which he can earn a livelihood. He feels dreadfully about Olive, and is anxious to get her away from Donald. Her mother is almost broken-hearted. Now, this is the plan I have matured, and if you all see as I do, we will carry it out at once. Mr. Radcliff's old place is for sale; the house, I mean, with two or three acres of land immediately surrounding it. I propose to buy this, and let Mr. and Mrs. Radcliff and Olive go back into their old home."

"O father! It is so good of you!" There was a sob in the voice of Rachel as she said this, and the glistening of tears in her eyes.

"The house is not far from our quarries. Mr. Radcliff can be trusted to oversee the work. He is weak in many things, and not always sound of judgment in affairs, but for this position I do not think we can find a better man. Under this arrangement, we can do for Olive and her children more and better than it is possible for us to do in any other way. It will separate her entirely from Donald. The home will be that of her father, who can forbid his entrance, and who will hand him over to the law if he attempts to intrude upon her."

"Can you get the house?" asked my mother. She spoke with both approval and concern in her voice.

"Yes," replied my father. "I saw the owner to-day, and he is anxious to sell. I can close with him to-morrow if you all think it best."

And it was thought best. My father never lingered between purpose and execution after he had reached a clear decision.

How busy we all were during the next few days, putting the old new home of our long-time friends in order, getting in furniture, and making everything cheery and pleasant in and around the house. I commissioned Rachel to get the furniture for Olive's room, and gave her sufficient money to buy all that was needed. At the close of another week all was ready, and Olive, still suffering from her injuries, but out of danger and recovering, was taken back to the home and into the very chamber out of which, nearly six years before, she had gone as a bride. Ah, what of the years, what of the life, which lay between the going out and the coming back! How beautiful, as a newly-opened flower went she forth. Drooping and broken, now, alas, as that same flower seared by the frost, and torn by the cruel winds!

(To be continued.)

THE EVILS OF SMOKING IN EARLY YOUTH.—It appears that the German Government has seriously taken this matter in hand, as smoking is practiced to a great excess by the youth of that country, so that it has been considered to have damaged their constitution, and incapacitated them for the defense of their country. In certain towns in Germany the police have had orders to forbid all lads under sixteen years of age to smoke in the streets, and to punish the offense by fine and imprisonment. Moreover, a Belgian physician has found, during a journey of observation and inquiry, made at the request of the Belgian Government, that the too general and excessive use of tobacco is the main cause of color-blindness, an affection which is occasioning increasing anxiety, both in Belgium and Germany from its influence upon railway and other accidents, and also upon military inefficiency.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY THOUGHT OF MY HOUSEKEEPING.

SHE didn't like it. I knew it, too, and was foolish enough to be very much put out about it. You see I had not been brought up to housekeeping, as there were five of us girls at home, plenty of help in the kitchen, and we grew and blossomed under the sunshine of a mother who was a host in herself, and who chose that we should live lives as free as the birds. Besides, she couldn't be bothered to train her wild brood into the decorous airs of housekeeping cares. She would rather have us *out* of the kitchen when there was anything to be done in it; and then, dear soul, she had such unbounded faith in the capacity of girls to turn out all right in the end—*her* girls, especially.

If we sometimes protested, and thought it desirable to take a few initiatory lessons of that mysterious divinity who presided over kitchen, bake-room and laundry, when, to be sure, was there ever a time? Certainly not when the best cake was to be made, which would be spoiled inevitably if too many fingers fussed with it. Not on Saturday, when rusk, and gingerbread, and cookies, and pies were all to be done at once. We were, too, utterly in the way in the hurry, and bustle, and confusion of a Saturday morning. Washing and ironing mornings we might have leave to set tables, wash dishes and help about the picked-up dinners; but was there ever a girl from ten to eighteen years that did not abominate dish-washing?

Sister Kate and I held long confabs, and talked wisely over this state of things as connected with our possible future, which usually resulted in a descent to the bake-room on Wednesday mornings, with an urgent appeal to be allowed to cook the roast and make the pastry for that day, at least; but the invariable answer would be: "Girls, it takes more experience and skill to make nice pie-crust than anything else. I can't have you dabbling. Your father wouldn't touch the pies when done, I fear. Besides, if you are musing about, Bridget will be put out and leave. That would never do. You might have more than you bargain for in such a case!"

"I wish she would, or father would get too poor to keep her, or—*something*," muttered Kate, half-crying with vexation.

"But, mother," said I, with some heat, "I should like to know how we are ever to learn if you don't let us try."

"There, there, puss! it will all come right in due time, when you have to come to it. Do enjoy your liberty while you can, dears."

Well, people say now—even Mrs. Grundy—that I *am* a good housekeeper; so the ability came at last, if not in time; but I had many a sharp lesson

and good cry before I learned that which ought to have been learned in the nursery of my mother's kitchen.

When about to be married, mother schooled her patience enough to put me through a few lessons in bread-and yeast-making, and was *told* some very useful things in regard to cooking meats, pastry, confections, etc. I was allowed a hand also in my own wedding-cake, and to assist the laundress in fluting my elaborate skirts and night-dresses. But ironing made my head and back ache, and I hoped inwardly that housekeeping wasn't like that, or that "Charley" could afford me a house-maid.

Ours was a true love-match, and no mistake. What if friends *had* warned me that we were to be poor, and I should have my own work to do; and if provoking Mrs. Grundy had wondered "how Mrs. B—— *could* let one of her girls marry a mechanic, and come down in that style!" My parents had good sense, if they did worry a little about it; my father would give me an outfit and handsome dower. We loved each other, and were content. Just then I think we never heard

"The great wind blare!"

But I know that my mother felt then, and far more afterward, a bitter regret that she had not trained me to meet this emergency with fitness and skill.

I shall never forget my first day's experience in housekeeping. We had returned from our quiet little trip to the mountains, and, after resting at the old hearthstone for a few days, entered our own little nest of a home, full of eager anticipations of "playing keep house;" for so it seemed to us. We had previously sent out the wash accumulated since wedding-day; and knowing that Charley's purse was nearing bottom, I determined on trying my skill at the ironing-board.

Well, when Charley had kindled a fire, brought wood and water, ordered the butcher, and baker, and grocery-man to the house, he left me with a kiss for his work, and my duties began. I meant to surprise him with a dozen shirts "done up" in the perfection of art—and *such* a dinner. "Charley likes peas and mashed potatoes with a lamb roast; and, oh, capital! I'll make a Yorkshire pudding; that's simple enough; and how pleased he'll be! But first those shirts must be starched, I suppose," said I to myself, not without a secret misgiving.

The starch didn't work well; somehow I couldn't manage it. "I guess they'll do better to lie awhile."

So saying, I seated myself to shell the basket of peas. But the morning was hot, and there seemed no bottom to the basket. They were finished, however, at last, and the roast skewered and in the oven.

"Now for those shirts. Why didn't I ever do pa's at home? My, how the starch sticks! What

can I do?" And over the very first one I blistered my hand, lost my temper, and sat down in despair.

"I'll wash that starch out and try cold," said I, with tears of vexation; and at it I went in good earnest. But it was of no use. Such a sight as those bosoms were!—fit only for the wash-tub.

"The dinner mustn't fail, anyhow," said I, preparing my pudding, and setting it under the drip of the roast. So, bathing my heated, flushed face, I consoled myself with the arrangements of my table, peeping here and there into dear little, mysterious cupboards, till I entirely forgot to baste the roast, and was only brought back to sad realities by the smell of burning vegetables and smoke issuing from the oven-door. The kettles had boiled dry, my delicate leg of mutton was burnt crisp, and as soda had been forgotten in my pudding, it merely presented a shriveled face.

This was too much, and when Charley came bounding into the dining-room he found me all in a heap on the floor, crying like a child. I think he took in the situation at a glance, but was too generous to laugh, only exclaiming: "What is the matter, Susie?"

"Matter enough, Charley. The dinner is spoilt, and so are the shirts. I can't do anything. Don't let us keep house another day. I can never, *never* do it," said I, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Don't let us break up till after dinner, pet."

"But I tell you I can't get any dinner; I don't know how," I replied, savagely.

"There, there, child! you are tired and worried. I will help, and we will have a nice dinner in an hour. I have cooked many a dinner for my mother."

"You, Charley!" said I, brightening under his patient good nature.

"Yes, dear. Mother liked to have us boys learn how. She used to say, 'It will come in play sometime,' and I guess she was right."

"Dear me! I wish mother would have taught me, not only to cook dinners, but how to do everything. No girl has any right to be married till she has been trained for housekeeping," said I, with a sigh, and very sententiously.

"You are not going to be sorry that you are married, Susie?"

"I don't know; perhaps," I replied, a little maliciously. "Certainly, if it is all going to be like this morning."

"It won't be, dear. I will help you, and you will learn famously, I am sure."

Charley said no more at that time, but at night, over our simple tea, gave me a few valuable hints, such as attempting only the simplest dishes at first, and not too much work at once.

I tried hard to battle with difficulties; but as the days wore on, and heavy buckwheats, muddy coffee, soggy vegetables and dried-up meats were

the general rule, Charley looked grave, and I grew careless, desperate and disheartened. An ill-visaged ogre, in the shape of a comfortless-kept house, stood at the door of our home, threatening conjugal happiness with utter wreck. It was just then that Mrs. Grundy added fuel to the flames by criticising me sharply—mercilessly. "How *could* Mrs. B— bring up a daughter to be such a wretched housekeeper! What a pity that 'Charley' should have been so unfortunate!"

This last fired me. It was all very well too affirm that "it is none of Mrs. Grundy's business *how* I keep house;" or that "she is a meddlesome old creature, who had better keep her prying eyes at home!" I *did* care, and felt her criticisms in every fibre of my sensitive being, and mentally resolved to get ahead of her.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," I ejaculated. "I'll coax Charley to shut up the house, and go to mother's to board, while I go and make a six weeks' visit to Aunt Jane, in the old farmhouse among the Vermont Hills. She'll be willing to have me '*in the way*' long enough to learn how to keep house, I know."

It did not take long to consummate my arrangements, for I was in earnest, you may be sure, and startled my good old auntie into dropping a tin of warm bread, by bounding into her kitchen one bright October morning, exclaiming: "Auntie, I am in dreadful trouble; will you help me?"

"Help you, child? Of course I will. But what's the trouble? I thought you and Charley were just the happiest couple in the land, and keeping house to your heart's content. I was going to drop down on you this fall."

"I'm so glad you didn't, auntie; Charley never would have gotten over the mortification of having you see my wretched housekeeping. You see, mother never taught us," said I, breaking down at the recollection of all my troubles, and sinking into the nearest chair. "But everybody—that is, Mrs. Grundy, thinks I ought to know by intuition, or somehow; and the fact is, I hoped away off here, where everything is done so quietly, and there is always plenty of time, that I could learn."

"Poor child!" murmured good Aunt Jane, as she stroked my hair, and buried my burning face against her motherly breast, "poor child, you *have* trod a tough experience, but we'll soon institute a new order of things."

"You'd better say, 'poor Charley,'" I replied, with some bitterness; "I don't believe he will care to see me back very soon, auntie."

"Tut, tut, child! don't be naughty. Just make up your mind to be a first-class housekeeper, and retrieve your reputation. The real stuff is in you, Susie—only wants bringing to the surface. It was a sad mistake, not to have learned before, but it is never too late to mend. Charley will be per-

fectly happy, when you become able to keep his home properly. We are such creatures of sense, dear, that we cannot ignore the physical, even though heavenly charms surround us. You are tired out with this new strain, and have been unequal to the contest. Rest to-day, and to-morrow we will commence in real earnest."

And so we did. Such a training as Aunt Jane put me through! From garret to cellar, from parlor to cook-room; laundry, closet and pantry. I worked with a good-will and a purpose. Charley was to be pleased, and Mrs. Grundy confounded. I learned how to handle broom, duster and mop. To polish furniture, silver and glass. To sort linen and iron *starched* clothes! (The starch didn't stick, either). To prepare wholesome and nourishing food for the sick, such as broths and gruels, and concoct delicate viands and conserves. To cook birthday and Thanksgiving dinners. To make the most of odds and ends of provisions, and get a meal out of an empty larder. To put on a patch, and darn a sock; and at last, to give those minute finishing touches of light and shade, color, and bloom, and artistic arrangement, which will make the plainest home beautiful.

Aunt Jane gave me my diploma, and I went home. I was tired—worn out. But what of that? I had conquered, and how pleased Charley would be! That was my one thought. My head ached and whirled when my husband met me at the depot.

"I believe that I am sick," I said, in response to his eager greeting, and sank unconscious into his arms; remembering no more for weeks, but rallying at last, to find anxious friends at my couch, a "Bridget" in the kitchen, and to be told that I had been very ill of brain fever, and had raved constantly of work, housekeeping, Mrs. Grundy and "poor Charley."

"What a strain you have had, dear Sue," said my husband. (I think they never knew *how* great).

Well, when health and strength came back, Bridget was dismissed, and then came my triumph. Everybody stimulated, cheered and admired my success. Mother said: "I *told* you my Sue would come out all right!"—but I knew she had wept over my failures. But nobody's praise was one-half so sweet as Charley's happy, satisfied face. There were no more skeletons, or ogres on the threshold, or in the back-room of our house—for awhile, I should have said—for by and by, I grew so weary of it all. There was no time for books or music through the day, and at night I was too tired; and that old Mrs. Grundy began to meddle again.

"What a pity that Susie Blair should devote all her energies to mere household drudgery. Her husband will leave her far behind in culture and polish. Poor man! I pity him."

Then indeed, I *was* miserable. That we had a perfectly ordered house, spotless linen, silver and glass—no longer muddy coffee, but clear as amber, and steak and muffins done to a turn, was no comfort, or but poor. Just at this juncture we received a visit from Aunt Jane.

"Susie," said she, after she had been on a tour of inspection about the house, "you have a natural gift at housekeeping. How beautifully everything is done. But my dear, you look pale and careworn, and not a bit like the Susie of old. What is it, child? The work for two, should not wear you like this. Is there not such a thing as being too particular?"

"I don't know, auntie, I'm sure," I answered, with a sigh. "When I was careless, Mrs. Grundy's contempt knew no bounds; now she calls me 'over nice,' and says that I have descended into a 'mere household drudge.' What am I to do?"

"My dear Susie, there is a happy medium, which you must find, by all means. 'Let all things be done decently and in order,' is a Bible maxim, but you are in danger of becoming altogether absorbed in toil, to the neglect of your health and happiness. It is not all of life to live, child. Learn the true philosophy of life, and live above Mrs. Grundy's clatter. She will cease to choose you for a mark, when she finds her venomous tongue has no power to annoy."

Aunt Jane's visit proved a benison. Her lesson was well pondered and taken to heart. But it took some time to get out of the rut which I had so earnestly striven to reach. At last, however, I did find that I could be a good housekeeper, and have leisure for my books, piano, an occasional lecture and concert, and not be too weary to converse with my husband at night, either.

Then were we truly happy. I forgot all about Mrs. Grundy's clatter, when Charley would say: "Susie, I am sure that there is not another home in the world like ours!" And then again I am certain

"We never heard the great wind blow!"

MRS. HELEN M. S. THOMPSON.

NEVER condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defense as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

WHEREVER there is fickleness, you may say with truth to him who is characterized by it, "Thou shalt not excel." The man who is continually changing his occupation, or constantly moving from one situation to another, fails to better himself in anything, and lives only to illustrate the proverb about the "rolling stone."

AN INFORMAL PLEA.

OH, yes, we know about it. He is not often pretty, and he is not often clean. In fact, he lacks politeness, and has been known to tell a lie! No poet ever styled him personified love, and no moralist introduces him as the model boy. Yet, it is proved, the child belongs to our own lauded race; however strange, the rough little breast holds a human heart. "Street-boy!" that is his civic title; a few rags—perhaps an attic or a cellar corner—such his inheritance; the mind born within him—a quick, strong mind it frequently is—his sole resource, the only wand by which he may conjure success. Sometimes he sells; sometimes he begs; and sometimes, alas! he steals. To be seen on every street, to be heard in every public haunt, he is not one, nor five, nor ten, but rather, his "name is Legion."

We cannot ignore so prominent a character; cannot forget that these restless, importunate urchins are the men of the future. They sin, it may be "without measure;" but is there no proportionate excess of temptation? And, bethink you, happy spectator! do they now and then suffer?

Bred in privation, accustomed to neglect or violence, skeptical of sympathy, and occasionally hardened into despair, these youthful stoics seldom complain. Quietly brave, they strive in life's war; or, wedded to evil, vent their misery in bitter fruit-bearing. Yet, it is possible—without much effort—to find tired faces among them; in this curious army are pathetic signals, ensigns that read:

"I am so weary of battle,
Take this heavy shield!
I am so weary of toil,
Loosen my garments."

It is even possible to trace noble lines among the scars of "the world, the flesh and the devil;" to discover sweet graces, heroic virtues among the debris of character, virtues and graces needing simply the light of truth, the warmth of love, in order to rise and flourish!

"A garden inclosed," "a spring shut up," "a fountain sealed." It might be wise to unseal that fountain, to open that spring. It might be well, filled with the "faith which worketh by love," to pray for this "inclosed" place of treasure. "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out."

The heart that melts in the theatre is straight-way hard in the street. Tragedy in Shakespeare is powerful; despised in daily life. Yet, the two are one! "My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Probably sins of omission exceed in number sins of commission; probably more are the result

of indifference or ignorance than of deliberate thought. But we have no permit to carelessness, no excuse for unconsciousness of what is before us; and "Thou shalt" is imperative as "Thou shalt not." As for ability and manner, the willing mind is afforded means; and love rarely demands prescription of method.

"There is no instinct like the heart."

"K12"

MABEL.

THIS is a year to-day since Mabel died—
My little girl with the golden hair;
A year since I knelt by her cradle-side,
In my agony of prayer.

The sunshine fell on the fields of frost,
As it falls on the frosted fields to-day.
God only knows what the sunshine cost,
Or my lilies, that looked so gay.

And the yellow bird's song, so full of glee
As he swung in his cage by the winding stair,
Filled my heart with a deeper misery
Than the sight of the empty chair.

But the day went by as all days will,
And I learned to smile by this cradle-bed;
For something said to my heart "Be still!"
And then I was comforted.

This is the chamber, pure and sweet,
Scented with rose and geranium-flower,
Where the long rest came to the little feet,
In Death's mysterious hour.

This is the drawer with dress of blue,
Ruffles of lace, and fleeces of snow;
And here in the corner a tiny shoe,
And stockings all in a row.

That is her picture upon the wall;
And sometimes I dream in the twilight there,
And think, "Does it look like Mabel at all
Since she has grown so fair?"

Has she lost the roses so dear to me,
And the tiny scar on the dimpled chin?
Oh! I'd rather my baby's face would be
As it has always been.

I shall miss her pretty, winsome ways
When she meets me in her angel guise,
If she does not come as in other days,
With the love-light in her eyes.

Oh, foolish heart! Oh, child of mine!
O Mabel grown so wondrous fair,
No longer human, but all divine,
You wait by the "golden stair."

So I kiss the picture upon the wall,
And dream, and dream in the chamber here;
And say to my keepsakes one and all,
"She has been in Heaven a year."

MARY A. FORD.

Religious Reading.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

DEAR little Charley! His thought seems always to rise above the visible and tangible.

He is my teacher, often, in that wisdom which is not of this world. He sat still in his chair this morning, after family worship. I looked at his sober countenance, and wondered what could be passing in his busy little brain.

"Mother!" He was by my side, gazing up into my face.

"Well, dear?"

"What kind of bread is daily bread?"

"Bread," I answered, "means all kinds of nourishing food that gives life to our bodies."

"Then why do we pray for it every morning? Our bread, and meat, and sugar, and coffee, are all in the house before we pray." Charley looked puzzled.

"True, dear," I said; "but in thus praying, we acknowledge our dependence on God, who is the Giver of all good. It is His rain and sunshine that make the fields fruitful."

"Don't it mean something else, mother? Isn't there some other kind of bread?"

I looked down into dear Charley's eyes. There was a holy mystery in their crystalline, yet unfathomable depths. Something else? Another kind of bread? Oh, yes, it did mean something else. There was another kind of bread. But I did not always think of this.

"We have souls as well as bodies," said I.

A flush of interest went over his face. He leaned up closer to me. I saw deeper down into the mystery of his eyes; yet were they still unfathomable.

"There is a life of the soul, or spirit, as well as a life of the body." I saw that he comprehended me. "And to feed these two lives there must be two kinds of food—natural food and spiritual food; food for the body and food for the soul."

"Is that the bread of Heaven we read about in the Bible?" asked Charley.

"Yes, dear; the food on which angels live."

"And will God give us angels' food when we ask for our daily bread?" His eyes brightened, and a sunbeam shone out from his soul through the transparent tissues of his face.

"The Lord has said: Ask, and it shall be given you," was the reply that came, spontaneously, to my lips. He sat very still and quiet for several minutes, then shut his eyes, while a look of heavenly trust and sweetness pervaded his face. His lips moved; I bent my ear to listen, and the words fell from them like incense: "Give us this day our daily bread."

I would have caught and hugged him to my heart, but dared not disturb the holy state of innocent faith in God. I did what was better; offered up the same prayer, and in the same spirit—thinking of food for the soul, instead of food for the body—angels' food.

On that morning I had risen with a heavy pressure over my left eye, and a dim sense of floating in my brain—the two well-known precursors of a sick headache, and consequent day of nervous

irritation, disability and trial. Much more did I stand in need of spiritual than of natural food—of the bread that endureth unto eternal life than of the bread that perisheth in the using. Never before, with so clear a comprehension of its higher meaning, had I asked for daily bread—for that spiritual food, by the nourishing power of which I was to have strength to do my duty.

I kissed my darling boy with a tenderer kiss than I had left there for a long time, and arose to take up my burden of care and work for the day. I needed all that higher strength for which I had prayed.

There are days in our life in which it seems that everything gets at cross purposes; and this was one of them for me. My sick headache increased with its slow but steady accumulations of pain, rendering me more fitted for bed than for the duties that were before me.

"I don't want to go to school." The words smote on my ear, and sent a throb to my sensitive brain; for I understood too well the trouble that was at hand. My little daughter Mary felt sometimes to perverse humors; and this morning the evil spirit of resistance and disobedience had found a way of entrance into her heart. Her "I don't want to go to school," meant that she didn't intend going, unless forced to do so. Nothing short of actual punishment had usually prevailed with her on these occasions. For a few moments an impulse of anger blinded me. It was on my lips to say, in a sternly commanding voice: "Well, you'll have to go, Miss!" But I checked the words. A thought of Charley, and the daily bread for which he had prayed, flashed through my mind, and I lifted my heart to God with a new repetition of my want, clothed in ideas of higher signification. I asked for spiritual strength in my time of trial—for all that I needed to give me power of right action. What a calm fell instantly on my spirit. The hard, passionate state passed, and I felt tender and loving toward my self-willed child.

Taking her by the hand, I said, in a low, quiet voice: "Mary, dear!"

She lifted her eyes to mine with a sudden glance of inquiry. The petulance and resistance were already beginning to die around her mouth. I sat down, still holding her by the hand.

"Put your fingers there, dear." And I laid them against my left temple. "Press hard, dear."

She pressed her small hand against the throbbing artery that lies there close upon the surface.

"Do you feel it beat?"

"Yes, mother."

"Every pulse, my child, that lifts itself against your finger is for me a stroke of pain."

"O mother!" Pity and sympathy were in her gentle face.

"I have a sick headache to-day."

"I'm so sorry." And she kissed me lovingly.

I returned the kiss, and then said: "Get ready for school, dear, as quietly as possible, and be a good little girl. Every noise or trouble disturbs me this morning, and makes my head ache worse."

She kissed me again, repeating, "I'm so sorry!" and then got ready for school, and went off without a murmur.

"Give us this day our daily bread," came almost tearfully from my heart, in a thankful acknowledgment for strength received, and in prayer for coming needs.

Ill-natured complaints, and irritating neglects from domestics, came next in my round of trials. Dear Charley was by my side, a sweet reminder of duty. The prayer for daily bread went up from my heart; and the answer came in strength to do and say the right. I was able to possess my soul in peace.

Something went wrong with my husband. He came home at dinner-time with a frown on his face. He scarcely looked at me when he came in, and hardly spoke to the children. I had been at some pains to prepare him a favorite dish, and knew that it was nicer than usual. But he ate of it without a remark, and pushed his plate from him after he had finished with an air of indifference that hurt and annoyed me. I was on the point of saying something that would, I doubt not, have provoked a wounding answer, when a glance at Charley's face, and a thought of my morning's experiences, kept back the words.

"He wants other food than that," I said within myself, "for his nourishment and sustenance to-

day; the daily bread of which dear Charley spoke."

How instantly did all my feelings change toward him. The selfish annoyance and hardness went out of my heart. I said: "Lord, give him the daily bread for which his soul is hungering—the strength he needs in trial."

His eyes turned, as if moved by some sudden impulse, to my face.

"You look pale," he said, kindly. "Are you not well?"

"Not very well. This is one of my sick headache days." I had to speak low to keep my voice steady. Tears were coming into my eyes, and I could not hold them back.

My husband glanced at his empty plate, and then at the dish from which he had helped himself in silence. I knew what was in his thoughts. His better man had been restored.

"You should not have done this," he said. "But you are always so thoughtful."

He arose from the table, came round to where I sat, and laying his hand over my hot temples, drew my head back against his bosom and kissed me. I shut my eyes to hold in the tears, but they ran down over my cheeks, and I felt my lips quivering. But I was happy. Oh, very happy; and in thankfulness of heart sent up the prayer: "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

The Home Circle.

PIPSEY'S PLANS.

THE last time we baked bread we had to manage "pesky sharp," as our Aunt Cinda used to say. There was dough enough to make seven good-sized loaves, while the lower part of the oven in which we bake will only hold six pans. We said to the deacon, who sat on the lounge lost in the fourteenth chapter of Revelations: "Father, what would you do if you were in our place, and baking was an item in farm work?"

"Make bigger loaves," said he, peering over the tops of his spectacles, "and put all the dough into six instead of seven. That's as plain as the nose on your face."

"Yes," we said, "but don't you know that large loaves are not half so sweet, and tender, and good as small ones. Why a little lump of dough, nicely kneaded, and moulded, and baked in a pan the size of a tea saucer, would be delicious, while a large loaf of the same piece, baked in a deep, round pan, a puffy loaf, five or six inches thick, would have none of the delicate freshness of the little loaf. No, while I am about it, I want to make the very best bread. Think of some other plan," said I, impatiently.

"Make one of 'em wait till the rest were baked, then," said he, with an impatient little sniff.

"No, while the oven is just the right temperature we want to use it, and not prolong the job; and then you know, father, that a couple of the students from the academy are invited here to tea this evening, and we have a good many things to do, and want to feel well, and feel rested, when they come—poor fellows."

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"Yes; well," said the deacon, shuffling his slippers uneasily. "I guess I'd knead the littlest fellow down and stand the pan in the cellar, and you can bake it after the rest."

"Father, do you let trifles drive you to the wall, and are you content to stand there and give up?" said we, a good deal worried over this matter. "There is a way, and we'll find it out, see 'f we don't."

Just then Rube came in with his coat-pockets full of eggs, and while he stood beside the pantry-table unlading, we explained our dilemma.

"So you want to put in seven pans of bread where there is only space for six!" said he, in a gamey way; "how will you go about it?"

"Well, when we were all little children, don't you mind, Rube, we had a lot of round irons in our playhouses that were good for nearly everything?"

"Yes," said he, "boxing out of wagon-wheels."

"Well, if we had one of them we could stand it in the centre of the oven, and put one loaf on that, and it would be lifted up out of the way of the other loaves; don't you see?"

Yes, he saw, and he went out almost flying and searched for some of the boxing, but failing to find it, he returned with an old tin can, melted the bottom out of it, and we put the bread in the oven with one loaf on top of the can. That lifted it up too high; the heat of the fire at the back part of the hearth began to burn one side of it badly. A paper laid over the loaf, burned likewise. The men laughed, and said: "Let it burn, there is no other way."

We thought and thought, and the result was that we remembered the tin steamer. The tea-kettle

was boiling on the stove, and in less than one minute we had the loaf set into the steamer and it was becoming good bread just as fast as was that in the oven. This is a little thing to relate, but you women will all understand what it means, and the sense of satisfaction that comes with any victory. It will not hurt any of us to be driven to the wall in a manner which will render it necessary for us to think, and plan, and manage, and devise ways and means.

One of our neighbors called on us last week dressed in such a pretty black cashmere that we could not help commending her good taste. The dress was made all in one piece, and the trimming was put on in a way that set off her fine figure most charmingly.

We said: "What a becoming dress! You should always wear black!"

At this she laughed, and said: "Don't you recognize this old black cashmere, Pipsey?"

Recognize? why we had never seen that beautiful dress before!

We were surprised and delighted when she said to us: "This is the dress I had made to wear to the association out at Phim Hollow, over four years ago—the time the wind-storm came up when we were going down to the depot—don't you remember, and you were walking with that old 'widdy man' from Jacobsville—under his umbrella, and the wind came with such a rush that it blew your shawl up over your head, and turned his umbrella with the wrong side out, and whirled his Sunday hat down street, scattering the minutes and the resolutions like butterflies—don't you mind?"

Yes, we did remember; and we both indulged in hearty laughter over the ludicrous happenings of that day. It was very funny. We recalled, too, how very careful our neighbor was of her new dress. And so this was the very cashmere in which she "appeared" on that momentous occasion!

Now, for the sake of those women who live way out in the country, and whose stubbed, hard fingers hate to handle nice dress goods, whose busy brains don't want to puzzle over the problem of how to get a neat, modern dress out of a small pattern, or out of one or two that were made years ago, we want to tell how our neighbor managed. She makes the best of bread, both brown and white; is a model housekeeper and one of the best managers we ever knew, but her hands are clumsy when she takes up the needle, and though she has good taste and knows when colors harmonize, she cannot fashion things to look as pretty as she sees them with the mind's eye. Hands unused to millinery and dress-making will make bungling, unsatisfactory work, and it is far better to employ one who is skilled, than to undertake such jobs one's self; and then experience a sense of vexation and dissatisfaction every time the provocation is worn. This was what our neighbor thought, and her niece from the nearest city came and stayed a fortnight, and gave the required assistance.

The beautiful cashmere we have under discussion was made more than four years ago. The style then was in three pieces: a basque long in front and rather short behind, an overskirt, not near so long as they are now worn, and a sham skirt with a shirred flounce at the bottom. The basque

and overskirt were trimmed with shirring—on the latter it was about six inches in width, finely and neatly made, eight rows of stitching across with silk thread. All the shirring was saved—instead of ripping, it was cut off, and left for use in strips already on the goods securely and better done than the niece could have made it. This kind of trimming shows a neat and a practiced hand plainer than any other style of work does. To save work, the beautifully made flounce was cut off, too, and left on the two or three inches wide of lining. This was then set on at the bottom of the new black muslin skirt, and the dress was easily made over into one of the princess fashion by removing the trimming from the edge of the basque—fitting it a little neater—leaving the front of it about as it had been, and setting the back part in to simulate an overskirt. This was accomplished by pleating it on at the back part of the basque in box-pleats. This feature pleased us; it was a cunning device; saved the basque; saved so much work; made the three cumbersome garments into one, and we thought it was a real victory to the woman who studied, and planned, and wrought it out herself. The bottom of the simulated overskirt was trimmed with shirring, was gracefully draped, and then, for fear the stitches which held the draping in place would in time give way, the niece put black buttons on the inside of the lining, and sewed through and thus secured her work. This was a new idea and pleased us, and we commend it to others. It is common to see draping hanging in a slovenly manner with one side quite dragging on the ground.

The front of the princess dress was plain, and this was trimmed with the wide shirring, which had formerly been on the overskirt; set across in rows, and finished off perfectly with bows of gros grain ribbon with fringed ends. At the sides, where the simulated overskirt fastened, it was gathered on, and where bows of ribbon were required to add the finishing touch, they were put on. The pocket went in at one side, slanting backwards, under the edge of the overskirt. The same shirring that had been on the sleeves, about the wrists and down the back of the basque, remained. A bow of ribbon was put on the back at the bottom of the shirring and where the pleating commenced. The collar was one of those made separate from the dress, cut, perhaps, four inches in width, pointed behind, trimmed with wide lace, and a band of lustrous new silk a little ways from the edge. The other part of the collar was standing, about an inch wide, and meant to be filled in with fresh ruching. Collars made this way are a decided advantage, they are so easily removed when one desires a fresh ruche; and in traveling, when one is well wrapped, they can be left off and carried, and will be so new and unbroken and ready to put on.

This is all that we can remember, only that the front of the basque part was trimmed like the collar, with silk and lace. The front of the skirt was caught back just enough to make a good, smooth fit by bands of elastic inside of the muslin skirt. Buttons of some dark kind of glimmering pearl were on the basque.

This may seem a little tedious, but we were so pleased and interested with the ingenuity, that we wanted to tell others, who may profit by the hints they glean. More than one woman has thanked

us for hints on economy, which have availed them materially; and this incident impelled us to tell all the particulars.

The cost of making the dress the first time was eight dollars—it was beautifully and elaborately made—but by saving all the shirring, the flounce on the bottom, and the basque as it was, the second cost was only one dollar.

We would never rip a bit of well-made trimming, if by any device it could be made to work into serviceable use again. It is never so pretty if the original folds or dainty gathers are changed. A practiced hand can do her work so well that no bungling fingers should be permitted to desecrate it.

We know a bright little black-eyed lady who persists in always wearing some sort of wrap or drapery about her in both winter and summer, and the reason is that she makes even her best dresses herself, and they do not fit well, and she knows it, and hides her work in this manner.

A well-dressed woman is always self-possessed. By well-dressed we do not mean a beautiful dress, nor a fashionable one; it may be a neat calico with fresh cuffs and collar only, or a gingham wrapper. It is common to hear women say, after a caller has gone: "Oh, I'm so glad I happened to have on this clean dress and collar!"

We felt so ashamed one day last winter when a gentleman from California called to see us; he was in a hurry, wanted to stop as long as he could, and yet take the first train West. We had three barrels of cider in the cellar, in different stages of fermentation, that we wanted to make into good vinegar, and that early morning we had put on a faded wrapper and a wide apron, ready for the work of changing and mixing the good vinegar and the best of the cider. We hoped no one would call that forenoon. It would have been inhospitable to have kept the judge waiting a moment, and we were obliged to present *ourselves*. That was honest. We tried to forget that we were doing injustice to the woman whom he remembered as a blooming girl, listening to the poetry he read so well, or sitting beside him while he drove through the shadiest roads and along the wildwood brooks fringed with ferns and gentian, and water-pinks. We did not think of our old-time friend as lacking in gallantry, or even polite courtesy, when, with an old-mannish smile and the attempt to make the graceful bow of his young manhood, he said: "I would not have recognized you, Miss Potts." It would not have been half so complimentary to our girlhood if he had recognized us, cwebby as we were, and dusty, and drabbed with cider, and perfumed with good vinegar.

We do not think women should make the art of dress one of their chief studies, but we do think every woman should know what she can wear well, and then wear it. To think, though, all the time of what best becomes her dark, or fair, or sallow complexion; how to have her last fall's dress made over; what colors combine; and to pinch in the kitchen that she may save enough to buy coveted furs, certainly has a tendency to humiliate and belittle.

A woman's life may be so good and so beautiful, even if it be spent in the very humblest walks of life, half her time in the lowly lean-to that serves for a kitchen. She can be patient, and kind of heart, and soft of speech, and her counsel may be

true, and good, and wise, and amid all the busy cares that crowd the longest summer days to fullness, she can do her duty to those around her, and live with one hand in her Heavenly Father's clasp and under His approving smile. Her life-work will be beautiful. There is no path so lowly that it may not lie among roses; no work so humble that it may not be glorified; no destiny so hidden that its influence may not go out in blessing, working at the problem which is plain in the sight of God. Let us, weary workers, be content, for

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us
Than these few words, "*I shall be satisfied.*"

PIPSEY POTTS.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPINSTER.

LEAF FIRST.

JANUARY 1st, 187—. What a charming winter's morning! How bright and inspiring! And what a lovely prospect from my window! The feathery flakes of snow that have sifted down so steadily for several days have ceased to fall, and the resplendent sunbeams glint and sparkle upon the pendant icicles that reach half way from the eaves of the veranda to the lattice-work below; upon the fantastic snow-wreaths that depend from the trees and shrubbery in the front yard, and upon the broad expanse of dazzling whiteness that covers the ice-bound lake and rivulet, the valley and hill-top. The season has a thousand forms of beauty with which to welcome in the glad New Year; and this morning, with lavish prodigality, she has thrown over the earth the loveliest of them all.

My heart is full of quiet happiness this New Year's morn. I am grateful for life and all its attendant blessings; grateful for the New Year; and for this cozy, cheerful room with its bright fire, easy chair, and table covered with my favorite books, and papers, and fresh magazines with crisp, uncut leaves; and, most of all, grateful for the welcome that never wears out in the home of my loving niece and her noble husband. What a restful retreat, what a perfect haven, seems my little room after a month's visit in Cousin Sally's discordant home! Poor Sally! how she manages to live and keep her senses is more than I can understand. Even a lonely spinster's lot seems endurable—nay, desirable—after the glimpses of wedded life to which I have been treated.

Cousin Sally's husband is a well-to-do farmer, with broad acres well-stocked and tended, and bringing him in a handsome yearly profit, and situated so as to live comfortably and enjoy the fruit of his labors; yet one would think that his very life depended on the amount of labor that could be crowded into every day of the year; and his incessant toil and hurry keeps him in a flurried, irritable state of mind, scolding and finding fault all day long with the boys, who, discouraged and soured in their feelings, have no heart in their work, and give way to fits of sullenness, or answer back disrespectfully, and quarrel among themselves.

There have been no improvements in the low, wood-colored farm-house, and no additions to its

scanty furniture, since Cousin Sally came there a happy, hopeful bride more than twenty years ago. There is nothing to stimulate the poor, disheartened woman in her exertions to train her children in well-doing; no fresh papers or interesting books to brighten up the dreary hours for her or them; no time, even in the evening, for pleasant little games which children so delight in, or indeed for recreation of any sort; no time for mental improvement, for sweet home courtesies, or for the tender little acts of kindness that tend to keep up a right spirit and cement the bonds of love and affection in the family. It is nothing but drive, drive, from early morning till late at night, and then comes an exhortation to "tumble into bed as quick as possible, so as to be out sometime in the morning," which sometime means time for an hour's work at chores, and breakfast before day at this season of the year.

"O Milly! I was so proud of my boys, and so sure that I could train them to be good and noble men," said the mother, in a low, sad voice one day, as harsh, loud words reached us from the back yard where the father and boys were busy cutting and splitting wood, and the great tears trembled in her eyes, and fell upon her toil-hardened hands, which were busily at work mending a rent in a worn and faded garment. "They are naturally as intelligent, loving and gentle as boys usually are; and it pains me beyond description to see that unlovely traits of character are developing in their lives. I have tried to implant right principles in their hearts, and to make home as pleasant and attractive as I could, with what little I have to do with," she said, a weary sigh escaping her as she glanced around the room, "thinking that if I could keep them under my influence till their characters are formed they would be less likely to stray into wrong paths; but all my little efforts are denominated as weak over-indulgence. I should not say this, Milly, had you not been an eye-witness to the unhappiness of my home-life."

I tried to comfort her by telling her that she had been a true and faithful mother, and would some day reap her reward; but in my heart I felt that an angel from Heaven could not train children successfully if a counteracting influence was continually brought to bear against theirs.

When I came away, she said to me: "I cannot begin to tell you how much good your visit has done me. I really think I shall have more patience and courage in the future."

I felt so humbled then to think how little I had done to help and comfort her, and to interest and encourage the dear boys; but if my visit was blessed to her, it was not less so to me. I have learned some important lessons. I have learned that others have burdens to bear greater than mine. Indeed, I feel that I have no burdens—only mercies and blessings, a peaceful home, loving friends and freedom from care; and now that I am home again to enjoy it all, I mean to try and cultivate a helpful as well as a thankful spirit. There are so many little ways in which one can make themselves useful. I mean to begin life over this New Year's day, and try to live for others as well as for myself.

CELIA SANFORD.

It is upon smooth ice we slip; the rough path is safest for the feet.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 45.

BRIGHT New Year, full of unseen promise, whither are you bearing us, in your swift course? To what port on time's shore will you carry our life-bark, and leave it for the next wave to sweep a little farther on the "flood of years?" Will soft airs waft us smoothly and safely along, or will storm-clouds gather, and rough winds blow us upon dangerous rocks or hidden shoals?

Deal kindly with us, O year! And bear us over smooth waters. Let hope sit at the helm, and faith be the rudder to guide us o'er the unknown way. Give us strength and courage for the work set before us, whatever it may be. Teach us to "hold out patient hands, each in his place."

I received some of the good I prayed for at the dawning of last year, during its later months. My hands gained more "strength to work," than they had before; yet not enough to satisfy me. I crave just as much more, and find it hard to wait patiently until it can come. Am constantly tempted to overdo, and use too lavishly, the amount given me. My feet and hands are too eager, after the long time that they have been forced to lie idle. I believe it is just as hard for such natures to learn the lesson of being satisfied to do a little, when they see so much that they wish to accomplish, as it is for some others to be ready to do all that they are able and ought to.

"Let us be content, in work, to do the thing we can, And not presume to fret because it's little."

So says Mrs. Browning, and it is very good counsel for we weaker ones to remember and follow.

At this beginning of another year, when I am so thankful for the continued approach of health, I think of other invalids, and partial ones, who have in these last years made their way into my knowledge and heart, and the wish goes forth for them all, that they may gain strength as I have, and more rapidly still. Keep me in your hearts, gentle friends, and let your kind wishes still arise for me, for—"Every fervent wish of the heart is as a prayer with God."

Then my thoughts follow the strong ones of earth, who are doing noble work in the world, in the sight of all men—ministering to the sick, helping the needy, caring for orphan children, raising the weak or fallen, preaching the Gospel to the poor—and I send them an earnest "God-speed." As higher civilization, and higher thought is developed, there is constantly springing into being, from the hearts of humane people in our country, some new method of doing good to others. Every year I read of some fresh institution for such purposes. The boarding-houses for working-women, the summer hotel at the sea-side where they can go, and, for an almost nominal price, obtain a few weeks of rest and pure, invigorating air. The homes for incurables, the floating hospitals for poor sick children, and country resorts for well ones, during hot weather; and last, and one of the most beautiful, in its tender thought—the flower missions. Oh, blessed workers! a rich reward shall be yours, from One who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I read a little notice in a St. Louis paper, at the

beginning of the season, of a lady stopping in her carriage, at one of the street-car stations, and handing out a bundle containing a pair of warm, knitted gloves and a comforter for each of the six drivers on that route. My heart grew warm over this little incident, and I hoped that reading it would prompt others to do likewise. It was a small and easy thing to do, for a person having any means, but it may have done the *soul* of some of those men good, as well as their bodies, to know that they were thought of and their comfort cared for by strangers as they went on their cold, monotonous round, throughout the chill, bleak, winter days.

Other quiet workers there are, whom I remember, whose names are never known in the world, and whose work is often unnoticed, although it is, really, the most important and effective of all. The patient, conscientious mothers, who move on daily in their steady routine of caring for the little bodies and unformed minds of those intrusted to their care. How weary they grow, sometimes. How tiresome seems the daily round, to do over and over again, and how little they seem to accomplish, compared with what they wish to do. And yet, who can dare neglect such work, when they have once become cognizant of the great responsibility resting upon them? Which one knows what good may be given to the nation or the world though the influence of the mind and heart which she is training now, if she does it rightly, or what harm and evil if she neglects her trust? O mothers! watch and work, carefully, and prayerfully, and constantly, for you are the moulders of the minds that build the nations.

And to you, who, apparently, have no work to do, no homes of your own, and no especial mission or vocation, I would say a word; for to you my sympathies can go out more fully than to any others. If you have strength of hand and foot, there is work for you, somewhere. If not in the home where you are, you can find some in many others, surely. There are "cups of cold water," which your hands can give to many thirsting lips. It may not be engrossing, absorbing work, but it will be enough to do you good, as well as others. Remember the commendation our Lord gave to the poor woman who *did what she could*. Seek for it, and it will be shown to you; for it will not always come if you sit with folded hands, waiting. Ask in faith, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And He will give work of some kind, and you will be happier in the doing. If you are too weak and ill to do any active service—if you have heard His voice saying: "Lie still," then you have the great work of patience to learn, and it is a long lesson sometimes. Remember that "They also serve, who only stand and wait."

During one of the first years of invalidism—when often I could not walk across the floor for months—our dear minister said to me once, when coming on one of his comfort-bringing visits: "I think you have the hardest work of any of us, to lie still. But you can serve the Master just as truly in that way as any other, if He thinks it best, and does not give you strength for other work."

I had been expressing my longing to go about and work again—my weariness of lying there a useless burden.

It will be as hard for you, perhaps, as it was for me, to see why you must lie and do nothing through the tedious hours, when you have an energetic spirit, or when you probably see great need of your activity for others; but He knows all about it, and will sustain, and perhaps give the strength again, some day, if you are patient. And if He does not, then—

"Sometimes, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars, for us, forever set,
The things which our weak judgments here have
spurred—

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine now, in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And now what seemed reproof, was love most true.

"If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

"But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest;
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say: 'God knew the best.'"

LICHEN.

"THE SOLITARY."

LAST night as I sat by the fireside waiting for Walter to come, feeling so grateful for home joys and comforts, for the sweetness of wifehood and motherhood the years had brought, my thoughts turned to the multitude of women who, unblessed by ties like mine, know not how full of joy life's cup may be. I could but pity them for all they have missed; but, mingled with the feeling, was one of reverent wonder at the work done by some of them, and I questioned, could they have done the same work had they had the varied duties of wife and mother to perform? Did the greatness of their service to others make up for the hunger of their own hearts?

There was the gifted sister of Sir William Herschel, who shared his work and midnight vigils with such untiring devotion and zeal, aiding him as no other could; the sister of Wordsworth who was a constant joy and inspiration, and whose influence lent to his poetry depth and purity it would not have had but for her.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

And poor Mary Lamb who, despite the cloud which hung over her life, gave back measure for measure of her brother's self-sacrificing devotion, and made him feel that the giving up of his cherished dream for her sake was not without its rich reward. But lately gone from our midst was Catherine Beecher who, turning from the broken hopes of her early womanhood, gave herself so earnestly to duty that when, in the "fullness of time," she was called to higher work, her brother, out of the love he bore her, gave her memory this

beautiful tribute: "Herself motherless, she became a mother to all; homeless, she helped to uplift and make better all homes around her." Alice and Phebe Cary, too, were without homes, and many others whose well-used talents have made the world richer and better.

Realizing the richness and extent of the work such women do, is it presumptuous to pity them for what they have missed? Though honor and fame came to them in full measure, their hearts must sometimes have ached for the sweetness of the vanished dreams, and, no doubt, to each of them came moments when they would have given all for the home joys denied them. If each of them could have been set in love-blessed homes of their own, could they not have done just as good work, albeit it might have been widely different? It seems so sad that they, with their rich, loving natures, should have missed the crowning joy of womanhood. Whatever else she may gain, the true womanly heart must yet feel

"A woman's crown of glory
Is a sinless little child."

"I know I must be all my life a lonely woman, with no home, no fireside to be wholly my own," writes one from the depth of a life-long sorrow, one whose cup of happiness, sparkling to the very brim, fell from her eager lips ere she could fully taste its sweetness. Oh, the pathos of her words! We question why it must be, and she, grown strong and trustful through much suffering, makes answer, "Perhaps He saw this was the only way to lead me to Him, for, though I thought I belonged to Him before, I had never been drawn half so near as now," adding, "If earthly happiness had made me careless of the heavenly, had made me an idol worshiper, and suffering has drawn me nearer the only one I ought to worship, would I wish to change?" Brave heart! thus to find "sweetness in the Marah cups." Yet, why need earthly happiness draw any away from Him who is the "giver of all good gifts?" It is better to come to Him through suffering than not at all, but earthly parents like not that their children should think of them only when trouble comes, and the All Father must be glad when increased joy here serves but to increase our love for Him. Too often

"Lips say 'God be pitiful,'
Which ne'er said 'God be praised.'"

The flowery path, as well as the briar-strewn one, should lead us heavenward.

How true it is that man's best work is done through the inspiration of woman's love and trust, whether she be wife, mother, sister or friend. Though in the love which we may not fathom, God leaves some women with no home to be wholly their own, yet He "hath set the solitary in families," and gives to each some noble work. It is not always best that our little plans should be fulfilled. Often He destroys what we have so carefully builded that He may build in a larger way for us. Often at some gate where we had not thought to enter, duty stands with the inexorable command: "This is the way; walk ye in it." The voice seems stern to us then, but, in after years, we find it to have been but the sternness of love which would not let us choose any but the best and surest way.

Miss Muloch says, most truly, "We must meet things as they are, without perplexing ourselves about what they might have been; for, if we believe in an over-ruling providence at all, there can be no such possibility as 'might have been.'"

Though the roses be gone, violets and daisies still blossom along the life-path, and many there are who, when the nightingale's song is hushed, yet hear the sweet notes of the lark dropping from above the clouds. No matter what sweetness a life may have missed, if it leads straight on in the way of right and duty, it is to find

"One by one the dreary places
Glow with beauty and gush with light.
One by one God's finger traces
Moon and stars upon the night."

And if this be true of life here, how much more it is true of the other life where dear dreams are given back with added beauty and preciousness. None need be homeless there, or long in vain for companionship. There is room and love for all, and all may come if they will. EARNEST.

DON'T WORRY.

IF life brings trials—as what life does not?—meet them squarely and calmly as they rise. If it be true that "there is no rose without its thorn," there are many other flowers that are thornless. If we live true to our better natures, quietly meeting difficulties as they arise, most of the thorns can be shorn of their sharpness while young and tender; while if we nourish them till they grow and harden, they will surely jag us more sorely at last.

If it be true that every sunbeam has its shadow accompanying it, who would wish to escape the shadow by obscuring the sunrays.

I do not think there is any situation of life that will not yield us some source of pleasure, if we will only cultivate "a meek and quiet spirit," and not fret over small trials till they grow very Alps in our pathway, only to be crossed with great difficulty.

We rise of a morning; household cares hedge us around on every side with all their petty thorns, invisible to every one else, but very real to ourselves; but each duty met in time, each little patience-trying thorn clipped off with the ready scissors of industry, and a little of the oil of cheerfulness applied, they disappear, leaving no scar on the spirits.

There are so many beauties, so many pleasures of life, unnoticed because of their constancy. The eye or heart become so accustomed to them that we neither see or think of them. Still, the hand of a loving Father supplies them for His thankless children.

If one should be confined in a cell of perfect darkness and solitude for a year, and then released, what a beautiful world ours would appear. With what keen zest we would enjoy the companionship of friends. A tree waving in the breeze, the sunlight on the grass, the gleaming of a star in the far-away depths of the heavens, the daily companionship of kindred, all would be "things of beauty," and fill the soul with joy. God showers blessings on us with such a lavish hand, that we forget to note them, much less thank Him for them; while we often complain at the

lack of some one thing we have set our hearts on.

Often, through a life varied with many trials, I have been deeply wounded by the "breaking of a reed" which seemed to bar all brightness from my life-path forever, but with the clearer vision that came with the after-years have been led to acknowledge, "it was best," and that, in truth, "all things do work together for good to them that love God."

But, like spoiled children, we cry for new toys, regardless of the treasures we already possess, forgetful that the Father knows what is best for His children. If He sees fit to mingle with His many good gifts a little stern discipline, we should accept it thankfully as also good for us, for rough winds are just as necessary to perfect the growth of the oak as are the gentle showers or the warming sunbeams. A frown or a stern glance from a beloved parent will sometimes recall a wayward child to duty when smiles and endearments fail.

Dear sisters of the "Home Circle," let each of us, as our magazine makes its monthly visits, plant the good seed it brings in "good ground," and though, like Martha, are necessarily cumbered with many cares, let us, like Mary, choose "that good part which shall not be taken away from us."

AUNT RENA.

THERE are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost.

TO EARNEST.

YES, dear Earnest, it is better to look beyond this life, for if we look only at the present our sick hearts would fail us. Think how often we sow and in this life never reap. Some seeds may fall by the road side, some among thorns, and some on stony ground; but if ever so little fall upon good ground it brings joy to the sower. But to toil on in weariness of heart, and see nothing come of our work, requires the hope of the life beyond.

So utterly, utterly out of heart was I, that I felt like giving up my work in despair. I seemed almost to have forgotten that the good God rules over all, when Earnest's words gave me fresh hope.

How many, during the year that is past, have been called to lay down life's burdens. How many more of us may be called to lay them down in the coming year. Ah, if our hands be not altogether empty, I thought, and began anew. The same weary round may be my lot, but, God helping me, I will not despair. I may never in this life see any fruits of my labor, still I will persevere. So I thought, and will pray that I may be steadfast. And if any poor sister, staggering under the burden of bodily illness, and trials that seem too heavy, let her cheer up and remember who has said, "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden." Blessed words! Not the gay, the light, the happy, but the heavy laden, the weak, the frail, "and I will give you rest." RUTH.

Evenings with the Poets.

OLD TIMES.

THERE'S a beautiful song on the slumberous air
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful harp and bright brown hair,
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down—
Lost hopes, and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines;
Blue violet-eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird warbles and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath in a dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow;
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That sobs on the slumberous air;
And loneliness, felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down in the soul, as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes;
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it now—OLD TIMES.

SARAH J. C. WHITTLESY.

HOW DO WE GIVE?

"If his son ask bread wilt he give him a stone?"

NOT likely just a stone; but some souls have
A subtle, secret art—
They draw the sweetness from all bread of
life

E'er ever they impart
It to the poor hands lifted tremblingly.
O God! how much of bitterness can be

Hidden in just this bread that men do give
Each unto each. A son
Asketh for bread to feed his very soul;
But, e'er the gift is won,
The feet must stand before the father's gate,
The soul must tremble, and, with hands elate,

The "son" must stand a season, till this "bread,"
If it doth come at all,
More like a "stone" than the sweet bread of love,
Into the hands doth fall.
We know the sound of the bread hard as stone,
That some one "kept" until its weight was thrown

On our poor, quivering heart. God pity us
 If He, the Father, gave
 As grudgingly as we. A little bread,
 Given in time, might save
 The sting that often we in secret nurse
 Toward those who give: how often like a curse

Are the faint thanks our curved lip tries to give
 To those who gave us bread,
 But kept it till its sweetness all was gone.
 God pity the soul fed
 On bread dealt out with core of sweetness dead!
 Yes; many give the *stone* in place of *bread*.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

THANKSGIVING.

SWEET was the song of the robin,
 Blithe was the hum of the bee,
 In the day when the drift of the blossom
 Was light as the foam of the sea.
 Then deeply was cloven the furrow,
 And gayly they scattered the seed,
 Who trusted that rain-fall and sunshine
 Would surely be given at need.

The robin hath flown to the tropic,
 The honey-bee flitteth no more,
 The reaper hath garnered the harvest,
 And the fruit and the nuts are in store.
 The flame hath died out on the maples,
 We tread on the loose-lying leaves,
 And the corn that was sturdy and stalwart
 Is gathered and bound into sheaves.

And sweeter than music of spring-time,
 And fuller of jubilant mirth,
 Are the strong-tided chorals o'erflowing
 From hearts where thanksgiving has birth.
 The songs of the home and the altar,
 The gladness of children at play,
 And the dear love of households united
 Are blending in praises to-day.

For pasture-lands folded with beauty,
 For plenty that burdened the vale,
 For the wealth of the teeming abundance,
 And the promise too royal to fail.
 We lift to the Maker our anthems;
 But none the less cheerily come
 To thank Him for bloom and fruition,
 And the happiness crowning the home.

Oh, the peace on the brow of the father,
 The light in the mother's clear eyes,
 The lilt in the voices of maidens
 Who walk under dream-curtained skies.
 The dance in the feet of the wee ones,
 And the sparkle and shine in the air!
 The year has no time like Thanksgiving—
 A truce to our fretting and care.

Sweet was the song of the robin,
 Blithe was the hum of the bee,
 In the day when the drift of the blossom
 Was light as the foam of the sea;
 But sweeter the silence of autumn,
 That maketh a space for the strain
 Of the joyance of home, when the harvest
 Is gathered from hill-side and plain.

From Harper's Bazar.

Young Ladies' Department.

FANCY WORK.

A GREAT deal has been written, from time to time, against our girls' employing themselves in "trifling" pursuits of this order. To the lengthy harangues against "waste of time," and "foolish expense," and "bad taste," the wise ones instructing their weaker sisters, have added, by way of climax, the terrible information that the same amount of energy might have perfected them in half a dozen sciences, or saved souls from destruction.

Now, I believe, first of all, that no sensible woman ever does give needlework, or any other kind of work for that matter, a whit more of attention than it deserves. If a foolish woman does—why, the world ought to be thankful that she has something to keep her out of mischief for awhile. As to "bad taste," I grant that this has been an objection well-founded—but nowadays there is visible a great improvement in the style of fancy work. Finally, I doubt very much if science or religion have been greatly defrauded by the crochet-hook or zephyr-needle, for the very reason that the women most capable of benefiting either, or being benefited by them, have, as a rule, picked up this light work only in their leisure moments, as a recreation. If a woman has been ironing or teaching all day, who would have the

heart to deny her a little relaxation in the late afternoon, or early evening? A piece of fancy work, moreover, soon grows large enough to be seen—hence, those who don't know think, forsooth, that it must have been very difficult of accomplishment, and that it took a great while to reach its present stage.

But, then, sisters, some of you really have very much to learn in this matter. Many of you spend a great deal of effort over something which you think is going to be very handsome; but, actually, save that the design is a little more ambitious and the coloring more brilliant, it is no more beautiful and harmonious than the hideous sampler of fifty years ago.

You will never accomplish anything very praiseworthy, unless you start out with the determination to educate your eye and mind to form and color. Then, gradually learn to trust your own hand and taste in the matter of design. It is easy to buy a pattern and count the stitches in it—but that isn't all. You ought to observe the outline, first, and ask yourself whether you ever saw a rose or a cat of that shape—or whether the rose would be so likely to resemble a wooden cabbage, or the cat to have so many warts on its face. You esteem the patterns, principally because they cost you something—but a moment's thought ought to convince you that no real artist, however

humble, could afford to sell his work so cheaply. Then, why are not you artist enough to design your own patterns, observing nature as a guide?

If you begin to do so, however, you will soon find that Berlin wool work is not the right field in which to exercise yourself. For, no matter how graceful a curve you may originate, you find that you must cut it up in blocks—there is no help for it, the canvas binds you down by a cast-iron law, immutable as those of the Medes and Persians. In disgust and despair, you are ready to forswear allegiance to cross-stitch. This is a good sign—but wait. Flowers and animals may vanish forever from its domain—you have had your fill of patch-work petals and flights of steps for noses—but you can still, by this means, evolve deep shaded arabesques, relieved by quaint dashes of color in low tones. For instance, the arabesques may be of soft browns or grays, the backgrounds of navy blue or cardinal. Still, beyond a solitary sofa-cushion or floor-mat, I don't think you'll do much work in cross-stitch, for which I am truly thankful. I have had a surfeit of dazzling "landscapes," and "fruit-pieces," and piano-stools, and afghans.

The place of fancy work is always subordinate, remember. Therefore, never execute a piece which oppresses one by its elaboration, but study, by a light, effective effort, to make it come in happily, but secondarily, as a mere bright touch in the furnishing of a room. Overmuch of knitting, or a heavy load of beads, is always displeasing to the eye. So, too, are objects which are, in themselves, absolutely useless. Of this last order are card-board air-castles, which are usually overwhelmed with zephyr, and ribbon, and scrap-pictures, and pendants, and yet do nothing but catch the unwary by the hair. My opinion of a motto, half of which has been left uncovered because of its difficulty, is entirely lost in my pity for the worker. Crocheted tidies of white cotton take a good while to do, and look no better than a square, white mosquito-netting would—the only thing that can be said in their favor is that they are not quite so vulgar as Nottingham lace.

Beautiful things may be made for the adornment of a room, which are very simple in construction. The most artistic floor-mats, to lay before sofas and bureaux, are made from simple coffee-bag, the border being merely half a dozen rows of alternate cross-stitches, each one being so large as to take up four weavings of the foundation, in solid or shaded zephyr. No pattern whatever is required, and the article may be merely lined and hemmed by way of finish. For an elegant table-cover, take a sheet of the coffee-bag, fringe it out the depth required, and border it with one row of spreading coral-stitch, in scarlet or cardinal double zephyr. Similar lambrequins can be made, which are just the thing for unbleached muslin curtains—and all are exceedingly appropriate when the floor of the room in which they are placed is covered with straw matting. Exquisite toilet articles, such as hair-pin case, and hair-receiver, may be made from bright-tinted silks and box-quilling (which last comes more elegantly done than you could do it), with plain silver-board as a foundation. The prettiest mats made now are neither knitted nor crocheted—like the Irishwoman's cap, they are all border. I refer to the daisy and the moss-mats, which are

lovely enough for the creations of fairies. Yet, they are so simple that any woman, by following my written directions, can easily make them.

For the daisy-mat, cut a round pasteboard foundation, and cover it with silk, merino or any other fabric. Thread your needle with zephyr, pass it through the edge of the board, pull the wool through until within about two inches of its end, then turn the needle backward and pass it through the zephyr, close to the edge of the board. Then cut the thread off, the same length as the end previously left hanging. Now, you see, you have fringe consisting of two equal ends. Continue in the same manner until you have fringe all around. Now take zephyr of the same color as the fringe, roll it over three fingers until you have quite a solid ball. Pull it off, and tie it tightly around the middle, then cut the ends and pull them out in all directions, so that you have a flat, round rosette. Make enough to go around the mat directly upon the fringe, and leave between each a space equal to itself—this is the place for the daisy. To make the daisy, prepare a rosette of white in the same manner as the colored. Then make a small one of yellow, and sew it in the centre of the white. Now you may have perfect daisies, which insert in the places left for them, alternating with the colored rosettes. It is expected that the object to be stood on the mat will hide all its centre, and be closely enwreathed by the daisies. It is improper always to have a centre ornament in a mat, for the supposition is that it was made to have something upon it.

The moss-mat is begun with a foundation similar to the daisy-mat. Thread your needle and pass it through the edge of the board, clear to the knot. Have ready a long bunch of zephyr, consisting of three strands. Pass the needle through this, taking up every strand, about an inch from the end toward you, and then cut it off the same distance from you, so that you have upon your thread three short strands, which push down close to the foundation. Knot your thread around this by means of the needle, then repeat the process an inch higher up the thread. Continue so, until you have taken on your thread five bunches, then, after knotting the last, cut off the thread itself. Put it through the board, close to one previously done, and do as before. When you have gone around once, you will see that you have a long, fuzzy fringe. Next, an inch further in upon the board, do the same with zephyr a shade lighter, and you will be surprised to see how the whole piles up. Still an inch further in toward the centre, repeat the process with the next lighter shade of your color, and you will have in the middle a little, round nest, inclosed by a deep, circular bed of moss.

Mats of either style are suitable for lamps, vases, toilet-bottles and what not. Wash-stand mats and covers may be appropriately made of white Java or honeycomb canvas, very simply bordered and fringed out. Beautiful tidies consist of a lin or burlap foundation, in the centre of which is basted a Japanese crape picture, the edge being finished off by stripes of velvet, or floss in *point russe* stitches, the whole being bordered by linen fringes or torchon lace.

Ornaments such as these are free from every objection, inasmuch as they are simple in themselves, and answer the purpose for which they

were made. Further than this, in your decoration endeavor to enter into the domain of the artistic.

Spatter-work tidies are beautiful beyond description, but unless they are well done they had better not be done at all. Any one can tell you to transfer the outline of a bouquet of ferns or grasses upon white Swiss with a fine comb and tooth-brush, but not every one thinks to tell you that to finish the work, and give it the real artistic touches, you must take a fine camel-hair brush and go over it carefully. Tidies of this kind may be bordered with knife-pleatings of the Swiss, or frills of Breton or Valenciennes lace.

You know, by this time, about crewel-work, and outline embroidery, and etching. These, however, should never be degraded by the name of "fancy work," for they belong to the province of art. Of course, they are not such arts as painting, and sculpture, and music; but they are as much arts as lace-making, and glass-staining, and silver-working. With crewels you can adorn the articles

of old left to the tender mercies of Berlin wool-work, namely, cushions, and curtains, and banners, upon foundations of linen, burlap, silk, velvet or what you please. With the outlining, you can add to the beauty and value of your household linen. Old-fashioned white embroidery ought never to go out of date.

The home of a lady of taste should show in its evidences of her taste. Her rare sense of beauty and fitness ought to banish from it the gaudy and the crude, as well as the useless and the cumbersome. In the lower domains of needle-work, she should learn to depend upon her own eye and hand, so that she soon may in the higher. And then, surely, the transition to the highest arts should not be great, even if that transition lead only to appreciation, and not to execution. So, then, may the critics be silenced, when they see by what steps a judicious interest in fancy work has led to a true art culture.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Health Department.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS. THEIR DELIGHTS AND DANGERS.*

WHERE snow is abundant, sleigh-riding is, *par excellence*, the most fascinating of winter recreations. It may serve as an exhilarating tonic. But if the preparations for the drive be so negligent as to make one feel as if he had followed Franklin's prescription for a sleigh-ride, viz., sitting in the back yard, with the feet in a tub of ice-water, shaking a string of bells—the drive may work positive harm. Its benefits depend upon warm clothing, and plenty of it: more, indeed, than one would suppose necessary. Always take more wraps than seem to be needed. Did any one ever hear a person complain of being over-clad on such an occasion?

Before leaving the house, the feet should be in a glowing condition. One could hardly expect them to become warm during the drive, and aching feet destroy all comfort.

Another almost indispensable condition is that the stomach be comfortably filled with warm food. Otherwise, the drive may be merely a prolonged misery, for it has already been shown how difficult it is to resist cold while the stomach is empty. Avoid stimulants, and depend upon hot milk, beef-tea, or coffee. If actual chilliness comes on during the drive, the only safe thing to do is to stop—at a private house, if no other serve—and become thoroughly warmed.

Never, on any account, allow children to fall asleep during the drive. This is a danger against which we cannot guard too carefully. It is as unsafe as to sleep in the fumes of charcoal, and, unless bodily warmth be kept up to the ordinary degree, produces the same deadly effects.

If the cold be too audacious, and fingers, nose, ears, or cheeks be too rudely caressed, the rules already set down must be carefully followed as soon as the discovery is made.

A glorious sport is a battle with snowballs. The only caution requiring mention is that against sitting down, or remaining inactive out of doors, while heated and fatigued. The reasons for the caution are obvious.

During their play in the snow, in their artistic and architectural attempts at moulding and fort-building, children should be watched, and not be allowed to become too wet and cold.

Spite of the benefits, pleasure and exhilaration of skating, there are some accompanying dangers. The one which, perhaps, exceeds all others is the danger of skating too long. This refers mainly, if not entirely, to women and girls. Boys and men would experience mere lameness; but in the other sex, over-exertion on skates is liable to cause troubles of a very serious and obstinate nature. Their own judgment, it is hoped, will teach them moderation.

Sitting down to rest when heated, exposes all skaters to chill, which may result in pneumonia, pleurisy, throat affections—even consumption. Remember the weak organ, too, if there be one. It cannot lightly bear this trial of the system; and, if a skater has ever been through a rheumatic or neuralgic attack, no temptation of fatigue will lead such a one to take the risks of resting in the open air after exertion.

It may happen that the ice is treacherous. If skaters break through and become wet, the stronger among their companions must at once loan their overcoats and wraps to protect the unfortunates while on their way to the nearest house, where hot blankets and bottles of hot water, hot brandy-and-water, and severe and prolonged rubbings, must be unceasingly administered until dangers have passed.

But suppose those who have thus been submerged in winter water be taken out unconscious. The remedies suggested must then be used with increased vigor. The head should at first be allowed to hang lower than the body for a short time, in order that water, if it has been taken into the

* FROM WINTER AND ITS DANGERS. By Hamilton Osgood, M. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.

lungs, may run out. Respiration may be restored by galvanic electricity applied by the physician, who should at once be called. Until and after his arrival, carry the arms of the patient as high as possible above the head; then bring them down to the sides of the body, and immediately after press gently upon the chest at the end of the breast-bone. Do this unremittingly every three seconds, or about twenty times each minute, for hours, meanwhile seeing that the mouth is free from accumulations and the tongue kept forward. Do not despair of success, though hours may pass without sign of revival. Very gentle breathing through a tube into the mouth or nostrils may be employed. Now and then pass an open bottle of ammonia water under the nose. Heat, in every form, blankets, bottles, bags of hot oats, and mustard-plasters should be applied all over the body—moderately at first, but in increasing degree.

Care should be taken not to burn the flesh. The rubbing should be directed *toward* the heart, that is, *up*, and not *down*, the limbs and trunk. So soon as the patient can swallow, give some stimulating drink, or strong, hot coffee. Other remedies, such as digitalis, carbonate of ammonia, valerian, etc., will be suggested by the physician.

While skating, it is far from agreeable to see other stars than those of heaven, but this is "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance." If the fall on the back of the head be so severe as to cause fainting, carry the individual into a house, place the body so that the head may be the lowest part, and administer the usual remedies. In such grave cases it is better to send for a physician without delay. A fall upon the back is fraught with great peril to delicate women.

Housekeepers' Department.

HOUSEHOLD PERILS.

SAYS the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*:

So many serious accidents have occurred in families, and so many narrow escapes have been experienced in the use or management of dangerous articles or substances which find their way into households, that we are led briefly to point out the nature of the substances, and suggest methods whereby the dangers may be greatly lessened. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care. Benzine, ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first-named liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, etc. The liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapor as soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into rooms in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard of handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An accident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstances causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at the present time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, etc., and rubber stoppers to the vials should be used.

Oxalic acid is considerably employed in families

for cleaning brass and copper utensils. The substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives lost. Every agent which goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place, and labeled properly and used with care.

BENZINE FOR MOTHS.

SAYS the *American Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer*:

A sort of trade secret among upholsterers, it is said, is this recipe for ridding furniture of moths: A set of furniture that seemed to be alive with the larvæ, and from which hundreds of these pests had been picked and brushed, was set into a room by itself. Three gallons of benzine had been purchased at thirty cents a gallon, retail. Using a small-watering-pot, with a fine rose-sprinkler, the whole of the upholstery was saturated through and through with the benzine. The result was, every moth, larvæ and egg was killed. The benzine dried out in a very few hours, and the entire odor disappeared in three or four days. Not the slightest harm happened to the varnish, or fabric, or wood, or hair stuffing. That was months ago, and not a sign of a moth has since appeared. The carpets were also well sprinkled all around the sides of the room with equally good effect. For furs, flannels, indeed all woolen things containing moths, benzine is most valuable. Put them in a box, sprinkle them with benzine, close the box tightly, and in a day or two the pests will be exterminated, and the benzine will all evaporate on opening. In using benzine, great care should be taken that no fire is near by, as the stuff, in fluid or vapor form, is very inflammable.

COULD Pipey tell us how to prevent cakes bursting and running over while baking? If so, she would oblige many readers of the magazine.

A READER.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

LITTLE that is new is seen in any department of fashionable attire. Still the rage continues for making up all suits, both elegant and ordinary, of two, three, and even four, contrasting fabrics; as also, the mania for trimming dark dresses of black, garnet, myrtle green, and *gen d'arme* blue, with vests, cuffs, lapels, collars, pockets and bands, of rich, gayly-figured materials. Some of these new fabrics are very gorgeous and expensive, although the same style of goods is seen in cotton and woolen for trimming cheaper dresses. Upon elegant, deep silk costumes, some extravagant ladies have gone so far as to use the borders of real India shawls. Those who have saved broché bands of old Stella shawls, will find them of service now, to be used in remodeling black, dark-green or seal-brown silks and cashmeres. For young girls, gay plaids are even more popular than the flowered or variegated fabrics so much in vogue for ladies. The striped pinks, so much worn six months ago, are on the wane.

Plain cloth suits, or similar ones of flannel, are made for the street. These are generally composed of a perfectly plain, short skirt, a simple overskirt, and a coat—or sometimes merely a skirt and long coat, coming to about the length of a medium polonaise. Such dresses are ornamented

only with several rows of machine-stitching, and appropriate buttons of horn, or pearl, or metal.

In the way of trimmings, we have still the jet passementeries, and the bands of feathers and of fur. Jet and silk pendants are purchased by many ladies, who mingle them, according to fancy, with silk fringe. Another whim is outlining the pattern in a Spanish lace scarf with white satin beads; or, in a brilliant cashmere fabric, with gold thread. Broad silk ties, with colored embroidery upon the ends, are shown in all shades. Shirring has taken a deeper hold upon popular favor, whole vests, and even breadths in elaborate costumes being often entirely composed of masses of gathers. One of the newest articles of neckwear is a fichu of black chenille, especially appropriate for elderly ladies. Very simple jewelry is now worn—often not more than a plain band of Roman gold as a brooch, with tiny ball ear-rings and flat sleeve-buttons to match. More than these are very seldom seen in the street.

For young ladies, among the prettiest chapeaux are turban bonnets. These consist of a large, soft round crown of silk or satin, in any of the fashionable shades, and have satin strings fastening in a large, full bow under the left ear. Sometimes these simple bonnets are further ornamented with a scarf, a band of feathers, an owl's head, or a fringe of beads.

New Publications.

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Short Studies of American Authors. By T. W. Higginson. Comprising analyses of the characters and writings of Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Howells, Helen Jackson and Henry James, Jr. The essays upon Hawthorne and Thoreau are especially good, giving full justice to two highly-gifted men who were not enough appreciated while they lived. Price \$1.00.

Select Poems. By Harvey Rice. A second edition of a volume of poems which we noticed some time ago as being characterized by some facility of expression, but not much originality of thought.

Cruises with Captain Bob. By B. P. Shillaber, of Partington fame. An old sailor, disabled for a winter by a broken leg, entertains a company of his boy friends around his bed for a number of evenings with tales of his early adventures upon sea and land. Entertains not only, but instructs, inasmuch as he contrives to get into his narratives a vast amount of valuable information concerning geography, navigation, customs, human character, and what not, mingled with genuine fun, and telling exhortations to temperance, chivalry and real morality. We feel sorry oftentimes that we were not of the original set of auditors; but we may comfort ourselves with the

reflection that we may hear all Captain Bob and the boys said by reading the book. Price \$1.25.

The Breaking Waves Dashed High. By Felicia Hemans. Illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Another of the beautiful series of familiar poems, in an exquisite, artistic guise, similar to the choice volume, "Rock of Ages," which we noticed last year. Price, \$1.50.

Hope Mills. By Amanda M. Douglas. A very beautiful home-story, teaching noble lessons of true benevolence and culture, religion and humanity. It pleases, interests and elevates, throughout, and is in every way worthy a careful perusal. Price, \$1.50.

Some Practical Hints on Wood-engraving. By W. J. Linton. The book, primarily, seems to be an effort of the author to defend himself against the ignorance and injustice of critics. Mainly, however, it is a clear exposition of the principles of the art designated, and is, as a whole, thoroughly enjoyable.

The Island of Capri. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Lillian Clarke. This is a single chapter from a book entitled "Wanderjahre in Italien." A dainty, charming word-picture, which may delight an odd half hour. Price, \$1.00.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

Readings and Recitations, No. 3. Edited by Miss L. Penney. One of a series of valuable temperance manuals, containing poems and prose selections for school, lyceum and exhibition declamation. Quite up to the order of merit possessed by its predecessors. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 60 cents.

From Father to Son. By Mary Dwinell Chellis. A most interesting work, written in a graphic style, depicting the evils of moderation as opposed to total abstinence, and strikingly showing the workings of the inexorable law of heredity,

in that the son of a moderate drinker is likely to become a confirmed drunkard. Price, \$1.25.

FROM S. R. WELLS & CO.

How to Be Well. By Augusta Fairchild, M. D. A well-written treatise on Hygiene, giving important information as regards fevers, eruptive diseases, care of the throat and lungs, and so forth, with timely hints on dress, diet and the like. We hope it will find many readers, feeling assured that all may learn something from its pages. The chapter containing the confessions of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, is especially worth reading. Price, \$1.00.

Notes and Comments.

American Girls.

IN her lecture on "Home Life," Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton strongly condemns the practice, still too widely prevalent, of cramping the waists and feet of our growing up young girls with tight stays and close-fitting shoes. "In looking at the statuary of the Old World," she says, "one cannot help but wonder where American girls get their forms. We laugh at the Chinese for putting their feet in iron shoes, but how absurd our fashion is of lacing our waists so tight that we can hardly draw a free breath! School girls fourteen years old are happy when they wear their hair streaming down their backs, and go romping about in loose-fitting and short dresses, but their happiness ceases when the dressmaker comes around and tells her that it is time that she was beginning to form her waist, and the process begins, until the poor creature's ribs are distorted, when she is ready for fashionable society. If we could only induce our girls to dress properly and leave their ribs in their normal condition, and wear shoes that would allow them to place their feet firmly upon the green sward, they would eventually supersede boys. Health is the normal condition for all women; there is no such thing as natural diseases. We have educated our people to have some respect for moral laws, but in doing so, have neglected our physical laws. No one seems to be ashamed of being ill, but we should be. The sin is equally great when we violate physical laws as other moral laws are disregarded, and the time will soon come when nerves shall be superseded by muscle. But despite our weakness, we have greater beauty, intellect and moral power than any other nation on the globe.

"There was a time when women thought it fashionable to faint, and it was regarded by men as a mark of delicacy. They soon grew tired, however, of running for smelling-bottles and holding fainting women, so they began to ridicule the absurd habit in the press, and the result is that now you hear of very few fainting women. The guns that men have turned upon strong-minded women for the past thirty years, they should now turn upon weak-minded women."

Effects of Music.

THE effect produced by music differs greatly, according to temperament, and peculiar mental habit or training. With some it stimulates thoughts, while with others it interrupts the flow of ideas. It is said of Lord Bacon, that he often had an instrument played in the room adjoining his study; and that Milton listened to his organ for inspiration. A celebrated French preacher was once found playing on the violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the court. Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand. For hours together he would forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening his faculties for the coming contest at the bar.

Toothache.

UNDER the head of "A Pleasant Remedy for 'Toothache,'" we find in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* the following account of the discovery of a new agent of relief for this affliction, the tortures of which, at some time in life, almost every one has to bear.

"Dr. T. C. Osborn, in the *Medical Brief*, states that his cook came to him with a swollen cheek, asking for something to relieve the toothache, with which she had been suffering all night. He was on the point of sending her to a dentist, when it occurred to him that there was in the house a vial of compound tincture of benzoin. 'After cleansing the decayed tooth,' he says, 'I saturated a pledget of cotton lint with the tincture, and packed it well into the cavity, hoping this would suffice for the time, and told her to come back in two or three hours if she was not relieved. I was turning away, when she said it might not be necessary, perhaps, as the pain was already gone. Supposing her faith had a large share in the relief, I would not allow myself to think that the medicine had anything to do with the cure any more than so much hot water would have had. But when I

arrived at my office, two other patients were awaiting me with the same affliction, and I determined, by way of experiment, to use the same remedy. To my agreeable surprise, both patients declared themselves immediately relieved, and begged a vial of the tincture for future use. During the winter a number of similar cases applied, and were instantly relieved by the same treatment, all expressing much satisfaction with the remedy. In December I told my druggist of the discovery, and recommended him to sell it to any person applying for "toothache drops." This, he reports, he has done, and that every one seems delighted with the medicine."

An Early Poem.

THE following poem, which has not before found its way into print, was written, at the age of fifteen, by M. Louisa Chitwood, the young Western poetess, whose brief literary career gave such a fair promise, and whose early death was so sincerely lamented by a wide circle of friends. Though not a finished production, it has something of the music and delicate fancy which are to be found in her maturer poems, and many of those who, in years past, were charmed by her writings, will be pleased to meet with it:

THE DEW.

Stealing down softly
From the skies blue,
Sparkling so gloriously,
Beautiful dew.
In the long, silent night,
When the moon's trembling light
Gilds all in beauty bright,
Softly it falleth, the beautiful dew.

Where the lone flow'ret blooms,
Fragile and fair,
Scattering its odors sweet
On the still air,
There in the summer eves
Half opens its closing leaves,
And the sweet kiss receives,
Till its petals grow sweeter
In the beautiful dew.

Gently it falleth
Like love to the heart,
Stealing on silently
Till of life it is part.
And in the morning hours,
Glittering in gem-like showers
Round on the waking flowers,
Sparkles in the sunlight soft
The beautiful dew.

THE Girls' Friendly Society, begun in London, has some twenty thousand members and three hundred and forty-four branches. Sister societies have also been established in Scotland, Ireland and America. Its object is to assist young girls leaving home and going out into the world to earn their bread, either as domestics or in industrial establishments.

INCESSANT smoking, as statistics show, will take TEN YEARS from the life of every human being.

Women in Russiæ.

THROUGH the proverbs of a nation we get, often, a clearer idea of the inner life and feeling of the people than in any other way. *Leisure Hour* has an article on the proverbs of Russia, from which we take the following. One peculiarity of Russian peasant life is the joint family system, according to which the members of a family share a common heritage and live together. This system prevailed in parts of England in Anglo-Saxon times, but it is not favorable to individual exertion and it leads to family quarrels. They find that "two bears cannot live in one den." The wife particularly suffered from it.

"The father-in-law grumbles at her,
The mother-in-law abuses her,
The brother-in-law mocks her,
The sister-in-law does her mischief,
The husband is jealous."

"Sisters-in-law are nettles."

While some Russian ladies belong to the class of strong-minded women and are advocates of woman's rights, the peasantry in their proverbs recognize the distinct sphere of women.

"If you be a cock, crow;
If a hen, lay eggs."

"Do not trust the wind in the fields,
Nor a woman with too much liberty."

The proverbs of Russia, like those of India, though treating women with contempt, yet recognize their power in the domestic circle. "She stoops to conquer."

"The wife, without beating the husband, rules him by her temper."

"The husband is the head, the wife the soul of the house."

Bachelors are not in high repute.

"A bachelor is a goose without water."

"A man without a wife is like a man in winter without a fur bonnet."

A man under petticoat government or, as the Germans say, "Under the slipper," is thus painted:

"A crab is not a fish among fishes,
A bat is not a bird among birds,
So a hen-pecked husband is not a man among men."

Twenty Years a Subscriber.

AN old subscriber to the HOME MAGAZINE, in sending us a list of names for the new year, says:

"I feel as though I must thank you this time for the great help you have been to me through your writings. * * * For twenty years I have taken and read your magazine, and the good use it has performed for me and my family cannot be measured or told. Long may you live to carry on the good work."

OPPORTUNITIES for women to obtain as extended an education as men are rapidly multiplying in this country as well as in Europe. There are now about fifty girls among the students of Cornell University, and over one hundred and thirty in the Michigan University.

"Woman's Words."

THIS excellent paper, issued monthly at the low price of one dollar a year, and devoted entirely to the interests of women, is worthy of a very large circulation. It is beautifully printed, and edited with care, industry and great good taste. As an "Original Review of what Women are doing," it is pronounced in its views, yet free from extreme radicalism, and that intemperance of language which so often mars discussion and weakens the force of argument. We strongly commend *Woman's Words* to all who wish to know what women are doing for the elevation of their sex and humanity, and in the world's work. It is elevated in tone, and cannot, we are sure, form a part of the reading of any young woman, just entering upon life, without giving her healthy views, and inspiring her with the desire and the effort to be something more than an idle pleasure seeker. *Woman's Words* is published monthly by MRS. JUAN LEWIS, 625 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.00 a year.

Literary and Persona.!

THE late John Blackwood occasionally used to relate with quiet glee how he and George Eliot had corresponded some time before he knew she was a woman. "I called her 'Dear George,'" he said, merrily, "and employed some easy expressions, such as a man uses only to a man. After I knew her, I was a little anxious to remember all I might have said."

MISS KATE FIELD brought from Stratford a slip of Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, which she has presented to the Central Park Commissioners. It is to be kept in a greenhouse until April, and then planted with proper ceremony—probably upon the poet's birthday. The Park Commissioners sent for the slip on Miss Field's arrival, and it is now in their care.

ONE of the notable guests at the Holmes breakfast was Miss Sprague, of Ohio, the authoress of "An Earnest Trifler," which is by far the most successful story published in Boston this season. She sat between the graceful and elegant Mr. Osgood and ex-Governor Rice, and throughout the day bore herself with most winsome modesty. It was none the less pleasant that, while she and they thus sat at table, her publishers received an order for five hundred copies of her novel from Chicago.

THE present Prime Minister of Belgium, M. Frère-Orban, commenced life in the humblest manner. His family name was Frère. While a law student, he fell in love with the daughter of a rich, aristocratic M. Orban. The girl was agreeable; the parents opposed. As the day for his examination approached, she said to him: "If you succeed, come in the evening to the box at the opera, in which I shall be with my parents and some of their friends." "But will they admit me?" asked the poor student. "I will take care of that," replied the girl. Frère passed the examination with great credit, and presented himself at the box. His sweetheart rose as he entered, and kissed him in the presence of the whole company. After that there was nothing for the parents to do but to announce the engagement between

them. When the marriage took place, he added, by their request, their aristocratic name to his more plebeian one.

OF all the poets who do not look like poets, Robert Browning may be said to look least like a master of verse. He is stout, comfortable, prosaic, fine-looking in figure and face; he looks, in short, exactly like a country squire of moderate fortune.

KING ALFONSO is fond of sitting in his study, where he receives visitors and reads the papers. There is a bit of sentiment about him, for close to his writing-table hangs a water-color drawing representing the small, simply-furnished apartment in which his earliest lessons were learned when a child.

Welcome Home.

THE waves have beat, the winds have blown,
This whole night long so wearily;
And I no moment's sleep have known
For thought of him that's at the sea.
I got me up, I oped the door,
I stepped upon the foamy beach,
I shrank to hear the surges roar,
The billows clashing each on each.

No moon was there to light the dark,
The stars seemed few and little worth,
I could not bear the waves to mark
That rushed against the solid earth.
It shook, and I, with terror filled
To know my love so far from land—
Sure never vessel's fragile build
The crash of tumbling seas could stand.

Ah, when he comes, and when my heart
Beats hard against his stormy breast,
I think my very life will part
To know him safe, at home, at rest!
What words shall tell him all my love,
That wayward fancies sometimes hide?
How speak my joy all joys above
To have my husband at my side?

Oh, not a word, and not the speech
Of hands that wild and helpless move,
Will bear the tidings that shall reach
His inmost heart, of my dear love.
But something crying from my face,
An eager silence, grave and glad,
Shall light the rough and gloomy place
With Welcome to my fisher-lad!

Illustrated London News.

SEVERAL young ladies of New York have been of late giving gratuitous lessons to the elder girls of the Five Points House of Industry in house-keeping. They have given an exhibition of their pupils' proficiency, and each in turn practically illustrated various phases of household work.

WRITERS on fashion report that walking-boots, with broad, cork soles, and low, flat heels, are to be worn this winter. For the sake of the ladies who follow the fashions, it to be hoped that this report is true. Fashion has long since decreed that thick boots must be worn in winter. Add, now, cork soles and low heels, and the gain in health and comfort will be very great.

Publishers' Department.

COMPOUND OXYGEN in CONSUMPTION. Two Remarkable Cases.

Dr. J. F. Goldman, of Huntsville, Alabama, has been using the Compound Oxygen in his practice for nearly a year. He sends us the following testimonials in two of his cases.

"Huntsville, Ala., August 15th, 1879.

"DR. J. F. GOLDMAN—Dear Sir: I having had the dread disease consumption coming upon me for more than fifteen years, and having become so reduced that I was unable to attend to my household duties—hardly able to go from room to room—with the expectation of myself, family and friends that I could not live many months, I grasped at everything that promised relief, or that there was any hope in. But no relief came, until, through the kindness of Drs. Starkey & Palen, about two years ago, I received their Compound Oxygen Treatment. After two months' use, I commenced to recover to such an extent that all my friends asked me what I had been doing to myself that caused such an improvement. My answer was, 'I have made the change by the use of *Compound Oxygen*.'

"When I commenced to use it, I was hollow-chested, with deep-seated pain in my lungs, and had great difficulty of breathing. Had a hacking cough, with heavy, hard expectoration mixed with blood; and sometimes *blood alone*. All this gave me and my friends great uneasiness and despair of my life.

"I now recommend it to all who are suffering from the same dread disease, believing, that if used as directed, it will cure them also.

"Yours respectfully,

"VIENNA T. DOUGLASS."

Remarking on this letter, Dr. Goldman says: "I have been Mrs. Douglass's physician for more than a year, and can indorse most fully her statement as to her health now, and soon after she had finished her second months' inhalation. She was indeed a picture of blooming health."

"Huntsville, Ala., December 8th, 1879.

[Statement of Mr. N. B. Grayson, made to Dr. J. F. Goldman, of Huntsville, Ala., July 16th, 1879.]

"I have had, for three years past, pains, soreness and trouble in my right lung. Two years ago I had a hemorrhage from my lungs. At this time I was employed as blacksmith in the C. and Memphis Railroad shops. I was compelled to give up my situation and quit work. This last winter I was troubled with a bad cough, and was so reduced in strength as to be scarcely able to walk. I lost my appetite, and became greatly emaciated. My throat also was constantly sore, and I was troubled with hoarseness. No one who saw me could doubt that I had the consumption. Two months ago I was induced to visit Dr. Goldman's office and try the Compound Oxygen Treatment. The effect from the very first was quite marked. Within five days my cough nearly left me, I slept well, my appetite returned, and, notwithstanding, for one month past I have worked harder than I have for three years. I have gained during this exceeding hot month seventeen pounds

in weight. And now (so far as I can see) I am well, every bad symptom having disappeared, and I feel active and strong. But for this treatment, I should, in all probability, never have done another day's work. I relied wholly on this treatment from the first. And I can and do most heartily commend the Compound Oxygen Treatment to all who are similarly afflicted.

"N. B. GRAYSON."

Confirming this statement, Dr. Goldman writes: "Mr. Grayson is still at this date (December 8th, 1879) strong and healthy, working every day at the anvil. Two months' inhalation did it."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free. Address
DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,
1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LIQUID PEARLS.—How many fair daughters of Eve, on reading the tale of Cleopatra's sway over Antony, have sighed to emulate her conquest! Formerly, such sighs might indeed be vain; but in these days, when skilled art seems truly to improve on nature, almost any lady, by using CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL, may wield Cleopatra's power. This incomparable preparation for the skin is conceded to be perfection itself; it contains nothing injurious, and it is no wonder that the social world pays such flattering tributes to the unrivaled merits of "CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL."

No FORM of beauty has more devotees, especially among the ladies, than flowers; but in order to have these beautiful gems of nature in perfection, it is necessary to procure good seed, and also to be in the possession of some knowledge as to the proper manner of planting the seed and cultivating the plant. This and much more very useful information is contained in D. M. FERRY & Co.'s beautifully Illustrated Descriptive and Priced Seed Annual, which they offer to send free to all. See their advertisement in our columns.

THE first number of *The Musical Herald*, a new monthly publication, is about to be issued in Boston. Its corps of editors and contributors includes some of the best writers on musical topics to be found in this country and abroad. There will be illustrated articles and music in each number.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—A piano or organ is the most suitable holiday present that can ever be made. Hon. Daniel F. Beatty of Washington, New Jersey, offers elsewhere in this issue splendid bargains for *holiday presents*. Mayor Beatty's celebrated pianos and organs are giving entire satisfaction, and we know our readers will do well to purchase of him. So great has been the demand for these celebrated instruments within the last few months, that Mr. Beatty has been compelled to erect a new mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey, corner Railroad Avenue and Beatty Street. Read his advertisement, and send for his illustrated newspaper, holiday edition, before you purchase.

CASTORIA is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No sour-curd or wind-colic; no feverishness or diarrhoea; no congestion or worms, and no cross children or worn-out mothers where CASTORIA is used.

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HOME MAGAZINE



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Unsurpassed for Making Superior LIGHT BREAD, BISCUIT, CAKES and PASTRY.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

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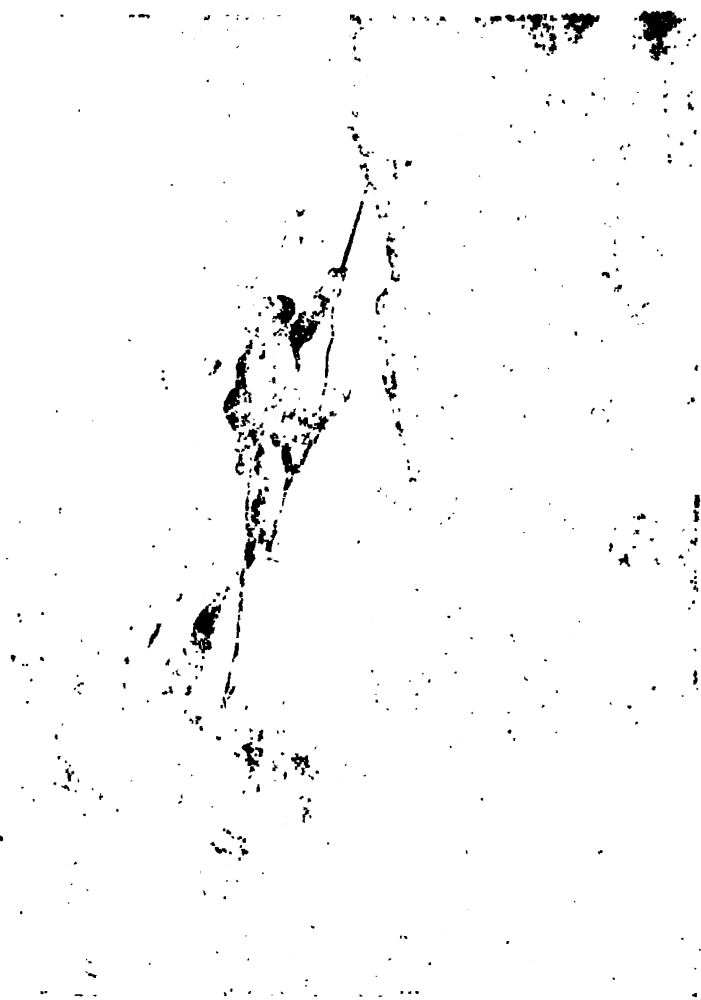
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AVARICE AND LOVE.—Page 202.

ARTHUR THE MAGAZINE

THE
FACILE



ARTHUR

THE MAGAZINE

—
picked up the book of the
every one of the

The most striking paragraph was something like this: "One of our party, through a field-glass, saw a number of little black specks, like so many ants, creeping slowly up the side of a distant peak. Suddenly, an innocent-looking mass of white, like

In a slightly different form, this story is repeated almost every year. Numbers set out with the determination to risk life and limb, in climbing some height, merely to have it to say that they've done it. And we presume it will long be so—

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while human nature can be so fool-hardy as it can at present.

They've done it, though! That is, one after another, every peak in the Alps has been ascended, though several of the highest have held out invincible until lately. Alpine clubs and adventurous individuals have conquered, though many precious lives have been sacrificed to a bubble; though of countless bodies it may be said that no man knoweth their sepulchre unto this day; and though the world goes on, unconscious of being made any better by this endeavor.



THE COL DU LION.

The Matterhorn, the highest mountain in the Alps, was the last to be scaled. It is nearly fifteen thousand feet high, and rises abruptly by a series of cliffs which may properly be termed precipices, a clear five thousand feet above the glaciers which surround its base. The superstitious natives in the surrounding valleys (many of whom still believe it to be not only the highest mountain in the Alps, but in the world), spoke of a ruined city on its summit wherein the spirits dwelt; and if you laughed they gravely shook their heads, told you to look yourself to see the castles and the

walls, and warned one against a rash approach, lest the infuriated demons from their impregnable heights might hurl down vengeance for one's derision. Stronger minds felt the influence of the wonderful form, and men who ordinarily spoke or wrote like rational beings, when they came under its power seemed to quit their senses, and ranted and rhapsodized, losing for a time all common forms of speech. The Matterhorn remained so long unascended, less on account of the difficulty of doing so, than from the terror inspired by its invincible appearance. There seemed to be

a *cordon* around it, up to which one might go, but no farther.

The Matterhorn looks equally imposing from whatever side it is seen; it never seems common-place, and in this respect, and in regard to the impression it makes upon spectators, it stands alone amongst mountains. It has no rivals in the Alps, and but few in the world.

The seven or eight thousand feet which compose the actual peak have several well-marked ridges and numerous others. The most continuous is that which leads toward the north-east; the summit is at its higher, and the little peak called the Hörnli, at its lower, end. Another one that is well pronounced, descends from the summit to the ridge called Furggen Grat. The slope of the mountain, that is between the two ridges, will be referred to as the eastern face. A third, somewhat less continuous than the others, descends in a south-westerly direction, and the portion of the mountain that is seen from Breuil is confined to

that which is comprised between this and the second ridge. This section is not composed, like that between the first and second ridge, of one grand face, but it is broken up into a series of huge precipices, spotted with snow-slopes and streaked with snow-gullies. The other half of the mountain, facing the Z'Mutt glacier, is not capable of equally simple definition. There are precipices apparent, but not actual; there are precipices absolutely perpendicular; there are precipices overhanging; there are glaciers and there are hanging glaciers; there are glaciers which

tumble great *étracs* over greater cliffs, whose débris, subsequently consolidated, becomes glacier again; there are ridges split by the frost, and washed by the rain and melted snow into towers and spires; while everywhere there are ceaseless sounds of action, telling that the causes are still in operation which have been at work since the world began, reducing the mighty mass to atoms, and effecting its degradation.

Most tourists obtain their first view of the mountain either from the valley of Zermatt or from that of Tournanche. From the former direction the base of the mountain is seen at its narrowest, and its ridges and faces seem of prodigious steepness. The tourist toils up the valley, looking frequently for the great sight which is to reward his pains, without seeing it (for the mountain is first perceived in that direction about a mile to the north of Zermatt), when, all at once, as he turns a rocky corner of the path, it comes into view, not, however, where it is expected; the face has to be raised up to look at it—it seems overhead. Although this is the impression, the fact is that the summit of the Matterhorn from this point makes an angle with the eye of less than sixteen degrees. So little can dependence be placed upon unaided vision.

The view of the mountain from Breuil, in the Val Tournanche, is not less striking than that on the other side, but usually it makes less impression, because the spectator grows accustomed to the sight while coming up or down the valley. From this direction the mountain is seen to be broken up into a series of pyramidal, wedge-shaped masses; on the other side it is remarkable for the large, unbroken extent of cliffs that it presents, and for the simplicity of its outline. It was natural to suppose that a way would more readily be found to the summit on a side thus broken up than in any other direction. The eastern face, fronting Zermatt, seemed one smooth, impossible cliff, from summit to base; the ghastly precipices which face the Zmutt glacier forbade any attempt in that direction. There remained only the side of Val Tournanche, and it will be found that nearly all the earliest attempts to ascend the mountain were made on that side.

The first efforts to climb the Matterhorn were made in the years 1858 and 1859, by the guides of the Val Tournanche, from the direction of Breuil, and the highest point attained was the place now called the "Chimney," at an elevation of twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet. The next attempt was made in 1860, by Messrs. Parker, of Liverpool, by the eastern face. They reached an elevation of about twelve thousand feet, and were then obliged to give up their undertaking on account of unfavorable weather. The third, was made in 1860, by Mr. Hawkins and Professor Tyndall, the fourth, in 1861, by the Messrs. Parker

for the second time. The fifth, in August, 1861, was made by Mr. Edward Whymper, the gentleman who finally reached the summit for the first time, and gave to the world a published account of it. But not before he had tried eight times did he succeed, the same causes conspiring against him as the others—bad weather, lack of time, scarcity of companions and difficulties with guides. Not until July, 1864, did he at last stand upon the summit of the famous mountain, but he bought his success, as the sequel will show, at a terrible price. The cost of such a feat is seldom made up for by the fleeting gratification.

In common with most of the explorers, Mr. Whymper made his earlier attempts upon the south-western side, the one facing Breuil, in the Val Tournanche. In the first of these endeavors, he and his guide passed the night among the cowherds in their sheds, on the highest slopes of the valley, not far from the base of the Glacier du Lion. At seven o'clock, they made a start and soon reached the glacier, treading over the hard beds of old snow, until crevasses became so frequent and large as to interfere with their progress. Thence they turned to the rocks of the Tête du Lion, which overlooks the glacier on the west. Some scrambling brought them to a great natural staircase, up which it was comparatively easy to climb, and soon they reached the hard, narrow, icy ridge of the Col du Lion. Here they decided to spend the night, but, as the illustration shows, it is a dangerous place. On one side a sheer wall overhangs the Tiefenmatten glacier, on the other, steep, glassy slopes of hard snow descend to the Glacier du Lion. Throw a bottle down the Tiefenmatten—no sound returns for more than a dozen seconds.

"How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."

On the north rise the great cliffs of the Matterhorn, on the south the overhanging ledges of the Tête du Lion,

The night spent upon the Col was so cold that water froze under their heads. About midnight there came from on high a tremendous explosion, followed by a second of dead quiet. A great mass of rock had split off and was rapidly descending toward them. On it came, mass after mass, pouring over precipices, bounding and rebounding from cliff to cliff, the great rocks in advance smiting one another. Fragments from time to time dropped upon the tourist and his guide, and added to their alarm. The bulk of the rock-shower, however, was probably distant. In addition to precipices and pitfalls, cold and storms, these avalanches of snow, of ice or of stones, are among the most terrific dangers of mountaineering.

At daybreak, Mr. Whymper and his guide commenced the ascent of the south-west ridge. This

part of the climbing he considered the easiest, and he describes it as follows: "The rocks were fast and unencumbered with débris, the cracks were good, although not numerous, and there was nothing to fear except from one's self. So," he continues, "we thought, at least, and shouted to

Tête du Lion, and nothing except the Dent d'Herens, whose summit is still a thousand feet above us, stands in the way; the ranges of the Graian Alps, an ocean of mountains, are seen at a glance, governed by their three great peaks, the Grivola, Grand Paradis and Tour de St. Pierre-



A PERILOUS DESCENT.

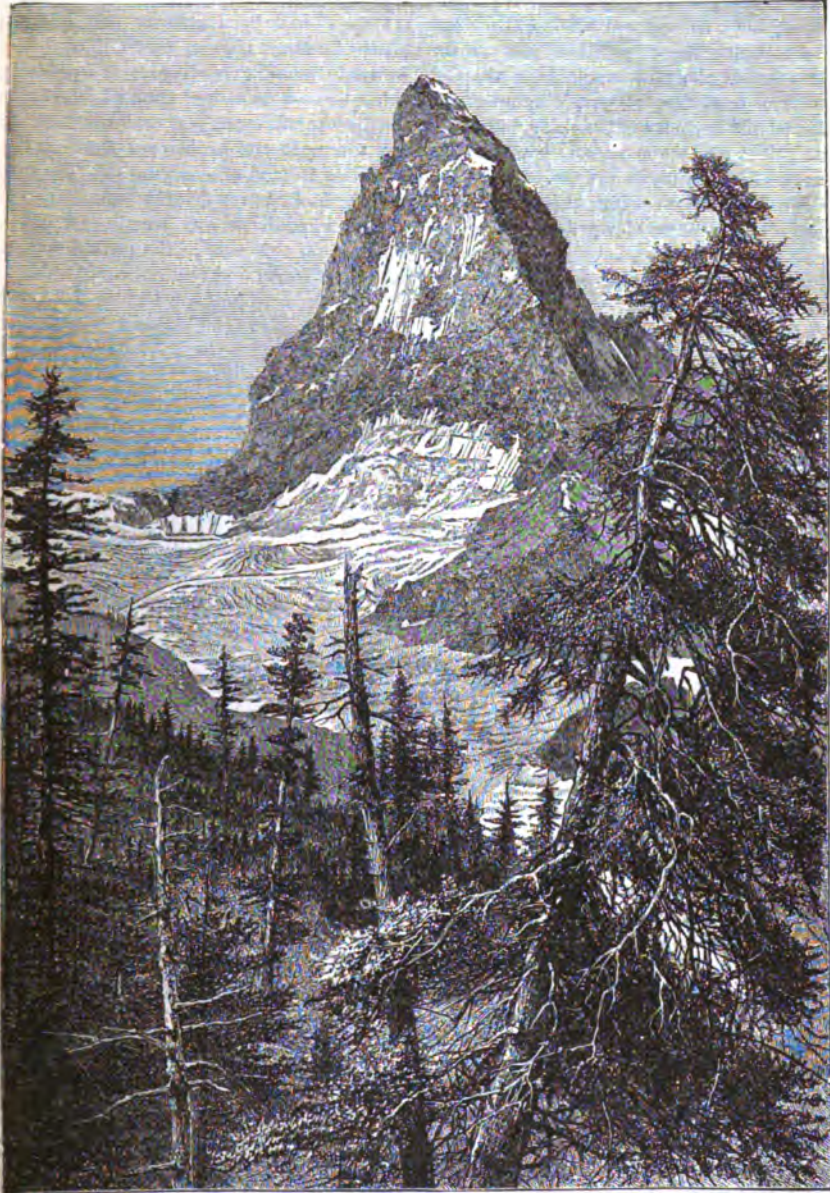
awake echoes from the cliffs. Ah! there is no response. Not yet; wait awhile—everything here is upon a superlative scale; count a dozen, and then the echoes will return from the walls of the Dent d'Herens, miles away, in waves of pure and undefiled sound, soft, musical and sweet. Halt a moment to regard the view! We overlook the

How soft, and yet how sharp, they look in the early morning! The midday mists have not begun to rise—nothing is obscured, even the pointed Viso, all but a hundred miles away, is perfectly defined.

"Turn to the east and watch the sun's slanting rays coming across the Monte Rosa snow-fields.

Look at the shadowed parts and see how even they, radiant with reflected light, are more brilliant than man knows how to depict. See how, even there, the gentle undulations give shadows within shadows, and how, yet again, where falling

crevasse, and the waves of drifted snow, producing each minute more lights and fresh shadows, sparkling on the edges and glittering on the ends of the icicles, shining on the heights and illuminating the depths, until all is aglow and the



THE MATTERHORN FROM THE RIFFELBERG.

stones or ice have left a track, there are shadows upon shadows, each with a light and a dark side, with infinite gradations of matchless tenderness. Then note the sunlight as it steals noiselessly along and reveals countless unsuspected forms—the delicate ripple-lines which mark the concealed

dazzled eye returns for relief to the sombre crags."

In less than an hour after leaving the Col, they reached the "Chimney," formed of a smooth, straight slab of rock fixed at a considerable angle between two others equally smooth. Mr. Whym-

per got up it unassisted, but the guide refused to go any further. It was useless for one man to go on alone, so the expedition had to be abandoned.

In the years immediately succeeding, Mr. Whymper made seven more attempts. The first time he was accompanied by Mr. Macdonald and three guides; but a snow-storm arising, these last refused to continue the expedition, just as the party had reached the cliff overlooking the Col du Lion. The next day, Messrs. Whymper and Macdonald passed beyond the Chimney, but there one of the guides was taken ill, and it was necessary to carry him back to the village.

Again Mr. Whymper set out, this time *alone*.

He reached a height more elevated than any one had ever attained, at a remarkable streak of snow, called the Cravate, running across the mountain at an altitude of thirteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea. Still, it seemed imprudent for him to aim for the summit of the mountain without a companion, and he proceeded to descend. On his downward way, he slipped over a precipice, and had a severe fall, barely escaping with his life. Soon after, with two guides, he again made an attempt, and passed beyond the Great Tower, which stands twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-two feet above the sea, four hundred and forty-two feet higher than the Chimney. Heavy mists arose at the time, and again the guides declined to go on. Still, Mr. Whymper did not despair, and the next day he started again with one man, upon whom he thought he could rely; but, though this time he made his highest point so far, he found difficulties insurmountable by two alone. The next time he took five guides, but was again defeated by heavy storms. Meanwhile, Professor Tyndall had been making attempts in the same direction; in the first of these, he reached a point elevated about thirteen thousand feet; in the second, thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventy feet, or, as he says, *within a stone's throw of the summit*. Even when so great an authority as Tyndall had declared ascent to the top impossible, although he had been in sight of it, Whymper was not discouraged. But he had been thinking of a new route, namely, by the way of the eastern face, which appeared from below, one sheer, smooth, almost perpendicular cliff.

When one looks at the Matterhorn from Zermatt, the mountain is regarded (nearly) from the north-east. The face that fronts the east is consequently neither seen in profile nor in full front, but almost half way between the two; it looks, therefore, more steep than it really is. The majority of those who visit Zermatt go up to the Riffelberg, or to the Görnegrat, and from these places the mountain naturally looks still more precipitous, because its eastern face, which is almost all that is seen of it, is viewed more directly in front. Comparatively few persons correct the

erroneous impressions they receive by seeing the face from this point of view.

Mr. Whymper, however, noticed that there were places on this eastern face where snow remained permanently. Such beds as these, he argued, could not remain through summer unless the snow had been able to accumulate in the winter in large masses, which it could not do at an angle much exceeding forty-five degrees, or unless there were ledges upon which it could rest. He discovered, moreover, that the rock-strata on this side were the opposite of those on the other, retreating instead of overhanging. The mountain, indeed, looked repulsively smooth; still, his seventh expedition was terminated not by any difficulty on this side of the peak, but by the old troubles of storm and obstinacy of guides.

On the morning of the 13th of July, 1865, Mr. Whymper made his eighth and successful attempt. This time he had no lack of companions. He was accompanied by three Englishmen—Lord F. Douglas, Messrs. Hudson and Hadow—and three guides. The whole way upward was so easy that they proceeded quite leisurely, and were astonished to find that places which from Riffelburg looked entirely impracticable, were so far from it that they could run about. At a height of fourteen thousand feet, they arrived at a perpendicular cliff, and could no longer continue on the eastern side, and passed over to the northern side. Their chief difficulties now were the steepness of the way and the accumulations of ice. Still they had reached a point higher than had yet been made, so they had every encouragement to move on toward the summit. Besides, the faithless guides had organized an independent party, and Mr. Whymper and his friends had reason to fear that the others might outstrip them by the old route. But on the 15th of July, 1865, they reached the summit, and found the snow untrodden. They had conquered! The Matterhorn was won!

They soon had their flag flying, and then shouted to the other party, whom they could see like mere specks an immense distance below them. The company of guides, hearing the sounds, were struck with terror, and turned and fled, believing that the old traditions were true—there *were* spirits on the mountain. They reached the valley with a gloomy story to tell. Meanwhile, towns and cities for miles around had seen the standard on the top of the peak.

The view is described as being grand, with, however, the one drawback of being confused, on account of the multiplicity of objects and the immense distances. The atmosphere was perfectly still and free from all clouds and vapors. Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off, looked sharp and near. All their details—ridge and gap, snow and glacier—were faultless. Not one of the principal peaks of the Alps was hidden.

First came the Dent Blanche, hoary and grand; the Gabelhorn and pointed Rothhorn, and then the peerless Weisshorn; the towering Mischabelhörner, flanked by the Allaleinhorn, Strahlhorn and Rimpfischhorn; then Monte Rosa, the Lyskanom and the Breithorn. Behind were the Bernese Oberland, governed by the Finsteraarhorn, the Simplon and the St. Gothard groups, the Disgrazia and the Orteler. Toward the south appeared Chivasso on the plain of Piedmont, and far beyond. The Viso, one hundred miles away, seemed very close; the Maritime Alps, one hundred and thirty miles distant, were free from haze. Then came the Pelvoux; the Ecrins and Meije; the clusters of the Graians; and lastly, in the west,

After remaining so high for one hour, the party prepared to descend. Mr. Whymper was seated apart sketching, while the others were being roped together by the guides, he intending to join them in a moment or two. Then it was remembered that their names had not been placed in a bottle and left by the flag. This Mr. Whymper and one of the guides remained behind to do, while the others started on. As they were descending the difficult part, Lord Douglas, who immediately preceded the guide who went before Whymper, asked to be tied to these two last, as he was to those who went before him. Not long after, Mr. Hadow slipped and fell, overturning with him Croz, the guide who was assisting him. They, in



THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN IN 1865—NORTHERN END.

gorgeous in the full sunlight, rose the monarch of all—Mont Blanc. Ten thousand feet beneath were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side, were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy, and meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines; bold, perpendicular cliffs and gentle, undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones and spires. There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire.

turn, dislodged Mr. Hudson and Lord F. Douglas. All four shot forward, making frantic efforts to save themselves, when the rope between them and the guide and Mr. Whymper, who were alone, broke right off. After this, it was impossible to help the unfortunate men. They passed one by one over the precipice, and fell, a distance of four thousand feet, upon the Matterhorn glacier below. Such was the tragic ending of the day's efforts. Of a party of seven, there returned but three.

For half an hour these three were unable to move, the two guides trembling and crying like infants. At length, terrified at every step, they made some progress, slowly nearing the safer parts of the way. No traces of their unfortunate companions could be seen, and they continued their descent. Suddenly a mighty arch appeared, rising

above the Lyskamne high into the sky. Pale, colorless and noiseless, but perfectly sharp and defined, except where it was lost in the clouds, this unearthly apparition seemed like a vision

On the 19th of July, the bodies of Hudson and Hadow were recovered, and interred in the little churchyard at Zermatt. That of Croz was also found, and laid near them. But the remains of



FOG-BOW SEEN FROM THE MATTERHORN ON JULY 14TH, 1865.

from another world, and, almost appalled, they watched with amazement the gradual development of two vast crosses, one on either side. It was a fearful and wonderful sight, and, coming at such a moment, was impressive beyond description.

Lord Douglas have never been discovered, only a glove and a belt reached the surface of the glacier, the body probably having been arrested upon the rocks above.

Thus the Matterhorn, invincible for centuries,

was conquered at last. But it seemed to take terrible vengeance upon its captors for presuming to tread upon its sacred heights. The memory of its first ascent is a solemn and a tragic one. Yet it is not unlikely that we shall hear of more who have paid for empty glory with their lives. H.

ART MINISTRIES.

LEIGH HUNT tells us, "Beauty is nothing but the loveliest form of pleasure." In how many subtle, beautiful shapes, then, do the sister arts bring their embodiments of pleasure into our matter-of-fact, work-a-day world! How they multiply our enjoyments, refine and idealize our employments, investing life's prosiest details with a glamour of enchantment, smoothing rough places, softening hardness, filling dreary solitude with breathing shapes, giving speech to silence, and bringing soft harmony from the echoes of earth's harshest discords! In their God-appointed work they extend hands of greeting to all, gathering in their true embrace all who will accept their pleasant ministrations. In their hands, joy finds a purer expression, a deeper, broader range; sorrow, soothed by their sweet revelations, is scarcely sorrow, it grows to be a tearful luxury.

Like the blessings of sun, air and dews, their influence is wide-spread and universal. From the dainty connoisseur, whose artistic perceptions drink in life from the bits of canvas made immortal by the genius of a Rembrandt, a Titian or a Meissonier, whose ear catches with delight the rolling chords of a Mendelssohn or a Handel, and whose soul rises on the cadences of the grand word-harmonies of a Milton, a Shakespeare or a Spenser, down to the sturdy washerwoman, who paps her shanty with gay pictorials, "because they do be so comfortable to look at," and who sees unearthly beauty in her flaring print of the virgin, each heart has its own ideal world, into which these gracious ministers of all that is fair are working their way unobtrusively, persuasively, asking no elaborate reception, no costly entertainment, only stipulating that the place be garnished and made a fit dwelling-place for the pure visitants!

When they have established their altars, what fragrant incense arises—what harmony and beauty wait upon their worship! Poesy calls up her rare imagery, rare shadows almost tangible and embodied; painting robes the fair forms in vestments gathered from the rich store-houses of earth, air and skies; music, Tygmalion-like, breathes into them a soul-life! Ah, existence is sweet under such influences!

O earth's tired ones, think! If life is vexatious, and you are over-weary of it; if real, tangible riches are gone, and your wealth all lies of necessity in the land of the "shadowy and the un-

known," then, like kind, ministering spirits to your tired soul, the sister arts come, with all their lovely, loving offices, speaking in winning tones to eye, ear and heart of a wealth, fabulous but imperishable, that may be yours only for the grace of acceptance; placing within your reach a sorcerer's wand that will for you annihilate time, place and circumstance, transmit all base metals into pure gold for your use. It will create for you from a few feet of canvas and a palette of colors, a pen with a drop of ink at the point, or a sweep of light fingers over the waiting strings of an instrument, a City of Refuge, a place fair and impregnable, its fair proportions shining in fancy's light, its chimes sounding in your ear a sweet melody, lulling your heart into a glad content, far beyond the reach of the disturbing sound of the rude jangling of earth's bells rung out of tune!

MRS. LUCY MARIAN BLINN.

SOMETIME.

CHILDHOOD'S dreams! those beautiful dreams—

Echoes of long ago;
Voiceless visitants, trooping in
With stately step and slow;
Heroes and lovers—the grand ideals
Pictured in innocent rhyme;
Castles so grand that stood in the land
Of sweet and charmed "Sometime."

Oh, the witching air of that land so fair!
E'en the veil of time scarce hides
Where hope's bright wing is hovering,
And the bliss we covet bides.
To-day may ring with tireless hand
Joy's purest, richest chime;
But, oh, we long for a grander song
In the realm of glad "Sometime."

Who that has lived, and loved, and fought
The battle of life with a will,
But can see by the way some landmark lay
Where hopes lie buried still?
With a sigh and tear o'er the lowly bier,
We hasten on to the shrine
Where every soul may its burden roll,
In the fairy land "Sometime."

But what are a few dark, weary days?
What matter our buried joys?
When we stand at last on the verge of time
They will seem like useless toys:
For hope still beckons and points beyond
To a glorious, golden clime;
Listening and longing, we seem to hear
The sweet refrain "Sometime."

EULA LEE.

A GIRL'S HERO.

I BELIEVE they christened her Daffodil—whether because she came in the month of daffodils, or because of the pale gold of her hair, I am not sure. But she had lost long ago the first petals of her flowery name, and was known only as Dilly—Dilly Day—or, if that was not sufficiently descriptive and explanatory, Deacon Day's pretty daughter. Not pretty after the type of novel heroines exactly, for the inventory of her charms would make no such glowing paragraph as the charms of novel heroines do.

A simple country girl, with pure, healthful complexion, clean, abundant hair, perfect teeth, sweet breath, features by no means faultless, but capable of expressing the varied emotions of her soul, and a form of medium height, not at all fairy or sylph-like, not at all stately or statuesque, but firm, plump, robust—in fact, a trifle inclined to stoutness, a quality which Dilly did not recollect ever to have seen set down in the catalogue of attractions belonging to her beloved heroines of story world, and therefore not quite pleasing to her artistic sense of grace and beauty, though her very liberal share of that other rarer sense, misnamed common sense, had not suffered her to resort to any desperate measures in the case, and nature ran her own sweet, willful way.

But if Dilly was not herself one of the superlatively beautiful and miraculously gifted creatures that dazzled her young imagination, she was perfectly assured that she should encounter her "fate"—fond word during the impressible age of sentiment—in one of those kingly heroes with princely patronymic that move so magnificently in the high-colored, thunder-charged atmosphere of romance, and she kept always a vague outlook for his coming, not at all staggered by the fact that she had never seen—no, nor met with one who had ever seen—anything in the image or likeness of such a being in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. He was very real to her; she lived much with him in thought, and never doubted that, by some subtle instinct of her heart, she should recognize him at the first instant of meeting. Tall, dark, with a lofty brow; deep, soul-thrilling eyes; a rare, sweet, melancholy smile beaming only for her; a somewhat haughty and dominant bearing in respect to others, but soft, yielding, gracious and tenderly protective toward herself. Ah, he was very clear to her inner sight. She should know him instantaneously, even as he would know her, in that blessed moment which, soon or late, must bring them face to face. And, I suppose, she never hailed the morning but with a thrill of wonder as to what the day might bring forth, and the vague expectancy of those who watch, not knowing at what hour the Master cometh. Her

lamp was always trimmed and burning, and she held herself in sweet readiness to greet the hastening bridegroom.

It was, then, with some brooding thought of his possible nearness, that, having concluded her simple duties in the deacon's well-ordered household, she set forth one balmy June evening for a quiet ramble through the golden-green fields shining in the soft, clear sunset, and sweet with the breath of clover and the vespers of rejoicing birds.

Very charming, indeed, looked she in her pale, pink cambric, with the daintiest of white ruffled aprons, her yellow fall of hair caught loosely in a silken net, her straw hat swung by its black ribbon from her arm, and in her plump, fair hand, which the saucy sun had lately dashed with two or three dainty beauty-spots, profanely called freckles, a tiny edition of some favored poet—Tennyson, perhaps, certainly not Watts.

She was thinking a little discontentedly, as she went out through the orchard bars into the broad, upland pasture, agleam with the gold of buttercups, that there was no chance in her prosaic life for the slightest adventure, no possibility of falling into any imminent danger from which her unseen hero, in the very nick of time, might rush to rescue her after the manner of novel heroes.

But then—ah, then! An artist with sketch-book under his arm might suddenly cross her path! An author seeking recreation in balmy country ways might stroll meditatively near!

She paused to picture to herself the possible results of such a meeting, unheeding in her abstraction the heavy thud of quite other feet than those of which she was dreaming, until their close approach, and the sound of labored breathing, broke the spell of her reverie, and turning quickly about she saw coming toward her, at hot speed, a vicious cow, with rolling eyes and lowered horns, betokening unmistakably malicious intent.

You will please mark that it was only a cow. Heroines without number have aforesaid been chased by mad bulls; but here was neither heroine nor bull.

With a feminine shriek of terror, Dilly bounded forward, her eyes fixed desperately on a distant stone wall, which seemed her only hope of salvation. But the sudden fright had deprived her of her usual vigorous strength, and like one in a nightmare she struggled in vain to reach the goal, her almost paralyzed limbs refusing to obey her will, and she had accomplished but a few paces when she sank panting to the ground; and overcome with horror as the animal's hot breath swept over her face, she, for the first time in her life, fainted dead away.

Her next conscious thought—which, indeed, was scarcely conscious—was, that she had just swam the river Styx, and struggled upon the

shore; that she heard upon the other side the dog Cerberus barking out of his three heads at a horrid, hundred-horned monster with distended, red eyeballs; and then that Aquarius had rushed up with his water-pot, and was deluging her with its contents, while she gasped and struggled for breath.

Presently this nether world chaos resolved itself into every-day elements, and Cerberus was Saul Browne's shepherd dog in full chase of her late pursuer, and Aquarius was Saul Browne himself in gray working-blouse, standing over her with his new straw hat dripping from its recent desperate plunge in a neighboring water-trough.

He was a cool-blooded fellow, in the main, this clear-eyed, bronze-cheeked, full-chested young Hercules; but he had never before chanced to have a fainting damsel on his hands, and he was not quite certain what he ought to do in the case, until the gurgle of the watercourse suggested an expedient, and hastily improvising a cup from his hat—though very like a sieve—he succeeded, by dint of perseverance, in accomplishing the desired result. At least he supposed that he had accomplished it, and no one could have deprived him of the pleasant delusion, when the resuscitated young lady sat up, and rubbing the water out of her azure eyes, looked about her with a bewildered air.

"Oh, that horrid brute!" she exclaimed, as a realizing sense of the situation broke upon her.

"Yes, it was lucky that we were so near, Train and I," responded the stalwart Saul, assisting her to rise, and conducting her to a seat on a low, shelving rock, which he, singularly, seemed to consider a better support than his arm.

"Good-day, old fellow!" he said, patting the shaggy head of his pet, as, having chased his game a quarter of a mile away, he rushed back for the commendation so dear to his canine heart.

Dilly reached out her hand to add her share of compliment.

"Really," she said, with a grateful, upward glance at the master, "I don't know to which I owe the larger debt of thanks—to you or Train."

"Oh, to Train, by all odds," was the quick response. "In fact, being busy with my corn cultivation in the adjoining field, I don't know as I should have seen your desperate strait if Train had not called my attention, and begged leave to run to your assistance. 'You're right, Train, go,' I said, and your enemy presently found an attacking instead of a retreating party to deal with."

"I'm sure I cannot be sufficiently grateful for such gallant defense," Dilly murmured, still caressing the triumphant Train under Saul's indulgent gaze.

"Well, it wouldn't be pleasant to be gored by a beast like that, certainly," he said, coolly. "And now rest here a little, and I think you will feel able to resume your walk. I will leave Train to

guard you. I see Whitefoot is laying back impatient ears because I don't return to my plow."

Dilly felt just a trifle vexed. Was Whitefoot's impatience of so much more consequence than her timidity and weakness? After all, it was only Saul Browne. What did she care? She had known him from childhood, though he had been away for years, only recently returning to take charge of the handsome estate left, on the death of his father, under heavy incumbrances which he was working diligently to remove.

This was the first time Dilly had chanced to speak with him since he came home; the first time she had thought of him, in fact; and somehow, though she wouldn't have admitted it, she was a good deal shaken by the encounter, and Saul's strong, decided face, which had no weak, uncertain lines, rose very often before her vision during the next twenty-four hours.

The evening following, remembering how remiss she had been in neighborly courtesy to Widow Browne, she walked over to make a friendly call. Saul was in, his working-blouse exchanged for gentlemanly apparel, and himself very deeply engaged in the study of some scientific book, which, however, he immediately laid aside to give his undivided attention to his mother's young guest.

Dilly was really quite struck by his ready conversational talent, and the remarkable force and beauty of his ideas, and under the fascinating spell of the pleasant talk she did not mark the rapid flight of time until the soft fall of the summer darkness brought to mind the half mile she had yet to walk, and she rose with excuses and hasty adieus.

But Saul, with hat in hand, stood ready to attend her, proffering his arm with all the ease and grace of her fancied hero—only, Dilly thought with a sigh, he was no hero at all, but just simply Saul Browne, a common farmer.

A pity, a thousand pities, she mused, for really, he had talent for a higher calling, though she had never thought of it before. And with the idea of inciting him to a loftier ambition, taking much credit to herself for such laudable motives, she said to him as they walked slowly toward the deacon's thrifty home: "I am surprised, Saul, that you don't choose a learned profession instead of sitting tamely down to the humdrum life of a farmer."

"Ah!" spoke he, with soft, lingering intonation. "And what profession would you recommend?"

"Why," said Dilly, thoughtfully, "you have the ability I'm sure to make a good lawyer."

"Really! But I think I can do better," returned Saul, with pride. "Deal so justly, and live in such fraternal relations with men that, so far as the sphere of my influence extends, there shall be no work for lawyers."

"And what do you say to medicine? A physician can do much good," Dilly suggested.

"I believe I can do even better, if you will excuse me for saying so," responded this evidently self-assured young man. "I need no diploma to practice the laws of health, and my example may help to enforce a truth which meets with but slow acceptance, that, with right habits of living there is no more use for doctors than for lawyers."

"Divinity, then," said Dilly, timidly. "That, surely, you must consider a study worthy of you."

Saul threw back his shoulders, casting his clear, gray eyes an instant upward.

"I bless God there are more ways of studying divinity than are taught in the schools," he answered, reverently. "But I would be a doer rather than a preacher of faith and good works. And if each of us would live according to our light, it would pulse higher, shine brighter, and the world would straightway flame from east to west with a refulgence of glory that all the masters of divinity could not kindle if they preached till the crack of doom."

"You might make authorship your profession, perhaps, and immortalize these peculiar ideas of yours," Dilly further insisted.

Saul smiled. "One may be an author if he have something to say worthy of attention," he replied, "but the man who makes authorship a profession is very likely, from the necessities of the case, to say a great deal that is just as well, or better, left unsaid. Very few are called to that high office, and the best of these, perhaps, do not live by their calling. No, little girl, it is much better to act well an humble part than to aspire to one we cannot adequately fill. Besides, I will not acknowledge my work, if worthily performed, one whit less deserving your respect and admiration than the 'learned professions' which you urge upon me, nor can I admit that it will not contribute just as much to my own elevation and the good of society. Character is of vastly more importance than employments. These are dignified or degraded by the spirit a man brings to them. An old truism, to be sure, but it bears repetition. I may write a braver sermon and a grander poem in my corn-fields this summer than I could ever get upon paper, and, I doubt not that humanity will be infinitely more blessed by my efforts than if I had attempted a more ambitious strain."

They had reached the gate that led up to the deacon's door, and the last words were spoken in the dim, sweet shadow of the locust that stretched its white blossoming boughs above their heads.

Dilly softly withdrew her hand from Saul's arm and held it out to him in parting. She had meant, in kindly encouragement, thinking how much she might benefit him, to ask him, with the least bit of condescension, to call on her some day,

but she was feeling just now as if the help might lie on the other side, and she said, very humbly, with even a little thrill of appeal: "Come to see me, sometimes, Saul, and we will talk more of these matters."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," he responded, with a very certain pressure of the hand he was about to release.

And he came, somewhat rarely at first, but with growing frequency dropping in unceremoniously at odd, unexpected hours, always with some strong, uplifting word, or suggestion of homely, practical wisdom that went straight to Dilly's soul, rousing and stirring her to new impulse and action. Life, the plain, prosy, humdrum, matter-of-fact, everyday life, that she had regarded as a state simply to be endured until she could escape it, began now to assume a new, strange, thrilling interest, and she took hold of its humble duties with a reverent and rejoicing spirit, setting herself eagerly at tasks which she had once looked upon as so far beneath her dignity that she had only performed them from a kind of outward compulsion, and with un concealed disdain, seeing no beauty at all in things so low and common.

And curiously, as she grew in this rare grace, she thought less and less about that marvelous superhuman being whose magnificent posturing on the stage of her future, seen vaguely through its awaying, shadowy curtains, had furnished her with much fanciful if not useful diversion; and she recalled, with a flush of shame, the precious hours she had squandered in idle dreams, picturing with minuteness the events which could never be realized, which, indeed, she now could not even wish realized. For, into the place of this wonderful, Protean figment of her imagination had slipped a warm, vital, living presence, certain and satisfying, with a personality which she blushingly recognized as belonging to Saul Browne, who had become her morning and evening thought, filling her life and absorbing her worship with the godly virtues of her ideal knight; for, mark you, the maiden will have her hero though she make him out of the commonest clay—what he lacks, her loving fancy readily supplying.

All the time, I suppose, this cool, calm, self-possessed, but modest and unassuming young man knew perfectly well what progress he was making in the affections of the shy, reticent, but entirely transparent young woman, though you would not have guessed it from his manner, which betrayed no consciousness of his dominion.

The months slipped away into those pale, dreary, ethereal days that seem like the chastened and purified spirit of summer come back to the old haunts, bringing divine airs with her.

Saul's poem of "The Corn-field" was nearly completed. The huskers were making mournful music among its dry stalks on the rare October

day when, athirst for the winy air, Dilly thought of some dainty mosses she must have for decorative purposes, and, with basket on her arm, set forth across the upland pasture, where, in the sweet June weather, she had met with the bovine adventure already recorded.

Train, from his dreamy outlook on the sunny knoll in the corn-field, saw her as she came into view, an l scenting, with keen delight, the prospect of such a tramp as his dogship dearly loved, bounded away at full speed to join her, meeting with the gracious welcome and the approving "good dog. Train," on which he confidently counted. At the same time Saul, pausing in his work, as was his habit, to fling back his shoulders and feast his eyes a moment on the landscape, found his roving gaze arrested by the loveliest feature in it—loveliest, at least, to him—and a sudden impulse seized him to hallow that day above all others by an acknowledgment of his love—an impulse which, I am happy to say, he did not resist, for telling one's love is like writing a poem, one must be in the mood for it to make satisfactory work. In a moment he had leaped the fence, gained Dilly's side, taken her basket upon one arm and drawn her hand closely within the other, looking down at her with eyes which struck to her soul a prescience of the confession that, at last, must come, and she paled, and flushed, and trembled, not daring to meet again that fixed, tender, absorbing gaze. They walked on a space in silence—a silence more eloquent than any speech, their hearts thrilling with a consciousness of the sweet secret which they are certainly in very much less haste than I to tell and have done with before the dinner summons sounds.

"Dilly, darling," spoke Saul, at length, when they had gained the summit of the hill—and of their bliss—and the shimmering, golden world rolled away in clouds of splendor at their feet—"Dilly, darling—life is so beautiful—I pray you, for love's sweet sake, let us share it always together."

I don't know what Dilly said—I don't think Saul did, but he must have been satisfied judging by the beatitude expressed in his face as he seated his darling on a moss-grown stone, and placed himself at her side in a rapture of happiness he was wise to make the most of, and prolong as he might, for the like might never come to him again in mortal life.

Poor Train did not understand it at all. The visions of chattering, discomfited squirrels which had been swimming intoxicatingly before his vision were suddenly scattered, but with the meek patience and resignation, for which a dog gets no praise, he laid himself down with a sigh, dropping his nose between his paws, and lifting his eyes in dumb trustfulness to those dear human faces transfigured with a joy so far beyond his canine comprehension

that it vaguely disquieted and saddened him, though, after all, it was only another of those perplexing mysteries that forever baffled his poor, dull brain.

We shall have to leave them up there on their exalted height, we haven't time to get them down. Certainly, they will get down soon enough to the common world again, and find trials and petty vexations sufficient to balance the brief transport in which we are happy to leave them.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

CINQUE-FOIL.

WRITTEN UPON FINDING A FIVE-LEAVED CLOVER.

O FIVE-LEAVED clover, thou dost bear
Upon thy stem so slender,
Surprise more welcome just because
So innocently tender.
No blaze of beauty marvelous
Flashed up in saucy greeting,
For such a look a child might give
Some downward gaze up meeting.

A tiny thing so coy and shy
From out thy green nest peeping;
Where cradled 'mid the grasses soft
So long thou hast been sleeping.
Ah! could'st thou know the yearning heart
That this delight should measure;
The eager fingers that should grasp
This unexpected treasure?

Say, did some fairy's touch give thee
This added leaf adorning,
So that to me thou mightest bring
"Good luck," this gladsome morning?
If that be true, I pray the sprite
(Of human kind a lover)
May ever, as a fit reward,
Dwell in the midst of clover!

How like a mother, Nature hides
Her secrets from our prying,
That she may give some sweet surprise
When life proves sorely trying;
And though at times, ungratefully,
We take her gifts, not heeding,
She keeps the choicest ones until
Their help we most are needing.

O five-fold leaflet! thou shalt be
A constant true reminder;
That, who for good in patience seeks,
Shall ever be the finder;
And that a love beyond our ken
O'er dainty forms is keeping
A faithful watch, lest rude eyes spy
The works where they are sleeping.

RUTH ARGYLE.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been."

INSTINCTIVELY Whittier's words spring to my lips as I gaze upon this beautiful picture by Mrs. Louise Jopling, of England. What an expressive face is lifted from the old letter, the dreamy eyes looking away, away, far beyond the opposite wall, of which they are unconscious.

we not constrained to ask, Are they inevitable? How far are we justified in holding a rigorous Providence responsible for these soul-failures? Surely, when we see a noble tree blasted and blackened by lightning, we do not say that *this* was the end for which it was created—that waving leaves, and fragrant flowers, and blushing fruit were not intended as part of its development and perfection.

But, of lives stricken and destroyed, what do



Every heart must respond to the wordless story here told; though one cannot fail, also, to observe the exquisite grace of the figure and the artistic arrangement of all the details.

Ah, we all know how real these heart-histories are! How much of grief and devastation can exist, with scarce an outward sign; how much of sorrow and anguish are among us, of which words can never be spoken.

But when we try and consider these things calmly, apart from any feeling in the matter, are

we say? Do we not oftentimes talk glibly, as though we believed in a blind fate—or do we not scatter broadcast stale platitudes about the Lord's will, just as if we had previously been taken into the Divine confidence? No,

"Not all the preaching since Adam,
Has made death other than death,"

whether that death be of bodies or souls, of silent tombs or living sepulchres.

So, I think, we may be safe in saying that a large proportion of these sorrowful destinies are,

like other afflictions, in being the consequence of broken law, whether or not that law be willfully or ignorantly transgressed. No doubt many cases may be referred to causes for which no human being, seemingly, can be held responsible; yet, in how many could one point to false pride, or wounded vanity, or inordinate ambition, to say nothing of outside interference, well or ill-intentioned, as factors of the calamitous result? Certainly we may well believe that if people lived simply, purely, earnestly, and were always true to their own hearts, they would very seldom work ill to themselves or their neighbors.

Well, these mysteries, as all others, we must leave, assured that we shall understand them hereafter. "For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known." M. B. H.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MAKE IT BETTER?"

"I BELIEVE the world is growing worse every day!" exclaimed Carlos Andrews, as he impatiently threw aside the daily paper, filled to repletion with its record of crimes.

"What are you doing to make it better?"

The question was put so abruptly, although kindly, that the young man gave a quick, surprised glance at the placid face of the speaker, who returned his gaze with a smile wholly sweet, yet earnest withal.

"I hardly think missionary work is my forte, auntie mine," he replied, with an answering smile. "I have the greatest respect for a certain home missionary I am intimately acquainted with, and who has been not only aunt, but mother, too, to her scapegrace nephew."

"I think, by taking a broader sense of the word, you will admit you, too, are a missionary of good or evil, and that every human being is either the one or the other from the cradle to the grave."

"You have given me a new idea, but I can hardly grasp and appropriate it. I do not feel I have any particular work to do in making the world better or worse."

"If you make one person, out of the many who form what we call the world, better, is not that something?"

"Certainly; but I doubt my power or ability to do even that."

"Ah, my boy, that one person I am thinking of is yourself. You cannot escape the fearful responsibility of making good or evil the life God has given you to perfect. Your first duty to the world to make it better is to grow better yourself each day. There is no rest for the soul; it must either advance toward the good or fall back gradually toward the evil. What the world will be in fifty years from to-day is what it will be made by

you and the young men and young girls of this day."

"But it seems to me, aunt, your little sermon—which, believe me, I appreciate—has for its text, 'be good,' instead of 'be good and do good,' as my old copy-book used to say. You wish the world to reform by each individual member of it reforming; and, as I understand you, scrubbing away at his own moral nature till it is immaculate, without ever offering to help any rheumatic old sinner scour up his tarnished breastplate."

An amused smile played over the fine face of the lady; but she replied: "You give me 'be good' as my text, as it certainly is, but, as you explain it, means merely seem good. 'Be good' and 'do good' are to me synonymous terms. I do not define goodness as a selfishly passive state of mind or a bundle of correct theological theories. Goodness means to me love to God and love to man, and there can be no love without expression of it by words or deeds. Every step one advances in the path of goodness is the result of that love, and we never help ourselves so much as when we help a brother. It is almost appalling to think of the power for good or evil one life even possesses, and of the far-reaching effort a simple deed or word may have for weal or woe upon ourselves or others."

"Your words make life seem to me a difficult problem," said the young man, thoughtfully.

"How did you solve those problems you encountered when attending school?"

"I had to work on them, and, by my teacher's assistance and the rules given by which to perform them, I used to obtain the correct solution."

"And the problem of life you must solve in the same way, my dear boy—by your own earnest endeavors, aided by the great Teacher and His divine rules given so plainly in His book."

"Dear aunt, I will try to be a faithful scholar in His great school; and you have given me some new ideas that I shall not soon forget. I am sure I appreciate the beauty of the character you are describing to me every day by your own Christian life, and I cannot but desire it for myself."

ALMA L. ROCKWOOD.

A PURE child, like a ray of sunshine, can go almost anywhere without contracting taint. Though a choice of associations is essential to wholesome development, yet a normal and healthful child may come in contact with a great deal of roughness and vice without being injured by it. This can only be, however, when the child carries with it continually the atmosphere of a pure, elevated, Christian home. The intuitions of a child thus nurtured will make it shrink from the taint of vice.

You cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer and forge yourself one.

CLOVER.

CHAPTER I.

SHE was one of those busy, punctual little creatures who flit past your window day by day on their way to some regular business post. Perhaps you look up from your warm breakfast and remark: "There goes that young person as sure as clock-work! I am confident I could set my watch by her." Perhaps you wonder ere you return to your coffee whence the said young person comes, whither she goes, and what manner of history pertaineth to her; as a rule, however, you regard the passer-by with utter indifference, as one of many with whose concerns you have nothing to do.

Heedless as to the speculations of those whose careless eyes rested so often on her slight, small figure clad in sombre mourning, Clover Searle went to and fro morn and evening between West Street, Daleford, and Daleford Junction, *en route* for the busy town of Brentham, where she was employed from ten to five. Wet or fine, in December as in June, the girl trudged the streets of the suburb, intent on catching the 9:20 up-train. The junction was more than two miles from her home, so Clover had quite enough occupation for her thoughts in performing that distance, obtaining her ticket, and getting to the top of the high staircase in the little more than half an hour which she allowed herself. Clover often wished the company issued third-class season-tickets, for the second-class annuals were beyond her pocket, and she dreaded the daily ordeal of elbowing her way to the ticket-box through hurried city men starting for Brentham, and the polite remarks of the admiring booking-clerk. Clover found it in her heart at such times to wish that she were a spectacled maiden of fifty with a "front." But her twenty years mocked such cravings, and she continued to behold in the mirror, when she tied her neat braids with black ribbon, a childish face with a very marked dimple, a face that none could fail to find very pretty indeed.

It is a sultry morning, and Miss Searle perceives the signal down for the 9:20 whilst yet she is at the bottom of Daleford Hill, so she makes a slippery rush up the path, and gains the station just as the train glides up to the platform.

"Come, you're early for once, miss," begins the clerk, pretending to withhold the ticket, but, seeing her distress, he ceases his "chaff" and Clover darts up the flight of stairs, entering a third-class carriage after the first thrill of movement has succeeded the whistle.

"Dangerous that, Miss Searle! 'Pon my word, you frightened me—you did—though it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, for you're faithful to the farther end of the train when you're in

time, and I stick to the smoking-carriage; so it's quite an agreeable novelty to enjoy your company."

Poor Clover turns round in dismay at the familiar, confidential tones; in her hurry she has entered the carriage nearest to the stairs, and behold it is a smoking-compartment, where five or six of the less gentle sex are puffing away at the

"Pernicious weed whose scent the fair annoys."

Beside her sits the very person whom she persistently avoids—Charles Ferber, her landlady's only son, who is manager at a small jeweler's in Brentham, and whose conceit and self-sufficiency are so strong that he really believes the timid-faced, blue-eyed maiden is not only pleased, but grateful to receive his patronizing attentions.

"Oh, good-morning, Mr. Ferber! Is this a smoking-carriage? I am sorry to have intruded—I—"

"Any objection to a cigar, miss?" asked a young fellow, opposite.

He has taken out his case hesitatingly, and seems to wonder at the indifference of the others to a lady's presence. He is very young indeed, and Ferber's careless tone subdue him as he answers for Clover: "She doesn't mind a weed—she's used to it. Father smokes of an evening—eh, Miss Searle?"

The color comes and goes in Clover's cheeks; she turns to the window, and tries to appear intent on the not very interesting scenery through which they are passing. She knows, however, that her father's lodgings are held at a very cheap rent, that Mrs. Ferber could let them again and again to better advantage, and that they are suffered to remain because Ferber likes their society when his day's work is done, and has a notion that the flute with which he wrestles is an elegant accompaniment to Miss Searle's pianoforte. Clover is afraid to offend Charles Ferber—she hates herself for the meanness, yet forces herself to vouchsafe an occasional monosyllable, and even something which does duty for a smile, to the young jeweler, who makes the most of this opportunity to show his companions on what good terms he stands with this beautiful girl with the unmistakable air of refinement and gentle birth.

But Clover is wondering meanwhile how it will feel to travel backward and forward to her work when Sydney, her ten-year-old school-boy brother, is old enough to accompany her. Ah, she will be getting quite an old maid by that time—quite used to a position she finds just now rather trying! She wishes she had a big brother, strong, and tender, and brave, and chivalrous, like—like—Well, there is only one memory that assists the comparison, and Clover must stifle that, or the dark blue eyes will be dewed violets indeed. Arrived at Brentham, Ferber assists his mother's

lodge from the carriage, with the remark: "Ten minutes sooner or later don't matter for me—I'll take you down the High Street, Miss. It must be lonely walking so much by yourself."

"Oh, no! I would much rather go alone," says Clover, earnestly; not for worlds would she be seen in Ferber's company, as her escort even, by the casual acquaintances she has made in a business way.

"You're confoundedly chilling, Miss; 'pon my word, it's too bad!" answers Ferber, bringing his vulgar face so close to her own that Clover murmurs something about "being late at the pottery," and hurries from the station, her heart bursting with indignation and wonder wherein she has so far forgotten herself in the past that Charles Ferber dares to behave like this.

Clover Searle, together with five other young ladies, is employed at the Dyke Pottery, Brent-ham, as a designer. Her artistic genius is real, and her execution remarkably graceful and delicate; but lack of experience has hitherto proved a difficulty to her, and her companions tell her that as she becomes accustomed to her work her receipts will equal—nay, exceed—their own. Some of them have heard Clover's designs meet with admiring appreciation from old Mr. Dyke, the representative of the firm. This gentleman's kind and charitable heart was moved when Clover came to him one morning, about a year before, in answer to his advertisement for an extra designer. Miss Coombe, who had long been employed by the pottery, was suffering from the effects of an accident, and for a time her place was vacant. Clover gave as reference the Vicar of Silverdistone, who wrote in answer to Mr. Dyke's inquiries that the Searles were well-known to him, being people of position terribly reduced in circumstances, and that Miss Searle was one who would, in any position, creditably perform her duty.

So Clover had been taken on at the pottery as a temporary *employé*; but she had given so much satisfaction that on Miss Coombe's return she was re-engaged, and she now anxiously directed her best endeavors to excellence in her vocation, to the end that in time her dear father might leave the dull lodging at Daleford, and she might earn a liberal salary from one of the large London firms who did more than Dyke & Co. in the way of *faience* and artistic pottery.

Two years before Miss Searle would have been greatly amused had any gipsy fortune-teller, scanning her pretty, white palm, have told her that she would earn her bread at a country pottery, and Sydney Searle, the handsome heir to Worcestead, would be counted lucky to attend Daleford Grammar School at the cheapest rate, as a nominee of the governor, Mr. Dyke.

Two years before Clover rode, and drove, and waltzed, and skated, and, in short, did all that

could be expected of a lovely, light-hearted girl of eighteen who had been "finished" as expensively as the comfortable parental fortune warranted. Nay, Clover did more than this; her gentle mother had trained her to be mindful of the duties no less than of the privileges of her station—indeed she taught her to call the former by the latter—and the girl's pony-chaise was as well-known in the haunts of distress and need as in the avenues of the homes of plenty. Everywhere the dimpled face was loved; and, the last drop in the cup of Clover's earthly happiness seemed added when she met Sir Francis Strachan, the owner of a neighboring seat, who had been long resident abroad tending an invalid mother. On the death of the latter the young man returned to his property; his late bereavement kept him in some measure secluded, and this fact gave all the more interest to his intercourse with the Searles, whose land adjoined his own. He was introduced to Clover at the Vicar's. She could not fail to admire his splendid height, chivalrous manner and intellectual features, nor could she withhold her girlish sympathy with his sadness and loneliness. Strachan thought at first that could he have chosen a sister he would have selected just such a blushing, tender-eyed rosebud of an English maiden; but time passed on, and fraternal ideas faded and vanished.

It was like a life-poem when these two understood what they had become to each other; and, as the weeks and months of the engagement sped by on fairy feet, the beauty of the poem seemed only enhanced into "linked sweetness, long drawn out." Clover seemed still so young to her loving parents that, though entirely satisfied with her choice and prospects in becoming Lady Strachan, they decided she must not leave them for a new home till she was twenty years old at least.

Twenty years old found the fair bride-elect in circumstances widely different. Mr. Searle was an easy-going, good-natured, thriftless man, fond of speculating in railway shares and promising stocks of various descriptions. His bailiff encouraged this tendency; and, though Mrs. Searle had no notion of the extent of these speculations, nor that Worcestead was actually mortgaged to a man with whom Mr. Searle seemed on intimate terms, and who visited the house as a friend, she often wished her husband would be content to bequeath a comfortable sufficiency to their children instead of letting them "shine with the first in the land," as he described his wish and intention to be.

The crash came suddenly and with overwhelming concentration; there was a commercial panic in the city, when trusted firms stopped payment, and heads of substantial houses looked grave and care-worn. The bubbles that had attracted Mr. Searle burst one after the other; the London

money-lender who had "stood his friend" so often in a pecuniary way turned inflexible, and foreclosed the mortgage, whilst the bailiff, in whom utter confidence had been placed, felt that the time had come when Mr. Searle would look in his neglected affairs, and absconded with all the available rents, leaving to his employer the shocking discovery of systematic fraud and embezzlement.

All the trouble seemed to make the poor gentleman an altered individual; his gay, light-hearted smile was lost, his jokes came to an end, he grew thin and pale, and his sad, wistful eyes seemed to entreat forgiveness from his loved ones, who had no thought but to comfort him.

The mother's heart was breaking silently for her children; she knew not how it had come to pass, but she was aware that Clover's engagement was dissolved—and how were these two, her beautiful girl and her bright, mischievous boy, to face the unsympathetic world? Ere the Searles could leave the home no longer theirs the delicate constitution sank beneath the inward sorrow, and the old familiar church-yard received the precious form that was more to husband and children than all the wealth the world contained.

They had come to Daleford *en route* to a celebrated watering-place, where Mr. Searle had formerly resided, and where he hoped to obtain a vacant clerkship in the county bank of which he had once been chairman. Clover had seen Mr. Dyke's advertisement whilst they were delayed at Daleford by Sydney's being attacked by measles, and she induced her father to remain in the village, persuading him that her salary, eked out by the pittance that remained to him, would suffice for their wants. Clover knew that her father shrank from seeking the scene of former prosperity—and indeed his health was now quite unequal to the stress of daily employment.

On this morning Miss Searle crossed the pottery yard in an unusually depressed frame of mind. There was nothing of the morbid about Clover, but Ferber's familiarity had hurt her self-respect, and she felt really unhappy as she reflected upon the necessity that might probably arise of leaving the cheap lodgings that seemed to suit her father.

But, once settled to her work upon a pattern of lily-of-the-valley and graceful ferns, the annoyance was resolutely put aside. Clover labored steadily and heartily, to the end that "something accomplished, something done," might win a night's repose. Ah, it was a morning destined never to be wholly forgotten throughout the young artist's life!

About eleven o'clock the voice of old Mr. Dyke sounded along the corridor, and the designers knew that their employer was about to pay one of his periodical visits to their department. Some-

times he came alone, but more frequently he was accompanied by ladies and gentlemen whom he was conducting through his works.

"This is the young lady," said Mr. Dyke, "who designed the mosaic tiling for the fireplace; you were struck by the style, Sir Francis."

"It is chaste and highly artistic," was the answer; "but I was struck by it because I had seen something similar on the continent, and had sketched the pattern for my own place. I never used the sketch, however. Probably the lady has traveled in Holland?"

The speaker looked round inquiringly. Mr. Dyke motioned toward Clover Searle, but the next moment his smiling face bore an appearance of alarm, and he stepped forward, scarcely believing it possible that this young, steady, hard-working favorite should have chosen so ill an opportunity to faint away.

Sir Francis Strachan, a liberal art critic and patron, had been delighted with the fireplace-tiles emanating from this country firm; and, in introducing Clover to him as the designer, Mr. Dyke had expected a brightening of her future prospects. What had possessed the girl to faint so suddenly on this cold, damp morning? Ere the old man could reach her Sir Francis had her in his arms. There was a sofa in the room, and he laid her there whilst the lady-artists hurried to her assistance.

"She is not strong, Mr. Dyke," said one of them; "and she told me she hurried very much for the train this morning."

"Poor girl!" was the pitying remark. "I hope she will take it easy as to work to-day. Come, Sir Francis, shall we pass on? This has happened unfortunately, for I should have liked you to know Miss Searle. She is no mean artist; my daughter's girls are her pupils, and we think highly of their progress; and I hear she will exhibit at the Town Hall, at the county collection. But of course you would have nothing to do with county talent—eh?"

"I—I have met Miss Searle before," said Sir Francis Strachan, twisting his light cane till he nearly broke it, as he crossed the outside yard with the old man—"at least, it must be the same. Is she doing this for her living?"

"Yes—reduced circumstances, you know. The father was formerly quite independent."

"Where do they live, Mr. Dyke? I knew Mr. Searle very well."

"I will find you the address if I can, when I get to my office. Now, Sir Francis, for the Etruscan pottery. We have spent much pains upon this branch. There's a classical look about that set—eh, Sir Francis? Seems to me nothing at Mortlock's could be chaster. That's another design of Miss Searle's, by the way. We are enlarging the works, and, if the last seven years give

any promise as to the future— Why, my dear sir, you're looking but poorly this morning! Have a glass of wine?"

"No, thank you," said Sir Francis; "my head aches a trifle, that is all. The sun is rather strong on the high-road. If agreeable to yourself, I should like to purchase those Greek cups designed by—by Miss Searle, for a cabinet down at Strachan House."

CHAPTER II.

"IT'S jolly hard upon a fellow, and I wish I could cut it and be a sailor."

"Darling Sydney, what is the trouble now?"

A handsome boy in a well-worn knickerbocker suit, nearly outgrown and shiny at the knees and elbows, turned from the window where he had been indulging in a grumbling soliloquy, and colored hotly from shame as he met his sister's look of sorrowful love.

"I won't tell you, Clover. I'm not so selfish as all that. It's much harder for you who go to work. I grumbled only because I thought I was alone."

"I am glad papa did not hear you, Syd," said Clover, caressing his bright curls. "But surely you will tell me your worries; perhaps I can help you."

"Oh, no, you can't, Clover, though you're a brick! There's an exhibition to some first-rate London school open every three years for the fellows under twelve, and once you get there you're almost sure to get a scholarship and go to college. Oh, if I could only pass! There would be some chance for me to become a clergyman at last, as mother always wished."

"You are looking very far ahead, Sydney; but I know you are advanced for your age, and you are 'dux' of your class. Surely you stand a good chance. Oh, dear, it will be dull without you! But when my Sydney has a church of his own I shall be proud of him. Will you let your maiden sister come and keep house for you, reverend sir?"

The boy laid his round cheek against hers.

"Don't, Clover!" said he, with a kind of sob. "I can't go up to be examined, because there is an entrance-fee of a guinea."

Clover looked grave.

"All next month's salary is wanted," said she, "and I have no jewelry left—except—except—Sydney dear, when must the guinea be paid?"

"To-morrow morning at latest, when the names are entered," answered Sydney. "The doctor said to me, 'Of course you'll go up, Searle?' and I pretended not to hear. You see, Clover, if I told him the reason I don't try, I know he'd pay the guinea, or Mr. Dyke would—and they've done so much for me already."

"Of course they have, dear," said Clover. "I

hope we are not wrongly proud, but, like you, I do not like to trespass on our friends. Perhaps I can manage it for you, Syd."

"O Clover, have you really managed to save at all?"

"Never mind, you inquisitive boy; perhaps I have a secret hoard in my stocking. I will tell you for certain at bed-time."

"Are you going out again, sister?"

"Yes, dear, if you will go with papa into the park; his evening walks does him good."

"O Clover, he walks so slowly, and I wanted to read 'Marmion'! Can't he do some music with Ferber?"

"I would rather keep Mr. Ferber out of our rooms, Sydney," said Clover, the look of trouble deepening in her eyes. "But, if you want to read, I will go with papa, and do my own errands afterwards."

"Nonsense, Clover; old 'Marmion' must wait. I say, Mr. Searle, Esquire! Are you ready for a walk?"

And the reply to the shout came from the room above: "Yes, my boy, if you would like to go out"—in the father's quiet, melancholy tones.

Hand-in-hand the two proceeded toward the park, whilst Clover watched them from the window of their one small sitting-room, where her tasteful little fancies and arrangements waged continual warfare with the landlady's gorgeous carpet and highly-colored pictures.

Father and son were much alike in features, but how different were their expressions, as Wilberforce Searle moved with bent head and depressed gait, gray-headed before his time, and Sydney, certain that Clover possessed the means and will to pay his entrance-fee, chatted in the wildest spirits concerning his future prospects!

Long before they reached the park Clover knew that the boy's future rectory would be built and furnished, and the garden fully described, and a place found for herself in the prettiest corner of the house, together with a snug arm-chair for their father. Sydney was always building castles in the air; his father smiled when he even proceeded to fill his larder with "roast turkey and no end of mince pies and veal cutlets, because you like them, father, and chocolate creams for Clover;" but he sighed as he mused on the result of his own ambitious visions, and gently counseled: "I hope your future may be bright, my son, but the present must be worthy of it; to-morrow will reap the seeds sown to-day."

"I know," said Sydney, his handsome face glowing with eagerness—"that's like what mamma wrote in the Milton she gave me:

"Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them all day long—

Thus making life, death, and that vast forever,

One grand sweet song."

Meanwhile Clover had sought her own tiny, attic bed-chamber, where she opened the desk that stood on the deal chest-of-drawers; it was small and elegant, and had formed her birthday present when she was twelve years old. A slight touch on one particular spot that looked like the stain of the rose-wood and a small secret drawer was revealed. It contained a lock of her mother's hair, waiting there till Clover could afford to have it inclosed in some worthy form. Clover kissed it first, then looked at it with quivering lips, and replaced it in the soft, white paper. There was one thing in the secret drawer beside that precious relic—Clover's little diamond engagement-ring, her one present from Sir Francis. On her side she had given him a band of gold wreathed with the word "Mizpah," and on the dissolution of the engagement Sir Francis had particularly requested to be allowed to keep the "Mizpah ring," as a memorial of past friendship, adding that it would spare him pain if Miss Searle would refrain from returning the engagement-ring to him. So it lay there, shrined in the little secret drawer, the unconscious comfort of its owner, and yet her most potent cause of suffering.

Scarcely venturing to look at it, she put it, case and all, into her purse, where a few coppers kept it company, and, trembling with agitation, went down-stairs dressed for walking.

Ferber had not been particularly impressed by her coldness of the morning. He was entertaining some friends of his mother's by the music (?) of his flute when Clover passed the open parlor door.

"Going out, Miss Searle?" he called. "It gets duskish pretty early; I'm quite at your service;" and he took up his wideawake.

Clover had purposely waited till the shades began to fall; but Ferber's company on her present expedition was the last thing desirable.

"Thank you, Mr. Ferber," said she, her color rising, her voice faltering, but with a manner there was no gainsaying, "but I prefer to walk out by myself."

"That ain't a nice fancy for a young woman," said the landlady, uncivilly; she would have been only too glad to let her rooms at better advantage, and Clover's quiet, distant manner had always angered her.

Clover opened the door and passed out; whilst Ferber, indignant at being put down before his tittering friends, vowed angrily that Clover should humble herself to his attentions, or suffer for it.

Sir Francis Strachan had come to the neighborhood of Daleford to be present at the wedding of a college friend at Brentham Manor. It struck him that evening, on his way to call on Mr. Searle, that the shops might be shut on his return journey, and he wanted a locket for his friend's little sister,

a child of six, to whom he had taken a fancy, so he entered the establishment of "Barham, jeweler and pawnbroker," and looked over his stock.

As he fingered the locket, he was thinking that Clover could not possibly object to his visiting her father as an ordinary friend. "However distasteful my presence may be to her personally," he argued, "she must acknowledge I am at liberty to call on Mr. Searle, being in his neighborhood; and I will try not to annoy Clover with looks and words of love, though that will be a task hard enough. I wonder what made her faint this morning—my little, sweet, brave Clover, who is working so hard to use her talent!"

At that moment he drew his breath quickly and started with surprise, for Clover herself, with hesitating footsteps, entered the shop, and, not daring to glance at the customers, said something to the shopman in a low voice.

"Not this department, Miss," spoke the man aloud. "Pawnbroker's business next door; go down a passage to the left."

Clover, scarlet-hued, turned away, and Strachan, hurriedly exclaiming something about calling on the morrow to choose a locket, hurried after her.

She was pausing at the end of the pawnbroker's passage, trying to force her courage to the point of entrance. Poor Clover had never before sought a like establishment, but she reflected that even this was better than finally parting with her ring by selling it. So she told herself that Sydney's success was worth her present suffering, and she was just about to pass down the passage, when she heard a passionately earnest voice.

"Clover!"

"Frank!"

There was no need for Sir Francis to prolong his self-torment as to Clover's feelings toward him; the sudden tenderness of the violet eyes, the beautiful radiance of the sad, sweet face, the tremor of those witching dimples, told the tale. For one instant he held her little, gifted hand as though his own would never loose it; then memory returned to Clover, and a burning blush showed him that she recalled their changed positions.

"Sir Francis Strachan," said she, in a voice she vainly tried to steady, "I think I saw you at the pottery to-day. Are you staying in the neighborhood?"

"Now, my Clover," answered he, triumphing in the consciousness of her late tell-tale behavior, "you are a little hypocrite! You know you are glad to see me. You know you don't think of me as Sir Francis Strachan. Clover, there is some tangled skein as regards our past—either you or I must unravel it; but, after the look in your eyes just now, I never mean to let you go again."

"I think you forget yourself, Sir Francis," said Clover, as coldly as she could speak. "You have

no right to mention the past at all. Of course I am always glad to see old friends."

"Well, I shall take you home, Clover sweet," returned Sir Francis, trying to take her arm, "for I was just intending to call on your father."

Clover felt a bitter-sweet pain on hearing this. She knew what the long walk with him would be to her; but that he should see their shabby lodgings!

"Please do not touch my arm, Sir Francis," said she, gently. "Papa will see you, I dare say, though any little excitement seems bad for him now, and he also retires very early."

"You hospitable young lady! But I do not mean to take the hint. Well, if you are so unsociable, I will leave your arm alone. Won't you take mine? I will punish your incivility then by a piece of news. I am going to be married. The future Lady Strachan is exceedingly like yourself."

"Is she?" asked Clover, the dimples showing themselves a little. "Has she given her consent? Because she might object, you see."

"Nobody axed you," quoted Sir Francis. "Don't be interfering, but wish me happiness."

Clover looked at him quietly for an instant; and then he added, his voice dying to a whisper: "Clover, how could you write to me so cruelly? How could you tell me that you had but one wish concerning me—that we might never meet again? I left for the East directly, and I did not hear till my return of your misfortune. Did I imagine right when I fancied the dread of them caused your letter?"

Somehow Clover's hand was on his arm by this time, and his left hand was holding it as she said: "I could not, in a penniless condition, marry one so rich—and I wish you had never found me. It makes it harder now. Sir Francis, let my hand alone. Do you know that I am working for my daily bread?"

"With this dear, honored hand?" said he, as he kissed the hand on his arm.

"No," she smiled; "I don't draw with my left hand."

"Then I must render homage to the other," said he, repeating the salute.

"Oh, dear," sighed Clover, "I wish you would not! Once for all, Sir Francis Strachan, I am not engaged to you, and I never shall be—never."

"Why, my Clover?"

"For the same reason that made me dissolve the engagement directly I heard of our coming misfortunes—my poverty and your riches."

"That is nonsensical pride, Clover," said Sir Francis, speaking fast and sternly. "You are very wicked to plead such an excuse for our separation. I wish I had dreamed of your coming troubles when I had your cruel letter. We ought to marry one another, seeing we can never love in

other directions. You know how I care for you, Clover sweet. I will let you go again only on one condition—that you truthfully assert, 'Frank, I don't love you.'"

"Frank," she began; then her eyes fell beneath his, and poor little Clover was defeated.

The next minute she was taken victoriously into his arms—for they were walking to Daleford, the last train having long since passed between Brentham and the village, and their way lay through a quiet wood. All her protests were sweetly silenced, and at last she rested quiet, blessed with an inexpressible joy, when Sir Francis said: "Henceforth and forever, Clover sweet, you are mine. You see, I still wear your Mizpah ring; you must wear your diamond hoop again—and then for the plain gold circlet."

He did not forget at what door they had met, though all memory of the pawnbroker had deserted Clover. He guessed the family must be in need, and privately determined to leave his pocket-book with Mr. Searle that evening.

But when they reached the lodging Clover saw that her father's blind was placed in the way he always arranged it ere retiring; so she said: "Papa is in bed, and I think you had better not come in, as he will not be in the parlor. We lodge with such disagreeable people."

"Very well, love. I shall call to-morrow morning and take you to the pottery—mind, I shall come to breakfast. I shall assist you to give Mr. Dyke notice; he must come to our wedding—eh, Clover mine?"

They lingered some time on the narrow step, and then he departed, happy as a king, while Clover, all the way up-stairs, sang joyously in her heart, and it was not till Sydney met her, hopeful and expectant, that she remembered the guinea he required.

"Never mind, Syd," said she, tenderly; "I have met Frank again, and we are going to be married, and he is coming to-morrow."

"Hooray!" screamed the boy. "Jolly old Frank coming to-morrow! He'll help me, I know, Clover. Hooray for Lady Strachan!"

CHAPTER III.

SWEET dreams had Clover that night, but she was up betimes next morning, careless that it was one of those thoroughly wet days she usually surveyed disconsolately, having no waterproof.

She went down to the parlor, begged a clean tablecloth from Mrs. Ferber and dispatched her excited little brother for fresh eggs, lettuces and fresh butter. Clover was wildly extravagant over her preparations; Sydney was entrusted with a florin to lay out on the provisions.

"Who's a-coming?" growled Mrs. Ferber; and when she heard "A gentleman," she reflected in-

wardly, "So much the worse for my Charley, and so much the better for me—I want none of your stuck-up, fine misses for my boy. I've got my eye on Susie Wilkins of the 'Red Lion' for him; she'll have a pretty penny from the old gentleman."

When Mr. Searle came slowly and feebly downstairs, a very pretty picture awaited him in the parlor. It was just eight o'clock, the time at which Clover had instructed Sir Francis to arrive; the window was open, and out of it leaned Sydney, dividing his attention between his "Cæsar" for school and the outlook for his old friend. The table was arranged in truly festive style, a glass bowl of roses—that had cost Clover sixpence—forming the centrepiece. But fairest of all was Clover herself, in one of the plain white dresses that her own hands had fashioned for Sundays, black ribbons at her neck and in her hair, and one tiny rosebud stirred by her every breath.

"Why, Clover, is that your working-costume? Is this somebody's birthday, children?"

"I shall have time to change my dress, father," said Clover, twining her arms shyly and lovingly round him, and whispering in his ear.

"Heaven bless you, my child! You deserve your happiness," responded Mr. Searle, gazing at her with proud, brightened eyes.

"I don't believe he's coming, Clover," called Sydney from the window.

"Oh, yes, he said he would come!" smiled Clover, confidently; and she sat down at the tray, her fingers playing with the precious ring she wore.

But the hand of the clock pointed to the quarter past, then to half past eight, and Sydney began to fidget about the school, reporting that there were "no signs of Strachan down the road."

So Clover gave her father and brother their breakfast, and then took up herself the position at the open window. Her heart was rather troubled; but he would come presently, she knew.

It was time for Sydney to be off to school. He put up his books in the strap, forcing down a choking sensation in his throat, for he had so counted on that guinea from Sir Francis, who had given him many a generous "tip" in days gone by. He dared not trust his voice to speak, but made a brave effort to smile as he kissed his sister. Her eyes were full of tears. The next minute he was whistling down the street through the rain, to show her he "didn't care;" and then, poor fellow, he ran down a quiet lane, and put his head on the wet stile at the end, and burst out crying.

But when the school commenced, and the master read the names of the competitors, he found his own amongst them.

"Please, sir," he faltered, "I did not pay the entrance-fee for the examination."

"No," said the master, "you were nominated

by a governor, and we consider you as on the foundation. Any of the foundation boys are admitted free to the examinations; only the private pupils pay the entrance-fees. So do your best, Searle, and remember it is a first-rate chance; I hope there will be a splendid struggle for the scholarship."

With a rosy face good to see, Searle turned to his Latin verses; it would not be his fault if he failed to enter the London school.

Meanwhile, poor Clover had put on her shabbiest outdoor dress, because of the soaking rain. That might, she thought, account for Strachan's absence; and yet in days gone by he had not minded a wetting. She lost her usual train to Brentham, and arrived there late and completely drenched; but, as all the designers were exceedingly busy, owing to a fresh order received by the morning's post, her wet condition remained almost unnoticed, and Clover tried to conceal it, being somewhat ashamed of possessing no waterproof cloak.

She was very sorry that, as the day passed on, the rain showed no signs of abating, for she felt sure Sir Francis would either call for her or be waiting for her at their lodgings in the evening, and she did not like him to see her "like a drowned rat," as Miss Coombe remarked.

At dinner-time that lady said: "I hope you changed your boots, Miss Searle. Let me lend you a pair of slippers—I have an extra pair in the cupboard. My dear, it is very dangerous to get the feet wet."

"Oh, my boots are thick, thank you! They do not feel at all wet," said Clover, knowing that they had dried on her, and that to remove them now would be a hard task indeed. "Syd must help me to pull them off," she thought.

Poor girl, she tried to convince herself that the pain in her limbs was caused by long sitting, and that it would go away when she "walked about;" but long ere she reached home in the evening she knew she was suffering from acute rheumatism.

"Well," she reflected, "even if Frank is there, I must, for once in the way, go to bed early, and I will make myself some hot cocoa; I shall be all right in the morning. What a day for summer! Now there is going to be a thunderstorm. I hope papa will not mind the lightning. I must doctor Syd, too, or he will be taking cold, dear boy!"

"I am sorry to wet your passage, Mrs. Ferber," said Clover, gently.

"Tain't you as 'll have the job of wiping it up," remarked the lady, ungraciously.

Her son, who was standing behind her, for once did not address Clover; she thought she must have finally offended him on the previous evening, for there was a peculiar, half-ashamed, half-defiant look in his averted face.

"Papa, has he been?"

"No, love; no doubt you will hear by this evening's post," said her father, who was in reality thinking: "The ungentlemanly rascal, to renew his engagement in a time of excitement and slip out of it again like this! If I were younger, or Sydney older, we should force an explanation. My poor, beautiful child is too loving, too trusting. Alas that my folly has darkened her life in this manner! We could not reasonably expect that Strachan would marry a designer at the pottery."

"Clover," cried Sydney, springing to meet her, "what do you think? Because Dyke nominated me to the school, I have to pay no fees; they are excused to the boys on the foundation—so I'm going up, after all. Earloote reopens at Michaelmas. But, I say, Clover, you're drenched! I'll get Biddy down in the kitchen to dry your dress, if you'll go up and slip it off."

"My dear," said her father, anxiously, "make haste and change your things."

"Oh, I am all right, papa!" returned Clover, whose every movement was fast becoming an agony.

She passed to her own room, put on a dry dress, and then exerted herself to make tea. She was herself very thirsty, but could eat nothing. Sydney was sneezing now and then, and, being anxious about him, she waited up till he had finished his lessons; then she persuaded him to go to bed, and gave him some nitre on a lump of sugar. After that she told her father she was very tired—the Ferbers had gone out to spend the evening—so she crept down to the kitchen, where she instructed the good-natured Irish girl as to Mr. Searle's supper, and then asked her if she would let her have some hot water, as she thought a cup of cocoa might ease her pain.

"Why, Miss Searle, you're just as feverish as you can be!" said Biddy. "Go away to your bed, and I'll make the cocoa."

It did not, however, produce the desired effect. Clover's sufferings were intensified by a sore throat and a violent headache, and throughout the night she kept turning uneasily from side to side, till she could no longer endure the effort of movement.

Biddy was exceedingly fond of Clover, and she secretly stole in to her directly she rose, to see if she could do anything for her. Finding the girl's cheeks flushed and her eyes unnaturally bright, Biddy bade her lie still and keep in bed, for she could not possibly get out of doors that day.

"Nonsense, Biddy!" said Clover, trying to smile. "Of course I must go down to the pottery, and on my way I will ask the chemist for some rheumatism-lotion. Biddy, I wish you would just see if there is a letter for me in the letter-box."

Biddy came back with a tailor's circular for Mr. Searle, which was all the postman had left at the house that morning.

Clover's eager look faded away. Frank must be ill, she thought, with tender concern. Then came a dawning doubt. Could he have been trifling with her? Did he, on serious reflection, repent his rashness, remembering her changed fortunes? Had he left the place to escape the connection?

"He need not trouble himself to escape me," thought poor Clover, drearily. "I set him free myself in the past. I wish I had been strong enough to reject his love again. But I can survive his desertion. I hope I am not so foolish as to care for one who can behave so meanly. But, Frank—my Frank—how can you treat me so?"

Clover soon found that to quit her bed was impossible, for the effort to rise heightened the rheumatic pains into agony. And there was the important order to be executed at the pottery. She could not even offer to continue her designs at home, as she had done before in the case of Sydney's chicken-pox, for the designers were all working together, and their work fitted harmoniously, added to which, her swollen, aching fingers could not possibly perform their part. No wonder the hot tears found their way into her sorrowful eyes. She thought at first the trouble was cruelly hard; but it soothed her into patient endurance to remember her mother's dying words: "Do not murmur, my children; Heaven knows what is best for us all."

Sydney, who showed no signs of a cold, thanks to his sister's nursing, was almost wild with grief to hear of her illness. He would have stayed from school had she allowed it; as it was, he took no breakfast, but hurried off to the chief doctor in the neighborhood, who lived three miles from their lodgings.

Dr. Dudley pronounced Clover's ailment to be a very serious form of rheumatic fever; and when the sufferer asked him how soon she would be able to return to her duties, he only said: "Wait awhile, my dear young lady; there is time enough to think of that."

And, as day followed day, and she lay there moaning, as far from recovery as when he had been first called in, the doctor spoke to her seriously concerning her anxiety to be up and doing, which, he told her, hindered her improvement.

The father and brother were tender, indefatigable nurses; the Dykes came once or twice with tempting fruit and jellies, but, whilst she was yet very ill, the family started on their usual Continental trip.

Mr. Dyke had been compelled to engage a designer in Clover's place; but he promised to reinstate her when fit for work.

"Never mind, papa dear," said Clover, mindful of her father's anxieties amid all her pain; "when I once get out of bed I shall have all the more time to go on with my painting 'Sunrise' for the Town Hall. I think it will certainly sell; and

you know the exhibition does not open till the first week in September. The price will clear Dr. Dudley's bill beautifully, papa, and all the rent now running on."

The rent was indeed a source of worry to the father and daughter, and even to the school-boy, who understood the family affairs pretty clearly, and who longed to question Clover about Sir Francis, but had the sense of refrain. Mrs. Ferber possessed neither sympathy nor forbearance; her manner showed very plainly how she resented the extra trouble of Clover's illness; and she often stated to Biddy, in a loud voice on the stairs, that she was "sick and tired of them stuck-up lodgers, as was as poor as church mice."

At last the day arrived when poor Clover, white and weak from her long, painful illness, came down to the parlor, holding Sydney's hand. They had lately been obliged to forego their ready-money rule, and go on credit with their tradespeople, who knew where Clover was employed, and readily trusted them. Sydney had thus taken upon himself to procure a sole for Clover's tea, and Biddy had cooked it whilst her mistress was working up-stairs.

"Oh, you extravagant boy!" said Clover, faintly. "Never mind, Syd—I am not vexed. You are a dear, and I shall soon earn some more money. I think I could sit a little at my easel this evening."

"No, indeed, my love," said her father; "no exertion to-night. Lie down on the sofa and rest yourself. It is good to see you here, my daughter. Sydney, pour out a cup of tea for your sister."

"Syd," whispered Clover, as he bent over her, "where is papa's chain? I know his watch went when you had the measles; surely that is not pledged?"

"Yes, sister; he took it one day because the doctor ordered you so many nourishing things; and, besides, once a physician came, you know, whose fee had to be paid directly."

Clover sighed, and looked lovingly at her poor, troubled father.

"How does your school-work get on, Syd?" she asked.

"Oh, famously! All the fellows say I'm sure to pass first. To-day fortnight, Clover! I think I dream of the twenty-first! Father, I sha'n't be much expense to you if I get into Earlcote School, shall I?"

"I intended to send you to Eton, my boy," said Mr. Searle, looking at him with the longing, sorrowful expression that told them all his mind was yearning after the past.

"Never mind, father—Earlcote's next best," returned Sydney, brightly. "How have I made the tea, Clover?"

—
The progress of Clover's convalescence was slow

and tedious, owing to the absence of ought to build up her strength. Having taken the domestic management again into her hands, she steadily economized as concerned herself, for she was quite dismayed to find how small items swelled the tradesmen's accounts. But at last she felt herself equal to her work of painting, and fervent hopes filled her heart as she took up her brush to continue "Sunrise," which she justly considered her *chef-d'œuvre*.

That very afternoon Sydney came home from school, reporting incidentally that he had gone home with a "chap whose little sister had scarlatina." Clover made him use some disinfectant ere he had tea, and thought no more of the matter. But during that night Sydney called to her in a frightened tone, and she went to his room, where she found his throat was very painful, and he said he felt "hot and queer."

She knew what it was before Dr. Dudley said "Scarlatina." It was only a mild case, but required much care and nursing, so as to prevent a draught from injuring the boy, who proved a very trying patient.

"I say, doctor," he cried, "you must get me up by Friday—it's our examination."

"You will not leave your bed for ten or twelve days, my lad," said the doctor, decisively, "unless you intend to commit suicide."

"O Clover!" came with a sob from the poor child.

Clover felt for him so much that she cried as well. And she had cause for her tears. She knew her nursing would preclude attention to her painting, and the exhibition day drew near.

CHAPTER IV.

JUST as Sydney bade good-bye to the doctor and came down-stairs daily, well-wrapped up from the draughts, trouble from another quarter fell upon the Searles.

One morning Mrs. Ferber—who had been greatly exasperated at receiving notice from hard-working Biddy—threw open the parlor door, and tossed her rent-book on to the table.

"I'll be glad to see the color of your money, Mr. Searle," said she, rudely; "I ain't a-going to wait no longer. I've had an offer for the rooms this very day; so pay up, or turn out."

Sydney, dozing slightly on the sofa, started and opened his eyes with a look of alarm. Clover grew quite indignant when she saw his sudden fright and the trembling agitation of her father.

"You forget yourself, Mrs. Ferber," said she, quietly.

"No, I don't, you dressed-up doll! I'm an honest woman, as pays her way, and not a powdered hussy as walks of an evening with strange London gentlemen! Ah, Miss, you didn't

know as my Charley spied you a-kissing and a-hugging in the woods?"

"Get out!" cried Sydney, fiercely. "How dare you insult my sister? You're drunk, I believe—I've seen you drunk before."

"Hush, Sydney, darling, pray!" whispered Clover, whose face was very pale. Then she turned to Mrs. Ferber and said: "You have nothing to do with our private affairs; as regards the rent, you are aware the arrears are caused by all the illness which has detained me from the pottery. I see we owe you five pounds; father, you must let Mrs. Ferber have the two pounds from the bank on Monday—"

"I promised next month's money to the baker, Clover," interrupted the old man, helplessly.

"He's a-going to stop your bread, he is," said Mrs. Ferber, "and I ain't to be put off no more than him."

"I hope to return to the pottery on Monday," said Clover, "and will then ask the cashier to advance me two or three pounds; I know he will—and when I am working again I shall soon discharge the rest of your account."

"I'll not wait a day," screamed the woman; "some of you will be taking to your beds again, and you'll make an excuse not to go to your work. What's become of the money for your picture, eh?"

"You know as well as I do, Mrs. Ferber, that I was unable to complete the work in time."

"Well, of all the idle chits! I should be ashamed if I was you, calling yourselves gentle-folks, to occupy decent lodgings, and yet you hain't got nothing in your pockets! But I says to my Charley this morning, 'I'm tired of the lot, and want to see their backs.' So pay me first thing to-morrow—in full, mind, or out you go, neck and crop. But I detains your boxes till you're out of my debt. And I hope you'll give your doctor your new address, for I don't want him coming here after you're gone, plaguing for his bill."

With these words, and a violent slam of the door, Mrs. Ferber withdrew, to abuse Biddy in the kitchen.

Mr. Searle rose hastily and retired to his own room, and Sydney cried himself into a deep sleep.

Clover, deep in sorrowful reflections, her pale, tired, wistful face on her little hands, did not hear the door reopen, nor was she conscious that Charles Ferber had entered till he called her softly, "Clover!" Then she flushed like a rose, and sprang up scornfully.

"How dare you presume, sir, to use my Christian name? Leave the room before I call my father!"

"He has gone out of doors, my dear girl, so that would be useless. Come now, be gentle, or you'll wake the boy."

Clover glanced at her brother, who had forgotten

his sorrows in sleep; she was indeed anxious not to awaken him, and her tones softened, though her looks took an added dignity.

"May I ask your business in our parlor?"

"Your parlor! Come! But I won't taunt you, Miss Searle, let us be the best of friends. My business here is to pay you a little visit; I hurried over my dinner on purpose. 'Pon my word, that violet ribbon is mighty becoming to you!"

"If your purpose is indeed friendly," said Clover, "you will prove it by deferring your visit to another time, when my father is here. I particularly wish to be alone, as I have much to consider and arrange."

"How to get the rent, eh? Look here, Miss Searle—my mother's a pretty tough sort of woman, but I can twist her round my little finger. Only say 'Yes,' and we'll tear up the rent-book, and wait for the arrears till convenient."

"What do you mean?" asked Clover, in wonder.

"Why, I can get mother to wait for her rent, and keep a still tongue in her head till doomsday, if I choose. And she'll do it, too, if you don't give me the cold shoulder. You've been a bit chilling of late, but I'll forgive and forget. Say you'll keep company with me, and we'll kiss and make up. 'Pon my word, Clover, we sha'n't make a bad-looking pair of sweethearts! You're the prettiest girl!"

He half-attempted to put his arm round her waist, and Clover struck it suddenly down with passionate force.

"Don't touch me! How dare you? If my father were here, you would not insult me so."

Sydney half-turned in his sleep, and afraid to say more, because of waking him, Clover moved nearer to his sofa, and bent over him, turning her back on Ferber.

"You proud little minx!" he cried, livid with rage. "You shall repent your treatment of me. I won't be said 'Nay' to by any girl alive. Out you go into the streets to-morrow! I'll force mother to keep her word; and then you'll come whimpering to me. You'll be sorry enough for your pride to-day, but I don't go courting you no more, not!"

"O Dr. Dudley!"

Clover rose with both trembling hands extended, and the doctor, a gray-haired, elderly man, took them slowly and gently into his own. He and Clover had become great friends by this time; and, oh, what a relief to her was his presence then!

"Is this man annoying you?" he asked, quietly, fixing his calm look on Ferber. But the young man strode out almost immediately, muttering, amid many wicked expressions, he would "have them out to-morrow."

Clover breathed afresh as he departed; but the reaction was too much for her, and, despite her

efforts, great tears filled her eyes as she tried to speak naturally to the doctor.

"I thought you had struck Sydney off the sick-list, doctor; but he will be glad to see you again."

"Do not rouse him, my child," said Dr. Dudley. "My visit to-day is to my former patient. Sit down and let me understand the reason of these pale looks that have troubled me very much of late."

"How kind you are!" said Clover, gratefully. "But I am quite well, thank you, and shall be still better next week, when I resume work. Do you think Sydney can return to school on Monday?"

"Scarcely, for fear of spreading infection; it is such a large school—and I shall not let Egerton (whose sister gave the disease to your brother) go back till the family has had a change."

"Sydney will fret," said Clover, sadly.

"Do you ever think of yourself, my child? Yet you are really unwell—your nerves unstrung, your constitution overstrained. I have a note for you from my mother, a very old but hale and hearty lady, who has been much interested in my mention of your family. We live, as you know, in a quiet, little farm-residence, a countrified place, all flowers and singing birds. We have so few visitors that when they come they are indeed most welcome. Now my mother urges you to come over for two or three weeks—all of you—and stay with us. It will be good for your father, and the boy, and you. You could easily take the loop-line to the pottery."

Clover read the warm, motherly invitation, and her tears flowed fast, as she said: "We shall be very glad to come. We are leaving these rooms to-morrow, and whilst we stay with you I can seek another lodging. Sydney will be so delighted. How good of your dear mother to ask us! And you, Dr. Dudley—when I think of all your attention and kindness—"

The doctor rose and came nearer to her, his grave, clever face strangely agitated.

"You owe me no thanks, my child. Let me speak to you now, and, if you desire it, I will never reopen the subject. Years ago I learnt to love, and my promised bride, a daily teacher, lost her life through exposure to the weather. I was sorrowfully reminded of her case when I was called to you, and the long-buried past has been again and again recalled by your girlish beauty and unselfish devotion to your family. You resemble her, my child. Forgive me if my dawning hopes seem folly to you. Will you come, dear, to be an old man's darling? Will you come to be the light of Home Farm? Never a breath of care shall touch my child-wife, Heaven permitting."

His gentle hand put back the pretty waves of hair from her forehead, and Clover, drawing it down, pressed her lips upon it. Only for one

instant did the vision of the home of peace and plenty for her father and brother tempt her young heart; then her love, her only love, shone out real and true.

"I should wrong you, dear friend, if I married you. I could not love you as a wife, because—because—"

"I see," said he, still more gently than before. "Heaven bless you, and give you happiness!" There was silence for a time; then he spoke again in his accustomed voice: "We shall expect you to tea to-morrow. I shall send the brougham over here for you all."

"I think," hesitated Clover—"perhaps it might be better—"

"Child," said he, earnestly, "be kind to me, and forget my folly. My mother knows nothing of my dreams—she will welcome you all as my friends. I shall be deeply hurt if you do not come."

"We will come then," said Clover, gratefully; and he went out, giving Sydney one quick, discerning look.

The boys slept on till past dinner-time; he did not wake till nearly three, and thus was not aware that Clover had taken no dinner, Mr. Searle being still absent. She gave him a little cold meat and bread, and then he sat up, and began to paint a bunch of roses Clover had sketched for him, his boyish spirits quite restored by the prospect of going to Home Farm.

Knowing his paint-box would sufficiently amuse him, Clover went down to Mrs. Ferber's room, and told that lady that they would arrange to leave the lodgings on the morrow.

"You leave your boxes, mind, and your father's pledge-tickets for his watch and chain!" screamed the woman. "I must have some security for my debt."

"Your debt will be discharged this evening," said Clover; and Mrs. Ferber laughed scornfully in disbelief.

Mr. Searle came in just as Clover had made the tea.

"Father, dear," said she, tenderly, "you look very tired; a cup of tea will refresh you. I have such good news for you. Dr. Dudley and his mother have invited us to stay with them at the Home Farm, and they are going to send the carriage for us to-morrow. It is such a pleasant place, papa."

"They are truly kind," returned the old gentleman, who looked sadly depressed, "but I do not like to leave this debt behind us. I have tried all day to sell the book of Italian sketches that Strachan gave me. I know it is valuable; but I have had to bring it back, for the highest offer was ten shillings."

"I am so sorry you have had so much walking," said Clover; "but I cannot regret that the book

of rare sketches is still yours. Do not worry yourself about the five pounds for Mrs. Ferber. I can provide it—really, papa.”

The faces of father and son brightened; they had wonderful, infinite faith in Clover’s resources.

She tried to keep up her spirits in their society; but, poor girl, when they had settled to a game at draughts, she once more, with a breaking heart, took her little diamond ring from its receptacle. This time she knew she must part with it forever; only its sale would pay Mrs. Ferber.

She could not afford to take the train to Brentham, so she started off to walk through the woods. They were beautiful with the rich, gold-brown hues of autumn, and ripe nuts hung in clusters overhead. But a few weeks since, and Frank had been with her there, resolutely pledging anew to her the vows made in her prosperity. He had seemed so true—and, now that nature smiled calmly, gloriously as ever, poor Clover felt the beauty of the scene almost cruel, for her Frank was false! Fain would she have lingered in the cool, shady wood-pathways, but then Barham’s would be shut—she must hasten onward. So she gathered a graceful bouquet of wild fern for her father, and was sorting the feathery, fronded sprays during her walk, when both her hands were caught, and the beautiful ferns were scattered upon the ground.

“I was coming to you, Clover, sweet. Why, darling, how ill you look!”

Sir Francis Strachan, whose left arm was in a leathern sling, never forgot the reproach in Clover’s violet eyes.

“I will thank you to let me pass, Sir Francis; I wonder you dare to address me. But no doubt you think that in my present position, being no longer Miss Searle of Worcestead, I am to be insulted with impunity.”

“How have I insulted you, dear?” he asked, anxiously. “I think I have most cause to feel offended, for I have not had a line from you since we parted on your threshold, though I besought you to write to me.”

“You insulted us all,” said Clover, still never meeting his eyes, because in his presence she could not trust the strength of her pride, “by promising to breakfast with us, and neither coming near us nor writing to us since. Do not think I wish to renew the former bond between us—you are free, now and ever; but I think, as a gentleman, you have failed in common courtesy toward us.”

“Why, Clover, did you not get my letter?”

“Certainly not,” said she. “Are you sure you wrote?”

“Of course I did, Clover sweet. Do you think I could willingly have caused you suspense and pain? What must you have thought of me all these weeks?”

“When did you write?” asked Clover, quicken-

ing her pace as she heard a church clock strike seven.

Sir Francis had turned and walked beside her.

“I wrote directly I reached my friend’s house after leaving you that evening. I found an urgent telegram from my steward, telling me that my colliers down in the North were on strike for higher wages, and that there were great distress and disorder. Knowing what a strike means, from experience in Wales last year, I felt bound to go down directly, and I wrote to you before I went to bed, saying that I must leave by the early morning train, but would return to this neighborhood in a week at latest. I also wrote to Strachan House, bidding the housekeeper prepare it right worthily for the mistress it would now possess. I left this letter at Brentham Manor to be posted, but yours I meant to leave at your lodgings, so rose at an unearthly hour, disturbed a groom, and rode over through the rain. There was a young fellow taking in the milk; I gave the note to him.”

“I never had it,” said Clover. “Charles Ferber must have purposely kept it from me. I hear he saw you with me on the previous evening.”

“I’ll make him answer for his conduct then,” exclaimed Sir Francis. “Clover, I thought you unkind not to write; but I believe you have been ill. Is it so?”

“Yes,” replied she, “and Sydny, too.”

“And so have I,” said he. “One of the colliers thought fit to fire at me; but he only slightly injured my arm, and laid me up for a time. Now I have persuaded the men to listen to reason, and I have established a bank at Northam; the clergyman hopes that it will help them to become provident in their ways. The mine is working again, and directly the doctor gave his consent I hastened to you.”

“Oh, does it hurt you?” asked Clover, tearfully. “Forgive me, Frank!”

“Nothing hurts me, sweet, save your coldness. You are trembling, love. Why walk so fast?”

His right arm was round her, and he drew her down upon the stump of a tree as she told falteringly all the story of their trouble.

“But, Clover, would you indeed have sold that ring?”

“How could I help it?” she asked, sobbing.

“Dearest, I am not vexed—only deeply distressed that such sorrow should have been yours. Give me the ring, my own. There let it remain forever. Clover, kiss me!”

They went home in the light of the setting sun that glorified all the woods.

Next day such a happy party drew round Mrs. Dudley’s tea-table, bright with flowers and laden with delicacies, at the Home Farm. At the tea-tray sat the dear old lady, her white hair crowned

by a snowy cap, her wrinkled face beaming with kindness and hospitality.

Mr. Searle looked ten years younger; he was discussing politics with the doctor, who had told Clover, on hearing of her engagement, that she should be married from his roof.

Sydney was trying to tell Clover, with his mouth full of bread and honey, that Frank meant him to enter at Eton next term, and had promised him—"you don't believe it, Clover, but he did"—the living of Worcestead, if he deserved it.

And Clover, fairer than any flower in the doctor's most beautiful garden, sat with her blue eyes turned toward the open window.

Presently the gate swung open, and Sir Francis strode eagerly across the lawn. Clover went out to meet him.

"She will show him the flowers, I fancy," smiled Mr. Searle. "Yes, there they go, amongst the roses."

"So be it for them unto the end—together in fair places," said Dr. Dudley, looking after them, with his eyes speaking blessing.

UNSEEN WITNESSES.

THE old Greek sculptor patiently carved the lines of beauty. Yea, lines of duty, for should not his statue adorn the sacred temple near by? In love's name, day after day, he wrought out the ideal within him. Marble grew voiceful and soulful, beneath the magic touch of the chisel. Already the work seemed completed. Exquisite face and graceful form greeted the visitor to this humble studio; still the laborer passed every hour at his task. Wherefore? So asked a gay, young enthusiast, stepping in one morning. Wherefore such delicate care in modeling to be unseen of mankind? Such exact representation of marble hair? "For," said the youth, "your figure will stand high in the temple, against the blind, motionless walls. Imagine it there. No one now sees the fruit of your skill."

Slowly the old man turned and gazed at the sacred temple. The dark eyes flashed with unwonted fire; the brave, firm lips quivered with feeling; "his spirit imagined it there." Yet the boy at his side failed to fathom the thought that thrilled him; he awaited the answer to his word: "No one now sees the fruit of your skill."

It came. "But gods see it," affirmed the sculptor, clasping the chisel and resuming his work for the invisible.

That tireless carver had discovered, not only the secret of genuine art, but also of genuine living. The Pharisee, praying and giving alms that he "may be seen of men" is rearing a feeble structure. He neglects the foundation which, underground, is the essential support. He forgets

the beams and the hidden braces, without which his house must yield to the stroke of the wind. He scorns, and fatally, the unseen witnesses of his architecture.

"Thou God seest me." The insight of Jehovah is deep. He scanneth not surfaces merely, but ever beholdeth, with unerring vision, the obscure, the concealed, even to "the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Angels watch over us. The hosts of Heaven, gazing enraptured upon the face of God, bearing their golden harps beside the rivers of Paradise, do not despise the earthly beings yet to be made, if believing, like unto themselves. From Gabriel, the messenger, to the lowliest of these ministers of flaming fire, each desires to "look into" the condition of man, and to help him onward and upward.

May we hope that the spirits of the just made perfect, the redeemed beloved, already akin to seraphim and cherubim, still follow, from the parapets of the New Jerusalem, the movements of those whom they cheered in this world?

God, angels, glorified saints. These are the unseen witnesses whom we should delight to honor, for whom we should reveal the purest beauty, and perform the fullest duty. "Kiz."

ROSEMARY.

LONG-FORGOTTEN faces haunt me,
Loving words come back to me;
Softly steals across my senses
Faint perfume of Rosemary.

Ah, that heap of faded letters
That I left unfolded there!
With the leaves still clinging to them,
And the long, bright tress of hair.

nose, their dainty, graceful writer,
Called me once her dearest friend;
Saying, "Always in your letters,
You, rosemary-leaves must send."

Soon she wrote to me no longer,
And her face I never see,
Rosemary, "Thou art remembered."
Say, dost thou remember me?

EDMA LINN.

A MINISTER who felt proud of having converted a notorious Sabbath-breaker, happening to ask an old farmer if he did not find a great difference in his neighbor since he had joined the church, the latter replied: "Oh, yea. Before, he used to carry his axe on his shoulder when he went fence-mending on Sunday; now he carries it under his coat."

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.*

A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VII.

ROBERT BERESFORD mounted his horse in the chilly gloom of a November evening. The last glimmer of twilight had disappeared in the west. The friend, with whom he had been dining, stood at the gate.

"I hope you have some sort of weapon about you in case of attack, Beresford?" he said.

"Nothing of the sort, Jack," replied the other, as he wheeled his horse around. "We are not in Italy, and the woods about here are not the haunts of brigands."

"But they are of tramps—a less picturesque variety of the genus, certainly. On the road between here and your house are some lonely places—just the sort of ground for any skulking villain who wouldn't mind shooting you for the chance of the money you might have about you. You had better let me bring out my pistol."

"No, thank you, Jack. It has come in my way, during the last dozen years, to deal with a good many desperate characters, but I never brought cold steel to enforce my arguments."

"Well, have your own way. I know you have nerve enough, old fellow, to face an army, single-handed. But when it comes to dealing with a highwayman, all the pluck in the world won't serve a man as well as a good revolver!"

"This savage talk might amaze me, Jack Leith, if I didn't know you were at bottom one of the softest-hearted fellows in the world! But I tell you assassins don't lurk in New England woods. I am not fool-hardy; I shouldn't go about defenseless if I imagined I was running risks—Jack, dear old fellow," suddenly changing his tone, "this visit has done me good, I feel as though our talk had taken eighteen years off me. It has carried me back to our old tramps in Italy, and our winter in the Roman villa, and those rare, old days in the Vatican galleries."

"I said then you were the best fellow in the world, Beresford. I hold my old opinion still."

The last speaker, as he stood by his friend's horse, showed a slender, medium-sized figure, and the outline of a thin, dark face with pleasant, eager eyes. He and Beresford had been college chums and had studied together at Rome. A strong friendship—the growth of years of intimacy—existed between the men. Jack Leith had won a name and a moderate fortune with his brush. On his return to America, three years before, he had purchased a pleasant little villa half a dozen miles from his friend's residence. The two who

had so many tastes in common, beside the old friendship, to draw them together, saw each other frequently.

"I had rather you than any living man should say that, Jack Leith!" Beresford replied to his friend's remark. "Will you be over next week, and bring Gertrude with you, and the little girl? She won't find her old playmate there; but we will do our best to amuse her. You can imagine, Jack, it pulled at my heart to let Phil go away. But I knew a couple of years abroad now would do more for him in the languages than ten would at a later period. So I compelled myself not to stand in his way, but I miss the young rogue every time I enter the house!"

"I can well believe that. If his absence would only drive you to your easel! Ah, Beresford to think of a fellow of your splendid promise turning into a Philistine!"

"But was it 'splendid promise,' Jack? There was the rule! If I had had no question in my own mind, be sure I should not at the critical moment have decided for the Philistine."

Jack Leith knew more than any other man of the circumstances which had at last inclined his friend to a business career. He had always regarded it as the most shameful waste of original power. In his secret soul he believed that had he been at hand, when the decisive moment came, his influence could have turned the scale.

He was silent so long, thinking of all this, that Beresford added: "If a man does what seems his highest duty, he may be mistaken, but he cannot be remorseful."

"But you are a rich enough man in all conscience by this time. Why do you go on sacrificing to Mammon? What hinders you from returning to your first love?"

"That is easier said than done, as you would know if you had tried to serve two masters, and one was Art and the other a partnership in a great Iron Firm."

"I should cut the partnership with a vengeance!"

"Perhaps not—such a good-hearted fellow as you are—if you saw that a great deal depended on your sticking to the helm—that if you let that go suddenly, a good many lives and fortunes might go to wreck also. When a man has been in business for a dozen years he is likely to find a thousand interests bound up with his own, and he can't always bring himself to sacrifice others for his pleasure."

"He cannot, if the man happens to be—my old chum! But we won't waste words. It always raises my fiend of a temper to think of what has gone to waste with you, Beresford!"

"Perhaps it won't prove to be all waste when the great audit is made up." And if there was something of sadness in the tones, there was yet

an under ring of victory in them. "Good-bye, Jack; you are a good fellow!"

"Good-bye, Beresford. God bless you!"

The two men grasped hands in a way that emphasized their last words, and then horse and rider dashed up the road.

It was four years since Robert Beresford had gone away in the budding May morning to find his dead wife in the hollow, and his motherless boy sitting with grave, puzzled eyes by her side, and the excited crowd around them suddenly growing still as he came up.

Of the horror of that time, of the bitter grief that followed, it is impossible to write. I cannot choose but think that over the blackest night of such a man's grief some stars of faith and hope will shine.

If the thought ever flashed across him that his great sacrifice mattered now little to her for whose sake he had made it, it was pleasant to reflect that her tender feet had always kept the primrose paths. The fair, delicate woman had never faced any of the bitter weather of poverty while she walked by his side.

Yet, for months that followed his wife's death, it seemed to Robert Beresford that all incentive to work of any sort had vanished.

His fortune was now ample for his own purposes, but partly because his long-neglected gift took its own revenge, and the old visions—the beauty and glory—did not revisit his imagination; and partly because his easel had such a cruelly tender association with that last talk before Stacey went away from him forever, he could not bring himself to take up a brush.

Perhaps it was well for him at this time that a sudden financial crisis intervened. The senior partner had an attack of apoplexy, and was too broken to attend to business. Beresford's energies rallied to meet the new strain on them. The house, largely owing to his foresight and skill, weathered the storm, and when a time of comparative leisure came, the heart of his youth—for he was still only a little past thirty—had rallied once more.

Life called to Robert Beresford—drew him with her own subtle influences on many ideas. He began to feel the old hankering for palette and canvas; and he executed some work in landscapes which his friends praised; averring that he had not lost the old vigorous drawing—the fine handling of color: but the pictures were miserably unsatisfactory to the painter.

Had Robert Beresford followed his own inclinations he would probably, any day during the last three years, have retired from business. He remained in the firm for the reasons he had assigned to his friend, but he still looked forward to the time when his partnership should close, half-wondering whether that event would make him a

happier man, and half-believing it, when he said to himself:

"My nature is subdued

To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Philip's departure to spend some time with his aunt in Germany had cost his father's heart the sharpest wrench it had known since the boy's mother left him; but he would not indulge his feelings at Philip's expense.

The stillness of the autumn night was almost oppressive. All the sounds of summer-life—the voices of insects, the movement of leaves, the whirl of light wings had vanished. A breath of wind shivered occasionally through the bare branches. Overhead a few stars would glimmer doubtfully between the gray bulging masses of cloud and then disappear. It was a dark, sad sky which that night looked over a darker, sadder earth.

Robert Beresford had chosen the shortest route home. It carried him through a mile of dense, lonely woods. He had just entered these, and was going at a smart gallop when he suddenly drew his horse up; he had heard a cry. In a moment he heard it again. It was a little louder this time, perhaps a little nearer, but there was no mistaking it. It was the cry of a human voice for help. It seemed half-smothered at times, like one in mortal peril, and then broke through the night—a wail of anguish and terror.

The sound seemed to come from the right. The woods, pierced in every direction by footpaths, lay on the edge of the town, and when the rider entered them, he had left the last farm-house half a mile behind him.

Robert Beresford did not pause for a second thought. All the man's generous instincts aroused, he dashed ahead at that cry of human need. He knew the ground perfectly. Dark and lonely as it seemed now, with the bare, black branches stretching weirdly over him, he had ridden under them when happy summers draped them with all the life and beauty of leaves. In any case, too, the man's nerves were a stranger to fear. Had the place been utterly new to him, he would have gone in search of that cry. He spurred his horse deeper into the thick shadows, then he drew up suddenly and sprang off, plunging into a little footpath on his right. Once or twice he heard the cry again. Each time it grew nearer.

There was a sudden trampling of heavy feet; and three men sprang out of the woods close to him. He heard a sound of oaths, the click of a pistol. In an instant it was all clear to him. The cries for help had only been a ruse to decoy him into the woods. The wretches had succeeded too well. Robert Beresford took in the whole situation, saw his whole peril in a flash. He stood there, unarmed and helpless, at the mercy of three

desperate men who probably had made up their minds to shoot him.

He was a brave man, as I said, but his heart suddenly knocked at his ribs, and he must have grown white about the lips. He remembered afterward thinking to himself: "It can only be death at the worst, and if it has come now I will meet it like a man!"

Then he spoke, expecting that a shot would put an end to his words. The men were so close to him that he caught the evil glitter of their eyes in the darkness; he felt, rather than saw, the powerful, hulking figures.

"You want to rob me," he said. "It will be easy to do that. But you will make nothing by killing me."

His voice had just the same quiet key it had when he addressed some angry crowd of hands at the works. It would probably have had its effect now, had the men not been maddened by drink.

There was another outburst of oaths—a pistol fired by an unsteady hand, for the murderous aim missed the man standing there in the darkness. At that instant the clouds drifted apart, and a large, low moon shone through a thin, gray veil of mist. The pale light broke through some oak-boughs, and outlined the heavy, slouching figures huddled close together, and the form—taller and slenderer by contrast—of the man who stood there awaiting his doom at the hands of a trio of desperate, drink-maddened villains.

The brightest glimmer of that pale, swift, vanishing moonlight suddenly touched Robert Beresford's face. The next moment there was a cry, a sort of yell of recognition, amazement, horror! One of the men sprung forward and struck down the pistol of his comrade.

"You shall kill me first, you dog!" shouted a hoarse, frenzied voice, and a moment later it was calling: "Run for your life, man, or these devils will have it!"

Quicker than thought, Robert Beresford turned. The sudden bewilderment of the villains at the defection of one of their number had given him a chance. With a blind instinct he fled now as a man can only flee when his life hangs on seconds. The darkness and his knowledge of the woods aided him. He heard the pistols again, the horrible oaths, the yells of baffled rage, the trampling of heavy feet, and he knew his pursuers were on his track. But those few moments had been everything in his favor. He darted from the footpath into the road, he leaped on his horse. The creature had been frightened by the firing and, an instant later, would have rushed off without her driver. She dashed furiously ahead now. It was a race for life or death through the bare, old woods, between the pale glimpses of the moon.

An hour later Robert Beresford was in his library. He lay on the lounge to which he had dragged himself on his return. His strong nerves had had a

terrible shock. He had faced the peril as only a brave man could, but the reaction had come, and he was terribly shaken by what had passed.

The scene in that woods had not occupied more than three minutes. The man saw that when he looked at his watch. His escape seemed almost a miracle. There could be no question of the villains' deadly intent. They must have been on the watch—have learned by some means that he would go through the woods that night. Their original purpose, no doubt, was to rob him, but drink had roused all their bad blood, and in their mood of savage frenzy they meant to kill him.

One of the highwaymen had recognized him. There was no mistaking that cry. It came from the man's soul. What did it all mean? There were men—hardened, desperate—for whom Robert Beresford had done kind deeds—to whom he had spoken cheering, helpful words. Had one of these men caught sight of him and remembered?

Then the man, lying on the lounge, and asking himself these questions, began to wonder whether it were not all a dream. The whole thing had been so sudden, so stunning! Had he dropped asleep and had a touch of nightmare?

Not quite sure in his own mind, he attempted to rise from the lounge. Then a terrible pain shot through his right arm. His wrist was quite stiff. Every movement of his hand tortured him. Beresford remembered now what he had quite forgotten—that the foremost of the villains who rushed out of the dark had dealt him a heavy blow with his pistol. Evidently the scene in the woods had been something more than a nightmare.

When the surgeon came to examine the wrist, he found some of the small bones broken. Beyond the present pain and inconvenience, no serious harm had been done.

The next morning, policemen searched the woods. They found nobody there. At the point where the tragic scene of the night before had occurred, the grass had been trampled by heavy feet, the underbrush was broken and scattered. Several bullets lay among the leaves.

Before noon Jack Leith heard of the attack, and rode over in great alarm. He listened, with white lips, but almost without a word, to his friend's story. When all was told, he did not once say, "I was right, you see;" or, "You ought to have taken my pistol, Beresford."

CHAPTER VIII.

LESS than a year after Lenox Dare left Briars—wild, the sad tidings of Mrs. Mavis's death had crossed the sea. The cheery, active spirit long upheld the waning strength. The close of the bright, helpful life was almost painless.

"It will hurt Lenox cruelly," the mother said to her son in their last talk together, "because

she was not with me at this time. Tell my little girl I charged her not to grieve. It was best so. I was growing an old woman, Ben, my boy, though you didn't see it. I don't fear the dying, now it is close to me; only I'm sorry for you, dear—you and Dorrice." And she turned to the tearful young face that had been bending over her bedside through all these days.

Some thought, which she did not speak, struck the sick woman at that moment. She lifted her hand feebly, and stroked the girl's. Then she laid those soft fingers in her son's palm.

"Be good to Dorrice!" she said.

He bowed his head; he could not speak at that moment. The next day he was head of the Mavis homestead.

Less than a month afterward, Dorrice Cropsey had a letter in an unknown hand from the West. Her brother—her last relative—was dead.

Young Mavis, coming on the girl suddenly, found her in the first passion of her grief.

"I am all alone—all alone in the world!" she said, as he entered the room.

It was a cry of hopeless agony. It went to his heart. She stood before him, holding out the letter, her eyes strained, the roses withered out of her cheeks.

Ben half-led, half-carried her to a seat. He took the letter from her cold hands and glanced over the contents. His own heart, almost broken with its recent grief, yearned over the stricken girl.

"I will take care of you, Dorrice," he said, and his manly tones were soft with pity. "You shall never be alone in the world; you shall have a home here so long as I live."

Did she hear what he said? He could not tell. He only saw the wild, tearless eyes staring at him. In a moment she broke out again with that wailing cry: "I cannot stay here. I was going to John. But he is dead, and now there is no place for me in the world!"

Those words—the outbreak of agony and despair—let in a sudden light on Ben Mavis. He had never given a thought to Dorrice's going away; he had taken for granted that she would stay on as before; but he saw now the impossibility of her doing so. Her own delicacy had warned the girl. Some intimate friends of the family had, for the young people's sake, remained at the homestead after Mrs. Mavis's death. They would leave in the course of the next month. Without consulting Ben, Dorrice had made up her mind to go away at the same time. She intended to join her brother. Under that fair girlish guise was a brave heart and a spirit that would nerve itself to any duty. But the strong arm on which she could have leaned had suddenly failed. In all the wide world there was no shelter for the white, smitten creature before whom Ben Mavis stood that

morning with dumb, unutterable sorrow in his face.

All of a sudden the look flashed across him which he had seen in his mother's eyes the day before she left him. He was overwhelmed with grief at the time, and it had no meaning for him beyond what lay on the surface. He had not recalled it since, but he knew now by some flash of intuition what must have been in his mother's dying thought. It had been in Lenox Dare's when they walked together that last night in the November gloom.

Dorrice was hardly aware of his presence. She had let him lead her to the lounge, not knowing what he did. And now she sat there, bolt upright, her wild eyes staring into vacancy. If he could only bring some life into that marble face.

But he must be sure of himself before he spoke. He saw, with his clear, strong sense, how all the future of both might hang on the next few minutes. He would act wisely for Dorrice, for himself. He thought of all she had been at Briarawild—of her sunny nature, her winsome ways. He thought what a double desolation would fall upon the house when the bright presence and the sweet young face should have vanished from the silent old rooms. He remembered Dorrice's devotion to his mother through those last days whose darkness still hung all about him—his mother who had died wishing that Dorrice might take the place she left vacant in her home—in her son's heart.

Ben Mavis thought, too, in that hour of the woman across the sea—of all she had been—of all she could never be to him.

"But if another woman, fair and sweet, and bowed to the earth by her sorrow, would lift up her head once more—if he could persuade her to come and sit by the lonely hearthstone of his life, and be a blessed, consoling presence there—" His heart thrilled at that thought. All his strong, generous manhood yearned toward the maiden. In her weakness and grief, she grew dear and sacred in his eyes.

Ben Mavis had walked across the room for three or four minutes. But there are moments—the greatest in life—when a man's heart and brain seem to live years.

Young Mavis turned at last and came back to Dorrice. He had made up his mind.

"Dorrice," he said, taking her cold hands in his, and looking into her bright, tearless eyes, "the home here is not more mine than yours. I cannot let you go away into the wide, lonely world. What would you do there, you little, soft, fragrant flower of a woman? You have been my greatest help and comfort through all my bitter grief, though I have never told you so—never even thanked you. And now your trouble has come, it is my turn. Will you let me try what I can do for you? Will you give me the right to share

your sorrows? I will be good to you, Dorrice. I promise you that, as I promised my dying mother. Let me see you look up; let me hear you say we will stay together—we will comfort each other."

The suddenness of her grief had almost stunned her. She stared at him with bewildered eyes. He must make his meaning quite clear to her.

"I ask you, Dorrice Cropsey, to stay here as my wife!"

At those words she rose to her feet. The slow color came into her pallid cheeks. It took her a minute or two to realize the question which his lips had asked, and which his eyes, still holding hers, repeated.

But the joy that came so swift on grief was half a pain. She did not speak. A look answered him—such a look as only once in a lifetime heart and soul can flash into a human face. It told Ben Mavis what he had never dreamed before; what Lenox had learned long ago; what his mother's dying eyes had caught a glimpse of.

"My poor little girl!" he said, and he put his arms around Dorrice.

The winds might blow as they listed now. The maiden had found her shelter in the strength and tenderness of that manly heart.

All this had happened before Lenox had been a year from Briarswild. Mr. Apthorp found the settlement of his affairs in England more difficult than he had anticipated. Had less been at stake for his niece, he would have left the business in the hands of his lawyers, and saved himself a good deal of wear and tear at this time.

The tastes of the two were not extravagant; but their life abroad had made heavy draughts on the fortune which Mr. Apthorp had brought from the East Indies. All this, however, he had sedulously kept from Lenox. He had his own reasons now for wishing to place his property in secure and easily-managed investments. His niece did not imagine with what almost boyish eagerness her uncle looked forward to their return to his native land, or how keen was his disappointment as he found his hope delayed from month to month. He had a slight cough, too, and they had twice to winter in the south of France.

The tidings of Mrs. Mavis's death could not fail to overshadow Lenox's last stay abroad. She had lost the only mother she had ever known. No other love could take the place of that in the girl's heart.

A little later came tidings from Briarswild of the engagement of the young people, and of their marriage a month later. To know that Dorrice Cropsey was mistress of Briarswild fulfilled the dearest wish of Lenox Dare's heart.

Nobody ever knew with just what feelings Ben Mavis laid down her letter of tender, exultant congratulations. It had been his fate—perhaps his

misfortune—that he loved her in a way that he never could love another woman. But in all the years to come he never doubted that he was a happier man with Dorrice Cropsey for his wife than he ever could have been with Lenox Dare.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was almost two years since Lenox and her uncle went away from Briarswild. They were in their own land now, under their own roof-tree. They had been here less than a month; yet it had begun already to seem home to them in a way which no other place could—not even the Mavis homestead.

The two had returned a little before midsummer. They stayed awhile at Briarswild. The place was vacant, the voice silent for which Lenox had always looked and listened first. But the old home was full of a new happiness. Ben and Dorrice had not been married a year. How fitly she took her place as the mistress of the fair old homestead! The glow in her cheeks rivaled her maiden bloom. The gladness in her eyes outshone the girlish archness. She was one of those women whose mission it is to make home blessed and happy. She reminded one of that beautiful old myth of Vesta. It seemed as though the hearth-goddess must have smiled on Dorrice from her birth—must have blessed her with all household gifts and graces. Ben, watching his young wife's face as it shone about the house, or sparkled and dimpled by his side, said to himself: "What should I do without you, Dorrice?" Sometimes he repeated the thought to her.

And Dorrice would answer, with a little quiver in her voice: "What should I have done without you, Ben?"

An English gentleman, who had lived for several years in America, crossed the sea with Mr. Apthorp and his niece. He was returning to his family, from whom he had been called by the sudden death of a relative. They would all go back to their native land after he had disposed of a home which he had built during his residence in the States. The house was an English cottage. Its owner described it as a bit of picturesque, rural architecture in the midst of some pretty landscape gardening.

It appeared that this house stood less than a mile from the beach, and within two of the town where Mr. Apthorp was born. For the last years he had been looking forward to settling down under his own vine and fig-tree as the summit of all his earthly hopes and ambitions. He was so attracted by his fellow-passenger's description of his home that he agreed to visit it within a fortnight after they should have set foot in America.

All this time Lenox was kept in profound

ignorance of her uncle's plans. She rallied him occasionally for his hobnobbing with the Englishman. She was, like everybody else, quite in the dark when her uncle, the week after his return, made some excuse on leaving Briarswild for two or three days.

He found the Englishman's place all that its owner had described. Indeed, it almost seemed to Mr. Apthorp that some kindly genie had created the whole thing for his sake, the house and the grounds were so well adapted to his tastes and requirements.

The day after he visited the place, the bargain which made him its owner was concluded.

Tom Apthorp afterward planned a great surprise for his niece. During the remainder of the summer, which she passed at Briarswild, he never alluded to his new purchase. One day, early in the autumn, when they had come for a brief visit to Boston, he drove her a few miles out of the city, along the pleasant beach-roads, and at last brought her to the cottage-grounds. Lenox followed him, surprised and curious, when he insisted on her alighting at the door. He led her into the house. She had no sooner crossed the threshold—wondering what he was about—whom they were going to see in this pretty bower, among green terraces and lovely foregrounds of lawn and shrubbery—when he put the keys into her hands, and saluted her as mistress of the castle.

That was six weeks ago. Since that day the two had lived under this roof. From the first, it had been simply a "coming home" to them.

The house had been built after the pattern of a quiet English country house. Its color was a pale gray, and it stood, broad and rather low, among the honeysuckles, and ivies, and creepers that half covered it. The grounds were not large, but their slopes of terraces, their twisting paths, the skillful grouping of shrubberies, made wonderful effects of breadth and distance. Pretty rustic work was scattered about. The flower-beds and knolls were a mass of gorgeous, late summer-bloom.

Inside nothing seemed wanting. The former owners had gathered into their sea-side nest, as they loved to call it, everything that could add to its home coziness or comfort. The rooms were few, and large and sunny, with all sorts of pretty little nooks opening out of them. The furnishings were simple, but in perfect taste; the cool, gray stones brightened everywhere with flecks of color.

It was not a grand home to which Tom Apthorp had, at the end of their wanderings, brought his niece. His means would not admit of his doing that; his tastes had never inclined to splendor. But it was to her an idyllic spot—this gray nookery hedged in green—where she could listen to the voices of the sea in stormy weather, and where an atmosphere charmed with home-rest and happiness surrounded her.

They hung the walls with their own pictures and engravings. There was ancient china, and all sorts of lovely and curious things—gathered in their long life abroad—to arrange about the rooms. Lenox had a woman's delight in this sort of work. It was an utterly new sensation to find herself the mistress of her own house.

Her uncle, watching her with quiet enjoyment as she moved about the rooms arranging the draperies, disposing her treasures, would say: "How naturally and gracefully you do it, my dear! One would suppose you had been at this sort of thing all your life. Have you a gift at housekeeping, after all?"

And Lenox would laugh gayly and say: "It is only an instinct, Uncle Tom. All women have it. I never had a fair chance at indulging mine before."

And now the two sat together one evening in the heart of October, just six weeks after Lenox had first crossed the threshold. The windows were open; the night was warm, as though it lingered on the skirts of summer. The miracle play of the autumn had begun, and the coppices and woods were in their livery of scarlet and gold, holding their brief day of pomp and splendor of color, while the winter and the north wind, a little way off, were biding their time. A low, reddish moon looked in through the clumps of evergreens. A dim light burned in the corner of the wide, rather low-studded sitting-room. The two always came here to pass their evenings. Its lounges, its easy-chairs and all its graceful furnishings, made it seem like the very heart of the dainty home.

Lenox, seated a little way from her uncle, wore a white dress that night. When the evergreens stirred, the moonlight glimmered in her hair or over the hands lying idly in her lap. In the dim light she made a central radiance. In the silence her uncle watched her.

"Uncle Tom," she said, speaking her thought at last, "can you conceive of two happier human beings than you and I are to-night?"

"If there should be such, you and I would not envy them, Lenox."

"Envy them! When I can look out on that big, jostling Vanity-Fair of a world from such a little heaven of a hermitage as this?"

"I like to hear my little girl talk in that fashion—to know she is so happy!"

"You are the dear magician, Uncle Tom, who has made my good fortunes. I am only half afraid that I shall awake some morning and find that house and grounds were only a bit of enchantment—that the whole has vanished into thin air!"

He laughed. "You may dismiss all thoughts of that sort, my dear. I have given the foundations a thorough inspection. They are solid English work. They will last a couple of centuries."

"Then they will serve more purposes than ours. But you cannot be surprised that the whole thing has a little uncanny look in my eyes. Remember how you brought me here—what a surprise it all was! It was not in the natural order of things. It had more the air of romance and of magic than of common daylight; and yet—" She paused there.

"It struck me just then," she continued, in a slightly lower tone, "that all the best things in my life had come in this way—with a touch of the marvelous about them. You were a great surprise to me, Uncle Tom."

"I have not the least doubt of that, my dear."

Something in his tone made her sorry for that last remark.

"Such a great, blessed, unutterable surprise!" she added, laying her soft hand on his own.

He held it a moment before he spoke.

"We have put into a snug little harbor after our wanderings, Lenox. I have a curious feeling about it, too. Half the time I forget that I am an old man. I walk among these scenes, and ramble about the rocks and shore off there, and am just a careless, merry-hearted boy again. I can understand now the feeling which brings a man to end his days where he began them."

This last remark gave Lenox a vague uneasiness.

"How glad I am," she said, "that you and I are come to anchor, as you call it, on the spot where you and dear mamma were born! What a fresh interest and fascination your stories will have for me now I can stand in the very places where they all happened! We will watch the summers in and the winters out in this fairy bower! I shall never want to leave it, except to visit dear old Briarswild."

"Summers and winters!" repeated her uncle to himself. "I used to talk of them in that fashion, and they seemed an infinite procession to me."

"Why should they seem anything else now?" asked Lenox, in a little irritated tone.

"My dear," he answered, "do you know that I am an old man?"

"I know there is nothing that exasperates me so much as having you call yourself one! There isn't the slightest suggestion of old age about you."

"What, not with my gray poll and snowy beard!" he said, gayly. "Don't you see I might sit for a picture of old Time with his scythe?"

She laughed, resolved to treat this remark as a jest.

"Twenty years from this time—not eight, as you once said to me, Uncle Tom—I will answer your question. But I don't want to talk of a remote future. I am in love with the present—with life and happiness to-night."

The man gazed at the beautiful, glowing crea-

ture as she sat before him in her white dress, with that witchery of moonlight in her hair.

"Life and happiness are good," he answered. "I cannot find it in my heart to say of them to-night what the wisest of men once did, 'This also is vanity.'"

"Uncle Tom," said Lenox, in a tone of decided petulance, "I do believe you are half an old Greek at bottom. We are so happy to-night, you fear lest the gods should envy us, and you look serious, and make these solemn reflections in order to placate them."

"No, Lenox, it is not Greek superstition—it is an old man's experience this time."

"There it goes again! Uncle Tom, why will you cling so obstinately to this fiction of your old age?"

"Is it wholly a fiction, Lenox, when I am a good deal past sixty? Have I not, at least, reached a point when, as Dante says,

'Each behooves

To lower sails and gather in the lines?'"

"Sixty is a mere bagatelle," replied Lenox. "Colonel Marvell was more than twenty years older than you are, and I never remember his calling himself an old man."

"A man's years are not always the test of his age. The Apthorpes are not a long-lived race. You may hold out better, Lenox. You have a good deal of the old Dare stock in you."

As he made this remark, Lenox turned suddenly and looked at her uncle. Was it the flickering moonlight which gave him that thin, shadowy look? It struck her now for the first time.

"Uncle Tom," she asked, suddenly, "are you feeling quite well?"

"Tolerably so; only a good deal of the old spring has gone out of me. That long illness in India is at the bottom of it. I have held out bravely through all these years; but I never quite got over the terrible shaking of that time."

Lenox listened, with a shadow stealing over her joyous mood. Twice in her life the cold finger of death had touched her heart. Once, when a little child, she saw Colonel Marvell lying before her with his still, white face; and again when the tidings came from Briarswild. The one sadness that had lain at the heart of these happy weeks, had been the thought that Mrs. Mavis's pleased eyes could never glance about these rooms—could never follow her darling with loving pride about her new home.

"Uncle Tom," said Lenox, coming over suddenly and laying her hands on his shoulders with the old gesture, which always made him think of a dove's white wings settling there, "have you been to see a doctor of late?"

"Yes, my dear."

"When was it?"

"Before we left England."

"Did he say anything—O Uncle Tom—I am afraid to ask!"

"You will not be so weak as that, my child. There is nothing dreadful to tell, either. The doctor only said, what I knew before, that the old life in India, and the sickness with which it closed, had strained the timbers a good deal. In plain English, that I must take care of myself."

"Uncle Tom," burst out Lenox, as a sudden wave of fear swept over her heart, "if you were to leave me I should be all alone in the world! I could not live if you should—" She stopped there.

"Say it out bravely, my darling—if I should die. We will not be afraid of a word. And in any case I may outlive you—you sitting there in the flower of a womanhood whose glowing bloom it seems no frosts can ever touch."

"But if you should go first—if I should be left here all alone!" and she clung to him and shivered.

"And if I went last, what should I do without my little girl? But when our turn comes—yours or mine—I hope the one who is left on the hither shore will have grace and courage to say, 'It will be but a little while. It is the will of God.'"

She had thrown herself on an ottoman at his feet, and laid her cheek on his knee.

"Now hold up your head, my dear, and don't let me see you a shade less glad because I am not quite as spry as I was forty years ago."

In all these ways he tried to comfort her—to soothe her fears. He partly succeeded. But, looking back afterwards, Lenox knew that the shadow which had fallen across the threshold that night had never quite vanished from it.

The next week the Mavises came. Happy times followed their advent. The soft, pensive loveliness of the Indian summer lingered long that year around the New England coast. Mr. Apthorp brightened wonderfully at this time. It was all owing to his native air, he insisted. He was never tired of carrying the young people about to the old haunts of his boyhood. In the evenings they would gather in the sitting-room, and while the falling leaves made a melancholy rustle outside, he would fascinate his little audience with stories more delightful, his niece thought, than those with which he used to charm them when he first came to Briarswild.

The visitors were almost as charmed with the new home as Lenox herself.

"How perfectly it all suits you!" Ben would say, with something unfathomable in the gaze that followed her moving about in her new rôle of hostess.

"What a noble man Ben was! What a sweet woman Dorrice!" Lenox was always thinking to herself as she watched the pair. "How perfectly they suited each other!"

A great happiness shone under the long-fringed lashes of Dorrice's violet eyes. She had told Lenox, long before, the story of their sudden betrothal.

"Such a night as that was!" she said. "Such a morning as broke into it!"

One day, when Dorrice had been amusing her husband and Lenox with all manner of quaint, arch speeches, she suddenly glided off on some errand, leaving the pair alone. Lenox noticed the tender glance with which Ben followed the retreating figure. Then he turned and met Lenox's eyes. She laid her hand on his.

"I was right, Ben," she said. "Dorrice was the one woman in the world for you."

He knew she was alluding to her talk that last night at Briarswild.

"Yes, I think she was, Lenox," he answered.

But though the two women were always talking about him, Lenox never told Dorrice of the secret she had surprised one day. And in her husband's heart there was one hidden door to which Dorrice Mavis never had the key.

CHAPTER X.

THE Mavises stayed twice as long as they had intended. Just after they left the first snow came. Mr. Apthorp had been dreading these a little, not for his own sake, but for his niece's, after all her years of summers; but she looked out on the

"Beauty o'ersnowed and bareness everywhere,"

from her warm, bright-colored nest, and was as happy as any bird that would sing the next June.

Old friends and neighbors of the Apthorps who still lived in the vicinity came to see them. They often had guests from the city, only twelve miles away. But the two, with all their social instincts, could not be drawn away from their own roof-tree that winter. Was it altogether because they were so happy as to have no longing for the great world outside, or because, as Lenox would have said, Uncle Tom was not quite strong this winter?

She was forced at last to admit this to herself. She hung about him with an anxiety pathetic to those who understood it. But she did not see, as strangers did, how his step grew a little slower, and the lines in his thin face sharper day by day. A little "hectoring" cough that set in during the autumn got deeper and hoarser; and when March came, with angry skies and battling winds, Uncle Tom could barely crawl down-stairs to the grate-fire where he sat all day. But he was still quite his old self, talking and jesting at times, even about his turning into such a molly coddle, but often there was a look in his eyes, when they followed Lenox, which he took care she should never see. He let her cheat her heart with all

sorts of slight reasons for his illness—perhaps he tried at times, for her sake, to deceive himself.

"It is all this horrible climate, Uncle Tom?" she would say, when there was no longer any disguising the truth. "Of course it was madness for you to think of weathering one of these New England winters after your twenty years in the East Indies. We must spend our next winter in Florida."

"I believe the climate is at the bottom of it all," he sometimes answered. "Evidently it is too rough a coast for my old bones."

No doubt he partly made himself believe it, but after awhile he ceased to say that.

One evening in the last of March she brought him the newspaper. He had been unusually feeble for several days. This one he had spent on the lounge, listening, when he was not talking with Lenox, to the distant muffled thunder of the waves. A high wind which was blowing carried the sound far in shore.

"I like to hear it," he said to Lenox, in the morning. "The sound of the tide brings such a flood of old memories with it."

To-night, when she handed him the paper, he waived it aside.

"No, thank you," he said. "I don't feel like reading just now. Sit down here, Lenox, and let us have a talk together."

She threw herself on the low ottoman by the great easy-chair, in which he was reclining. In all her talk she had treated his illness as a kind of jest. That had hurt him more than any tears, because he knew what unacknowledged ache and fear lay under the lightness.

"We are on the edge of April, Uncle Tom," she said. "We shall have milder weather now, and you will soon be out again."

"Lenox," said her uncle, softly, but very gravely, "it is not the weather that ails me!"

She moved uneasily. "Don't say it is anything worse than that, Uncle Tom!" she cried, in a voice which made it doubly hard for him to say something he had been all that day making up his mind must be said.

"Lenox," he asked, after a little pause, "do I look like a man who is going to get well with a little milder weather?"

She turned without a word and looked at him. It seemed as though something compelled her. She saw the white head lying against the crimson of the easy-chair; she saw the sharpened features, the gray shadows on the face, the bright, sunken eyes looking at her with unutterable love and pity. As she gazed, her lips grew pale. She stared on with a kind of fascinated terror while the truth, from which heart and brain recoiled, forced itself upon her.

"O Uncle Tom—Uncle Tom!" It was a cry of exceeding agony. The iron had entered her soul!

His hand was on her head, his soft, tender, restraining voice in her ears.

"Is that the way to take it, Lenox—the way for my sake?"

She stared about the room like a creature driven to bay. An awful sense of loneliness, of desolation to come swept over her.

"It will kill me, Uncle Tom," she cried out, in sharp, broken tones; "it will kill me to be left without you!"

"I know it seems like that now; but if God has willed that you should live, Lenox—if He has something in His world that cannot be done without you."

She burst into a terrible sobbing. She was not given to weeping; but now a tempest shook the very roots of her being. She tried several times to speak, but always ended in a sharp cry: "My heart will break! It will break!"

Her uncle did his best, with soothing words and soft reproofs to calm her. At last she grew quieter and sat at his feet, pale and still, with the cold at her heart.

"I had expected better things of my little girl," he said. "If she fails me like this I cannot say—what I have on my mind to-night."

"But you may get well, after all, Uncle Tom," clutching wildly at a hope which her heart yet belied.

He shook his head. "No, Lenox; let us not try to deceive ourselves. The end may not be so near as I sometimes think; but—it is coming!"

She looked in his face—and she knew!

"I should not mind, Lenox," he went on, in a little while, "if it were not for leaving you all alone. I feel a good deal as Charles Kingsley about 'kindly death's setting one off on a new start somewhere else.' I see where I haven't made the best of my chances here."

"Think what you have made me—what you have been to me, Uncle Tom."

"I shall be glad to tell your mother—my poor Evelyn—if I see her first, how you said that. I shall have to confess to a long, terrible neglect, Lenox!"

"Don't, Uncle Tom, don't!"

In this way, the talk he had been dreading opened. It went on for hours; so that it would be quite impossible to write all that was said that night. Into the pauses of the talk came the clamor of the wind—the far-off voices of the sea. The soft light shone upon the white, sharpened face of the old man, on the snowy hair and the glittering beard, and on the beautiful head of the woman at his feet.

"I might have put this talk off until another time, Lenox," said her uncle. "This old hulk of mine may hold out through a good many storms yet; but I have some things to say while my mind is quite clear. You would not want me to wait

for dread of hurting you and then feel it was too late?"

Her head moved a little in answer.

He began then, quite steadily and calmly, to speak of her future without him. His whole talk showed how carefully he had forestalled everything; how all his plans had been made—even to the smallest details—with the nicest regard to the ease and comfort, the needs and tastes he understood so thoroughly.

"I am sure you will like best to live on here, Lenox, in the home where you and I have passed these happy months—it would be pleasanter now than to go back—even to Briarswild?"

She answered him with a glance. Her voice was too full of tears to trust it.

"I shall not leave you a rich woman, Lenox, but you will have a sure income of a few thousands. And this will keep you very comfortably with the two or three servants you will want to carry on the house. Should you require a man's counsel or help—you will always have young Mavis to rely on—a better friend than most brothers."

He went over all the details of her life, dwelling upon each in a way that showed how his wisdom and thoughtful care had provided for every emergency.

And afterward he said some tender, solemn words which she who heard will remember longest of all. "I know how it seems to you now, my darling. You think it will be too hard to bear—that it must kill you, too! I know your heart will be cruelly wrenched, and that it must have its own way for awhile, but I charge you, when I am gone, not to grieve for me long and hopelessly. Open all the doors of your soul. Let all the life and beauty of the world where God holds you back for awhile—at the farthest it can be only a little while—draw you softly, comfort you tenderly! I have a feeling, too, that there is some work for you to do yet in the world—that somebody may need you; somebody for whose sake you will be glad that you lived when I went away and left you! And when you are, you will look back and remember this talk, and say, 'Uncle Tom was right!'"

This was a part—only a very small part—of all that he said to Lenox that night; and in all the pauses of his talk she heard the cries of the wind outside—the distant voices of the sea. She heard them always when she remembered that night, and how she sat there, silent, and stunned, and desolate, and listened until it was long past midnight.

In the weeks that followed, Uncle Tom rallied a good deal. He moved once more about the house, with a halting step, it is true, but he was quite his old self, full of interest in what was going on around him, telling his stories and having his jests with Lenox.

Her heart rallied, too. The cold shadow that

had fallen on her soul grew lighter. She hoped, after all, that Uncle Tom was not going to die. She still clung to her old fancy that the summer, which was slowly coming that way, would work wonders for him. She never alluded to the talk they had together that night. Neither did her uncle.

One morning, early in May, she went out for a walk. She was gone longer than she expected. The blue haze upon the distant hills, the soft, pink blush of the budding maples, the tender green which was yet hardly more than a dreamy mist about the boughs, and a nameless life, and thrill, and scent in the air drew her on into quiet old roads and sunny lanes.

She came home at last with a glow in her cheeks and a wonderful light in her eyes. She went straight to the sitting-room. Her uncle was in his easy-chair just as she had left him.

Lenox had found a small robin's nest in a lane where the winds had shaken it from the trees. In a sunny corner of a little coppice, half a mile away, she had come across a few blossoms of trailing arbutus, and some ferns that had begun to push their first plumes of delicate green through the dead leaves. She had placed the soft, pink-white of the blossoms against the feathery-green of the ferns, and laid the whole in the little hollow of the bird's nest.

She came toward the easy-chair.

"Uncle Tom," she cried, "see what I have brought you! The first blossom of the new year in a nest of the old!"

But he did not move to the glad cadence of her voice.

He sat with his back toward her. She came closer to him.

"Uncle Tom, are you asleep?" she asked, softly, and she leaned over him.

He had "gone to sleep!" But it was a sleep from which no human cry of love or agony could ever awake him!

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE.—It has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries; that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it—in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and that the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming to those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unwise; it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part.

ROSE LEGENDS.

AS in music the appoggiatura, or grace notes, become blended with the leading melody, sustaining and embellishing it through infinite variations, so, inwrought with rose-history, are legends fanciful as fairy lore; traditions rich in rare imagery; romance in which love and war wage chivalrous defense of white or crimson emblem.

Dark were the world without mythical light even as to *couleur de rose*. Says the legend, Venus flying to the assistance of Adonis, the rose-bushes caught her to make her stay, and the drops of blood the thorns drew from her feet as she tore herself away fell on the white roses and turned them a beautiful red. Honored above all floral tributes, this symbol of Aphrodite, at the Roman festival, Veneralia Pindar in one of his most delightful songs of victory, singing of the Graces, associates with them the source of decorum, of purity and happiness in life, of good-will, beneficence and gratitude among men. They were represented as beautiful, young, modest maidens, winning and charming, always dancing, singing and running, or bathing in fountains, or decking themselves with flowers, especially with roses; for the rose was sacred to them as well as to Venus, in whose company, and doing her many a service, according to the myth, they were usually to be found. Fair in Greek fable, the nymph-guarded river "flowing among rose-trees;" sacred to Rhodeia its shrines and altars; odorous its crystal air with ever-blooming eglantine. At the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, roses are strewn on the ground before them, and a shoot of a rose-tree grows behind to symbolize the sweetness and beauty of young love. The origin of the tinted or blush rose is ascribed to the beautiful Rhodante, queen of Corinth, who, to escape the persecution of her lovers, attempted to seclude herself in the temple of Diana; being forced from her sanctuary by the clamor of the people, she prayed the gods to change her into a flower, and the rose into which she was transformed still bears the blushes that dyed her cheeks when forced to expose herself to public gaze. The fragrance with which this "earth star" is so richly endowed, is stated by those same poetical ancients to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid; and the thorns they say are the stings of bees, with which the arc of his bow was strung.

The Romans regard the rose as the emblem of silence as well as of love and joy, and frequently represented Cupid offering one to Harpocrates, the god of silence; and on festive occasions suspended a rose over the table, intimating to the assembled guests that the conversation was to be literally, as well as metaphorically, "under the rose."

The rose is mentioned by the earliest writers of

antiquity. Herodotus speaks of the double rose; Solomon sings of the Rose of Sharon; Isaiah of the desert that shall blossom as the rose. The old name of Syria meant "land of roses," and from Damascus came the beautiful "Damask Perpetuals," akin to the famous Rose du Roi.

Of all Syrian bloom the rose of Jericho is the most wonderful. There is an old legend that it grew in the desert in places where the Virgin Mary touched her feet, when flying into Egypt with the Infant Jesus; and they say, too, it will always bloom at the Christmas time! This curious shrub will fold its leaves and flowers upward, and become dry, brown and shriveled; but if immersed in water, its bloom and foliage are suddenly renewed as if by magic or enchantment—hence it is known as the Resurrection Rose.

Among the ancient Romans roses were used with a profuseness and extravagance almost incredible in later times. When Cleopatra went to Cilicia to meet Marc Antony, she caused the floor of the hall to be covered with roses to the depth of eighteen inches. Lurks there the breath of ecquetry in rose-odor? She who thus employed it, is Shakespeare's best exponent of the art of fascination!

At a *fete* given by Nero, the expenses incurred for roses alone were four million sesterces, or about one hundred thousand dollars. Roses were used in wreaths and chaplets to adorn the brows of poets and orators. The Greeks and Romans used them to ornament the statues of Venus, or Hebe and of Flora. At their marriage ceremonies they played an important part, and were often strewn in the aisles of churches. Tombs were covered with them; and many of the wealthy Greeks and Romans left large legacies for the especial purpose of ornamenting their burial places with roses, both with plants and the cut flowers. Even at the present day the white rose has lost none of its emblematic sacredness for bridal or burial. Among the many beautiful rose legends there is one of a poor shepherd-boy, who, lonely and neglected, had fallen asleep under a tree near the highway. Before sleeping he had prayed to God to have pity upon him; to fill this great and painful void in his heart, or to send His minister, Death, to his release. While sleeping he had a beautiful dream. He thought he saw the heavens open, and an angel of such enchanting grace and beauty floated toward him. Her eyes glowed like two of the brightest stars. "You shall be no longer lonely," she whispered; "my image shall ever abide in your heart and strengthen and stimulate you to all things good and beautiful." While saying this she laid a wondrous rose upon his eyes, and, floating away, soon disappeared in the clouds. The poor shepherd-boy awoke and was enraptured with what he supposed was a wild dream. But lo! there was the rose, and with unspeakable joy he

pressed it to his heart. He thanked God for this sweet flower, which proved to him that the angel was no dream, but a reality. The rose, the visible emblem of his good angel, was the joy and comfort of his life, and he wore it ever afterward. In Auerbach's strangely beautiful romance, "On the Heights," Irmgarde records in her journal: "Of all flowers I find the richest morning dew on the rose. Does it give the richest perfume? Does the perfume form dew? No green leaf has so much dew on it as the leaf of a flower."

Roses are admittedly the emblem of love. An old tradition says that a rose gathered upon mid-summer eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear on her bosom, when he who is to become her husband shall be ready to come and take it. In Thuringia the rose holds a similar position as a love-charm; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose-leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water; that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of Germany it is customary to throw rose-leaves on a coal fire as a means of insuring good luck.

In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose-tree, it will insure rosy cheeks. At Santiago, in Chili, whenever a stranger is received in a house, each of the ladies of the family offers him a rose.

Frederick the Great, while walking in the gardens of Potsdam with Voltaire, asked the amazing Frenchman for a rose. He picked one and presented it to the king, with the remark that it had grown beneath his majesty's laurels. A rose—were it well supplied with thorns—might symbolize their eccentric friendship. "Never," says Macaulay, "had there met two persons so exquisitely fitted to plague each other. Each of them had exactly the fault of which the other was most impatient; and they were, in different ways, the most impatient of mankind. In secret they both laughed at each other. (According to our text *sub rosa*). Voltaire did not spare the king's poems, and the king has left on record his opinion of Voltaire's diplomacy. 'He had no credentials,' says Frederick, 'and the whole mission was a joke, a mere farce.'"

The lofty genius of Milton could not protect him from tiny arrows of infelicity. The Duke of Buckingham, who visited him, observed that his wife was a rose. The lady had a fine, high temper, and so Milton answered that doubtless she was, for he could feel her thorns. The great leader of the German Reformation, so loved this simple yet magnificent flower that it was graven on his seal. Luther, whose controversial strokes brought forth papal ire like sparks from an anvil; Luther, boldly facing the Diet of Worms, and burning bulls of excommunication before the Elster gate at

Wittenburg; fame's foremost apostle of Protestantism, modestly appreciating the poetry of a rose!

In Roxburgh Park, England, a rose-tree marks the spot where James II of Scotland met a tragic death, during the wars of the roses. In league with Lancaster (red rose) his army attacked a frontier fortress; while the king was examining a battery, one of the guns burst, and he who at Stirling Castle had dared and slain the Douglas was, himself, suddenly laid low. There is a strange fascination in these old histories of contention for the English crown! The white rose victory at St. Albans and Northampton; the death and defeat of York at Wakefield; again the bloom of triumph at Towton; the march of the army of the crimson rose to London, and restoration of Henry VI; the flight of Edward IV into Holland; his return—when the white rose victories of Barnet and Tewksbury ended the wars of the roses in the final overthrow of Henry, who died in the tower soon after.

There is a beautiful German legend known as the "Rose of Warning." Long ago in one of the Swiss valleys stood a cloister, surrounded by gardens and pathways, where the holy brothers used to wander in prayer and meditation. The rose was to them a never failing death-token.

"At the midnight call to prayer,
On the fated brother's chair
Lay a snow-white Rose of Warning:
He must die at break of morning."

The flower was hung on sacred wood in the monk's cell where his prayerful gaze might rest upon it. Once this death rose warned a youthful brother. It was hard that the light of life's morning should suddenly grow dark! Softly and stealthily he conveyed the mystic flower to the chair of an old and weary-waiting brother. On the morrow there were *two for burial*, and wails of lamentation were heard from the fear-haunted brotherhood. The old man, pale and peaceful; the youth, dark, distorted.

"And the rose upon its bosom
Wore a fearful strain of blood!
Never more the snow-white blossom
Warned the sorrowing brotherhood.
Vainly they, at midnight bell,
Watched for that sad miracle;
For with blood was it polluted,
And for service pure unsuited."

The brothers died one by one, broken-hearted. The cloister decayed so the sun could no longer find it; but 'tis said that white roses, with the blood-stain woven through them, grow there to this day.

After this dirge, an aria! The queen of the fairies was sheltered one night in the heart of a rose, and when morning came she gave in return a delicate veil of moss, as the only thing that could possibly increase the perfect beauty of a perfect flower.

Roses have been christened by the florists from

celebrities of all times and climes. Pius IX and Robin Hood, President Lincoln and Jeanne D'Arc, Mad'elle Rachel and Agrippina, Murillo and Souvenir de Malmaison. Not valueless this individuality of a rose, when Marechal Neil and Jacqueminot buds are worth their weight in silver; and Solfaterres—rich as sunset—crown confessional altars; or snowy Nymphetos grace the marriage-bell and burial-cross.

MRS C. I. BAKER.

A LETTER.

I STOOD alone in the shadow
Of a desolate, broken life,
Fainting beneath my burden,
Weary with doubt and strife;
When far from over the darkness,
That had grown of my life a part,
There floated a wondrous music,
Sent from a strong, true heart.

For this heart, it thrills and quivers
At the plaint of another's pain,
Like the strings of a wind-harp wakened
By the wail of the winter rain.
It gathers the broken murmurs
That stray to its inmost ward,
And, freighted with potent meaning,
They pass to a perfect chord.

Then the tremulous, grieving echo
That troubled its happy calm,
Flows back in a tender cadence
That falls on the soul like balm;
Softening all the sorrow,
Stillling the bitter pain,
Pointing the prostrate spirit
To heights it may still attain;
Sweeping away the vapors
Of bitterness, doubt and scorn,
As the mists are swept from the moorlands
By the fresh, sweet winds of morn.

The bare, blank walls grow misty,
And fade from my tear-dimmed sight;
And all through the narrow chamber
Is the throb of a rare delight.
The bands of despair are broken,
The fountains of feeling stirred
By the power of a loving nature,
The wealth of a tender word.

And my spirit waves swift pinions,
Bathing in Hope's glad ray;
Bearing her burden lightly
O'er the illumined way;
Up from the chill and shadow,
Up from the storm and fray,
Up from a night of terror
To the glorious, golden day.

HELEN HERBERT.

TENDER AND TRUE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS DEAR LITTLE WIFE"

CHAPTER XX.

I MOVE my story forward through an interval of more than half a dozen years. Except in a few things, little occurred during this time of any special interest to my readers. Andrew Payne had ventured back, from a self-imposed exile, into one of the Southern States, where he was recognized, and, under a requisition from the governor of our State, handed over to justice. His arrest, trial, conviction and sentence to ten years' imprisonment, were exciting events for Oakland, which had fallen back into its former quiet life. Donald, after his wife had been removed to her old home and placed under the care and protection of her father, led, for a time, a wretched, drunken life, and then suddenly disappeared, going no one knew whither. Herbert Radcliff served out the full term of his sentence, but left Oakland immediately after his release, going to a far Western city, where he made a new start in life. During the two years of his imprisonment, there had been time for his bad habits to lose a measure of their power over him—habits of mind as well as of body. His father, mother and sister did not turn from him as one utterly disgraced and lost. Everything that could possibly be done for him within the limitation of prison rules was done. When his release came, all the plans for his future were arranged and settled; and after a brief, sad, yet hopeful re-union of the family, Herbert set his face westward, and in his new life among strangers began the work of building up a new character, which should rest on more solid foundations than were at first laid.

The defalcations, breaches of trust and direct swindling operations in which Mr. Catherwood had become involved, were of such magnitude, and the cause of so many disasters, that his ultimate escape from justice was something which an outraged community was determined to prevent if possible. As no legal step had been taken for his arrest on the arrival of the steamer in England, he passed over to the Continent and was lost sight of for a number of years. Nothing was known as to the amount of funds he carried away with him; but it could not have been large, as no bills of credit on London or Continental bankers had been drawn in his favor by any banking firm or institution in the United States. All that I could learn about Mrs. Catherwood, since the disgraceful flight of her husband, was, that she had entirely withdrawn from society, and was living in seclusion somewhere in the vicinity of Boston.

The mystery which had, from the first, hung over the disappearance of Mr. Fordyce, still re-

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mained as deep as ever. Not a hint of where he was or what he was doing had reached us. The thought of him always brought a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain; while his relation to Mrs. Catherwood was one of the unsolved questions with which my mind wrought helplessly, in its efforts to reach a probable solution.

As the years went on, life in our quiet home grew less and less eventful. We were so far out of the current in which the restless world was moving as to be little influenced by its fashionable ambitions or pretty emulations. Olney was indeed a haven of rest. My father still kept his interest in books and in certain literary pursuits connected with scientific farming. My mother's life went on in the old ways. She was still the loving caretaker; but love was a growing element in her character; a stream that became broader and deeper as it moved onward toward the great sea of infinite love. It had long since overflowed the narrow boundaries of home, and was refreshing with its sweet, cool waters, and making green the sterile places of other homes than ours. How beautiful she was growing! The kiss I laid upon her lips night and morning had in it all the heart-warmth of a lover. Rachel was absorbing from our mother the affluent life which was around her as a sphere, and which penetrated everything wherein lay a capacity for reception; and I could see a growing likeness of character, making itself felt in unobtrusive charities, and in a spirit of self-consecration for the good of others.

Our worldly affairs continued to be prosperous. Not that our annual increase from the farm and quarries reached a large sum; but it was always considerably more than our expenses, and gave a handsome surplus for investment every year. And the interest on these accumulated investments had begun to make another important factor in our income. Once, interest had been a serious drain upon our resources; now it was counting the other way.

In the series of changing states of mind through which we all pass in our inner-life progress, I became affected with a desire to see something of the world outside of the narrow limits in which I had been so long content to live. As there was nothing in the way of gratifying this desire, I left home and spent a few months in the West and South, and on the Pacific coast. What followed was natural. I wished to cross the ocean and see the Old World. And I went. After remaining abroad for a year, and going over the ground usually taken by European tourists, I came back to London, where I spent a few weeks before taking the steamer for home. On the morning after my arrival in that city, as I was looking hastily through the columns of a paper to find some items of American news, my eyes caught this heading to an article: "ARREST OF A GREAT

SWINDLER." Then followed a brief account of the financial operations of John Catherwood, who had, as it appeared, been residing in London for several years, in close seclusion, and recently in great poverty and destitution, under an assumed name. His case, it was said, would be immediately tried under the Extradition Treaty with the United States, and no doubt was expressed about his being sent home for trial.

I had a mingled feeling of pity for the miserable fugitive who was reaping the bitter fruit of his evil deeds, and satisfaction in the thought that retributive justice had found him out and given him to drink of the dregs which remained in his bitter cup. The proceedings in his case were pressed to an early conclusion. I saw him once or twice while they were pending. He was greatly changed in appearance; and had the half-scared, half-defiant look we might expect to find in the face of one who had been long in hiding from a pitiless and powerful enemy. His attire showed extreme poverty; and there was a wasted and nerveless look about him that indicated great physical exhaustion, either from disease or destitution.

Mr. Catherwood was not sent back to the United States to be tried for his crimes. On the day after a decision in his case had been reached—a decision adverse to the prisoner—the London papers announced his death. Heart disease was said to be the immediate cause; though it was generally believed in American circles that he had died by his own hands.

After spending a few weeks in London, I took steamer for America. The death of Mr. Catherwood turned my mind with a new feeling of interest toward his wife, and set me again to thinking and speculating about the mysterious relation that existed between her and Mr. Fordyce. Would the demise of Mr. Catherwood tend in any way to a solution of the mystery? It was a question which, the more I pondered it, absorbed me the more; and by the time our steamer reached Boston, my mind was so full of the subject, that I could think of little else night or day. One thing I had resolved to do, and that was to discover Mr. Fordyce if he were still living, and anywhere within the United States. Just how I was going to proceed was not fully determined, but I had large faith in the possibilities which lay before a resolute will.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NOTE was sent to my room on the day after my arrival in Boston. The address was in a lady's hand. Questioning in my mind as to who the writer could be, I cut the envelope, and, on unfolding its inclosure, read the name of HELEN CATHERWOOD, written in an unsteady hand under these brief sentences:

"In the list of arrivals I notice that you are at the 'Revere.' Won't you call on me at number 60 — Street? I wish to see you very much."

At number 60 — Street I was shown by the servant into a handsomely-furnished parlor, where I remained for over five minutes. At the end of this time he returned and said that Mrs. Catherwood was too much indisposed to come down-stairs, but would see me in her room, to which he conducted me. Reclining upon a lounge, near a window that looked out upon the Public Garden, I saw my dear old friend. She did not rise, but waited for me, with one hand outstretched, as I crossed the apartment quickly, and with her large eyes fixed upon me with a kind of hungry eagerness. I thought of pure, white lilies as I gazed into her thin and colorless face. It was over ten years since I had seen her; but she looked more than twenty years older than at our last meeting in Oakland.

"My dear, dear friend!" she said, as she grasped my hand. "How many times have I wished to see you! It was good of you to come so promptly."

Her eyes were filling with tears, and her voice trembling.

"You have come direct from London?" she said, as she made an effort to get command of herself.

"Yes," I replied.

There was a strange look in her eyes. I waited for the questions about Mr. Catherwood which I felt she was going to ask. She had dropped her gaze to the floor. I saw rapid changes in her face; but could not read their significance.

"The newspapers have told me all," she said, at length, drawing a deep breath. "But we will not talk about that. The curtain has fallen upon one long act in the drama of life. Fallen, thank God, never to rise again! I am going to tell you something about myself," she said, after she had grown entirely calm, and I had briefly answered her questions about my mother, and sisters, and Olive. "But, first, have you seen Mr. Fordyce, or heard anything about him since I was in Oakland?"

"Not a word," I replied.

"It is very strange," she returned, a look of doubt and trouble in her countenance. "I thought it possible that he had communicated with you."

"He may not be living," I said.

"Oh! I had not thought of that."

There was, what seemed to me, a pleased surprise in her voice. A soft light broke and warmed over her pale face, that was lifted up for a moment, and glorified. She sat quite still, and with her thoughts far away, until the shadows came gently down again, but fainter than before. When she

spoke, I perceived a new quality in her tones. They had lost much of their depressing character.

"If so, it is well," she said, with a deeper satisfaction expressed in her voice.

I will relate in her own words the story which she then told me. I give it as though there had been no break in the narrative. But there were many breaks and pauses, and rests to recover from exhaustion, or the overflow of intense feeling—for Mrs. Catherwood was even weaker than I had at first supposed.

"It must be told to somebody before I die," she began, "that justice may be done to one of the purest and noblest of men. I was in my twentieth year when I first met Mr. Fordyce. He was preparing my only brother, since deceased, for college, and came every day to our house, which was a mile from the city. There were certain defects in my education, which my father, who was a man of authority, and rigid in the execution of his will, wished to have remedied; and to this end he engaged Mr. Fordyce to give me instruction also, and in the branches of study where he regarded me as most deficient.

"My father was not a man of tender feelings, and he had little or no sympathy with the tastes and needs of women. My mother's will was of but small account in the family if it did not accord with that of my father, who was the law-giver as well as the provider. I can never remember the time when I did not fear rather than love him, nor when I did not perceive the falling of a shadow when he entered the house. I tell you this in order that you may clearly understand what follows.

"Up to my eighteenth year I was a school-girl, and so completely shut out from society that I had no intimate friendly relations with any of the young people of my own age who resided in our neighborhood. All intimacies of this kind my father had discouraged, as well as all indulgence in dress and amusements. He was not going to have me spoiled, he said, nor my education interfered with. He wanted his daughter to become a sensible woman, not a useless doll like most of the girls he saw around him; and as he understood the power of association, he was rigid in holding me as far away as possible from the reach of influences which might draw me into the charmed circle of gay young life, and bring me within the sphere of what he denounced as only vicious and hurtful.

"My mother, a tender, warm-hearted woman, had given me largely of her capacity for loving. Almost from the very day on which the marriage rite bound her in a life-long slavery to the will of my father, had she come under the law of repression. Out of the sunny atmosphere of love, where every leaf and blossom had opened and spread itself freely to the caressing air, she had passed to

a cold and desolate region, in which not a tendril could push itself forth without meeting the touch of frost or the deadly chill of winter. She was not strong enough to hold her own with my father. There was a time, I believe, when the freedom with which God had gifted her, and which was as much her very life as it is the life of every man and woman, made a feeble effort to hold itself above the dominant will that exacted absolute submission and obedience. She was not equal to the struggle. But I cannot dwell on this. It is too painful. My pure, true, loving mother! I was old enough to know just how it had been and was with her, as to my father, when she died. He had killed her by the slow tortures of heart-starvation, hastening the catastrophe by an occasional stamp of his iron heel! I speak with a bitterness which years only intensify. And my father, as guilty of wife-murder as he who strikes with deadly thrust or blow the woman he has promised to love and cherish, held himself in proud esteem for his manliness of character, and for the prudence and order of his home-rule as the head of a Christian household! For my father was a Chris—a professing Christian.

"As I have said, my mother gave me largely of her capacity for loving. I had my pets at home—birds and animals; and my heart had many delights in them. I had a sister who died when a baby less than a year old. I was in a heaven of blessedness—for it is heaven to pour out love—during the little while that she lived; and when she was taken away from us, it seemed to me as if my heart must break in the stress of its terrible pain.

"I was taken from school when in my eighteenth year. The act on my father's part was sudden and unexplained. I learned the reason several years afterward from one of my school-girl friends, whom I met at Newport, where I was spending a summer. A young Latin teacher had come into the school, and the girls, as girls will, were having their say about him, some of them talking in an extravagant way about his splendid eyes, and other personal charms. I had not observed any particular attention on his part toward myself, though it seems that others had—or imagined that they had—and this was spoken of in the home of a gentleman who knew my father, by one of his daughters—the lady to whom I have just referred. This gentleman, on meeting my father, had said to him, in a half-serious way: 'If you don't want a Latin teacher for your son-in-law, you'd better look to it in time.' What more passed between them I did not learn. But I was removed from the school at once, and without the assignment of any reason beyond the will of my father, who rarely gave any explanation of his arbitrary acts. It was for him to command, and for me to obey.

"Since my mother's death, several years before

this time, the administration of our home affairs had been in the hands of a housekeeper. She was now sent away, and the daughter installed in her place. 'It is my desire,' said my father, in his cold, imperative way, 'that you now make yourself thoroughly acquainted with household affairs. This is the duty of every woman; but, unhappily for the comfort and well-being of American families, few American women know anything about these matters. Dress and dissipation make the chief end of their existence. But I will not have my daughter one of these butterflies of fashion, but a good and useful woman, as fitted to manage a household as a merchant is to manage his business.'

"No society for me; no enlargement of my sphere of thought; no opportunity to cultivate my tastes, or to feel the sweet contact of soul with soul as life came forth in its spring-time and early summer. All was to be narrowed down to household cares and duties, with no love to lighten the labor. If there had been love, how all would have been changed. Up to this time, I had scarcely spoken to a young man, except in a distant and formal way, and my heart was as free as a maiden's heart could be. One evening, a few months after my new and lonely life began, my father told me, on his return from the city, that a young gentleman, the son of a friend and a correspondent in New York, had brought him a letter of introduction, and that he had invited him to take dinner with us on the next day. There was something in the manner of my father when he made this communication that I felt rather than understood. 'I want you,' he said, more as one who asked a favor than enunciated a command, 'to do your best in the preparation of this dinner for our guest. His father lives in elegant style, and I would like our entertainments to present as little contrast as possible with those to which he has been used.'

"I promised to do all in my power to meet his wishes. He charged me over again, on the next morning, as he was leaving for the city, and with something softer and kinder in his bearing than usual. As on the evening before, I felt rather than thought about this altered manner, and so gave it no significance. As the time for his coming with our guest drew near, I began to feel a little nervous from suspense. My fancy had been at work, under the spur of curiosity, and I found myself drawing imaginary portraits of the young man to whom I was about offering the hospitalities of my father's house.

"I was in my chamber, giving the last touches to a carefully-prepared toilet, when I heard carriage-wheels in the yard, and immediately afterward the sound of my father's voice. I felt my heart begin to beat more quickly, and, as I glanced into the mirror, saw that my eyes were unusually

bright, and the color on my cheeks of a deeper hue than usual. After taking a few minutes to regain the composure which I felt that I was losing, I went down to the parlor, where I met John Catherwood for the first time. His handsome face, fine person and easy manner, and especially the admiration which I read in his eyes from the moment they rested in mine, could hardly fail to make a strong impression upon me. Trained to self-control under my father's exacting discipline, I was able to hide beneath an easy exterior all signs of the new state of feeling which at once began awakening in my heart. Several times during the dinner hour, in looking casually across the table at my father, I encountered his steady gaze, and became aware that he was observing me closely.

"We spent the evening together, my father engaging our visitor in conversation, and drawing him out to talk of himself, his travels abroad, his familiarity with European art-galleries, famous cities and public men, and from this leading him on to speak of business, and his recent accession as partner to the commercial house in which his father was the controlling capitalist. Mr. Catherwood addressed himself to me very often, and especially when speaking of pictures or fine scenery. His manners were cultivated, and when talking, the play of his features was very attractive. At rest, I was not so well pleased with his face as when it was mobile with thought and feeling. The lips, in closing, did not take on a good expression. In going away, he said, addressing me particularly, that he had spent a most delightful evening, and should remember this as one of his red-letter days; adding, that, at my father's next visit to New York, he hoped that I would accompany him, and that while he (my father) gave himself to business, he would be my gallant'squire, and show me everything in the city worth a young lady's attention.

"I had never visited New York, and when, a few weeks afterward, my father announced to me that he was going there on business, and that, if I wished to accompany him, he would take me along, I was greatly surprised and delighted. A week was given me for preparation, and I was encouraged to supply myself with a wardrobe and personal adornments, which cost more than all I had worn during the previous half a dozen years. Could I help asking myself what it all meant?

"That visit to New York! It lies still under a golden haze, far back in my memory, as a dream of delight. It extended over two weeks, at the close of which period I returned home, carrying a love-confession in my bewildered heart. My father had managed his part of the business well. He was a business man. When, after the lapse of a few weeks, Mr. Catherwood made another visit to Boston with a formal proposition for my hand,

his offer was accepted as a matter of course. So far as it concerned my father, it was only the natural sequence of his politic management, recording itself in a satisfactory result. As for me, I walked like one blindfold, and in a dreamy, delicious maze, whither they would have me go. But scarcely had the promise to be John Catherwood's wife passed my lips, before I became aware of an inward repulsion, the movement of which had been more than once dimly perceived.

"Try as I would to overcome this feeling—and I did try long and hard—it steadily gained strength, until it grew into an unconquerable dislike. At every visit, and he came frequently to see me, something in him hurt me. What this something was I did not always perceive. But enough was made manifest in his bearing toward me, and in his character and sentiments, to fill my heart with a dread of ever becoming his wife—a dread which soon began to haunt me like an evil spectre. The more I wrought with and strove to cast it out, the stronger it grew.

"There were certain defects in my education, as I have said—or what my father regarded as defects—and these, in view of my future position in society as the wife of Mr. Catherwood, he wished to have remedied. To return to the academy where I had been for several years, was, of course, out of the question, and whatever was to be done for me must be done through private instruction. My only brother, two years younger than myself, had been away at school; but, on learning that he was in some danger from doubtful associations, my father had him brought home and placed under the charge of a tutor who was strongly recommended to him by the governor of the State as not only a competent instructor, but a singularly upright and conscientious man, whose influence over his son could not fail to be of the most salutary character. This tutor, as I have already told you, was Allan Fordyce.

"My father was so well pleased with the change and improvement which he saw in my brother after Mr. Fordyce became his instructor, that he made an arrangement with him to give me certain lessons, and at the same time to review the course of instruction which I had taken at the academy, and remedy, as far as was possible, any deficiencies which he might discover. In his management of the affair which ended in my betrothal to Mr. Catherwood, my father had shown a shrewd knowledge of human nature, but proved himself to be singularly at fault in perception and foresight when he threw me into the intimate associations with this young man which come naturally between teacher and pupil. As the affianced bride of Mr. Catherwood, I was, in his view, wholly out of the reach of danger from the attractions of an obscure young man in the humble position of a tutor. He did not know that my life was already feeling an

impulse from his life; that, although in his daily visits to my brother I rarely came in his way, I took involuntary note of his coming and going, and had a feeling of gain when he was in the house and of loss when he went away. He did not know how full my brother was of his praise, nor how many of his lessons in true thinking and right living were repeated in my ears and laid up in my heart.

"It cost me an effort to conceal from my father the pleasure I felt when he informed me that he had arranged with Mr. Fordyce to give me instruction also, and hoped that I would make the very best use of the opportunity to remedy my deficiencies. I will not linger on what followed. I could not help myself. Against the power of the new influence which gathered about me, I had no defense. As for Mr. Fordyce, I will say, that neither in look, or tone, or sentiment was he disloyal in the least thing to the confidence which my father had placed in him. But how could I help feeling the difference between him and Mr. Catherwood; the one so pure and noble in all his sentiments, the other so selfish and worldly, and in so many things like my father! At each visit of Mr. Catherwood, the contrast became stronger, and my aversion greater, while each recurring visit only marked the closing of periods which brought nearer and nearer the time when I must become his wife.

"At last it came, and there was no way of escape. Months before, Mr. Fordyce had informed my father that he could not give me lessons any longer; and also, that as he had a number of male pupils, he had arranged to have them in a class in the city, where, if he desired to continue my brother under his instruction, he would have to send him. My father urged him to make an exception in favor of my brother, offering to double his compensation. But Mr. Fordyce was firm in his decision which was immediately carried out.

"I alone knew why this sudden resolution had been taken. An incident had occurred which threw both Mr. Fordyce and myself off our guard, and betrayed us to ourselves and to each other. For a single moment our hearts were uncovered; and though the veil was drawn almost instantly, each knew the other's secret.

"How shall I describe the state of mind into which I was thrown by this discovery! I had been moving forward toward a destiny from which there seemed to be no possible escape, when, suddenly, another way opened, and I could see through the vistas which stretched into the future a land of delight more beautiful than anything my imagination had ever conceived. But how was I to set my feet in this way? If Mr. Fordyce had taken my hand and said, 'Come, let us enter this way and go to this land of delight,' I would

have gone with him. My betrothal would have been as nothing. I would have broken from it as a prisoner from his bonds, and no power on earth would have been strong enough to fetter my free will again. But Mr. Fordyce did not say this either by look, or word, or sign; and the darkness that fell upon me was only the blacker because of the sun-burst in which I had stood for a single ecstatic moment. The veil dropped over his face, and was not again lifted during the brief period that elapsed before he left the house never to re-enter it again.

"I had learned, during the few months in which I was under instruction from Mr. Fordyce, to regard him as one in whom all manly virtues were centered. He was so different from my father and from Mr. Catherwood. I could not pass an hour with either of them without being hurt, or repelled, or disturbed in my feelings; while, on the other hand, the very presence of Mr. Fordyce brought a sphere of tranquility and deep interior satisfaction. I was in a kind of peaceful heaven when with him; but on a sea of unrest while with them. In their conversation, I found little to interest me, and many things that awakened doubts and questions; but every sentiment that fell from the lips of Mr. Fordyce found a response of approval in mind and heart. I was on a smooth and pleasant stream, moving under the force of a current whose drift I did not perceive until it was too late to set myself against it.

"One afternoon, the lessons for that day being over, Mr. Fordyce was about leaving for the city, when, under the influence of feelings which I did not attempt to control, I caught one of his hands and said, with a betrayal of far more in my voice than I imagined or intended: 'Don't go yet, Mr. Fordyce! It is so pleasant to have you here, and so dreary when—when—' I did not finish the sentence, for an instant consciousness of the betrayal I had made shut my lips and covered my crimsoning face with confusion. What happened then is as clearly before me now as it was at the time of its occurrence. Whether a minute or an hour elapsed I can hardly tell. The heart when happy takes little note of time. I only know that what I saw in his eyes drew my head down with an irresistible force; that when next conscious of external things my face was hidden on his breast, and his arm drawn tightly around me. It may have been only for an instant so; it may have been for an hour—I cannot tell. But I lived an age of joy. Suddenly his arms relaxed, and his hands lifted me away. When I looked into his face, it was as white as death, and his eyes so sad, and pitiful, and full of tender reproach, that they smote me with anguish and despair. I had expected to find there the love and the will to rescue and protect at all hazards, which I had felt in the strong pressure of his arms; but, instead, I saw a

dark shadow falling into them, and a strange coldness gathering about his mouth.

"Good-bye, Miss Grayson." He held out his hand, and I gave him mine. "God bless you and keep you?" He spoke with an effort to appear calm. I could find no voice to reply. My despair at his going away was rising into an outburst of passion. He saw it, and, turning abruptly from me, left the house. I never saw him but once after that until the day we met at Oakland. You remember the time, for you were with him.

"I did not meet my father when he came from the city in the evening, but kept my room under the plea of indisposition. A sleepless night, in which I wrestled with hopes, fears and vague uncertainties, or gave myself up to the imagination of impossible things, left me in no better state for seeing my father; but he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to observe me closely when we met at the breakfast-table, and did not make any remark on my changed appearance. What an age it seemed before the usual time for the arrival of Mr. Fordyce came. Would he ever return again? My heart was growing faint with its efforts to reach an answer to this question. All night I had wrestled with it. His cold, almost stern, irresponsible face as I had seen it last, and as it was perpetually rising before me, kept saying No, and thrusting me down into the depths of despair, from which I would struggle back as I remembered the love I had seen in his eyes, and the tender passion I had felt in his embracing arm. How could he desert me, now that he knew the truth! How could he turn from me and leave me to my fate, when he had only to reach out his hand and save me! Could he be so hard and cruel? I would not believe it.

"But the hour for his coming arrived, and passed. For a long time I had been at my window, waiting and watching, hoping and fearing. Slowly the shadows of a night, deeper than any that nature knows, began to close around me, growing thicker and blacker while the minutes gathered into hours. As I have already told you, he never came again. When my father returned home, he brought word that Mr. Fordyce had called upon him to say that he could not give me any more lessons, and that if my brother wished to remain under his instruction he would have to come to his room in the city. Mr. Fordyce had acted, he thought, a little strangely, and with some evasion of manner. He had an impression, he said, that other reasons, back of those which he had given, were influencing his conduct. But a suspicion of the truth did not seem to have crossed his mind. Anything so impossible as the transfer of his daughter's regard—I do not say love, for that was something he did not comprehend or believe in—from the son of a wealthy merchant holding a high social position, to an obscure

teacher, did not even suggest itself. He would see him again, he said, and induce him to alter his determination. But in that he was not successful.

"And was this the end? The death of that sweet, new life?—a birth and a death in the same brief moment! A birth, but not a death. True love, whenever born, is of immortal essence and cannot die.

"I will not attempt a description of what I thought, and felt, and suffered—of the wild and desperate fancies to which I sometimes surrendered myself during the period that elapsed between this event and my marriage. From Mr. Fordyce there never came the slightest sign or token. If I asked my brother about him, his answers were unsatisfactory. To my oft-repeated question, 'Why does he never come to see us?' the reply was, 'I cannot tell; I've asked him a great many times'; or, 'He acts as if he were offended about something'; or, 'He isn't at all as he used to be.' My brother spoke of him as having a troubled look; as sitting often with his eyes fixed on the floor, or set into vacancy, for minutes at a time. 'Did he never ask about me?' I once ventured to say. 'Never,' was the prompt answer. And I did not ask again. But all these things were laid up in my heart. I understood their meaning, and gathered hope from them, that ere the fatal sacrifice was consummated he would come to my rescue as a loving and loyal knight, and bear me away in triumph. The more I brooded over this idea, the more deeply did it take hold of me. I dwelt upon it in imagination, and held it so closely to my thoughts that it grew into something real. I often went into the city with no other object than the hope of meeting Mr. Fordyce on the street. Had I met him, nothing would have held me back from declaring my love, and entreating him to save me from an alliance which I dreaded worse than death. I wrote him many letters, but something always held me back from sending them.

"At last the fatal day arrived. We were to be married at ten o'clock, and go immediately afterward to the city, and thence on board a steamer which sailed for Europe at twelve. Even until midnight had I held to the wild hope which had taken possession of my brain. Then it died, and I saw no way of escape. In the utter despair which came with the conviction that I had been clinging to a mere straw, and that I was now being swept to a fate which I had dreaded worse than death, my reason began trembling in the balance. When morning broke, I was in a kind of mental torpor; and but for those who had charge of me, and whose business it was to make me ready for the marriage rite, would have remained passive in my chamber. I can remember little of my state of mind during that morning, except that I had a dumb sense of pain, and a wish to die. I recall the ceremony as something which might have

passed in a dream; and I can recollect riding to the city in a carriage with my father, and brother, and Mr. Catherwood, and even going on board the steamer. From that time until many weeks afterward, my memory is a blank, except in a single thing. When I came to myself, I was in my own chamber in my father's house. I remember going down to my state-room on passing to the steamer, and being seized, as I entered the small apartment, with a feeling of terror and suffocation, and a wild impulse to escape; of making my way back to the deck, and along the gangway to the wharf, without being observed, and next of being with Mr. Fordyce somewhere, with my head on his breast, and my arms about him. Beyond this, until the light of reason dawned on me again weeks afterward, all is, as I have said, a blank.

"My brother had seen and recognized me through my poor disguise just as I reached the wharf, but before he could alarm my father and Mr. Catherwood, or follow in pursuit, I had passed through the crowd of people, and was fleeing along one of the streets which led back into the heart of the town. Half an hour afterward, they found me with Mr. Fordyce, in his school-room. My brother had gone to him in order to enlist him in the search; and not until he found me there had a suspicion of the truth crossed his mind.

"I was immediately taken home. From my brother, I afterward learned that when my father and Mr. Catherwood demanded an explanation from Mr. Fordyce, whom they violently accused of having been in secret correspondence with me, and with having planned a guilty escape, he answered them not a word. His face, my brother told me, was so changed that he hardly knew him, and once or twice he saw him look at me, as I lay unconscious, with his eyes full of a tenderness and pity that were indescribable.

"I have dropped a veil over all that succeeded in my life since then; have buried the dead of my unhappy past. The good seeds sown in my mind during the brief period in which I had the privilege and happiness of knowing Mr. Fordyce, were not lost, nor their living principle destroyed. There came a time when, watered by tears and warmed by God's tender love, their hidden life moved to germination. When the truths to which he had given utterance, and which had lain for many years as dead precepts in my memory, began to shine by their own inherent light, and to fall upon the dark path which lay before me, and to make plain the way in which God would have me walk. They have been strength in my weakness, hope in my despair, ease in my pain and comfort when my heart was desolate. And now the end is not very far off."

Her pale, pure face had warmed with a glow of feeling; but as she ceased speaking, and sank back among the cushions, it grew white again. How

full of spiritual beauty it seemed, as with closed eyes and shut lips she rested for awhile after the exhaustion of her long effort.

"I wanted you to know all about Mr. Fordyce, and the relation in which he stood to me," she resumed, in feebler tones. "I could not speak before, and now that all impediment to speaking is removed, I am glad to have this early opportunity. If you should ever meet him, Davy—"

She did not finish the sentence. A slight flush came warming into her face, which she turned partly away from me, remaining silent for some time.

"I have forgotten to say," she resumed, "that this is not my house, but that of a dear friend. I am living in my old home, a short distance from the city. At my father's death, it came into my possession, together with a large income from his estate. You must go out there with me. I shall return to-morrow morning, if I am well enough to bear the drive."

On calling next day, I found Mrs. Catherwood in the parlor. There was a change in her appearance, as if a new life were flowing through her veins. She was quite well enough, she said, to bear the fatigue of a ride home; and ordered her carriage to be sent for immediately on my arrival.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT was a beautiful old place, the house almost hidden from view by trees and shrubbery. I remained with Mrs. Catherwood, at her earnest solicitation, for two days; and then, after promising to visit her soon and bring Rachel with me, took my leave. I had entered the carriage which was to bear me back to the city, and was leaning out to say a few parting words to Mrs. Catherwood, whose hand I had taken, when I saw a man pass through the gate which opened from the road a few hundred yards distant, and come with long, hasty strides toward the house.

There could be no mistake. It was Allan Fordyce! The figure was a little bent; and the hair had changed in color; but I knew my dear old friend and teacher at a glance. Mrs. Catherwood did not see him at the moment, for she was looking at me; but my sudden, strong grip of the hand which I was still holding, and the change which she saw in my countenance, caused her to turn her eyes in the direction mine had taken, and her face at the same time, so that I could not see its expression on the instant she recognized Mr. Fordyce. But I was aware of the fact that she had recognized him by a thrill in the hand I yet held, a closer clasp of the fingers, and a slight uplifting of the body. Then she stood motionless and statue-like, with her form bent slightly forward.

The parting, in helplessness and despair, and

the meeting after so many years of trial and discipline, of self-repression, and growth into higher and purer lives; the parting and the meeting just here, where love in its first, sweet blossoming had been struck with a bitter frost—how shall I describe it!

I could not go forward to meet Mr. Fordyce, who had quickened his pace on seeing us, for Mrs. Catherwood was holding my hand with the tight clutch of one who felt that strength and nerve were failing. As he drew near, and I could begin to read the lines and meanings in his face, I saw great changes, that revealed a still purer manhood. The brow was whiter and broader; the eyes were farther back in the deep, wide sockets; the cheeks had lost their rounded fullness; and the mouth, closely shut, was calm in its firmness, and as sweet and tender as in the old time when I used to hang upon his words. Light was breaking through every lineament.

"O Helen! My Helen! At last! Thank God!"

I did not see her face, for it was turned away from me. There was no answer on her lips; no quick, passionate movement; only a withdrawal of her hand from mine and a sinking of her head upon his breast with the weary abandoned air of a tired child as its mother's arms were drawn around it, as his were drawn closely around her. And she had gone to sleep as quickly as the tired child after its head had touched the maternal bosom. To sleep—but the waking was long delayed; doubt and fear trembling in the balance against hope.

But the waking came at last. In the long rest of nature there had been renewals and influxes of interior life; and when the heart took up again its even beat, and the quiet breast its responsive motions; when the eyes unclosed and looked up into a strong, serene face—beautiful in all that makes a true and noble manhood—love became more potent than death, and drew her back from the cold hand which had been leading her toward the grass and the daisies.

The years are many since these two lives, so long held apart, met and flowed together as one in a deep, still current—years undisturbed or marked by any events in which my readers have an interest. Mr. Fordyce, on leaving Oakland, had passed over into Canada, and, under an assumed name, taken up his residence there; not returning to the United States until after the death of Mr. Catherwood in London, an announcement of which he had seen in the newspapers.

My father and mother are in the better land. Rachel and I are living, in the old place, our easy and contented lives, with Olive's children making music in our home; for Olive is dead. In her latest hours I promised to care for her children; so lifting from her over-tried heart the last heavy

burden that rested upon it, and letting her spirit go free.

As I write the closing sentences, I hear a voice in the garden just outside of my window, that stirs my heart like old, sweet music. And now a shadow has fallen into the room, and as I look up I see the figure of a bright, breezy girl of sixteen, almost sylph-like in her delicate proportions, with a rosy complexion, and clear, hazel eyes, of wonderful depth and brilliancy. She looks at me with a happy light in those beautiful eyes and a merry smile on her parting lips, and calls me "Uncle Davy." And I say "Olive, dear!" as I respond, with assent, to the favor she asks—for to answer her with denial is to me impossible. The shadow flits away; but another falls into the room through the open window, and I look up again. It is Rachel now; and she says, speaking a little gravely: "I wonder at you, Davy! You are spoiling the dear girl."

THE END.

MYSTERIES OF A BEE-HIVE.

A LIFE-TIME might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and still half the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, whilst the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid lump of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver on the excited collodian plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Schcibler has inclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, while others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been that the sunned portion rapidly crystalized, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of of saccharine food presented to them; and if light were allowed access to the syrup it would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

EASTER MORNING.

WE went alone by the fields of rye
 Just as the day was dawning,
 The Marys, Salome and I,
 For it was Easter morning!
 And each one carried with silent care
 Jars of spices, rich and rare,
 Frankincense, and aloes, and nard,
 Spices our faint hands had prepared
 For our dead Lord's embalming.
 When He walked by my side in happy days,
 Through sunny Juda's rose-hedged ways,
 Where myrrhs drop gum and spikenards weep,
 I gathered none *then* for His weary feet.
 Now I come to His death's adorning!
 Though the dreadful day that was dark at noon,
 Through that night, when He hung between us and
 the moon;
 When the captains were mad and the priests were
 in error,
 And the weak earth shaken with earthquake and
 terror;
 With tears we had sought them here and there
 The gums so precious, the spices rare.
 While the face of our Christ, so deathly white!
 Came ever between us and the moon;
 The face of our Christ, so deathly white,
 That lay in the dark and dreadful tomb!
 And it was Easter morning!

"Who will roll us away the stone?"
 We said, ere day was dawning,
 As we women went our way alone,
 All on that Easter morning!
 For the stone was sealed, and very great,
 Hard as iron and heavy as fate;
 Stark it lay on the grave's dumb mouth
 Where the white sepulchre faced the south
 In Joseph's costly garden.
 The shadowy garden that lapped it in,
 Fair as pleasure and sweet as sin,
 Where bulbuls sang through the slumbrous air—
 Now who should look for a sepulchre there?
 In the midst of Joseph's garden!
 We said, "Who shall roll us away the stone?"
 But save that word we uttered none;
 While each, in fancy, looked in at the tomb—
 Messiah's grave, by mortals hewn!
 By human hands carved from the rock
 That rose all white in the spectral light,
 The bare, unyielding, flinty rock
 That held in its hollow weird midnight—
 In the midst of Joseph's garden!

So, to the place where our dead Christ lay
 We came, as day was dawning;
 And lo! the stone was rolled away!
 For this was Easter morning.
 But who dare stoop and look into the tomb?
 That awful home of silence and gloom!

(Messiah's grave, by mortals hewn)!
 Who dares to turn from the garden gay,
 And search where the murdered Messiah lay
 In the tomb of man's adorning!
 Ah! well for Mary Magdalene,
 From her seven-fold sins washed pure and clean!
 That she had brought to her living Lord,
 While yet she joyed in His spoken word,
 The spices for His embalming.

And well for us all if we dare, with her,
 Stoop down and look in at the sepulchre;
 And well for us all if we find within—
 Not the fleshless bones of treasured sin,
 Not the foul uncleanness of lust and pride,
 But the angel-form of One Glorified!
 And the grave-clothes cursed—the guilt we loved—
 In a little heap, and their power removed.
 While from the whitest sepulchre
 Whose darkness hid our Crucified,
 Up from the moaning sepulchre
 Messiah riseth glorified.
 And it is Easter morning!

EMMA E. BREWSTER.

A WRAITH.

OUT of the grave of silence
 Wet with the rain of tears,
 Cometh a voice to greet me
 Over the tide of years.

A voice that is not forgotten—
 Yet over the bridge of time
 It comes like the far-off sweetness
 Of a distant church-bell's chime.

And I know, as I hear its accents
 Fall on my ear to-day,
 That the love of the past is buried
 In a grass-grown grave away;

And only a ghostly sweetness,
 A memory like a sigh,
 Has floated back from the silence
 To whisper a last "good-bye!"

FAUSTINE.

WHEREVER there is fickleness you may say with truth to him who is characterized by it, "Thou shalt not excel." The man who is continually changing his occupation, or constantly moving from one situation to another, fails to better himself in anything, and lives only to illustrate the proverb about the "rolling stone."

MRS. GENERAL FREMONT has organized several classes in history among the grown up sons and daughters of poor settlers in Arizona.

The Home Circle.

MILLWOOD LEAVES.

THE fresh air this morning is delicious. A soft, blue haze is on the hill tops and the atmosphere is so clear that the ringing of the school-bell, five miles down the creek valley, reaches us quite distinctly. The rushing of the stream over the mill-dam comes up to us as though the white foam and the swash of the leaping waters lay down in the quiet valley below us, instead of a winding mile away, and out of sight. We open all the doors and windows this January morning that the cool, sweet air may enter into our home and, loitering with wholesome mission, go out again and make room for newer and sweeter breezes. We put a shawl over our shoulders and sit down on the veranda to drink in the beauty and freshness of the delightful winter morning. The villagers are astir; not the merchants and doctors, nor the tired ministers who preached yesterday, but the butcher, and the grocers, and the baker, and the dealer in boots and shoes, and the professor who hears the first class in Latin before breakfast, and we see a lazy puff of smoke at the little milliner's kitchen chimney. While we sit speculating, the early morning express comes round the bold, rocky point, curving grandly, and leaving a great plume of smoke and steam lying across the valley and on the crisp air, touched into blue and gold by the slanting rays from the eastern sky. As the train brings up at the station we hear the brakeman's call, and the heavy thud of baggage on the platform—the hurried, bustling noise, and from between the leafless sycamores we see the bronzed engineer leaning out of the cab, and the fireman taking a hurried survey of his beloved, bright engine, which sparkles like real gold in the morning sunshine. We see a muffled form, heavily bearded and warmly clad, emerge, take a step or two, look about, and then a little boy up on the bank beckons, and the stranger climbs the bank, speaks a word or so, and proceeds to mount the old, broad-backed farm horse that the little fellow holds by the bridle. The child is astride of another—an old lop-eared sorrel without a saddle and with only a bit of a halter. The marks of the chafing collar are on the old horse's neck, and the hair is rubbed off its side by ill-fitting harness. The man springs into the saddle hastily, and the two, the man and the boy, ride off together. They come this way. On the still, winter air we can hear every word they say. We gather our shawl closer about our shoulders, steady the marine glass in our hand, and watch them. Pitying and loving "the little ones" as we do, we cannot help observing that the child seems admiringly his companion. He looks up—poor little fellow—at the jaunty hat, the fur muffler, the good and beautiful gloves, the fine overcoat, the trim figure, and perhaps he thinks when he grows to be a man he will be just like this gentleman is. That his beard will be long, and wavy, and silken, and tawny, too; that his form will be stately, his attire faultless; and that he will sit up straight in all the dignity of ripe manhood. And then we hear him pipe out, in a

thin, starved voice, in his desire to be companionable, mayhap: "It was awful muddy last week."

No answer.

"Think you must be pretty warm in such a good coat."

No answer.

Then, after while, thinking maybe that he had not spoken loud enough, he squeaked out: "School begins ag'in to-morrow."

"Ah, ha!" said the stranger.

"John Bigelow, he's the master this winter, an' he keeps 'em 'bout where they b'long."

The man essayed a nod, nothing more.

"I got five murrir marks, an' I was head two times," piped out, between jolts, the little fiddling voice of the man-child.

No reply, not even the simple, easily-spoken: "Glad to hear it, my boy!"

The child looked down at his stiff, cold, purple, bare hands, sniffed restfully—peered over at the graceful hands in fur-trimmed gloves that held the gray, grimy, old reins with ease and grace, and spoke again out of the abundance of his heart—poor little blossom: "I should guess your gloves was pretty warm."

The handsome horseman settled his head with a little sidewise shake down into his muffler, wriggled his shoulders as though a chill was creeping between them, touched the beast with the flapping ends of the reins and essayed to get over the road faster. That was all.

Half-hidden by the thorny rose that twined in and out among the white pillars, we adjusted the glass and looked closer at the pair who had so attracted our attention. He was a handsome, hearty, well-fed, well-kept gentleman, surely, in appearance, and the little boy—well, he looked as if he ate white bread principally, spread with cheap syrup or apple-butter. He lacked vigor, stamina, good living—poor little starveling—just at his stretching, growing age—the years that make the man muscular, well-knit, strong of bone and sinew, rich in blood and secure in foundation that will be needed in the not far-off future.

Just as they passed our home, the boy, looking up, said: "This is where the Misses lives; here."

"Ugh!" replied the gentleman, caring not for who lived anywhere, and perhaps annoyed with the persistent rill of chatter that flowed from the cold, blue lips of his humble, little companion.

And so they rode on. With a little sigh we shut the glass and laid it away in the book-case, folded the woolen shawl and put it on the head of the lounge in our room, looked to see that the bread was warm and rising nicely, that the teakettle was filled on the back of the stove, that the vegetables were handy for dinner, and then we sat down to cut carpet-rags. We couldn't quit thinking about the poor little boy, and the value of kindly words and smiles, and even of the cheer that may lie in one sentence, graciously spoken. So many remembrances, too, came up to us as we sat there, hearing only the clip and clink of the shears. We remembered the dark days of our own life, darkest when they should have been the gayest and happiest, for they lie away back in the

bloomy season of girlhood, that time when the skies are bluest, the winds balmiest, the bird songs sweetest, and when hope sings her gladdest lays. Friends bent over us; neighbors soothed us with hackneyed sayings that were the staple on all sad dispensations and mournful occasions, but one, an old man, lowed, and wrinkled, and wise, and discreet, a sweet-voiced, quiet soul whose words at all times were feeling words, and few, took our hand, and choking back the sob that was rising, said simply: "Oh, I pity you so!"

Never has the balm left those blessed words, they are fresh in our memory, they do us good yet, and the remembrance of them is precious. The poor, old man is long since gathered to his fathers. Often when we stroll through the cemetery we sit on the long, soft, gray grass—fine like combed hair—laying in lengths around his grave, and we smile as we think of his kindly-spoken words, and the quiet deeds and humble, that marked his Christian life. It was his pleasure and his delight to do good, and his reward is with him.

We were talking on this subject, the worth of words in season, when Esther told us a bit of her own experience. She dreamed not, however, that it would ever come to light in print, nor did we at that time. In her early girlhood she was invited by one of her schoolmates to go home with her and spend a week during the holidays. The next morning after their arrival she noticed an old lady come into the sitting-room and take her seat in a far corner, and busy herself with knitting. She was a very serene-faced old lady, humbly, but neatly, clad. No one of the family noticed her. Some of the children frequently occupied a chair directly in front of her, between her and the stove, but the mother and daughters did not seem to observe the movement. At the table the old lady asked no questions nor favors, took whatever was given her and no more, and not much attention was shown to her. One day Esther said: "Let me bring your chair nearer the fire, auntie, so you will be one of us," and without waiting for any answer she moved the chair nearer. The old face brightened up that instant, and she stepped along with alertness and took her seat where Esther had placed it. Then after while the visitor bent over and examined the way auntie knit the heel of the fine, little baby-stocking. At that the old face put on a new look—the fingers jerked and twitched with pleasurable excitement as they essayed with delight to teach the young school-girl the mystery of knitting heel and toe. The next day auntie asked Esther to go with her and see what was in her old brass-bound trunk in her bed-room. The two sat down on the floor, and the contents of the old trunk were laid out, even the little packages and parcels that were in the till, and the bits of her children's, and mother's, and nephew's shrouds and locks of thin hair, golden as corn-silk, and gray, and glossy brown. And the poor, old, silent tongue that none had cared to hear, grew noisy and chatty, and the old face grew radiant, and glowing, and almost young again. Oh, the tales that the old trunk held in its sacred depths were wonderful! Esther said that week in dreary mid-winter was one of the sunniest, and goldenest, and gladdest, and one of the most satisfactory weeks she ever lived. The poor old lady was, "only grandmother," and so little attention had been

paid to her that she felt herself to be an incumbent, a nonentity, and that no one cared for her.

All women's lives are alike in many ways—the princess may be made of no finer stuff than is the humble peasant's wife, the stout, little woman in short skirts, and heavy brogans, and with bare, brown forehead. Esther thought of this when she listened to the stories that "only grandmother" told her in the privacy of her room, sitting on the floor beside the open trunk. And then Esther, who had warmed up on the subject, said: "Aunt Chatty, I never meant to tell of it, but I believe I'll tell you, for it will do you as much good as it did me. Well, you see the poor, old lady whom they called 'only grandmother,' when she was in her childish, pleasant way showing me the things in her trunk, came upon her bonnet—her 'Sabbath-day bonnet to wear to meeting,' she called it, and she flaunted it out to show me, just for all the world like a little, five-year-old girl would have done it. And the style was that queer fashion of a few years ago, that editors in gameful way called 'cabbage-leaf'—just a little pat of a bonnet on top of the head that didn't come down to the ears. It was made of some sort of braid, in imitation of something that really was elegant, and costly, but this was the merest farce of a bonnet for an elderly woman—gray haired, and wrinkled, and trembling—to wear at all. After I came home I thought so often of the dear, lonely, old creature in that home among young people, who forgot that 'only grandmother' was once young and like themselves, and that she had opinions to be respected, wishes to be heeded, and perhaps peculiar notions to be kindly tolerated and borne with. I wanted to give her a new bonnet as a mark of my esteem, and because I pitied her, but I did not know how to approach the matter without giving offense. The daughter's family in which she lived were in good circumstances, and I feared they would resent the favor, even though it were given never so kindly. But my sister, a milliner across the street, suggested a plan. She had needed some braid of the kind of which the grandmother's little bonnet was an imitation. Presuming hers was real, could we not obtain it? I wrote a letter containing a request from my sister saying that we would give her a new bonnet made in a modern style for the braid that composed hers. She was delighted and glad to grant the favor, and by this means I had the satisfaction of making 'only grandmother' a beautiful present of a new silk bonnet with soft, snowy ruching to harmonize with the silver of her hair. We were glad, too, to put inside the box, a fold of ruching to lie lightly about her poor, old neck, fastened with a plain, jet pin."

Esther told us this one evening as we sat before the glowing grate waiting for the girls to come home from public exercises.

And then we talked on in a rambling way, and we both agreed that the cheery word, the speech in season—should never be withheld, especially from little children and from the aged. The latter grow sensitive and childish unaware, it creeps into their lives and they have no idea of it, they would scorn the insinuation—which insinuation should never, never, be made in their hearing. The angriest man we ever saw was roused with the cutting sarcasm, purposely spoken: "You are in your dotage;" and he a hale man of only fifty

years. Had he seen the point the thrust meant to wound and to rouse his indignation, he would have restrained his anger. Little boys should never be passed by without giving them a good word of encouragement. If they are the stuff that honest men are made of be sure the good word will abide with them through all their lives.

We sat in the same seat last summer in the cars with a fourteen years' old lad—small for his years—who was the bell-boy at the St. James's Hotel in a city not far distant. There was a chance to sow a handful of good seed, and we said: "Where are you going, little man?"

He sat up straighter than before, and looking us fairly in the face with true, clear, gray eyes, the kind that see away beyond and afar off, he said: "I'm just going back to my place. I've been home to mother's over Sunday. I'm the bell-boy at the St. James's Hotel."

"Ah, yes—well, you seem like an honest lad. I'm glad to meet you; you look like a boy who will make a good business man, and I hope you may. The world stands in sore need of honest men; remember that in your intercourse with people. Just because you're a bell-boy, don't think lightly of yourself, or under-estimate the principles that make a good character. Some of our greatest and best men—indeed the most of them—came up from lowly places. That is where Americans grow from. They are like the sky-larks that soar so high; they build their nests on the ground."

He told us what wages he received. We asked him how he disposed of his earnings, and we could have caught the fellow in our arms when he said: "I give 'em to mother," in a modest, hesitating voice.

When we talked to him, and told him not to acquire any bad habits, such as loafing, when he could be reading or studying arithmetic; not to touch strong drink, not to swear or use bad language and not to smoke; none of these habits belong to men who care for and esteem a pure manhood and a spotless integrity. And the little bell-boy should by all means keep the Sabbath and attend Sabbath-school. For a stranger in a strange place or city, there is no safer introduction into good society than to attend Sabbath-school.

When we shook hands with the brave child at parting he promised to remember the talk he had with the woman in the cars, and to think of all she had told him, and we have no doubt he will mind it as long as he lives. In addressing children one should try to make the conversation applicable to their years. Instead of saying "I," and "you," as though culture, and caste, and social position came between and separated you and made you stand far apart, one should bear in mind and say "we."

Last Sabbath, when the second church-bell in the village rang sonorously, a few idlers, standing on the corner with clean faces and clean linen, were accosted by a precise, church-going, old lady, through her nose in a pious kind of a whine, with: "Gentlemen, there is a place for you down at church—you'd better be watchful of your never-dying souls' salvation;" and she drew the clinging folds of her black shawl closer about her shoulders and raised her eyebrows devoutly.

As soon as she passed by they giggled, and said: "Oh, you old hypocrite!"

Had she said, cheerily: "Come boys, let's all go to church," or something like that, the influence had been better; or had she only bowed with a pleasant "good-morning, boys," they would have respected the speaker as a sweet-souled, Christian woman. When to speak, and what to say, are two of the questions that concern us all alike.

CHATTY BROOKS.

WHAT MAKES A HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

IT is an excellent thing to have a well-kept house, and a beautifully-appointed table, but often all the best cheer of every home must come from the heart and manner of the home mother. If that is cold, and this ungracious, all the wealth of India cannot make the home pleasant or inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm if we would have home an Eden. The severe style of house-order and neatness seldom leaves much margin for intellectual culture. Even general reading is considered as out of the question for a woman so hurried and worried with her scrubbing, and polishing, and making up of garments. A simpler style of living and house-furnishing would set many a bond slave at liberty, and add vastly to the comfort of all the house.

Hospitality rarely prevails in these spotless, line-and-letter houses. Company disarrange the books, and disorder the house, which had work enough in it before. The mother cannot throw off her carking cares and sit down for a real heart-to-heart converse with the old friend of her childhood. Still less can she enter into the joys and pleasures, right and delightful to her own children, because of the extra work of clearing away it will be likely to make.

With all your toils to make a house beautiful, do not neglect this first element of all, to beautify yourself, body and soul. A sweet, loving word and a warm clasp of the hand are far more to a guest than the most elaborately embroidered lambrequins at your window, or the most exquisite damask on your table. There are bare, cabin homes that have been remembered ever with pleasure, because of the beautiful, loving presence there; and stately palaces, which leave the impressions of an iceberg on the mind and spirit.

ETHEL.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPINSTER. LEAF SECOND.

THE drizzling rain has fallen steadily all through the dark, foggy hours of this February morning, and the beautiful sleighing of the past few weeks seems likely to be succeeded by slush and mud, which will spoil the pastime of many a dashing gallant and happy maiden, and a whole host of pleasure-seekers. This dull, damp weather has a depressing influence upon my spirits, and awakens sad reminiscences of days long past which tinge my thoughts with melancholy. I did not mind it so much while I remained in the cheery breakfast-room listening to Fred's animated conversation and helping Nellie to wash and put away the breakfast things; but, alone in my room, a feeling of loneliness fills my heart.

I fear the rain will prevent my making my

accustomed calls to-day, and the Widow Smith will be needing her flannel waists, her rheumatism is so much worse in damp weather; and poor Kitty Leonard the broth I was to bring her; and, besides, I promised to read her a story to-day—a beautiful child's story from one of my late magazines—and she will be so disappointed. How her eyes did brighten when I spoke of it! And how sweet and musical her words sounded as she replied: "Oh, thank you, Aunt Milly, I shall be so glad!"

I have been trying to carry out the resolutions formed at the beginning of the year—not to let a day pass without endeavoring to do a kindness, however humble, to some one; and I believe I was never so happy before—at least not since those blissful days which seem so far away in the distant past, when the present was filled with a glad content, and music and song welled up from the depths of my heart and dropped from my lips all the day long, and the future seemed so joyous and full of hope. Papa used to call me his singing bird, and mother would say, "May your bright days last forever, my child."

Ah, how dark have been the days, and how bitter the cup given me to drink since then! It is well, mother, that you could not know how, instead of the fulfillment of the brightest of earthly dreams, there awaited your child only grief, and crushing sorrow, and an orphan's lonely life; and, as though that were not misery enough, the true, manly heart on which I had hoped to lean through life was forever stilled. The old homestead has passed into strangers' hands, and the house where I was born, and beneath the roof of which I spent the happiest hours that childhood and sweet, young maidenhood ever knew, has been taken down, that its site might be occupied by a more elegant and modern one; the barn where I used to watch the swallows twittering in and out of their nests under the eaves, has been new-roofed, clapboarded and painted; trim shrubbery and new and rare varieties of flowers adorn the place which was sacred to the old-fashioned ones which it was my pride and delight to cultivate; and costly fences surround the front and back yards, and the grassplot where I used to spread the linen for mother, pausing oft in my work to chase the brown and golden butterflies that went fluttering by. Even the dear old orchard where I hunted birds' nests in the dewy mornings, while the pink and snowy blossoms sifted down upon my bare head, has been trimmed and grafted, and thrifty young trees have taken the place of the old and decayed ones, till I should scarcely know it to be the same.

But my happiness is different from that of those days. Then my heart bounded with a sense of freedom and delight that had never known alloy. I was happy as the birds and butterflies are happy, as the brooklet dancing over its pebbly bed with a rippling, musical sound, with the flowers nodding upon its banks and mirroring themselves upon its surface, and the sunlight glancing upon it between the opening of the trees which stand as sentinels to guard it—as one who had never known a wish ungratified, or upon whom sorrow or care, even in its lightest form, had never pressed. But my present happiness is that which comes from a sense of duties cheerfully and willingly done for the sake of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done

it unto me"—from a sense of resignation to the Divine will, which can look up through tears and say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" and from a sure and certain trust in His mercies.

Once, in my blindness, I thought that all the beauty and sweetness of my life was blighted forever; yet, even then, in my deepest trials, I was not quite forsaken. When the shadows rested upon me, there was always a little rift somewhere; upon the darkest cloud there was penciled a rainbow tint; and when I trod the thorny desert, some humble floweret would lift its head as though smiling upon me, and inspire me with hope, and through it all I learned that He sometimes removes our earthly props that we may lean on Him; that He touches the brightest blossoms of hope with the finger of decay, that a glorious fruitage may perfect itself; and that He wounds us in mercy that He may heal us in love.

Had it been otherwise with me, I might have forgotten God and His poor. I might never have learned that "it is more blessed to give than it is to receive"—more blessed to give a portion of one's time than others may be blessed and benefited thereby; of one's means, that others may suffer less or have more of comfort; and to heal poor, wounded hearts with the balm of loving sympathy than to receive worldly honors, fame and wealth, that shall perish with the using, and leave only sad regrets behind.

But see! the clouds are broken, and a broad bar of sunlight is shining across my written page. I will don my waterproof and overshoes, and Widow Smith shall have her flannels, and Kitty her story, after all.

CELIA SANFORD.

HOME CRUELITIES.

THE cruelty that leads animals to drive a wounded companion from the herd is condemned. Yet how often do we see such barbarity practiced by human beings! How many families there are where all seem to be in league against some one unhappy member! He is odd, strange, different from the rest of them; and instead of bearing patiently with his singularity, they turn on him with as little mercy as wolves. He is pricked, goaded and humiliated at every turn. He is openly taunted and defied. He is helpless; he is in their power; and savages never took greater delight torturing a victim than they do in torturing him. I know whereof I speak, and I can only say that, for genuine, downright, cold-blooded cruelty, I never saw anything yet equal the malignity of this kind of warfare. Thumb-screws and red-hot pinchers pale before it. Often all the sons and daughters of a family are handsome, easy and commonplace, with one exception, and that one exception is the "ugly duck." He is nervous, quick-tempered and fiery; he resembles nothing above the earth nor under the earth, unless it be the foul fiend himself. So he is laid on the rack, and kept there, by way of improvement.

Years ago, when I was a child, I used to carry part of my dinner to a boy who was an alien on his own hearth. Many a time I have seen him trying to conceal the livid bruises on his neck and arms—for he was a loyal little fellow—and crying bitterly

over the fragments of his books, torn up by his incensed mother. His strange ways and his lonely haunts used to fill her with forebodings. He would come to beggary or die on the gallows, she felt convinced; and she always turned for consolation to her other two sons, sharp, shrewd, money-making fellows, with their mother's keen eye for hard bargains. To-day one of them is a butcher, the other a dealer in hides; while my friend, my little friend, who was made to tread a hard, thorny path, wet with scalding tears, who was beaten and held down as I hope no child was ever held down before, is a professor of rhetoric and English literature in a Western university. He is honored and respected both at home and abroad; but, to this day, his mother holds firm to her belief in his inferiority; she glows with pride over her other two sons, but the LL.D. is the black sheep, the know-nothing of the flock.

LYMAN HAWES.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 46.

OUTSIDE the window I watch the snow laying its soft, white mantle over everything, making the fair and the unsightly alike beautiful with its pure, downy covering. Feathery fringes of it hang from the slender branches of the young trees and large shrubs, and the little cedars are powdered thickly, until they bend beneath the weight of their lovely burden. As I look at it, I can imagine myself again one of three little girls who used to trudge through the snow to school, when it lay for weeks upon the old Kentucky hills. What sport we thought it to play snow-ball, or roll a big ball of it around the school-yard until so large that two of us could no longer move it. Or to wrap our cloaks tightly around us, and fall backward on the soft, white carpet, that we might see the shapes our figures would make. Now it would make me shiver to put my fingers in it, and I would rather watch it, sheltered safe in the warm room, where the bright coal-fire makes winter-cold seem only a name to-day, and think the thoughts that come, as I see the thickening flakes fall.

"As the rain cometh down from Heaven, and the snow, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth. It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Yes, the snow covers and keeps warm the winter wheat until the warm sun melts and sends it to the heart of the grain, causing it to sprout up and yield its fruit; and His word, when it sinks into our hearts, and is warmed by the sunlight of His love, springs up and bears the fruit of righteousness and good works—some sixty, some an hundred-fold, according to our strength, our talents or our opportunity.

Out in the yard, the tiny snow-birds and sparrows are flitting about, hunting stray seeds to eke out a scanty meal. I always feel sorry for them when snow is on the ground, and Jessie throws crumbs out in the walk to partly make up to them for the loss of their usual food, and they gather around them, sometimes in a perfect flock.

In a honeysuckle-vine, running over a frame close by the bay-window, a pair of snow-birds have taken up their winter quarters. When the first cold weather came, I saw them fly in there every evening, and as I could watch them from the lounge, it soon became interesting to note their movements. Two or three times a day they would come and hop about in the vine, picking the seeds from the cypress and convolvulus which had grown up amid the honeysuckle last summer. At last they were all gone, and the idea came to me that perhaps these little fellows would not scorn the crumbs which my blue birds treated with such indifference in the spring. So I tried them with some in the window-sill, and was rewarded by seeing them come for them in a day or two. Now a daily morning meal is spread there, and it is such a pleasure to see the little things fly down and whisk about as they eat, turning their heads on one side to look in the window with their bright eyes, thanking us for this bounty.

I have nothing really to write about this morning that is worth saying, but I feel in a social mood, and would like to talk to many of the friends far and near who have learned to know me through the pages of this book, and some of whom I have learned to love so well. I would gather around me "Earnest," "Kiz," "Woodbine," "Minnie Carlton," "Madge Carrol," and various others whose articles have drawn out answering feelings, and we would have a social meeting around the fire. "Too much talking, all at once," the stronger sex would say; but we would risk it.

If I had the wings of one of these birds to-day, what would I do? Fly away, away, far to the north at first, I believe, and tap for admittance at the east window of a cheerful sitting-room, where a bright little woman would give me a warm welcome. Ah, such a talk as we would have, while the canary sang its loudest approval, and the sweet, blue-eyed boy nestled between us, to be petted and listened to at intervals. Then, when I could draw myself away, I would turn southward, and coming over the hills of New Jersey, would pause a minute to greet little Amy, if I could find her window; and passing on over Trenton, rest my wings again, where another sweet face and warm heart would welcome me, and hold converse, oft wished for, with one who has many thoughts and feelings in unison with mine. After a few hours of such enjoyment, I would fly on far southward, where summer brightness still reigns, and in the little home of the dear brown-eyed woman would fold my wings and stay till all the dreary winter was gone. Ah, what joy that would bring to be with her, after these years of separation. Chastened, subdued joy, with the thoughts of all that lay between our meetings, and some present pain, to keep us from being too happy. The flowers talk to her of me the winter through, and the mocking-birds fly from here to her warmer clime and tell her my longings. But the miles of weary travel, too hard to encounter alone, keep me from her bodily. In that other land, where the desire to be with a loved one brings us into their presence, it will be different. I must wait, perhaps, for that.

Edna lent me a book for pleasant readings this winter—the " Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry "—one of the handsomest volumes I ever saw, and a perfect mine of literature—an endless variety of

poems gleaned from the English-speaking poets of all ages, from the times far preceding old Chaucer down to our most modern days. Legendary, historical, quaint, humorous and pathetic. One which engaged my attention particularly was a long piece from the pen of an old time writer—a contemplation of “The Celestial Country”—written in the quaint, old-fashioned style of those days. It was a source of wonder to me how so much could be said on the subject without repetition, and the most of it be pretty. Verse after verse of description of the beauties of that land, as promised in the sacred book; enumeration of its delights, and aspirations for the attainment of its rest and blessedness. Among them I found the words of that Sunday-school hymn, dear to the hearts of many children—“Jerusalem the Golden”—one stanza of it so dear to me:

“O land that knows no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!”

And another sweet passage as it winds to a close, with which I will close my little talk:

“O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country!
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless;
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
Oh, tell me, tell me Yes!”

LICHEN.

DEAR “HOME CIRCLE:” Allow me to share your cozy fireside a few moments this evening.

Thank you, Aunt Chatty, for those chats of yours. We have learned to love you and your girls, of whom you speak in such a motherly, loving way. And dear little Lichen, let me kiss you. You always remind me of the calla; so white, so pure, so noble. We hope to greet you each month the coming year. And Pipesey, dear, I want to give you an old-fashioned hug; what if it does displace your necktie, or disarrange your hair, you will not mind that, will you? We women all love you, because you have done us good. Love those little ‘sisters of yours?’ of course we do. We are glad you mentioned it when one was married; and we were glad, too, it wasn’t Pipesey. Surely we feel a kindly interest in all those loved ones to whose comfort and welfare you have so cheerfully and lovingly devoted yourself. And now, Pipesey dear, I want to say one thing more to you; may I? Yes? Well it is this. I can hardly associate such a sweet, noble woman in my mind, with such a name as Pipesey; why not choose some pretty, womanly name, or better yet, why may we not know you by the same name you are known and loved by at home; “please ma’am, may we.” And now about that chicken-pie you made for the Thanksgiving church festival a year ago. How did you make the top crust baked in three smaller dishes fit over the top of the pie, when removed to a larger pan and lie smoothly as if baked in it. Or was there a mistake in Katy’s statement. Will Miss Potts please “rise and explain,” ‘cause you see we want to know how it can be done. I would like to

speak a few words of true appreciation to each of you, whose earnest words of love and cheer have so many times helped and encouraged me when struggling with trials and burdens, so hard to bear; but perhaps Mr. Arthur will think I have talked too long already, so I will bid you all a kindly good-night and retire. MARY.

THE SCHOOL OF FRUGALITY.

SECOND TERM OF FIRST SESSION.

FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

GOOD-MORNING, girls! I am so glad to have the privilege of addressing myself to you instead of talking to your mamas. During the first session, you have gotten along nicely under the instruction of your mothers. By the help of spelling-blocks, nursery-primers and mother’s care in having you say your lessons in the morning while your mind is refreshed by sleep, you have learned to read, and can understand all I shall say about frugality. Look in your dictionary for the meaning of it.

You have learned to help mamma first by making as little work for her as possible, by waiting on yourself. You get out of bed in the morning and spread back the bedclothes to air; you put on your little shoes and stockings, only getting mamma to tie them at first; you wash your face, brush your hair and put on your own little dress, and hand mamma all of brother’s things. You can put the plates around on the table, and know just how many spoons, knives and forks, cups and saucers and glasses to put down, for you can count “this is for papa, this for mamma, this for brother and this for me,” and feel sure you have enough, for mamma never uses more than necessary. When done eating, you pick up *brother’s* crumbs for the canary, and give the milk that he leaves to puss, for you are old enough not to make crumbs and to know how much milk you want. You set back the chairs, and brush the crumbs on the floor out to the chicks. You can wipe the spoons, and knives, and forks. Yes, some of you can wipe *all* the dishes for mamma—proud, happy mamma! I can see your eyes beaming with delight, for papa, too, has laid his hand on your head and called you his little woman. You can stand behind the bed when mamma throws up the cover and catch it, and draw it up nicely, not leaving a wrinkle, and turn the sheet back over the blanket just a little, to keep it from chafing papa’s big nose. While mamma sweeps, you set the chairs out of her way, and with your little broom you get all the dirt from under the low washstand, bureau and sewing-machine. You pick up all the scraps and put them in your rag-bag; you wind all the basting-threads on an empty spool, and stick the pins in your little cushion in your basket—for mamma gives you all that you find on the floor if she does not need it. When mamma is ready to sit down to her sewing, you recite your lesson and read a story from *St. Nicholas*, which you are careful to handle with clean hands, never bending the cover back, and keep in a place safe from flies, for you are going to bind it when you get older. You write in your copy-book without making a blot, and have a little black calico rag attached to it with a long string on which to wipe your pen. You keep the ink stopped. While mamma dresses

the butter you wait upon her, saving all the little waste to put in your own little spring-house, to which you can go without bothering mamma when you have your little play-dinner—nice little pots of milk and butter. When mamma gets dinner, you help her wash the vegetables with your little kitchen apron on, and when all the dinner is on you put on your little pan of wee pones which you have made of the scraps for your play-dinner. When you have set the table as at breakfast, you go with mamma after the butter and milk, and when dinner is quite over you take brother to your playhouse, for the afternoon is to be your own.

What a picture of *little home* comforts! In one corner sets a little bedstead made of a paper-box lid by punching a nail through each corner into empty spoons for posts or legs. Complete with its tick of picked-up feathers, little pillows and sheets made by your own hands with the needle and thread found on the floor yesterday. Yes, and over all a nine-diamond quilt, pieced of the *fady* scraps, for you are saving the fast colors for a sure-enough quilt for brother's little bed. This all tucked in so cute around the box-bedstead. In another corner is a candle-stand, made by punching a nail through the centre of a round box-lid into a large, black spool, and covered with a little red mat. Sure enough! there against the wall is a lounge made on a thread-box of cotton and red calico, held down in places by little black shoe-bottons, and finished with a ruffle. And the chairs! made, just as Pipsey told you, of corks, and pins, and zephyr. Yes, I learned to make them just that way at boarding-school.

And that reminds me of how we girls used to make little baskets. Crochet a puckered little mat, widened so little as to look like Dick's wool hat gone to seed; starch quite stiff, and when nearly dry, shape into a basket, having crocheted a handle to it, of course. A nice card-basket.

Yes, I see how you made your picture-frames. Those bits of discarded whalebone are not used in dressmaking now, but they make very nice frames, tied together at the corner with scarlet yarn, for those pictures which Uncle Charlie sent off the prints in his store. Rye straws make pretty ones for pictures with a dark ground. Just sew them on, allowing the ends to cross at the corners, and tie with blue ribbon. One-quarter of a small, round box-lid would make you a pretty corner-bracket for that tiny vase which Aunt Annie gave you, and it would be safe. What a nice wall-pocket that fancy white envelope makes, with its spatter-work, for Dolly's notes! And no one can see the address on the other side.

Yes, yes, I see it all! Your mother's early lessons in economy, and correct ideas in not oversupplying you with toys, has developed an ingenuity which will be far more useful to you than money and lands. Truly, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

And, just see! I had overlooked that little toilet-stand, with its muslin curtains and mirror. And your papa took all the trouble to file off a tooth-brush handle and a bit of old fine comb, to make Miss Dolly a brush and comb for dressing her hair! But how did the looking-glass get so round? Yes, it came off that perfume bottle which Uncle Willie gave you! And here is another oblong one! Ah, ha! it came off Aunt Florence's white

fan, and you glued a red cord to it and hung it on the wall. Yes, the round-headed tacks do make nice holds for your picture-cords.

Already you are a real good manager. But can you cut out and make clothes for Dolly? I have cut you some patterns; they are quite simple. Bring some grenadine or other goods not suitable for a real quilt; now lay the patterns so that the points of one will fit into the space left by the other, and touch the other pattern wherever possible, that they may be separated by one cutting. If any *has* to come out, let it all come in one piece; it may do for the sleeves, or cuffs, or collar. Put the little strings into a scrap-bag, and when mamma has her carpet wove, get her to let you have a square woven on the last end. By and by, when you go to housekeeping in earnest, it will do to lay before your wash-stand. Now sew up the dress with the waste thread which you wound up this morning. You are tired sewing, and brother is hungry? Very well, set your table and have your little dinner. Sure enough! that stool makes a nice table, and you have a table-cloth which mamma let you make for yourself of the thinnest of that table-cloth of which you made those towels the other day. That was very kind. Yes, those old-fashioned cup-plates just do you, and brother, and Dolly to eat from, and the bottom of the salt-cellar makes a butter-plate for your little prints, and those little wine-glasses are pretty goblets. Oh, my! the egg-shell pitchers and mugs, preserve dishes, and even salt and pepper-boxes. Now, I used to have the seed-bowls of poppies for pepper-boxes. How many poppy-seed I've peppered out in make-believe of seasoning my victuals! And what a contrivance for knives and forks! Bits of corset-springs and hair-pins stuck in cornstalk-handles as white as polished ivory. What a pity you didn't live before that homely adage, "Fingers were made before knives and forks," got a footing, with which people so often excuse untidy habits!

But clear away your dishes, mamma will want you to help about supper; then you can practice while she gets the things ready for breakfast, till she comes to the parlor to sing for papa.

MRS. M. L. SAYERS.

KINDNESS.

KINDNESS costs us nothing. With kindness alone we may pluck down blessings from above which gold cannot purchase. To be friendly, to cheer and encourage, these are among the crowning graces of humanity. Kindness is the ruling spirit of our homes. Let us study to be kind, no matter under what difficulties, for by so doing we shall scatter flowers along the pathway of our fellow beings, which otherwise might be cold and cheerless. COUNTRY COUSIN.

MARRIAGE implies something more than two persons living together under one roof. It means mutual concession; it means mutual help; it means supreme loyalty to the combined interests of father, mother and children; it means reverence for the happiness and sympathy for the trials of those whose happiness is dependent on love.

WISDOM and truth are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment, must pass away.

Evenings with the Poets.

TRUST.

A PICTURE memory brings to me:
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read His works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath His hand;
That pain itself for good was planned.
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That, as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He.

I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love!

Youth's Companion.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"THE loved and lost!" why do we call them
lost?

Because we miss them from our onward
road?

God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and, loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God Himself, their Lord, and Judge, and
King.

And this we call a "loss;" oh, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!
Let us look round, an argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles whoso'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from thee, and, lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasure strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging wave he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved one landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to
dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then, pitying, spake: "Give me the little lad,
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad;
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong:
"Nay, but the woes I feel he, too, must share!"
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing and made strong
To struggle on since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be
dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

AN ANGEL'S BIRTHDAY.

'TIS your birthday, my precious, my darling—
Or would be if you were on earth;
I know it must still be your birthday,
Though born to your heavenly birth.
I know that the angels have fair, and as sweet,
As these fair earthly roses I twine;
Their love may be perfect, pure and complete,
But never more tender than mine.
Are you glad in their gladness, my darling?
Do you laugh in your innocent glee?
Or are you sad in the brightness of Heaven,
In thinking of home and of me?

In the night when I long for your presence,
And water my pillow with tears,
When I pray for the touch of your fingers
To comfort my sorrow and fears,
So light is the veil that's between us,
The mother and child are so near;
The breath of my soul is suspended
For your accents so tender and clear.
O my glorified darling, most precious
Of all the sweet gifts that were mine,
I have lent you, not lost you, my darling—
Only lent to the Love that's Divine.

There are moments so sweet and so solemn,
That my soul bursts its prison of pain,
And soars to the realm of the Spirit,
And meets my own angel again.
Then calm from that saintly communion
I defy every foe of the world;
I can scorn every breath of contumely,
Every shaft by its ignorance hurl'd.
No black robes of darkness and mourning
Should be worn for a spirit like thee—
Only solemn thanksgiving, and blessing,
That you from earth's sorrows are free.

E. L. Saxon.

The Temperance Cause.

THE *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, published under the auspices of The American Association for the Cure of Inebriates, is doing a good service to the community, in giving, as it does, the latest reports, opinions, investigations and experiments in regard to the effects of alcohol and opium on the human organism—mental as well as physical. The journal is ably edited by Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Connecticut, and the price is \$2.00 a year.

The January number has three leading papers of special interest and value: "Cerebral Trance, or Loss of Consciousness and Memory in Inebriety," by T. D. Crothers, M. D.; "Insane Drunkards—their Medico-legal Relations," by T. W. Fisher, M. D.; and "Chronic Tobacco Inebriety," by A. B. Arnold, M. D. Under the head of "Abstracts and Review," we have, "Inebriety and Allied Nervous Diseases in America," "Tea-drinking on the Nutrition of the Eyeball," "A Practical Point in the Treatment of Alcoholic Poisoning," and "Medico-legal Difficulties in Alcoholic Insanity." Among the "Clinical Notes and Comments," are extracts and remarks on "The Care of Habitual Drunkards," "Absinthe," "Dipsomania," "Abuse of Chloral Hydrate," "Results from Experiments with Alcohol," "Inebriety of Parents a cause of Epilepsy in their Children," "Origin of Alcohol," "A Substitute for Alcohol as a Menstruum," "The Toxic effects of Tea," etc.

From this list of contents will be seen the scope and vital character of the subjects presented and discussed in the journal. We make two or three extracts:

ORIGIN OF ALCOHOL.

The process of distillation by which alcohol was obtained from fermented liquors was utterly unknown until about the middle of the eleventh century, when it was introduced into Europe by some Arabian alchemists. It does not appear that it was used, however, except for certain mechanical and chemical purposes, and also in the manufacture of a kind of paste with which the ladies painted themselves that they might appear more beautiful, until the sixteenth century. The black plague was then sweeping over Europe—sometimes called the black death—probably the same disease that is now threatening Europe and Russia. It started in China and India, and ravaged all Europe. It is estimated that ninety millions were swept away by its ravages. The *aqua vitæ*, or water of life, as it is called, was introduced at that time as an experiment, in order to stay the ravages of this awful disease. During the reign of William and Mary an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, and as a natural consequence, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places, informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on. In 1751 it was given to the English soldiers as a cordial, and we learn also that for some time previous it had been used among the

laborers in the Hungarian mines. Alcohol was then made mostly of grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain at first as a medicine. The Genoese afterward made it from grain, and sold it in bottles labeled "Water of Life."

During the reign of Henry VII brandy was unknown in Ireland, but hardly had it been introduced when its alarming effect induced the government to pass a law forbidding its manufacture. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, however, the use of alcohol has spread until it has become a universal curse, and its history is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, the poverty, and murder of thousands.

It has marched over the land with the tread of a giant, leaving the impress of its footsteps in the bones, sinews and life-blood of the people.

DR. WILLARD PARKER.

NERVOUSNESS.

Note also our sensitiveness to stimulants and narcotics, as alcohols and tobacco, and even tea and coffee. Not only our fathers, but our mothers, could drink freely of wines and strong liquors, and even smoke as much as they wished, without developing any of the nervousness of our time. At the present time a very considerable proportion of the population of this country are unable to smoke, or chew, or drink even mild wine, or tea or coffee—especially the latter—without making themselves perceptibly worse thereby. I find that a very considerable number of my nervous patients have been compelled, before I saw them, to give up their coffee and tobacco. All this is modern and pre-eminently American. Likewise the idiosyncrasies of patients in regard to the action of medicines and the effects of drugs and various external irritants have, during the last half century, multiplied in variety and phase, and greatly augmented in number. There are thousands who cannot bear opium—who are kept awake instead of being put to sleep by it. The ordinary dose for an adult is sufficient to deprive them of a night's repose. One very eminent physician finds that even chocolate, one of the mildest beverages, is a poison to him; and another experienced physician, who consulted me one time in regard to himself, could not, he said, bear anything that I prescribed. I spoke of iron; he said iron, even in small doses, made his head ache; and when I tried it, even with other medicines, it produced that effect. I suggested quinine; he said quinine made him crazy. I tried a zinc combination; it disturbed his stomach. And yet this man, so variously sensitive, was actively engaged in one of our most laborious professions.

DR. G. L. BEARD.

It is difficult to say where acute inebriety ends and chronic inebriety begins; but there are such boundary lines, although they may be imperceptibly shaded one into the other.

The inebriate diathesis is only the acute and chronic disease, toned down and merged into a predisposition which is more or less obscure.

If we were more acute in our observations, the special signs of the disorder would be unmistakable. Many morbid changes are going on in the body, which give only faint indications of their presence; others are not cognizable to the senses.

But there are many good reasons for believing that an inebriate diathesis or predisposition carries along with it manifestations which may be recognized months, and even years, before the full development of the disorder. T. D. CROTHERS.

Art at Home.

THE desire for household decoration continues on the increase, and few women who have even a dollar or two to invest in materials, and the leisure for the work, do not at least attempt something in this direction. The intention is to show, from month to month, in this department of "Art at Home," how homes can be made more beautiful with very little expense or trouble, and yet with a strict attention to the harmony of color.

CURTAINS.—Very effective curtains may be made of thin, unbleached muslin ordinarily known as cheese-cloth, and sold at five cents a yard under the name of cotton bunting. The threads are drawn lengthwise for the width of an inch at intervals of four or six inches and the cross-threads thus left are caught by lace stitches after the fashion so popular for ornamenting towels, the result being a light, airy and very pretty curtain material. The same fabric may be bought already prepared. Linen guipure, such as is used for ties, forms a pretty finish for these draperies.

TIDIES.—A very pretty tidy is made of white dice canvas, which is canvas woven in squares like a checker-board. On each of these squares is a figure, fruit or flower in crewel embroidery. On one square is a bunch of cherries; on another a cluster of strawberries; another has a buttercup; another a pansy, and so on till every square is filled. This exquisite piece of work is fringed top and bottom with white, with threads of color interspersed here and there. Useful tidies for lounges are made of a Turkish towel with border and centre piece, embroidered in colored crewels. Busy people may buy these ready made, embroidered by machinery and warranted to wash.

TABLE-COVERS.—An inexpensive and serviceable table-cover is made of crash embroidered with crewels, and self-fringed on the edges, crewels in the colors used in the embroidery being introduced into the fringe. Other more elaborate covers are made of momie cloth, or of linen canvas in basket patterns, with borders of velvet or cloth wrought with point russe stitches in various colors and trimmed with tasseled fringe in colors to match. An odd design for a five o'clock tea-cloth is in gray crash, with border formed of figures cut in black flannel to represent characters from "Mother Goose." Outline work in short stitches of a contrasting color is much used, as are also the easy, point russe stitches which are so effective.

OVER-MANTEL.—Where joiners are not within reach and cabinet making is an unknown art, ingenious people have discovered that an over-mantel which is serviceable and eye-pleasing can be made of pine board, neatly covered with cloth for

the shelves, and the supports of common thread spools with a rod run through them and ebonized. With the addition of a little bric-a-brac and a mirror for the back, this makes an extraordinarily good substitute for the expensive over-mantels of the city decorators.

WHISK-HOLDERS.—Embroidered whisk-holders have for their foundation either basketwork or satin over a tin case. The embroidery is done on the basket in the one case, on the satin in the other. The colors are chosen to match those of the furniture if possible, and the holder is at once useful and ornamental.

TO RESTORE FADED HANGINGS.—Beat the dust out of them thoroughly, and afterward brush them; then apply to them a strong lather of Castile soap by means of a hard brush; wash the lather off with clear water, and afterward wash them with alum-water. When dry, the colors will be restored in their original freshness. When the colors have faded beyond recovery, they may be touched with a pencil dipped in water-colors of a suitable shade, mixed with gum-water.

SHOE-BOX.—A very pretty ottoman can be made out of a common box which can be used as a shoe-case, by covering the wood with cloth and embroidery in appliqué or outline. By varying the colors, a very pleasing result can be obtained. The top of the box should be cushioned, and the inside properly lined.

NAPKINS.—A beautiful set of dessert napkins has a design in fruit and leaves, embroidered in one corner of each napkin, each one being different. Thus on one the embroidery is cherries; on another strawberries; another has a peach, while on yet another the design is purple plums, and so on through the whole dozen.

CEMENT.—Japanese cement may be made as follows: Mix the best powdered rice with a little cold water, then gradually add boiling water until a proper consistence is acquired, being careful to keep it well stirred all the time; lastly, it must be boiled for one minute in a clean saucepan. This glue is beautifully white and almost transparent, for which reason it is well adapted for fancy work which requires a strong and colorless cement.

ROMAN EMBROIDERY.—In Roman embroidery, the design is stamped on gray linen, and worked with silk floss of a darker shade or brown. The edges are neatly button-holed, and all the linen between the scallops cut away. A bright ground-work of satin is usually placed under and shows through the spaces, giving a lace-like appearance, which is very effective. It is used for toilet-mats, pin-cushions, tidies, etc.

Housekeepers' Department.

SYSTEM.

IN even the smallest household, the value of a system cannot be over-estimated, since without it there is neither comfort nor economy. "A thing well begun is half done," says the old adage, and in beginning without definite plans and preparation lies the common mistake. The dressmaker comes, paid by the day, and is kept waiting because something for her work has been forgotten, and must be sent out for before she can go on; while the washerwoman's time is wasted in the same way, because the fires have not been lighted in time, and the clothes must be sorted after she comes. The husband, home to dinner in a hurry, must wait until some part of the meal which should have been bought in the morning can be procured from the grocery at the last minute, and perhaps must go without dinner or fail to keep an important appointment. The children are never ready in time; buttons are off, strings are missing and clothes which should have been mended when they came in from the wash have been laid aside and forgotten. "I cannot think of everything," sighs the weary mother, half beside herself at "chaos come again" in her household. There are but twenty-four hours in the day, and eight of those ought, for the sake of body and brain, to be given to slumber. But minutes, like pennies, count up fast, and those which we fritter away or lose in looking for things which should have been, but were not, put in their places, would give ample leisure for many neglected duties. In even so simple a thing as baking a cake the result is often failure because things were not made ready beforehand.

Many an improvident housekeeper looks forward anxiously to the harvest of bills which the year's expenses have sowed, while her heart sinks within her at the question how they are to be paid. What is done is past, and must be borne as best may be; but for the future the same trouble may be avoided by systematic regulation of the family expenses to the income. Let the husband agree with the wife exactly how much she is to have every week for housekeeping money, and then let her parcel out so much for each day, never exceeding the amount by even a penny. If she cannot afford choice cuts, let her buy second best, and render them savory by careful cooking; shunning hot-house fruits and vegetables or costly luxuries, let her be content with those which are in season, and therefore moderate in price. Plenty of good, substantial food is necessary for health, and butchers' bills mount up less rapidly than those of doctors; yet soups and stews are as nourishing, while far less expensive than roast and steaks. In looking over the record of the year, it will be easy to see which were the useless expenditures, and these may be avoided in the future.

For those who cannot think of things, a good plan is to make a schedule and keep it where it may be readily referred to. Let each day have its own work, and endeavor to let nothing interfere with this. Interruptions will, of course, occur—unforeseen company, accidents, sickness and the

like—which, if they do not bring the machinery to a standstill, will at least seriously impede its action. But this will be of less harm than if nothing of the kind were attempted.

Where there is a houseful of small children, anything like perfect system is almost impossible, yet a great deal may be accomplished by training the children in orderly ways, teaching them to wait on themselves, and making them useful as far as can be done. There are babies on record who sleep, eat and play by rule; but the average baby is by no means such an accommodating personage, and upsets a household fearfully. No rules can be made to fit every one, and each person must lay down those which seem best.

DISH-CLOTHS.

WE remember telling the women readers of the HOME MAGAZINE years ago about dish-cloths. We thought then that we had found the best article for this household necessity, but surely we have found a better one now. When we asked a practical housewife what kind of material made the best dish-cloths, she said very promptly that nothing equaled cheap canton flannel. When we demurred, and suggested that they would yield lint, she said we were mistaken; that the goods must first be scalded in hot soap-suds, then rinsed and made up into cloths of a convenient size.

We adopted her plan, and we find it to be very satisfactory. They are so soft, wring so dry, and are so easily kept sweet, and clean, and white. One can make half a dozen to wash dishes with, and another half dozen for drying-cloths, to be made larger and longer. We commend this kind, and hope the sisterhood will adopt them and render them "the style."

It is a pleasure to wash dishes when properly equipped, with a large tin dish-pan, plenty of hot water, good cloths, and a long pan in which to lay the dishes to drain. Little girls would not deem dish-washing the perfection of kitchen drudgery if they were thus supplied with the equipments for efficient work. It is the lack of good tools to work with that makes labor laborious and irksome to so many boys and girls. It is very easy to make a delightful pleasure out of what would else be drudgery.

PIPSEY.

HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM

WE take from the Chicago Alliance the following directions for sweeping a room, which are written, evidently, by one who knows whereof she speaks:

To sweep and dust a room properly is an art, and, like all fine arts, has a right method. Well done, it renovates the entire room, and the occupant takes possession feeling that "all things have become new." It is not merely a performance to be done by the hands, but a work into which taste and judgment, in other words, brains, must enter. Are these closets opening into the room to be

swept? Arrange the shelves, drawers or clothing preparatory to sweeping-day; then let this be the first to be swept. Cover the bed with soiled sheets, as also all heavy articles that cannot be removed; first, however, having carefully dusted and brushed them. Remove all the furniture that can easily be set in hall or adjoining room, having first dusted it; then, taking a step-ladder, begin to sweep, or brush, or wipe the cornices and picture-cords and pictures. Draw the shades to the top of the window, or, if there are inside blinds, dust them carefully. Open the windows. All the dust left in the room now is in the carpet or air, and the current of the windows will soon settle it.

Now begin to sweep, not toward a door or corner, but from the outer edges of the room toward

the centre, where the dust will be taken up with a small brush and dust-pan. Go over the room once more—this time with a dampened broom; that removes the last bit of dust, and gives the carpet a new, bright appearance. Replace the articles of furniture as soon as the air is entirely free from dust, uncover the rest, and the room is new and clean. All this seems an easy thing to do, but there is not one in a hundred will follow out the details. Some will sweep the dust into the hall or from one room to another, and then wonder why their house is so soon dusty again. Others forget cornice and picture, and thus leave a seed of future annoyance; while a third class will do all but using the damp broom, which is as the finishing touches to a picture.

Pleasant Varieties.

CHARLES DICKENS once wrote to Sir John Bennett a letter which has just been published for the first time in the London *Daily News*. It runs thus: "My Dear Sir—Since my hall clock was sent to your establishment to be cleaned, it has gone (as, indeed, it always has) perfectly well, but has struck the hours with great reluctance; and, after enduring internal agonies of a most distressing nature, it has now ceased striking altogether. Though a happy release for the clock, this is not convenient to the household. If you can send down any confidential person with whom the clock can confer, I think it may have something on its works that it would be glad to make a clean breast of. Faithfully yours, Charles Dickens."

A WORTHY Quaker attempted to disarm a well-known "bitter tongue" by inviting him to dinner, but the backbiter, while enjoying the good cheer, continued his abuse unabated. The man of peace, after bearing it for a time, suddenly sprung upon his reviler, saying: "Friend, I have given thee meat-offering and a drink-offering, and now," he added, lifting him through the open window into the street, "I will give thee a heave-offering."

THE story is told of a clergyman that after preaching an interesting sermon on the "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said: "I liked that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognizing of people in this world. I have been attending your church three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."

WHEN President Porter recently sat down to dinner with the other members of the Yale faculty and their guests, he was astonished to learn that the dinner was attacked by the sheriff. A shrewd Boston merchant had taken the opportunity to force a New Haven hotel-keeper to pay a debt of five hundred dollars, and the money was paid before the dinner was eaten.

IN one of our religious contemporaries a hint is given in the following way to preachers to keep themselves in the background: "A gentleman in Scotland, during his holidays, thought he would like to try his hand at fishing. Provided with the

very best of tackle, he sallied forth and toiled all day, but caught nothing. Toward evening he espied a little ragged urchin, with tackle of the most primitive order, landing fish with marvelous rapidity. He went to him and asked him the secret of his success, receiving for reply, 'The fish'll no catch, sir, as lang as ye dinna keep yersel' oot o' sight.' Fishers of men need not wonder at their want of success if they do not keep *themselves* out of sight."

"It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, "that it would be much better when anybody goes to sleep under you preaching to wake you up!"

ONE of the lions of Paris at the moment is Professor Hermann, the great conjurer, who, not content with astonishing the folk who crowd to see him nightly at the Nouveautés, further astonishes and perplexes the Parisian public when he takes his walks abroad. One day, attired like a half-pay officer, he went into a poulterer's and bought a hare. "Is it quite fresh?" asked he. "It was killed yesterday," answered the poulterer. "Indeed!" said the unknown. "Then it was only half killed. Look!" The hare escaped from his hand and darted down the street, to the intense bewilderment of the shopkeeper. Sometimes the professor wanders through the markets, and scares the stall-keepers by bringing the fish to life, and even restoring the boiled lobsters to their natural color. One of his favorite tricks, which he has played off in almost every market of the habitable world, is to purchase a basket of eggs, and to make the vender open one. In it are found two coins; and the people around immediately try to buy up all the remaining stock of eggs. But the dealer will not part with one, and carries them home to be broken in secret.

A RECENT number of a contemporary contained the following advertisement: "Wanted a walnut-wood cottage pianoforte by a widow lady with carved legs."

A PAPER advertises for sale a pew which "commands a view of nearly the whole congregation."

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FOR the changeable weather of late winter and early spring there is nothing, in the way of an outer garment, so serviceable as an ulster, made of cloth, tweed, serge or any of the varieties of waterproofs, black, blue or brown. These new wraps are made close-fitting, without capes, after the manner of gentlemen's coats, and outline the dress beneath. They are just as often worn in fair weather as in rainy—but for the latter seasons it is desirable to add a hood and cape for extra protection. The former should be made separately, so as to button to the neck, and shirred neatly around the edge, and provided with an elastic. A newer model than the hood is a cap, which, attached to the neck may be drawn up over the head and strapped in front.

Plain and figured velvets, silk and satin stripes, and gay-colored brocade goods still hold sway. In almost every style of costume, from an everyday toilet to a sumptuous evening dress, two or three materials—a plain foundation with variegated trimmings—are combined. Striped and plain velvet skirts are used for walking dresses, with upper-garments of rich, silk-mixed, fancy and plain wool goods. The vogue of narrow

and elaborate trimmings has passed away for the time, to permit the indulgence in wide perpendicular or horizontal bands, broad collars and deep cuffs.

The turban bonnet still retains its popularity. Many ladies have one to match each suit made from the bright remnants of its satin or repped trimmings. As many as three or four fabrics are sometimes seen in one bonnet. Still, black or neutral-tinted turbans are made to wear with a costume of any shade. Other styles, much in vogue earlier in the season, have not, however, lost favor. Broad-brimmed, furry beavers harmonize with rich furs and feathers, and are still worn by young girls. Profuse jet decorations are still seen also—and there is a probability that they will remain in vogue for a long time to come, especially among elderly ladies.

Boys' garments partake more of the masculine style of finish than they did several seasons ago. It is now a rarity to see a boy's costume, whether composed of a kilt or the more manly set of three garments, completed in any other way than with machine-stitched edges and thick horn or bone buttons. The effect is extremely stylish, especially when particular attention is paid to the manner of dressing the neck and wrists.

Literary and Personal.

A PARIS correspondent describes Sara Bernhardt as "the spindling, hectic artist, with the glowing eyes and the bewitching, melancholy smile, who is not only actress, critic, poet, sculptor, novelist and architect, but also a painter."

THOMAS NAST, the caricaturist, was born in Bavaria. In appearance he is short, thickset, a sturdy German figure; head large, square and well-balanced; forehead wide, handsome, black eyes, firm mouth, a Roman nose, rather small for the breadth of the face; hair abundant, thick, fine in texture, glossy black, and a walk that indicates a strong individuality and great decision of character.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT in early life was very dissipated and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took an infamous course in life. One day, when his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey, a man was convicted of highway robbery whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt, thinking the prisoner did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow and fetching a deep sigh, replied: "Ah, my lord, they are all hanged, but your lordship and I!"

MARY CLEMMER is described as a woman of commanding height, a striking face, blue eyes, delicate complexion and brown hair, worn in clustering curls over her forehead, and simply knotted at the back of her head. She is energetic

and electric in conversation, and a trifle imperious in manner.

THE many friends of Mr. Bancroft, the venerable historian, will be glad to learn that, notwithstanding his recent illness and his advanced age (seventy-nine in October last), he is now able to drive out, and was at a reception at the White House a few days since, though somewhat feeble. A correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald* says that "though one of the oddest creatures imaginable, always saying and doing the most unheard of things, he is withal so interesting and amiable that a chat with him (especially in the study piled high with books and papers, and generally occupied by two or three amanuenses, where he has spent so many years) is an event never to be forgotten. When he is called to 'come up higher,' one of the strongest characters of the age will have disappeared."

THE munificent gift of the late William Niblo of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City, for a library for that institution, will have the effect to make it one of the best and most useful libraries of the country. Although Mr. Niblo made his fortune by catering to the tastes of those fond of theatrical amusements, he was known as a man of strong religious convictions, and large and wise charity. He was for many years a member of Calvary Church, and one of its vestry during the rectorship of Dr. Hawks, with whom he was on terms of close, personal intimacy.

Health Department.

HOTEL LIFE AND HEALTH.

"BURLEIGH," of the *Boston Journal*, gives the following suggestive illustration of rational hotel life, the rare exception to the general rule:

"I was talking with a gentleman, the other day, who has spent nearly thirty years at a hotel in New York, hale, hearty, vigorous, outliving by a decade his associates in hotel life. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have outlived all my companions. Most of them were younger than myself, and gave promise of a much longer life. Their style of living ruined them. The bill of fare was large and generous. They paid for what was in it; why not eat it? They began with soup, and ended with nuts and raisins. Their diet palled on their palate. Vigorous condiments were added to give their food relish. Copious draughts of liquor were enjoyed. They lived a fast life, and had a fast life's reward. My style of living is entirely different. I regarded the hotel as my home, where I was to live for years. The spread was affluent, but my living was simple. I changed my soup daily. I confined myself to one style of meat, and changed it every day. The dessert was varied enough to give me seven new courses a week. Sometimes I had coffee, sometimes tea, sometimes milk, and then occasionally water. My associates were always

ailing, always in need of the doctor. The hotel's physician made me a friendly call occasionally; I have not sent for him in twenty-five years. I have seen many a man eat himself out of house and home. I have followed many an associate to the grave who died from over-eating and a bad digestion. I am here, hale and hearty, with a decade longer to live.'"

"BUNDLING" CHILDREN'S NECKS.

MOTHERS often tie tippets and other heating clothes around the necks of their children, even in warm weather, to keep them from taking cold. This is not a good practice. Keep the hands, legs and arms as warm as you like, but do not overheat the neck. The president of one of the largest life insurance companies recently told a gentleman whose life was insured in his company, and whom he saw with his neck tied up so closely, that it was not a wholesome thing to do. "Take off your wrapper," said he, "and let the fresh air get close to your throat continually, and you will live the longer for it." If you are subject to colds, coughs and throat affections, bathe your neck in cold water and rub it vigorously. No part of the body requires less clothing than the throat. Mothers take this hint, and act upon it wisely with reference to your children.

Notes and Comments.

The Kitchen-Garden.

NOT a plot of ground fenced in, and provided with rows of festooned bean-poles, beds of strawberries and hills of cucumbers, by the side of some great, roomy farm-house, any more than a kindergarten is a sunny expanse of fragrant flowers, among which happy children play. No, the former bears the same relation to domestic education that the latter does to that of books.

"The Kitchen-garden," we learn from the *Worcester Spy*, was first established in New York City, by Miss Huntingdon, an active worker in the mission to the poor. She says that she spent hours of thought by day and night trying to devise some means by which the drudgery of the toiling children might be lightened, and they come to like the work that then filled them with weariness and disgust. The problem for her was how to teach the mass of children to put courage into their drudgery.

A kindergarten solved the problem for her. Instead of blocks, and balls, and colored paper, there should be brooms, and dust-pans, and little beds; and instead of lessons in geometry, there should be object lessons in household work, given on the Froebel method, with music and songs. She tried her plan with such success that she prepared a book with the music, the lessons and the household catechism that the children learn, to be

used as a text-book by other teachers; she called her school a kitchen-garden, and her plan has already been adopted by thirteen of the New York churches for their mission-schools. Last summer a Boston lady established schools in that city, at her own expense, and they are now in excellent condition at the Children's Mission and at the North End Mission.

A visit to one of them is very interesting and amusing. The class that the *Spy's* correspondent saw was of twenty-four little colored children, the eldest ten or eleven, perhaps, and even the youngest quite capable of helping a good deal at home. They had four teachers—one who played the piano or organ, one who led the singing, the principal teacher who gave the instruction, and an assistant who was learning the art of teaching. The first lesson was bed-making. On the long tables, with twelve children at each, were toy bedsteads about two feet long, each with a mattress, two sheets, two blankets, one spread, a bolster, two pillows, with pillow and sheet shams. The children marched in to gay music, and before they began their lesson they sang together the bed-making song:

"When you wake in the morning,
At the day dawning,
Throw off the bedding and let it all air;
Then shake up the pillows,
In waves and in billows,
And leave them near windows, if the day is quite fair.

"For beds made in a hurry,
A fret and a worry,
Are always unhealthful and musty, 'tis sure;
But left for airing,
Pains-taking and caring,
And one must sleep sweetly, to know it is pure.

"The rules for bed-making,
If ever forsaking,
You list to the careless and hurry them through,
They'll soon grow so matted,
So hard and so flatted,
You'll wish you had listened and kept them quite new."

The beds are already made, and the first thing the children do is to prepare them for sleeping. Working together and keeping time to music, they take off the pillows and shams, turn back the spread, turn down the other clothes, and make the bed ready for its occupants. Then they take off the clothes, putting them on two chairs to air, turn the mattress over and round, and make the bed scientifically. The rules are to make it *level*, *square* and *smooth*, and they are taught how to do this. The children are not allowed to take a lesson unless or until their heads, faces and hands are perfectly clean, and this rule has been so thoroughly enforced that the little bed-clothes, which have been in use since June, are still unsoiled and look as if they had just been done up. The questions and explanations take some time, and make a variety in the lesson.

Then came a washing-lesson. Each child got her toy-tub, in which was a bag of clothes, table and body linen, coarse towels and colored stockings, a wash-board and a bag of clothes-pins. No water is used; but the clothes are carefully sorted, the fine ones washed, or apparently washed, without the board, then the coarser ones, and so to the end, the proper twist in hand-wringing being insisted on; then the clothes are properly hung upon a line. A sweeping-lesson is conducted in the same thorough way, each child having a broom, a brush, a feather duster, a cloth, a dust-pan and a small broom. Of course there is no limit to the lessons that can be given in this way. Miss Huntington's book has the songs and music for all these mentioned, for setting tables and folding table-linen, for dish-washing, and for simple lessons in moulding butter-pats, biscuits, etc., and for rolling out cookies.

The kitchen-garden is intended to be a sort of preparatory or primary school, fitting the pupils for a cooking-school, or other advanced course of household education. The children have great fun doing all these things, and it seems that they really learn a good deal, and even the little ones like to practice at home, as far as they can, the lessons learned and the songs sung at school. The improvement in families at the North End is said to be noticeable since the children learned to make beds, set tables and sweep. The compulsory cleanliness is a great thing; the fun of it is a good thing; but the ladies who work for the kitchen-garden think of it and believe in it as something which will give the children some interest, home pleasures and some ambition.

The kitchen-garden, to us, seems a capital idea. A child so taught can scarcely grow up with the notion that household tasks are drudgery—in fact, so far as our observation extends, we think that in a great majority of cases, whenever a girl does

think so, she has been familiar with bad, shiftless, improvident housekeeping at home, and knows nothing about the scientific and artistic aspect of domestic economy.

In this connection, we would like to suggest to mothers and elder sisters that they may advantageously use the little ones' toys in a manner similar to that indicated above, and teach their charges many a useful lesson in their play, the children meanwhile being scarcely aware that the element of work is at all mixed with their pursuits. Surely, there is scarcely a little girl who would not be glad to know the right way, out of so many wrong ways, of washing her dolly's dishes, and making her dolly's bed, to say nothing of the pleasure and profit to be derived by the small young lady from learning properly to cut and make her dolly's garments.

The Art Interchange.

THIS admirable "Household Journal," which is published in New York City every other week at \$1.50 a year, is the natural outgrowth and expression of that new interest in household and decorative art which was awakened in this country by the International Exhibition in 1876. It is now in its fourth volume, and has continued to improve and increase in value and interest with every number since the first issue. Every lady who can afford the small subscription price should take the *Art Interchange*. She will find it replete with suggestion and information on all matters of household and needlework ornamentations, and on art-methods, bric-a-brac and fine art criticism. The publication office is at 140 Nassau Street, New York.

Indians in Decorative Art.

"THE pretty baskets made by the Indians at Mt. Desert," says the *Art Interchange*, "are becoming yearly more popular and re-appear in a hundred homes when winter has banished all the memories of that much beloved resort. During the season just passed, some clever lady suggested to the dusky artificers of the camp along the coast of Frenchman's Bay, the idea of copying the coloring and design of a bandanna handkerchief, which was promptly and successfully done. The waste-paper baskets wrought in this fashion are particularly brilliant in effect when lined with bits of Turkey-red, of old-gold stuff, or of Cardinal Lurah, and jauntily bedight with satin bows to match."

"Health and Life."

THIS is the title of a new and handsomely-printed quarterly journal, the first number of which has just been issued by Drs. Starkey & Palen of this city. It is to be a "Record of Cases and Cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment," and a medium through which the public may gain larger and more explicit information in regard to this new development of curative force, the surprising results of which are awakening a wide-spread interest. The first number of *Health and Life* contains a carefully-written answer to the

question, "What is Compound Oxygen, and how does it Cure?" in which the scientific basis and therapeutical action of this new agent are familiarly explained, so that any reader of ordinary intelligence can understand them. The cases and cures published in this number are certainly of a most remarkable character, and fully justify the doctors in their assertion that "There cannot be found in the journals of any school of medicine a record of more brilliant cures."

Health and Life is intended for free circulation, and a copy of this first number will be mailed to any one who writes for it. The doctors' address can be found on the fourth cover page of HOME MAGAZINE.

"Avarice and Love."

OUR frontispiece gives an engraved copy of a picture by a Munich artist—L. Löffitz. Speaking of this picture, *The Magazine of Art* says: "Nothing could be finer than the head of the old man, who gloats over his golden pieces, or sweeter than the face of his lovely daughter, as it sparkles up archly in the presence of her lover. The picture may be regarded as a fair example of the capacity the Munich school in *genre* of the higher kind. Although the old man is avaricious, his avarice is dominated by a stronger passion—that of love for his daughter. The two have had a long chat about the young clerk before he entered, and her winning ways and sparkling eyes have made the old man relent. It is this delightful change that we see her telegraphing to her lover by means of the flower in her hand; and we feel, as we gaze on the picture, that all will end well, and that Avarice will own willing obedience to Love. Let us wish the lovers happiness, and trust that their mutual confidence through life may always be as cordial as now."

Words of Encouragement.

THESE are always pleasant and helpful, and inspire to new efforts. This year our letters are full of such words; and we have the most gratifying assurances that the HOME MAGAZINE is gaining a deeper and still deeper hold upon the hearts and confidence of the people. A lady in sending an article for publication, says: "I must add a word about the HOME MAGAZINE. The more I see it, the more I am charmed with it. It is emphatically a *home* magazine, and has a place which no other can fill. I wish its pure precepts and practical suggestions might go to every home in the land. Although I have only read it for a few months, it comes to my lonely invalid's corner, like the visits of an old and valued friend."

A NOVEL system of insurance for girls has existed for several generations among the Danish nobility of Copenhagen. A nobleman, upon the birth of a daughter, enrolls her name with the insurance society, paying at the time a fee, and subsequently an annual sum, until she reaches twenty-one. She then becomes entitled to a fixed income from the society, and to apartments in the large building of the association, which is surrounded by gardens and a park. Should her father die in her childhood, she may immediately occupy the apartments. Should she die or marry, the income and the right to entail the home both lapse.

"THE person who has been once intoxicated," says Dr. Crothers, "is always threatened with inebriety, and, no matter what his will-power may be, is less safe from future attacks than the person who has never drank."

Publishers' Department.

THE PUBLISHER OF THE CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN

Gives, in that paper, the following unsolicited testimonial, which speaks for itself:

Office of The Inter-Ocean, Chicago, Jan. 10, 1880.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: Gentlemen—It is contrary to my rules to give certificates to the many healing remedies that are advertised, but my experience with "Compound Oxygen" has been such that I feel it my duty to recommend it to all my acquaintances suffering from overwork and a tendency to pulmonary trouble. In October, 1878, I was in very poor health. My system had been much overtaxed, and a cold contracted in the spring seemed to have taken permanent hold on my lungs. I had had several slight hemorrhages, was troubled with a cough and was much reduced in flesh. *I was discouraged, and my family alarmed at my condition.* A friend in Boston sent my wife one of your little books, strongly recommending your remedy. I was besought to order the Home Treatment, and did so. I followed instructions faithfully, and in three months was a new man. My troubles had almost entirely disappeared. The improvement had been quiet, but certain and sure from the time I first began its use. I feel very grateful to you for it, and wish that I could persuade all suffering in a similar way to perseveringly use your very simple and effective remedy. Business is very confining and exacting, and when I take cold and feel myself running down, I resort to Compound Oxygen, and it is always prompt in its results. I feel like commending it to all. It is not a kill-or-cure remedy. If it does not cure, it surely does not injure.

Yours truly, WM. PENN. NIXON.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Action and Results, *sent free.* Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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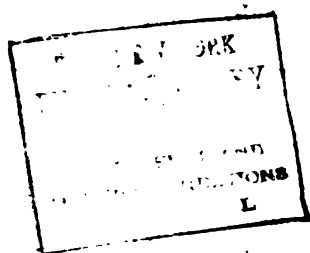
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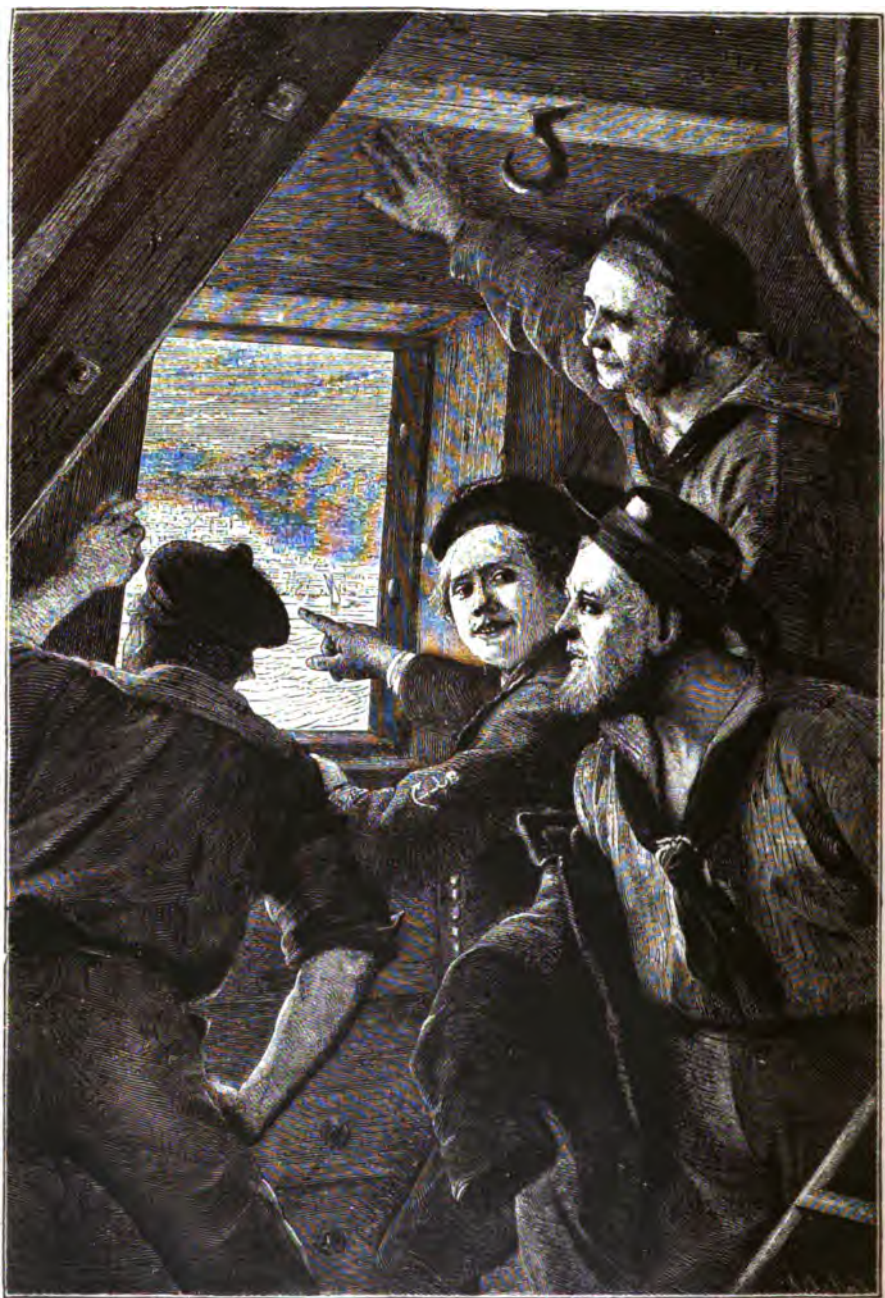
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IN SIGHT OF HOME.—Page 200.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

APRIL, 1880.

No. 4.



AFTER MANY YEARS.

DEAR MISS LESLIE: I have tickets for 'La Belle Helene' to-night, and will call for you. If for any reason you cannot go, send word by my messenger, who will wait for an answer.

"Yours truly,

"GEORGE BURNSIDE."

"An invitation to the opera this evening," said Miss Leslie, addressing a young lady friend, who was spending the morning with her.

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"Oh, that will be a treat!" was responded, with enthusiasm. "Who does it come from?"

The color grew warmer in Miss Leslie's face as she replied: "From George Burnside."

"Is that so? How long have you known him? He's a splendid fellow," said the friend. "All the girls are crazy after him."

Miss Leslie turned her face aside so as to conceal its expression.

"I quite envy you," added her companion.

"What is the opera?"

"'La Belle Helene.'"

"Charming! And you will have 'Tostee'."

"I have seen 'Belle Helene' once and 'Tostee' once," returned Miss Leslie, in a grave voice, "and that is quite enough for me."

"But you are not going to decline Mr. Burnside's invitation?" said the friend, in some surprise.

"I do not wish to see the opera again. I am sorry that I ever saw it. My cheeks are hardly done burning now. And I am sorry Mr. Burnside invited me. I cannot regard it as a compliment."

"Well, well! You are an odd girl! Why the best people in the city go to see opera bouffe. The house is crowded every night."

"Neither the crowding of the house, nor the social standing of the people who go there, alter the character of the performances, or make virtue out of vice," answered Miss Leslie. "And there is a homely old adage, the significance of which should make us hesitate about coming in contact with vile and evil things: 'One cannot touch pitch without being defiled.'"

"Oh! Then you call 'La Belle Helene' a vile and evil thing?"

"Do you call it a good and virtuous thing? Is the life it exhibits, and about which are thrown the charm of music and the color and warmth of sensuous allurements, the life you would introduce into society?"

"You touched this pitch, as you are pleased to call it, and were defiled of course," said the friend, in a tone that was mocking and slightly sarcastic.

"Yes, I touched it, and had my memory defiled by things which I would give much to cast out if that were possible," answered Miss Leslie; "and I shall certainly never touch it again."

"And throw away your chances with George Burnside!"

"Yes; if any such chances exist. No good that has to be reached by an evil way is ever worth attaining."

"Nonsense! you silly Miss Prude! If the best people in town go to the French opera, you and I needn't be over-fastidious."

Miss Leslie did not reply, but turned to the table near which they sat, and, taking up a pen, wrote a brief reply to Mr. Burnside's invitation.

"How will this do?" she asked, and then read:

"DEAR MR. BURNSIDE: Thank you for the invitation to attend the opera to-night. While appreciating the courtesy, I very much regret that I cannot accept your invitation, as the opera is one I do not care to witness again. I give you my true and only reason. "Very truly,

"JENNIE LESLIE."

The friend shook her head, and looked disapproval, as she said: "Don't send that, Jennie."

"Why not? It is the simple truth."

"The truth is often the worst thing one can tell."

"What ought I to say?"

"That you regret an engagement which precludes your accepting Mr. Burnside's invitation; that is, if you are silly and prudish enough to persist in declining it."

"I have no engagement; and there is no reason but the one I have given for not sending a favorable reply to his invitation."

"Then don't give any reason at all. He'll think your squeamishness put on—a mere pretense of virtue. Or, may be, worse, will regard you as believing him capable of asking a pure-minded young lady to witness a performance that is open to grave objections when regarded from the standpoint of decency and good morals."

"Thank you for this last suggestion," returned Miss Leslie, as she folded and directed her reply. "Happily, my interest in Mr. Burnside is not such as to make me hesitate about applying a test to his character. He has done just what you say, and if he reads my note as a rebuke, well. It may set him to thinking in a new direction."

"Well, all I have to say is, that you deserve to lose him," remarked the friend, impatiently, as the servant for whom Miss Leslie had rung took the note which she had written and left the room.

There was a look of pleased expectation in the face of Mr. Burnside, a handsome young man of twenty-five, as he received Miss Leslie's note from his messenger; but the light went quickly out of his face—his brows drew together, and his mouth shut tightly. The whole expression of his countenance was changed. He was disappointed, annoyed, and a little angry. He had thrown the note down with an impatient movement. Taking it up, he read it over a second time; and then, as his face cleared a little, he remained in a thoughtful attitude for several minutes. Somehow, the brief sentences read differently. There was a meaning in them not at first perceived. A something that lifted Miss Leslie higher in his regard. He felt their truthfulness and sincerity; and, in spite of his disappointment, could not but admire her decision of character and approve of her conduct.

Mr. Burnside went to the opera that night alone. Not that he expected to enjoy the music and acting; but he had tickets, and could think of no more desirable way of spending the evening. It would be dreary staying at home with nothing to do but brood over his disappointment, which was greater than he was willing to acknowledge even to himself. He had only recently made the acquaintance of Jennie Leslie, and her many personal attractions impressed him strongly. The rare beauty and peculiar style of her face, every feature of which was exquisitely cut; and espe-

dially its grave sweetness, if we may use the expression, when in repose, had become already so clearly imaged in his mind, as to make her an almost living presence. And he had not only begun to separate this face from all other faces; but the woman also, whose character and quality it revealed.

The opera had commenced, and Mr. Burnside was making an effort to bring under control his wandering thoughts and fix them upon the acting and characters, when, lifting his eyes to one of the proscenium boxes, he saw two ladies, whom he recognized. They had just entered, and were still standing, the elder of the two leaning a little forward, and carefully surveying the house as if in search of some one. At length her eyes rested upon the young man, when there was a quick change in the expression of her face, a glance of pleased recognition, and a sign, which he understood. When the curtain fell upon the first act, Mr. Burnside left his seat in the balcony, and joined the ladies, receiving a very cordial greeting from the elder of the two, but one more distant from the younger, a tall, graceful girl with a refined and sensitive face, and a manner somewhat cold and reserved.

They were a Mrs. and Miss Archambolt—mother and daughter. The family of the Archambolts was one of the first in social position, and numbered among its ancestry a fair proportion of distinguished representatives, honorable as well as dishonorable. The "blood" was held to be of the finest in the State; though it must be confessed, that, in passing through the veins of some members of the family, it had been badly corrupted. The two representatives of this family now introduced to the reader were the widow and only daughter of Joshua Archambolt, who had come into the possession of a handsome estate at the death of his father, but which he had managed to waste in extravagant living, costly pleasures and profitless speculations. Dying in the very prime of manhood from a disease brought on by excesses in eating and drinking, he left no memories of good deeds or useful service behind him. Men shrugged their shoulders at his grave, and thought of what he might have been. But for a small fortune in her own right, his widow would have been left penniless.

Mrs. Archambolt was a proud and ambitious woman, and the one purpose of her life was to secure such an alliance for her daughter as would give them wealth again, and so restore them to the old social status, which had been in a measure lost; for without money it is impossible to maintain an advanced place in the circle where she was ambitious to move. In George Burnside, the son of a wealthy merchant, and a young man who had come safely through the perils that lie so thickly along the paths which the sons of rich men

in all our large cities have to tread, she saw the one who, above all others, she desired to see the husband of her daughter. His manliness of character and freedom from the self-indulgence and vices into which so many young men fall were additional reasons for securing an alliance, if possible. Her own life-experience had been too sad and humiliating not to make her anxious that in her daughter's case there should be a husband who, to wealth and social standing, could add strength and manliness of character, and a sustaining purpose in life. And these she saw united in young Burnside, who had already taken his place as an active partner in his father's business.

The daughter, Alice Archambolt, resembled her mother in many things; and especially in her pride, selfishness and ambition. But she was weaker in character, and self-indulgent like her father.

Her style of beauty was almost faultlessness. You thought of a finely-cut statue as you looked at her; though the play of the sensitive mouth made you aware that the statue had conscious life and feeling.

Miss Leslie was the orphan niece of a lady whose social standing was in every way equal to that of the Archambolts. She had a small income from the remnant of a nearly-exhausted estate which came to her at the death of her father. For genuine refinement, and all the charms that make a true, sweet, lovable woman, Miss Leslie was in every way superior to Miss Archambolt. Her beauty was of a different style. It was winning and captivating. You saw the heart-beat of a living soul in her face, and thought less of the classic purity of the lineaments than of the feeling and sentiment they expressed.

At their very first meeting, Mr. Burnside had felt a movement of his heart toward Miss Leslie; and every subsequent meeting with the fair girl only served to deepen the impression then made. On her part a like interest had been awakened; but she had laid her hand resolutely upon her heart and kept down the quickening pulses. All of her impressions in regard to the young man were favorable, and the more she saw of him, the more she admired his character. He was so unlike most of the men she met in society.

Nothing of this mutual interest lay between Mr. Burnside and Miss Archambolt. Up to this time they had treated each other with that polite and courteous bearing which veils, but only half-conceals, indifference. But the state of feeling into which Miss Leslie's note had thrown Mr. Burnside—a state of mingled annoyance and displeasure—left him more open to attractive influences in a new direction, and these were now brought to bear upon him. Mrs. Archambolt was a very clear-seeing, politic woman, and a close reader of character and mental emotions. She knew that

her daughter cared nothing for Mr. Burnside. That her heart, so far as any sentiment of love had been awakened, was interested in another. But Mrs. Archambolt was far from being satisfied with her daughter's preference. There had been a growing intimacy between her and a young man of fashion and idle habits, the progress of which the mother had watched with no little concern. Of late, there were signs of coldness on his part, and this evening he was at the opera in company with another young lady, toward whom he was very gracious in his attentions.

As Mrs. Archambolt entered the stage-box, and looked down upon the audience, she was quick to discover this young man, and as quick to take in the situation. She knew, with a woman's intuition, the effect which would be produced in the mind of her daughter, who had a full share of her own sensitive pride; and she resolved, the moment she saw Mr. Burnside sitting alone in the audience, to let him know, by signs which he could not misunderstand, that it would be agreeable to herself and her daughter if he would come to their box.

Piqued at seeing the only man for whom she had entertained anything beyond a friendly interest devoted to a girl whom she regarded as far inferior to herself, Miss Archambolt fell readily into the humor of her mother, and assumed an air of cordiality toward Mr. Burnside which was out of all harmony with her feelings. But she acted so well, that the young man was deceived. Her fine spirits, which were assumed; the glow, and light, and beauty of her face; the charm of her facile manner, and the brilliant sparkle of her conversation—all combined to bewilder and fascinate him, and to leave in his memory of her a new and pleasant impression. The cordial invitation of Mrs. Archambolt to visit them was accepted and on the very next evening he called and was received with a warm and flattering welcome from the mother, and as graceful and charming a one from the daughter, who had made up her mind that, in view of the present state of uncertainty in regard to another, it would not be politic to weaken the impression which had evidently been made on Mr. Burnside.

An incident, slight in itself, often gives the diverging point that separates two lives, which, to all human appearances, would have been happier if they had flowed together. Between George Burnside and Jennie Leslie there was an inner harmony and fitness for each other; but between George Burnside and Alice Archambolt, no relation of character or disposition that gave any basis for a happy union. And yet, drawn on by influences which he followed blindly, but against which something within set itself in perpetual opposition, the young man was induced to offer himself in marriage to Miss Archambolt, who, under pressure from her mother, accepted the proposal. As for

love in any true sense, it had no existence on either side. Miss Archambolt did not attempt any self-deception as to her own feelings. The step she consented to take was simply prudential. It would give her wealth, and make secure the social position which she felt herself in some danger of losing. The marriage would simply be one of convenience.

When too late to recede with honor, Mr. Burnside saw that he had committed a fatal mistake. Two or three days after his formal betrothal to Miss Archambolt, he met Jennie Leslie at an evening party. He saw her before she saw him. She was in a circle of two or three ladies, talking with animation; and he watched the play and expression of her fine countenance, which had never seemed to him half so lovely as now, with an admiration that sent a pang of pain instead of a glow of pleasure to his heart. Turning his eyes away, they rested for a moment on the face of Miss Archambolt. Its coldness hurt and repelled him; and the thought of going through life with this woman as the companion of his soul caused a shiver to run along his nerves. He looked again toward Miss Leslie. And now their eyes met, and he saw the color grow deeper in her face, over which ran changes of expression that his heart was swift to read.

Too late! Too late! It was the sudden, bitter cry of his heart—a cry, the echo of which sounded through its dreary chambers in the after years of a life made desolate through defect of love.

Happily for Jennie Leslie, her heart was not deeply involved. If Mr. Burnside had presented himself as a wooer, the task of winning would have been easy. His failing to visit her again after the refusal to go with him to the French opera, she attributed to pique or wounded pride; and she had her natural regrets that, in being true to herself and the purer instincts of her nature, she had given offense to a man whom she could not but highly respect, and for whom it would be easy to have a deeper feeling. Of course, the announcement, which came not long afterward, that Mr. Burnside and Miss Archambolt were engaged, settled all questions in regard to him in the mind of Miss Leslie; though it could not extinguish a certain feeling of regard the existence of which cast a shadow on her spirits, and burdened it with the vague sense of an irreparable loss.

A wedding in a fashionable church, with imposing ceremonies; a richly dressed, but cold and impassive bride; a brilliant reception and newspaper eclat; and then a drifting out upon the troubled sea of life, on which two souls sailed together without chart or compass, until shipwreck came, and one went down into the depths of infamy, while the other, hurt and exhausted, found himself once more with his feet on solid ground.

How long a time had passed! It seemed like a century to George Burnside. There had been more than a dozen years of an inharmonious life, during which two souls, bound together in the closest external union, lived inwardly in an antagonism that was hopeless of reconciliation—the one sensitive to every movement, and impressive to chill or warmth; the other cold and unsympathetic; the one true to honor and full of noble impulses; the other false to principle, morally weak and meanly selfish. At last the end came; bonds were broken—rent in dishonor and disgrace; and there was a fugitive wife and a desolate home. Then the law came in and gave its decree of release, and Mr. Burnside found himself at the age of forty, with "failure" written all over the walls of the solitary chambers of his soul.

And what of Jennie Leslie? Had they met during these years? No. Another suitor, not so worthy to win her, had gained a half-reluctant consent to wed, and carried her away as a bride to a far distant city; and Mr. Burnside had neither seen nor heard of her since. If he thought of her at any time, it was with a half-sad, half-regretful feeling; or with the movement of something tender in his nature; or with a vague and yearning sense of an irreparable loss.

One day, in a Western city where business had called him, he was passing along an avenue that stretched out into the handsome suburbs of the town, when a face at one of the windows of a small, neat-looking cottage startled him with its familiar expression. It was the sweet, grave face of a girl not over fifteen. His pause and earnest gaze caused the girl to move back quickly and disappear from the window.

"I have certainly seen that face before!" he said, as he passed onward. "Whose can it be?"

But he tried in vain to identify it with that of any one whom he knew or had met. After walking for a short distance, he turned back and came slowly past the cottage where he had seen the girl, hoping to get sight of her again. Just as he came opposite the window, it was suddenly thrown open, and he saw the face once more, but pale and frightened now, and there was a cry for help from the quivering lips.

To pass through the open door was the work of a moment. On entering the small parlor, he found a woman lying on the floor, and the girl he had an instant before seen at the window bending over and trying to raise her up.

Lifting the prostrate form in his arms, Mr. Burnside laid it upon the sofa, from which it had evidently fallen, and as the white face was turned upward he was struck by its strange familiarity.

All the means of restoration which Mr. Burnside could think of were promptly used, and it was not long before signs of returning animation were visible. The white, pure face, into which the

living soul was coming back, where had he seen it before? Soon the dark lashes, which lay so still upon the colorless cheeks, began to stir, and their fringes to lift. There was a movement of the shut lips, and a murmur of speech; and as Mr. Burnside bent and listened for the half-inarticulate words that were coming through them, he heard the name of "Leslie," and then the quick response of the girl! "What is it, mother, dear!"

Leslie! Leslie! It all came back to him! It was as if a veil had been suddenly drawn aside. Leslie! Jennie Leslie! Yes, it was even so. And this was their meeting after these many years—years of bitter suffering and disappointment on one side, and of trial and discipline on the other—years in which there had been quickened in the hearts of both the germs of a higher life than it is possible to live until the soul begins to draw breath from purer atmospheres than lie close about the earth.

The moment this recognition took place on the part of Mr. Burnside, an instinct of delicacy and prudence caused him to move away, lest the recognition should be mutual. A neighbor coming in at the time, gave him an opportunity to withdraw, which he did without observation, and went back to his hotel in a state of bewilderment and agitation, which he vainly endeavored to repress. In the daughter he had seen restored the beauty, and sweetness, and peculiar charm of the mother. It was as if a hand had turned a leaf in the book of his memory which had been folded down for years, and the beautiful face it bore looked up at him again, with every line and expression as clear and perfect as when it was first imprinted there. How the old admiration quickened, and the old attraction drew upon his heart! What did it mean? Had he indeed loved with so deep and hidden a passion the pure-minded girl, from whom he turned away, drawn by the specious flatteries and attentions of an ambitious mother, and the counterfeit allurements of her weak, proud and heartless daughter?

It was sometime before this disturbed condition had subsided far enough to enable Mr. Burnside to think clearly. He then proceeded to make inquiry about his former acquaintance, and learned that she was a widow, and that she was endeavoring to support herself and only child by means of a small trade in ladies' wear and fancy goods, the custom for which was being gradually drawn away by the larger variety of goods and more showy attractions of a new establishment in the immediate vicinity of her little store. The confinement and overwork of business, and the fear and anxiety occasioned by the steady loss of custom and shrinking of trade, until the profits scarcely paid for rent and a single assistant, had brought its too sure consequences—nervous exhaustion and failing health. A threatening letter from her landlord,

to whom half a year's rent was due, had brought on a violent headache, and sent her home blind with pain and sick to faintness.

With all this, Mr. Burnside had made himself acquainted before the day went down.

"Try, mamma, dear! You must take something."

Leslie Coleman had brought a cup of tea and some tempting delicacy for her mother, who, on recovering from the fainting fit, was too weak to sit up. The night had closed in, and they were alone. Thus urged, Mrs. Coleman (that was the name she now bore) made an effort to eat. After taking a few mouthfuls, she sunk back again upon the pillows from which she had raised herself, and closed her eyes wearily. How pale and wasted the features which had once been so full of affluent life! How freely had the years, in passing, scattered through her dark hair their wintry tokens!

"Just a little more, mamma dear! You have eaten nothing all day."

Mrs. Coleman shook her head. "I can't swallow it, darling."

The girl turned away with a grieved and troubled face, and after placing the tray on a table came back to the bed, and, sitting down, took one of her mother's hands and held it closely. For a long time neither of them spoke. At length, opening her eyes, and turning them with a look of interest and inquiry upon her daughter, Mrs. Coleman said: "The gentleman was an entire stranger, you said?"

"Yes, mamma. I never saw him before."

"And you say he stopped, and looked as if he were going to speak?"

"Yes; and his face lighted up for an instant all over. It made me feel so strangely; and I got away as quickly as I could."

"And when I fainted, and you ran, frightened, to the window to call for help, he was there again?"

"Yes; and he came in and raised you from the floor and laid you on the sofa. And when he looked into your face it seemed to me that he gave a start; and then he was so quick to say what must be done, and worked to bring you to in such an earnest, gentle, almost tender way, as if he were of our own flesh and blood! And when you were coming to and called my name, I saw him start again. And he turned and looked at me in a stranger way than ever."

"What kind of a look was it, dear?" The voice was less feeble, and the head lifted away from the pillow.

"I can hardly tell, mamma. But it had wonder in it, as if he had known or seen me long ago, and was surprised at finding me here. Then he looked down at you, and did not let me see his face again. As soon as Mrs. Baldwin came in, he went away, not speaking to any one."

"How old a man was he?" The question came after a brief silence.

"He wasn't a young man. His hair was turning gray."

After another pause. "Was he tall?"

"Yes, I think so—but I was so frightened and confused."

"Dark or light complexion?"

"Dark," was the girl's answer.

What had so excited the mother's interest? Was the thought of her, which was filling the mind of Mr. Burnside, and going out toward her on the subtle spiritual atmosphere by which soul has communion with soul, penetrating her consciousness, and giving him presence to her inner sight? It was even so!

As she lay now with her eyes closed again, and her face turned toward the light, the girl could see that a change was passing over it, and that a new expression was coming into every feature, softening, warming and giving life where deep pallor and the rigid lines of gathering despair had rested a little while before.

"Who is it, dear?"

Leslie had gone down to answer the door-bell. Mrs. Coleman was sitting up in bed, and there was a look of almost eager inquiry on her face.

"A boy left this letter for you."

She took the letter and broke it open with hands that trembled. What was she thinking about? Why this eagerness and agitation? The envelope contained only a bill. It was from her landlord. Her heart fell from hope to despair; but bounded again as quickly into relief and joy, for to the bill had been added a receipt in full.

"I do not understand it, dear," she said, in a choking voice, and with eyes running over, as she handed the bill to her daughter. "But God has put it into somebody's heart to care for us."

All that night Mrs. Coleman lay between sleeping and waking, her thoughts too busy to let oblivion wrap her senses in unconsciousness. And what were the tenor of her thoughts? They were ever coming back to this stranger, and always identifying him with Mr. Burnside, and dealing in hopes and fancies which reason told her were vain and baseless, but which she could not banish from her mind. She knew something of the history of his married life, and of its sad termination years before.

Morning found Mrs. Coleman with fresh life in her veins, and with something so new in her face that even the daughter wondered when she looked into it. There was an air of expectancy about her. In dressing herself, she had given more than usual care to her personal appearance; and the difference in her whole aspect was so great that Leslie said to her admiringly: "How beautiful you look this morning, mamma!"

A few hours later, when Mr. Burnside looked

into the face of the only woman he had ever really admired, or for whom any true sentiment of love had ever stirred in his heart, his thought of her took very nearly the same form of words. Though the glow of youth had faded, and the face and form, moulded so exquisitely, had lost much of their spring-time loveliness, the higher beauty of her soul shone into and through them, and gave to the woman a truer and tenderer grace than even her sweet young maidenhood revealed.

"After these many years!" It was three months later, and Mr. Burnside, now in the home which had long been empty and desolate, stood holding the hand and gazing intently into the face of a woman whose whitening hair showed her to have passed the meridian of life. His voice expressed the deepest satisfaction.

And the words were echoed in the heart that was beating close to his; and she who might have been the long-ago partner and blessing of his life, had he been wise enough to have chosen her, laid her head against his manly breast and murmured, in restful tones: "Yes, after these many years; thanks to the good God!" IRENE L—.

THE QUAKER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE following story is told of Isaac T. Hopper on his visit to England:

At Westminster Abbey he paid the customary fee of two shillings and sixpence for admission. The doorkeeper followed him, saying: "You must uncover yourself, sir."

"Uncover myself!" exclaimed the Friend, with an affectation of ignorant simplicity. "What dost thou mean? Must I take off my coat?"

"Your coat!" responded the man, smiling. "No, indeed; I mean your hat."

"And what should I take off my hat for?" he inquired.

"Because you are in a church, sir," answered the doorkeeper. "I see no church here," rejoined the Quaker; "perhaps thou meanest the house where the church assembles? I suppose thou art aware that it is the *people*, and not the *building*, that constitutes a church?"

The idea seemed new to the man, but he merely repeated: "You must take off your hat, sir."

But the Friend again inquired: "What for? On account of these images? Thou knowest Scripture commands us not to worship graven images."

The man persisted in saying that no person could be allowed to pass through the church without uncovering his head.

"Well, friend," rejoined Isaac, "I have some conscientious scruples on that subject; so give me back my money and I will go out."

The reverential habits of the doorkeeper were not strong enough to compel him to that sacrifice, and he walked away without saying anything more.

DER MEISTER SÄNGER.

AH, well, he holds his royal seat
Apart in cloud-cool air,
Athrough the heavy hours of heat,
Of clangor, dust and glare;
He is not bowed, like one of us, with pain, or
grief, or care.

Nay, brothers—save the gods came down
To be our very kin;
And wore our sharp thorns in their crown,
What worship should they win
From us, whose sense is bound and dulled by cum-
bering flesh and sin?

So is the singer skilled and wise
Our human souls to please,
Not oft the heavenly art he plies
In pleasant bowers of ease;
But in our grievous yokes attunes his wondrous
harmonies.

I know not if he left behind
The songs of his own sphere;
Or if its subtle strains do find
The blossom's secret ear,
And, winding through its fragrant cells, her holy
bosom cheer.

May chance he holdeth converse soft
With murmuring brook and tree;
May chance he hath communings oft
With earth, and air, and sea;
But in mine own familiar tongue the Master speaks
with me.

More sweet than any robin dear,
The spring's first carol sings—
Is he, in darkful times of fear,
The song of hope who brings;
It always is the Master's voice with gladsome
tidings rings.

I speak a mightier minstrel's praise
Than classic bards sublime;
Yet, whom I crown with poet's bays
Ne'er "builds the polished rhyme;"
Diviner art the Master knows to charm this heart
of mine.

And Him, though haughty fame refuse,
Who 'guiles my simple ear,
From heights eterne the highest muse
Delighted bends to hear;
Who, when His *little ones* are pleased, Himself
doth share their cheer.

HARRIETTE WOOD.

THE LATANIA BORBONICA.

ONE of the most beautiful little islands in the world is Bourbon, or Réunion, in the Indian Ocean, four hundred miles east of Madagascar. It belongs to France, and lies quite out of the track of vessels going from one country to another, and were it not for its neighbor Mauritius

same color. The leaves are used for roofing the cottages or cabins, and a very poor resistance they offer to the tropical rains that descend incessantly during six months of every year. They make capital fans, screens and even umbrellas. Walking sticks cut from the stem are particularly light, and capable of taking a high polish. The leaf stalks are split into fibres, from which the women



at a distance of ninety miles, would be even less known than it is. The rich, volcanic soil is well watered by springs and cascades, and produces the most luxuriant vegetation, conspicuous among which is the *Latania Borbonica*, an indigenous palm of the Borassine, Tala or Palmyra tribe. It is but of moderate size; all its leaves are fan-shaped, the flowers yellow, and the drupes of the

and children plait the baskets and bags in which the sugar and fine Mocha-like coffee raised in the island are exported. The fleshy part of the fruit is astringent, the kernel bitter and purgative when used as a drug, while, according to French physicians, the sap is possessed of remarkably antiscorbutic properties. A similar palm is exclusively found in Mauritius, but it is smaller in

every respect, and from the red color of its leaves is called *Latania rubra*.

The Tala, of which the foregoing are varieties, grows all over Hindoostan, where it is highly valued on account of the vinous sap and the sugar which is extracted from it. When full grown the trunk is from twenty-five to forty feet high, and is perceptibly thicker at the base than at the top. The spiny leaves are about four feet long, divided into seventy or eighty rays, the largest of which are in the middle, and mounted on stalks quite as long as themselves. The fruit is as big as a child's head, with a thick, brownish rind, containing three seeds the size of a goose-egg, filled with gray pulp, which when they are young is sweet and refreshing, but becomes insipid and uneatable if left on the tree till ripe.

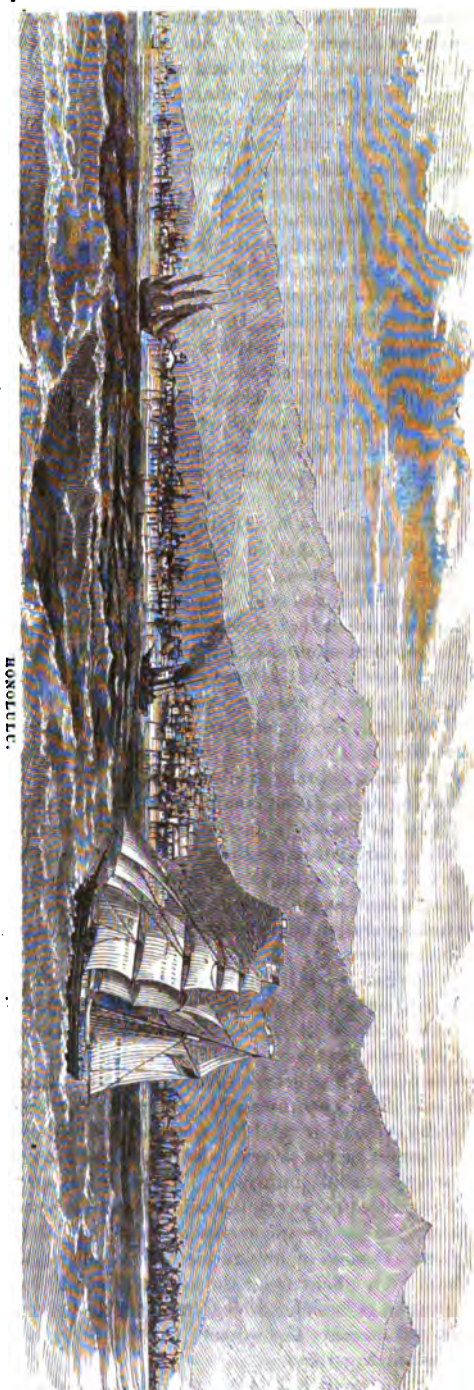
The method of obtaining the sap of this palm is by crushing the young inflorescence and amputating the upper half; the lower is then tied to a leaf-stalk, and has a bamboo vessel attached to its end, which gradually fills with sap, and is removed every morning. When it is replaced a fresh slice is cut off the wounded end of the inflorescence, and this operation is repeated daily till the whole of the raceme is sliced away. This liquor when fresh is said to be similar to champagne, and forms the staple of a perniciously strong, intoxicating spirit. When sugar is to be made from it, the inside of the bamboo receiver into which it flows is powdered with lime to prevent fermentation; the juice is then boiled down, and finally dried by being exposed to smoke in little baskets.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THIS name is given to a group of twelve islands in the North Pacific, between Mexico and China, extending three hundred and sixty miles in a curve from north-west to south-east. Their total area is six thousand one hundred square miles, of which two-thirds are included in the principal island, Hawaii. They are of volcanic formation and mountainous, the fertile lands being mostly confined to the valleys and to a belt of alluvial soil on the shore. The uplands are better adapted to grazing than to tillage. The mountains, covered with dense forests, are not tillable. The windward coasts, which receive the north-east trade winds, intercept the rain and are fertile, while the leeward parts of the same island may be almost rainless.

Only seven of the islands are inhabited. Hawaii, the most eastern, is of a triangular shape, and is of most recent formation; it consists of a sloping belt of coast-land, a central plateau, and three principal mountains, namely: Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, an active volcano, and Mauna Hualalai. In no part of the island can one journey

far without seeing extinct craters, generally overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. Many hundred square miles of Hawaii are covered with recent



and barren lavas. Near the shore the natives cultivate sweet potatoes upon lavas that are hardly

cooled. Earthquakes, generally slight, occur frequently upon Hawaii, but not so often on the other islands. Kilauea is the largest continually active crater in the world. It is situated on the eastern part of Mauna Loa, at an elevation of three thousand nine hundred and seventy feet, and is a pit of eight miles in circumference, and a thousand feet in depth. Its eruptions are usually independent of those on the summit. The crater is easily descended, and melted lava may be dipped out. Herds of wild cattle roam in the mountain forests, and they are hunted for the sake of their hides.

Oahu, the fourth island, has fertile plains upon the north and south sides. The latter are the best cultivated, the most populous region in the whole group. The capital, Honolulu, is here situated. It has an excellent harbor, protected by a barrier of coral reef, and affords safe anchorage and great facilities for the discharging of cargoes, and is easy of access from all quarters. Hilo, on the north-east side of Hawaii, has a good harbor, which, with proper wharves, would be an excellent one.

The climate is healthful and remarkably equable, so much so that the Hawaiian language has no word to express the general idea of the weather. Extreme heat and cold are never known, the mean temperature being seventy-five degrees. June is the warmest month, and January the coldest and most dreary. On the windward side of the islands, the climate is rougher, and the rain-fall most abundant. Much of the scenery is extremely beautiful. The fauna is small, consisting mostly of swine, dogs, rats and domestic fowl. There are few singing-birds, but many with beautiful plumage. The chief vegetable productions of the Sandwich Islands are coconuts, bananas, bread fruit, sugar, rice, coffee, cotton, sandal-wood, tobacco, arrow-root, wheat, maize, tapioca, oranges, lemons, tamarinds, guavas, potatoes, yams and pulu—a fibre from the tree-fern.

The Sandwich Islands are favorably situated for a great naval and commercial station, being on the route of the United States steamers plying between California and China and Japan, and of the English steamers sailing between Australia and San Francisco. The government is a constitutional monarchy, vested in a king; a council, of which the governors of the several islands are members, and four responsible ministers. The right of suffrage is permitted to every man who can read and write, and who has an income of seventy-five dollars a year. Persons of foreign birth, chiefly American, hold high offices under the government. The constitution is modeled after that of the United States, and was mainly the work of Chief Justice Lee, a resident American.

In the year 1820, the first American missionaries arrived in the island. King Kamehameha IV was friendly to their proposed work, and the

islands rapidly assumed the appearance of a civilized country. Churches and schools flourished to such an extent, that it may be said of the islands now that they are thoroughly Christianised, that every inhabitant can read and write, and that life and property are as secure here as anywhere in the world. It remains a sad fact, however, that with the virtues of civilization, the vices also prevail.

The people of the Hawaiian islands have tawny complexions, dark, wavy hair, large eyes, somewhat flattened noses and full lips. They are gentle and child-like in disposition, and exhibit a surprising degree of adaptability. They are excellent swimmers and hunters, and show a decided genius for mathematics and music, most of them being able to sing with much sweetness. Their language is composed, for the greater part, of vowels, their ears being rather dull in detecting differences in consonant sounds. Every sound used by them may be expressed in an alphabet of twelve letters. The race of original inhabitants seems to be dying out, mainly on account of their ignorance and neglect of hygienic laws, and foreign inter-marriages, causing a large proportion of half-breeds.

Our illustration gives us a view of the city of Honolulu. On entering the harbor it presents a very picturesque appearance. A chain of lofty hills stretching from the north-west to the south-east, is the most prominent object inland. The low-roofed houses, surrounded by the bright, tropical foliage, the clear sky, the smooth water, the active boats skimming about the harbor, make up a striking and pleasing picture.

STOPPED WORRYING AND BEGAN TO LAUGH.

A CLERICAL friend, at a celebrated watering-place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her step languid, and her brow wore the severe contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincere pity.

Some years afterward he encountered this same lady; but so bright, and fresh, and youthful, so full of healthful buoyancy, and so joyous in expression, that he questioned the lady if he had not deceived himself with regard to identity.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B——, who presented such a doleful appearance at the Springs several years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure. What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body, to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying and began to laugh; that was all."

"NOBODY."

PART I.

A CITY WAIF.

A LONDON street on a damp, rainy evening; the street in the neighborhood of St. Giles; the evening drawing on into a December night. No honest snow falling, but a sneaking, insidious, stealthy, soaking rain—no, not even rain, the word is too good for it. It is something that is neither rain, nor sleet, nor hail, but would have you think it is all three, while it makes you wet through under false pretences. Nobody about on such an evening as this. Scarcely anybody; only a ragged and very dirty boy, crouched down against a post. Oh, that! He is nobody. Yes, nobody's about. Stay; surely here is some one striding manfully through the slush. Some one, too, in respectable clothes, with a hat and umbrella—ah, yes, somebody is out this evening, for the coat and the hat constitute largely the difference between the somebodies and the nobodies. Somebody is hurrying past the post when he hears a groan. Being an exceptional Somebody, he stops, and with difficulty making out that there is a living creature huddled up at the post's foot, bends down and says, not ungently: "Hullo! what's the matter?"

"I'm cold," says Nobody, his very voice that sounds old—so old—shivering!

"Why don't you go home, my man?" asks Somebody.

"Got no home."

"Where's your father?"

"Ain't got none."

"Where's your mother?"

"Danno."

Again an exceptional Somebody, for he asks no more questions, but, reaching down a long arm, lifts Nobody on to his feet, and begins hurrying him away under his sheltering umbrella.

"You let me alone, can't yer?" cries Nobody, wrestling violently, with chin burrowing into his breast, as is the manner of his kind. "I ain't done nothing to yer."

To poor Nobody, who is of Ishmaelitic tendencies, believing that every man's hand is against him, Somebody, never losing his hold nor stopping, explains that he means him well, and is in but taking him home.

"Ome!" says Nobody, still resisting. "I ain't got no 'ome, I tell yer."

"I am taking you to my home."

"Yourn! Oh, you be blowed!"

But his captor declines to be "blowed," whatever that may mean, and hurries him on; poor Nobody, ever a waif and stray whom any current of the weakest can carry with it, gives up resistance, and shuffles along mystified, yielding himself to his fate, as in a dream.

Home is soon reached, and Nobody half-strutted, is half-carried, into a warm room, and is wholly pushed into an easy-chair by the fire, from which easy-chair, but for his weakness and astonishment, he would most undoubtedly have risen again like a ragged Jack-in-the-box, for its softness and springiness are such novelties to him in connection with anything to be sat upon that he is almost alarmed. But he sits still watching his new friend lighting the gas, and stirring up the fire, and busying himself about the room. A ragged figure this Nobody—ragged in dress, which dress is indeed more akin to that of a scarecrow than a human being's. Ragged, too, is poor Nobody with respect to all that moral clothing that the Somebodies and Nobodies both came into the world with; that moral clothing of self-respect, and truthfulness, and purity, and other the like Heaven-worn garments; that moral clothing which we Somebodies—for we are, of course, all Somebodies here—imagine we keep so unspotted and so untorn, seeing not, in our pious upraising of eyes at the shameful way in which the Nobodies are tearing and bemiring theirs, how filthy a tattered rag we ourselves are all too frequently clothed in. Poor Nobodies! torn and dirty truly are the robes wherein Heaven dressed your minds and souls, but never surely irretrievably gone, as indeed we see when the Somebodies stop raising their eyes, and taking to raise their hands, teach you better things.

Ragged, unwashed, uncombed, with a wild look of a hunted animal in his eyes, incessantly shivering even in this warm room, with hands that wander up and down, to and fro, furtively picking at his rage—this is Nobody. At length he speaks to his captor, who is silently preparing tea.

"I say, mate, wot are you a doin' of?" His voice is terribly weak, and hoarse, and uncertain.

The other looks up and replies cheerfully: "Getting you some tea."

"Wot! getting me some grub? Get out with you."

"I am, I assure you."

"Wot for?"

"For you to eat, of course."

He pauses on this reply for a few moments, then he resumes: "I say, mate, wot are you so jolly kind to me for? I never done nuffin for you."

His companion takes a book from the mantelpiece, turns over a few pages, and places it open before Nobody, who stares vacantly at it, then turns his head away with a half sob, and grumbles out: "I dunno how to read."

"You shall soon learn if all be well. Let me read my reason for showing you kindness from this book: 'For' (Matt. xviii, 10) 'I say unto you, That in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.'"

"Their hangeals," says Nobody, trying to raise

himself, but falling back exhausted; "whose hangels?"

"The children's," answered his friend.

"Wot, the kids?"

"Yes."

"I'm a kid, ain't I?"

"Yes. How old are you?"

"Ten."

His companion started; the boy looked sixteen at least in the face.

Nobody resumed: "'Ave I got a hangel?"

"Yes."

"Wot! up in 'evin'?"

"Yes. Do you know what Heaven is?"

"O Lor', yes. I've 'eered lots about it. There's music, and flowers, and stars, and everybody's very good and very clean, and's got lots to eat. But you're sure I've a hangel, mate?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Wot! a lady with white wings and a long white dress? Oh, my! what does she do for her living?"

"She is always looking at God."

"Wot! ain't she afeared to do that?"

"No; she is pure and good."

"I say, mate, if I got pure and good could I look at Him?"

"Yes."

"Wot! without blinking?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my! wot else does my hangel do?"

"She is always looking at you."

"Does she see me looking so ragged as this?"

"Yes."

"Do you think she ever saw me prig?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my!"

"But you knew that God saw you always?"

"Yes, but I didn't think He troubled 'is 'ed about me. I say, does she hear me, too, mate?"

"Yes."

"Wot! 'ear me swear?"

"Yes."

"Oh Lor'! I'll never swear no more."

By this time his new friend, who has not, like too many people, allowed his talking to interfere with his working, has got tea ready, and throwing open a folding door, he invites Nobody to come into the bed-room and wash. Whether it be on account of his weakness, or of the inherent affection for being dirty peculiar to his race, Nobody declines.

"No, I don't want to wash, mate." But a thought comes across his mind, and he adds: "Wait a bit, though! You're sure I've a hangel, mate?"

"Shure."

"And she's clean, ain't she?"

"Yes."

"Then blow me if I won't be clean, too?"

And he makes an effort to rise, but he is powerless, and once more falls back into his seat. His friend is at his side directly.

"My poor boy! I'd no idea you were so badly as this. You are really ill!"

"Well, I do feel a bit queer, mate," the weak, laboring voice makes answer; "I'm so cold outside and so 'ot in."

"You will feel better when you've had something to eat and drink and—"

"Yes, but, mate, I wants to wash, you know; I'm not going to have my hangel ashamed of me."

"I'll help you across," his entertainer answers, and leaning on his strong arm Nobody slowly, painfully traverses the room—so slowly, so painfully, that his companion sees and does the best thing for him—he gets him into bed as soon as he has washed him; and so poor Nobody is lying, for the first time, in a comfortable bed, yet hardly conscious of the fact, so broken down is this poor city waif.

PART II.

DID THE DREAM COME TRUE?

SOMEbody now provided Nobody with some tea and nourishing food; but these Nobody refused, saying: "I don't want no grub, nor no nothing except a little water."

The doctor sent for was hardly noticed, but that gentleman notices him very carefully, and, emerging from the bed-room, gives that one ominous shake of the head that is, as it were, a death warrant. He prescribes, of course, but shakes his head again in doing so, and says there is little hope; the boy is down with fever, bad living, cold, wet, night air, no clothes, dirt—all that sort of thing. So he departs, not an unfeeling man, but used to this kind of case, which is one presenting no novelty to him.

Somebody sits up with Nobody all night. He is at first a little delirious, but this wears off, and he begins to doze. Waking with a sudden start, he puts his hand on his friend's, and says, with indescribable earnestness: "You're sure I've a hangel." Receiving an affirmative answer, he gives a half-sigh as of satisfaction, and soon falls asleep.

And while sleeping thus he dreamed that he was wandering over a very rough and muddy plain, and was so weary, when at length he came to a lovely garden. He entered in, and saw no more of the dirty, rough way he had come. Here there was softest grass to tread upon, every step whereon pressed out the sweetest possible fragrance from the myriads of fair flowers that lay like so many stars in a firmament of green, like so many gems set in emerald. Not only on the ground were the flowers, but indeed everywhere, and of every kind. There were violets like little pieces of a summer sky dotted about; there were roses red as true love's lips; there were lilies white as the sea-foam.

Then there were trees of all sorts, some stately, some humble, some lofty, some drooping low in sweeping gracefulness, but all beautiful. They were twining their green boughs lovingly together, and whispering softly to one another and to the breeze that stepped lightly over their swaying summits, or stole through their gently-moving leaves with a murmuring sound like the song of a far-away sea. Then the air was bright with a golden glory, and laden with a thousand loveliest scents, and resonant with the rustling of a myriad soft and balmy wings. Then he knew that the rustling was of the wings of angels, and the perfumes were their breath, and the garden was Heaven.

And he wondered, for he thought he—poor, ragged Nobody!—had no business in Heaven. But, looking down, he wondered more, for his rags were gone, and he wore a dress, oh, so beautiful! without a rag, without a soil thereon. Then, looking up again, he wondered most, for through his tears—which were tears of joy—he saw an angel smiling upon him—upon poor Nobody, upon whom no one on earth ever looked kindly. Not simply in the look was the kindness shown; she spoke, and her voice was like the sweetest music when she said: "I am your angel." Not only in the look and in the voice, but in that rarest of ways—the deed—was the kindness shown. The angel took his hand and kissed him on the forehead. Then, hand in hand with her, he wandered through the beautiful garden. There were millions of people, none playing on harps, nor sitting on the extreme edge of clouds, but all perfectly active and perfectly happy, because perfectly holy.

And so, hand in hand with his angel, never paining her, as in the old time, by folly or sin, but with his eyes fixed where hers had been on his Father's face, he was perfectly happy for ever and ever.

Waking with a sigh, poor, sick Nobody, fast breaking up or breaking down, finds himself once more in the comfortable room and the comfortable bed, with the kind Somebody sitting patiently by his side. To him, holding the sufferer's hot, little hand, as he has already held it half the night, Nobody in broken snatches tells his dream, and then falls asleep once again—never to wake in this world—never more!

The morning sun, rising as joyously as if sin and sorrow, and death were not, looked in upon a man bending sorrowfully over a dead—Nobody. Poor, ragged, hunted Nobody was gone!

Was his dream coming true? Was he walking through the Heaven garden with his angel? Was he beholding the face of his Father? Who knows? That Father, in whose sight there are no Nobodies, in whose Heaven there are many of earth's Nobodies—He knows!

Nobody was dead, and thus—ay, worse than thus a thousand times, O Somebodies, he is dying daily at our very doors!

SNOW FAIRIES.

DID you ever hear the story
How the earth was robbed in glory
By the deft and dainty fingers of the fays, 'mid
winter's cold,
When rude grasp of chill November,
And mad greeting of December,
Stripped off autumn's 'broidered mantle, flamed
with cardinal and gold?

How they toiled, those busy sprites,
Through the long and darksome nights!
Never pausing, never resting, as they wrought the
garment fair;

While the silvery song they sung,
"Sweeter far than mortal tongue,"
Floated hither, floated thither, floated faintly
through the air.

"Slumber, slumber blossoms all,
Till ye hear the south wind call;
Dream of summer, sweet-voiced summer, dream
of spring-time's sun-kissed showers;
Soft as mothers hush to rest
Dimpled babes on loving breast,
We will chant a lullaby, as we wrap the sleeping
flowers.

"Mighty Spirit of the Frost,
Without thee our work is lost!
From thy gem-starred throne in Elf-land we in-
voke thee to come down;
Thou hast aided us from birth;
Wave thy wand o'er Mother Earth,
That her robe may glint with jewels brighter than
a monarch's crown.

"Radiant moon, we pray to thee,
Shining in thy majesty!
'Queen of Heaven' we beseech thee let thy bless-
ing now descend;
Throw a veil of misty light
O'er this garment, pure and white,
Magic veil of gleaming beauty which thy charm
alone can lend."

Earth adorned like a bride,
Every fairy homeward hied,
Safe from mortal ken enshrouded long before the
sun arose;
Hidden 'mid the forest trees,
Sailing swan-like on the breeze—
But the busy world awaking only said, "Behold,
it snows!"

RUTH REVERE.

NEVER condemn your neighbor unheard, how-
ever many the accusations preferred against him;
every story has two ways of being told and justice
requires that you should hear the defense as well
as the accusation, and remember that the malignity
of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

"WASN'T IT QUEER?"

NEVER were buttercups so brimmed with liquid gold; never such drifts of field-daisies whitened the slopes; never yellow-frilled dandelions so laughed in sunshine; never heavens inmost blue lain so close to the heart of the violet. So, at least, thought Delinda Rochell; and it's my opinion she was about right. It was her first trip of the season to Fairmount Park. The day was everything a May day could be, with June just stepping in with golden sandals and rose-broidered garments. You may rest assured the blossom-pest were out in force, with blade of grass-spears flashing between their ranks, and every flower of them looking so radiant our little Miss didn't know which to pick first, or when or where to begin.

"If I get a handful of each, will you help carry them?"

"I won't," replied her sister Sybil, who, being sixteen, fully seven years Del's senior, was, in her own estimation, a very fine lady. Altogether too grand a personage to be seen carrying a bunch of weeds.

"Nor I," answered Aunt Ceciline. "They'd stain my gloves. Look at yours."

"I'll take them off," said Del, suiting the action to the word.

Aunt Ceciline, almost as young, and a great deal prettier than Sybil, and who expected to meet a gentleman whom the children were being slyly taught to call "uncle," not offering to follow her example, Del was obliged to find room for all she wanted between her own fat thumbs and fingers.

She made the best of the situation, however; and for one good hour it would have been difficult to decide which was brightest, those flower-faces or Del Rochell's. After that period there was a perceptible change in both.

"I'll pick out the prettiest before we get to the car and throw the rest away," she said, her fingers hovering over blues, golds and red clover tufts like little white moths, uncertain where to alight, since the colors were paling in them every one.

"If I ever have control of children," remarked Uncle Harvey, who had joined the party a few minutes before, "I shall forbid their picking flowers unless they're willing to carry them home and take care of them."

"Why?" inquired Aunt Ceciline.

Del, feeling herself rebuked, dropped behind a step or two, and kept on thinning out her bouquet, yet listened with all her ears for Uncle Harvey's reply.

"Why?" he said, repeating Aunt Ceciline's question. "Why because I'm such a lover of everything that grows—especially of flowers; I never see them neglected or suffering, as some living creature might, without myself experiencing

a pang. It seems to me almost as sinful to pick them and throw them away, as it does to waste bread. In my daily rounds I meet scores of children who seldom see a flower, and never get where they dare pick one. Many of them are sick or crippled, and to these a single dandelion would be as precious as a star out of heaven."

Del had heard enough; she allowed her feet to lag more and more, thus putting a wider space between herself and her companions, and continued her work of destruction. Flocks of white, drops of gold, bits of blue, strewed the paths, or were left on the car-seat after the party alighted, and by the time they reached home only a few limp buttercups were left to lay on the window-sill.

Little Andie came in, calling out: "I want to smell fluttersips;" but, after a look, declared them "too all dead," told Del a mixed-up fairy story he had heard that afternoon, and pattered out.

Uncle Harvey and Aunt Ceciline had found a place where they could be by themselves, Mrs. Rochell, Sybil and Andie were in the sitting-room, and Dinah gossiping at the back gate; consequently, Del was left lying alone on the parlor sofa. The bowed shutters kept out the westerling sun-rays, but glints and flashes of light shot here and there, this way and that, on picture, vase or book, while Del gazed sleepily upward, wondering how the room would look turned upside down, with the ceiling for a floor. All of a sudden it was turned upside down, inside out, or very queer some way. Every article of furniture and adornment had disappeared. In their stead were just such flowers as she saw at the Park. Fair, fresh, smiling, tilting, lolling, nodding this way and that, as if for very joy of living. Tier on tier they rose, like a rainbow-colored wave, heaving, mounting, then spattering in foamy white against the ceiling. Presently there came a little tinkling sound like water running over smooth pebbles, or the music of foam-bells ringing along the beach. Del listened. Surely those were voices, and must come from flower-lips. What were they saying? Oh, dear! how nice to have a flower that talked, for then it would be alive and stay fresh. She would never throw that kind away.

"Good cheer! good cheer! She's here! she's here!" tinkled the voices.

"Bind her hand and foot, my dear!"

With that, Del's recumbent figure was over-rig, not by the flower-crowds, blue, yellow, crimson or white, but by myriads of tiny men with green spears projecting from their caps like the grass-blades she had seen waving between those blossom-ranks at the Park. These little creatures, no bigger than grasshoppers, and just that color, set to work tying her with dandelion chains, and sticking her all over with pins from the field-daisies cushion. In vain she screamed, squirmed

and tried to kick, those flower-links were like iron, there was n' thing to do then but entreat.

"Wha-wha-what have I done?" she sobbed.

"The fun's begun! The fun's begun!"

chanted the flower-choristers:

"Little Miss Cruelty asks what she's done!"

"I'm sure I love flowers," whimpered Del, "and grass, too," she added, hastily, screwing her eyes around in the direction of the grasshopper men.

"Don't talk to me about love," replied the biggest of these little folks, seating himself on a red clover and gazing down at her. "Season after season, ever since you were old enough to walk, you've visited the beautiful flower-homes and left destruction in your track. If you had really wanted buttercups and field-daisies, or their fair sisterhood—if you had carefully picked and carried them to your own residence, and watered, and enjoyed them, nobody would have objected. At best blossom-life is so brief that if its brightness added one genuine joy to yours not a lady-flower of them all would feel herself ill-treated, no matter how you bruised her in the gathering, or how far you carried her from her native home. But spring after spring—to say nothing about other seasons—you have torn them from their sweet, bright haunts, only to throw them down and leave them to be trodden under foot by man or beast. As you are only one of many children guilty of these wanton acts of cruelty, I and my green legion held counsel with these flower-sisters, and resolved so to punish some that they at least would never offend again."

At the close of this address, to which Del Rochell listened meekly, the little figure leaped from its clover perch and disappeared.

"Dust of dead flowerets arise, arise!

Creep in her nostrils, blow in her eyes!"

chanted the voices.

"Snow of the daisy, spilled blood of clover, Whiten and redden her over and over."

Blue dust and gold dust whirled and swirled around Del Rochell, white drops and red drops trickled over her limbs, pins from the field-daisy cushion tingled her arms, while buttercup symbols clashed, dandelion trumpets pealed, and such a commotion arose she woke right up.

Was she asleep? Of course she was. You didn't think anything like this that I've told really happened, did you?

She had fallen into a sound slumber and woke to find the room growing dark, an end of the lace curtain trailing across her face, one leg and one arm asleep, and a few faded buttercups beside her on the window-sill.

"What Uncle Harvey said and the fairy story Andie told got into my head," prattled Del, after relating her dream to Mrs. Rochell, "but wasn't it queer?"

And, "Wasn't it queer?" she repeated, going over the afternoon's experience upon her father's return that evening.

"It will be queerer still if you fail to profit by it," he replied. "Harvey Erfurt is a sensible fellow. Little girls, or boys either"—as Andie's curly head came bobbing between them—"have no right to pick more flowers than they really want for themselves, or for some young friend, or sick person who would enjoy the gift."

"You might take some to the Flower Mission rooms," put in Sybil, who liked to say things she considered smart.

"Might I? Oh! might I?" cried Del, who didn't understand Sib's way, and whose brown eyes fairly danced with delight.

"I rather guess not," returned Sybil. "They don't take weeds."

"You're mistaken, daughter," replied Mr. Rochell, "they do take field-flowers, or weeds, as you call them. I've a published list; Del get my old pocket-book out of that drawer, we'll see what varieties will be 'accepted with thanks,' as the article says."

Running over this list with her father, Del's eyes shone brighter and brighter. To be sure flowers with which she was not in the least acquainted were mentioned, yet along with these were placed the violet, buttercup, dandelion and even elderberry-blossoms. A second visit to the Park seemed to open a new world to Del Rochell. A fair treasure-house of a world from which she might carry all she really wanted for herself, or others, yet, if guilty of willful destruction, or wanton mutilation, she lost the gold out of the gift, lost the joy of receiving, the bliss of giving.

"If these flowers could speak I wonder what they'd say?" remarked Del Rochell, toiling wearily up three pairs of narrow stairs to leave a violet and buttercup bouquet with a lame girl. "They look so bright I really believe it would be something nice."

MADGE CARROL.

THE BASIS OF SUCCESS.—A man's success in life depends more upon his character than upon his talents or his genius. The word "character" comes from a term which means to engrave upon or to cut in. Character is that inner substantial and essential quality which is wrought into the very soul, and makes a man what he actually is. Therefore, if a man's character is good, he is sound and safe; but, if his character is bad, he is unsound and unsafe. A man of upright character, even though he may not be intellectually brilliant, will almost surely work his way in the world and achieve an honorable position. On the other hand, a man who is destitute of character, or whose character is bad, though he may have great talents, is apt to waste his life in one way or another, and at last become a wreck.



"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

SHE was a phantom of delight,
 When first she gleamed upon my sight
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament.
 Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilights, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman, too!
 Her household notions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;

A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

A LIVING CHRISTMAS BOX. IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by."

OUTERLESS is a town picturesque in position and graced with romantic associations, and so, like the prince of an historically important province, it enjoys a prestige quite independent of acreage and population. Local writers call it the "loch-capital," holding, as it does, the sea-board key to a beautiful chain of lakes, which, while scarcely yet the common hunting-ground of tourists, are well-known to artists, and to such lovers of the beautiful as can turn their backs on "first-class carriages," and "luxurious hotels," and pursue it in the saddle or on "Shanks-his-mare." Outerless itself is the point at which such travelers part from the delicacies of civilization, and therefore, like a generous host, it does not stint the "stirrup-cup" it offers them. To tell the plain truth, Outerless has its being, and lives and thrives mainly under the auspices of such travelers and their welcomes and farewells. It has not been always so. The history of Outerless is something like that of a great feudal castle which the exigencies of modern times have converted into an inn. Its markets and its court-house had once been to Outerless what the fishing season and the shooting season are now. Great landed proprietors had held open hospitality in their "guest-houses," on the site where the hotels stand to-day. Tradition narrates that some of the homely coal-cellars in Outerless had once been used as dungeons. In their day, stern warriors had held the grim castle, whose gray walls, now neatly repaired and coped, serve for the rendezvous of the Outerless volunteers, the portrait-gallery of the Outerless worthies, and the registry-office of Outerless births, deaths and marriages.

Outerless frankly reveals itself as a travelers' town by the number of its photograph shops, and by the disproportionate amount of mackintoshes, umbrellas and railway-rugs displayed at all its drapers' windows. Indeed, Outerless makes rather too much parade of all this, so that strangers are apt to ignore the real life it has of its own, and the snug little society which, when the last traveler's trunk is corded, and the last "spare bed" is taken down, gathers itself together, and thriftily husbanding its summer gleanings, revolves in its own small circle of love and hate, ambition and endeavor.

Like the antique oak, or cracked saucer, which, in a peasant's cottage, tell of higher connections or better days, sundry venerable institutions remain in Outerless to bear witness to its prouder

period. Besides the castle itself, and the island on Loch Less, behind the town, where strangers might see the crumbling monuments of legendary peers and prelates, who had once been citizens—besides the dungeons among the hotel-cellars, and the "Saint's Rock" by the sea, there remains one establishment still devoted to its ancient purposes, surviving its contemporaries, a last living specimen where all else has become fossil.

But even the agitators of Outerless—and there were two, a very clever young man, and a very foolish old one—could not find a stone to throw at "Bishop Murdo's School." It retained all that was good of the past, the solid masonry and oak, the fine bits of heraldic stained glass; but it had parted from all that was bad and out of date. The generous old fire might remain among the polished brass in the wide, school chimney, but cunning modern science had put her ventilators into the quaint windows, which was a movement quite in the same direction with fewer lessons in the Latin grammar, and more in natural history.

Perhaps a very good type of the happy union of reverence and reform which prevailed in Bishop Murdo's School, was the master's house, into whose parlor we introduce ourselves on a late autumn evening.

If the ceiling was rather low, the chamber was large, with wide windows, commanding extensive views, for the school stood on high ground, and these looked across the roofs and turrets of the town, upon the "Saint's Rock," and the sea. One of the windows had been altered, the panels below it cut away, and the casement made into doors, through which the occupants of the room could step out upon the roof of some lower part of the building, and this balcony was rich with color even at this season, for a splendid Virginian creeper wreathed its fragile glories about the old stone coping. Some pieces of antique oak furniture, and a few old oil-paintings went with the mastership of Bishop Murdo's School, and stood as perhaps they had done for hundreds of years; but dainty bits of Oriental china, and trifling relics of modern travel, enlivened the dim brown cabinets, while photographs of pretty nineteenth-century faces hung in corners too insignificant for the grim effigies of pious patroness or worthy ecclesiastic. The master's chair was that in which many masters had sat, stately, solid and black, but its *vis-à-vis* was of Indian cane, bright with red cushions and gay fringes. And it might be noted that all the new things in the old room were very new. For the master's wife, one of two ladies who sat near the balcony window, was a bride who had only come home two months earlier.

The autumn light was waning very fast, but she did not ring for the lamp. The room grew gloomy enough, but the faces of the pair were turned seaward, and a lurid glory still lingered in the sky

where the sun had gone down. Their tones were low and earnest, such as people use when they talk of things whereof their life consists; and perhaps the bride's were the more earnest of the two. For Isobel Mac Lachlan, whose favorite text had always been "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ," had already accepted the weird of those who, having woven their own lives well, are ever called to unravel the tangle of their neighbors', and who know full well that what seems such a harmless knot may set all the future pattern hopelessly awry.

If Isobel had been free to choose, she would scarcely have selected her husband's cousin, Nina Mac Lachlan, as the first companion of her married life. But Nina Mac Lachlan had never had a home before, and her Cousin Kenneth, the newly-appointed master of the school, had in his college days learned so much of what that means, that he kindly longed to give his orphan relative a taste of the cup he found so sweet. She had been one of Isobel's bridesmaids, and Isobel was not blind to her defects of character; but the thought of her utter loneliness effaced all.

"How can anything ripen without sunlight?" she said to her husband, when he himself began to notice Nina's faults. And that was true enough. But storms also may be needed.

As a school-girl, pretty, clever Nina had been spoiled and petted. Her vanity, her rashness, her self-opinionativeness, had been allowed as natural, charming and piquant. But when her school-days were over—they ended with her old governess' death—Nina found herself transformed from a household pet to a hired teacher, with strangers for her superiors, but with nothing half so strange as her old comrades seemed, viewed from the teacher's desk. Youth is very delightful, but so sensible a nation as the Chinese would not without reason assert that it is cruel; and those who know the world best will understand that poor Nina got a sufficiently bitter revelation of human nature. An orphan may be very interesting and pathetic within certain limits, but an orphan working for her bread is outside those limits, and is apt to be reminded that she has experiences in which young ladies of independent fortune can neither share nor sympathize.

But during the later months of her cousin's courtship, and the two months since his marriage, Nina Mac Lachlan had known the warmth of a home hearth, and the kind homeliness of kindred faces. She had got much, if not all, the want of which she had once felt justified her in the fretfulness and discontent which, since the school pet had been transformed into the school teacher, she had often heard characterized by their right names. Nay, a new element had entered the girl's life, from which Kenneth and Isobel, romantic and sanguine from their own recent experience, had

rashly hoped everything. For a lover had come, and had become beloved. And that lover was none other than Isobel's own brother, Colin Rose.

"Colin is a dear fellow," said his sister to her husband. "His faults have been never more than a sort of touchiness and restless hope in change; and those are just the faults that this love is sure to cure. A happy heart does not heed little worries, and poor Outerless, which he has so often decried, will seem the finest place in the world now that the girl of his choice is here. Even if it is best for him to leave it, his heart will be here; and if Nina and he go away together, they will consecrate it as the place where they met."

Isobel judged others by herself—a course which does not always lead to immediately right conclusions, but which, if we are good, makes us happy, and if we are bad, is our own fitting punishment. And after all, if it is an uncertain standard, it remains our best; and the more we know of ourselves, the less we expect from others, and the more we hope for them.

And now Isobel and Nina sat together in the twilight, talking with sad voices.

"It is so hard that there is to be nothing smooth in my life," cried Nina.

"My dear, you know 'the course of true love never does run smooth,'" said Isobel; "therefore, you have but to accept these little roughnesses, and rejoice over them."

"Nobody else has everything spoiled as I do!" Nina went on. "What other girl has to contemplate parting from her lover the month after she is engaged to him, or else submit to see him suffer the galling annoyances of a petty tyrant who is not fit to be his servant, still less his master?"

"Everybody has something to bear," said Isobel.

"It is easy to talk patience," retorted Nina, "but you, for instance, had nothing like this to contend with in your courting days."

Isobel looked at Nina with one flashing glance. It was on her lips to remind the girl of an awful week when Kenneth had lain at death's door, and she had watched at the threshold of his chamber, not daring to enter for a last farewell, lest even the tender touch of love should break the lingering thread of hope. But the mere remembrance made the little wife's heart beat fast, and she did not quite feel as if she could bring out her sacred things for the cold touch of the self-absorbed girl. So she shifted the subject a little.

"I was not saying that everybody has something to bear, with you only in my mind," she pleaded gently. "I think Colin is apt to forget it himself. If he could only see things with my eyes, I fancy he could stay here quite happily, and learn to

make fun of the matters which trouble him now. I know that his master—”

“Master, indeed!” interrupted Nina, who had used the same word at the end of her last tirade, but who resented it on the lips of another. “Master! that word alone is enough to gall such a spirit as Colin’s; and it is the very word with which Mr. Munro enforces his preachments and, tyrannies!”

Isobel heard out the angry interruption, and, without protest, resumed where she had left off, only varying the obnoxious word which had evoked such an explosion.

“I know that Mr. Munro is an old-fashioned man, who cannot understand why ways once universally acknowledged to be good, should ever grow out of fashion. He asks nothing from Colin beyond what he submitted to in his own young days. And excellent principles underlie what people consider his eccentricities. I cannot see why a young man should object to wear a white apron in a shop. It is neat and cleanly. I cannot see why Colin should consider it ‘a badge of servitude’ because it indicates what his duties are. A barrister might make the same objection to his wig. And as for the rule about the young men being indoors at ten o’clock at night, I think too well of Colin to suppose that the spirit of that law is any restriction, though the nicety with which its letter is insisted on seems so galling to him. It seems to me that Colin’s present position might be easily made very pleasant. If you consent to wear chains, they become ornaments, not fetters. But one has no right to dictate to another what is possible to be borne and what is not. For all our natures have their wincing spots, where a touch rankles more than would a blow elsewhere. We can only warn each that everywhere there is something to be borne, and made the best of.”

“Which means,” said Nina, “that you will not put out your hand to hinder Colin from going off somewhere, nobody knows how far away! And yet he is your only brother! But, of course, you are married now.”

Isobel rose, and the hand with which she rearranged the window-curtain trembled a little. She did not answer for a moment. She had been counted a fiery, passionate, little woman. She had never yet said an angry or bitter word in her sweet, new home, and she would not begin while she could help it.

“The old loves do not grow less because the new one is larger,” she answered, at last. “Sometimes I almost doubt whether in the old times I used to love anybody. I am not sure whether any of us do until we love somebody with all our hearts.”

In her secret consciousness poor Nina felt as if nobody in the world loved anybody else as she loved Colin. For thus can selfishness poison even

affection, shutting it out from the sweet, broad sympathies of humanity, from the inspiration of all examples of endurance and courage—shutting it up in its own dark cell of imaginary “special circumstances.”

Presently the servant brought in the lamp and the tea. That broke up the conversation. The two ladies took the meal alone, for Mr. Mac Lachlan was detained in the town by some public meeting.

Nina watched Isobel prepare for a lonely evening, for she herself was going out—down to the gate of the ancient school-garden, and thence for a moonlit walk along the old lime-tree avenue, where probably the love-making of the school household had been carried on for many generations.

“I wonder Kenneth can leave you alone for the sake of any foolish business which he is not compelled to attend to,” she said, as, when tea was finished, she took up her hat and stood swinging it to and fro. “I should not like my husband to do so. But, then, so few people seem to have any romance about them, and love seems to end in paying house-rent and taxes.”

“Love does not begin by not paying them,” Isobel answered, with cheerful patience. “And should not romance be the spur of life rather than the drag? I know the question of Outerless drainage—about which Kenneth is concerned to-night—does not sound very poetical, but is it not those who have happy homes who should be most concerned for their wholesomeness and preservation?”

Nina heard without hearing, as self-absorbed people often do. She was surveying her own figure in a side mirror—a very pretty little figure, picturesque in black dress, scarlet shawl and white hat. And her thought was that it resembled a girl in a certain picture where the artist had painted a still pool, a few, old trees, a rustic seat, and a distant house, all bathed in the rich, dying light of an October evening. The figure was solitary, and the picture was called, “Where two used to meet.” The sentiment of the picture had fascinated Nina, who could not in the least realize what hours are passed, and what agonies are undergone, before pain is refined into the pathos on which poet or painter can dare to look.

“Take care that you do not stay out, if the air grows chill,” warned Isobel. “Remember I shall be very glad to see you both, the moment you care to come in.”

“I’ll remember,” said Nina; thinking, “She can’t expect us to enliven her solitude if Kenneth leaves her lonely.” She could not conceive that if Isobel had thought only for herself, she would have immensely preferred the society of her own happy thoughts to that of a restless, conceited girl and boy.

CHAPTER II.

"He who idly grieves

That life is crownless, is a fool and blind.
To fill with patience our allotted sphere,
To rule the self within us strong in faith,
To answer smile with smile, and tear with tear,
To perfect character, and conquer death—
This is what God's own angels call renown!"

SHE did not take long in reaching the gate, and she was the first at the trysting-place. She was not quite pleased at that, and looked at her watch to see whether she was too early, or whether Colin was late. For in the latter case, she was not the girl to remember that his time was less at his disposal than hers. Or if she had remembered it, it would have been with a restless, chafing sense of being thus deprived of some forms of chivalric devotion, rather than with a happy consciousness of comradeship and helpfulness.

But she found it was she who was too early. So she stood leaning against the old wall, and thinking. In the later days of her teaching, when she had sat alone in the empty school-room at night, conning the platitudes of children's essays, or the weary rows of their sums, she had dreams which had then seemed too bright ever to come true of some such evening as this. Now the visions of pretty home, pleasant leisure and expected lover, were all fulfilled. Only the perfect happiness which these were to bring had not come. She hardly felt happier than she did before. She did not notice that the one unchanged element in her cup of life was herself, and that wine, as well as water, can be made bitter by wormwood. And so she cried out upon Fate, and fell back upon the "I never loved a dear gazelle," etc., school of sentiment, which implies, though it scarcely dares assert, that the plan of the universe emanates from the mind of a Tormentor, instead of from the heart of a loving Father, who maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it, and asks but that His children shall put their hand into His hand, and their will into His will, and then they will see angels encamped about them everywhere, and stars shining even in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. She blamed God and the workings of Providence. As well might a beggar blame the kind hands that fed him, because he could not enjoy his food while he chose to sit in a dark ditch where the midges teased him!

Presently she heard a quick step crunching the gravel outside the gate, and in another moment both her hands were in her lover's.

As they sauntered up and down together, an on-looker would have thought them a fine-looking pair, and might have half-envied a lot so rich in youth, and health, and beauty. But God's angels, who must doubtless see us in our spirits, saw more youth, and health, and beauty in many a patient widow, prim old maid, or quaint old bachelor.

For what is real youth but joy and hope? And what is real health but brave, unconscious life, rejoicing in the pleasant that it is indifferent to the painful? And what is real beauty but likeness to God?

Colin Ross had the lithe figure and swinging step of his Highland ancestry, and his features were finely cut and regular, though between their strong marking and the expression of angry determination which seemed always playing over them, there was suggestion of possible ruggedness and harshness in years to come. Perhaps there did seem some cross-purpose in the destiny which had placed Colin in a chemist's shop; and he was fond of dwelling on the wild, free life of his ancestors, little recking how climate, and hardship, and perpetual danger are the sternest masters of all, and that he owed his stalwart limbs and sound constitution to the hardy contest his forefathers had waged under them. But destiny had not surrendered Colin to his commonplace doom without giving him another chance. He and his sister Isobel had been brought up and educated by a bachelor uncle for whom their widowed mother kept house; and instead of being apprenticed, he might, had he chosen, have remained in the old place, playing shepherd to his uncle's flocks, or grieve to his uncle's farm. But Colin had been able to realize all the disadvantages of such a life—its monotony, its loneliness, its lack of the polish and refinements which he had learned to appreciate during sundry sojourns in Outerless. He did not understand that "disadvantage" is an item which must enter into the description of every lot, and that he is the wise man who, in choosing his career, chooses that whose drawbacks he can best bear. From the bleak Highland farm, Outerless life had seemed paradise to poor Colin. From Outerless life, he looked back longingly to the bleak farm, and wanted something which it had had—and yet not everything.

"Is there anything in particular wrong to-night, dear?" Nina asked, noticing that his face looked even more moody than usual. She had not one of those bountiful natures which can breathe forth a magnetic healing without disturbing even by a touch. She liked to show tenderness rather than to be tender. Will it be harsh to say that she loved her own love for Colin better than Colin himself?

"Nothing in particular," he answered; "that cannot be, when everything in general is wrong. I wonder, Nina, that such a one as you are can love a poor shopman, doomed to spend his life serving out pills and potions, and condoling with the ailments of old women and babies. I should like to be something worthier, Nina, for your sake, if not for my own."

"O Colin, it is hard!" cried the girl; "and you might be anything."

"The world is all out of gear," said Colin. "Nowadays, what chance has a man for showing what is in him? I can't reconcile myself, Nina, even to the most prosperous prospect before me—the possibility of succeeding to old Munro's business and settling down, a smug burgess of Outer-les, driving you about in a little pony chaise, and putting up for local elections! These things satisfy some people—I believe they would satisfy Kenneth and Isobel—but there's something in me, Nina, which says 'no' to them. If I could have gone into the army, now! Or entered one of the learned professions! As it is, I must go hum-drumming on, or take my chance in roughing it as an emigrant."

"Oh, don't talk about that!" cried Nina.

It was quite natural that the idea should thrill her with pain; the pity was that she was not ready to encounter and endure the pain long enough to see whether there might not be some wholesomeness in it. If Colin, wisely or unwisely, was so thoroughly unhappy in his present life, then any suggestion of honest change should have been worthy her consideration. The plain fact was—though, of course, the poor girl did not know it of herself—her thought was not for Colin's welfare, but for her own comfort. And she was not shrewd enough to realize that a lover afar off, content with all but the distance, is far nearer to his beloved than is a lover at her side so dissatisfied with everything else that he takes no joy in her very presence. There is a wisdom born in every experience, and not till we have passed the Rubicon of a self-sacrifice do we learn that it is always a self-service.

And Colin was thinking of himself, too, and not of Nina. For he could not pity her pain if it sought to hinder him from doing what he wished. Neither of them had learned the love which seeks but to give itself. Each only wanted to gain another. Colin did not reflect that it was hard for him to wring the heart he had so lately won. At that moment he did not even feel sure that its winning had been a good thing.

"I don't suppose you want to hinder me from doing what I ought to do," he said, coldly. "I thought it was the woman's place to further the interests of the man she professes to love. But I suppose the ideal is never to be found in the real!"

Possibly not—by some of us, since real life, much like a mirror, is apt to give us back our own reflection. Nina began to cry. She did not like Colin's tone, and she did not like not to be an ideal. And her vexation made her less than ever like one. She felt an accusation lurking somewhere, and set about defending herself wildly. A wholly loving woman, ready to bear anything for her beloved, would not have felt that any amount of shrinking from a possible parting needed justification.

"I suppose it hampers you to be engaged to me," she sobbed.

"I suppose you say things like that because you wish an excuse to be free yourself," Colin retorted.

Each speech was insincere. Their hearts were bitter enough, but they were unconsciously only acting a lovers' quarrel—trying to force their jars and grievances into a conventionally romantic form. Nina drew her hand from Colin's arm. Colin allowed the action, and walked on gloomily. They were not so unhappy as they seemed. It was only a dramatic situation. But theatric swords and daggers have sometimes inflicted deadly wounds.

"It would be so dreadful to be left behind," said Nina; "it might be years before you would be able to come for me. And I should be so lonely, and so dull. And people would think it strange you should have gone abroad directly after your engagement, when you had never thought of doing so before. And everybody is so inclined to ridicule a girl who calls herself engaged to somebody who is out of sight. There was a teacher in our school who was engaged to a gentleman in the United States, and the girls used to say they did not believe it—she only said so because she did not like to be considered a predestined old maid."

This girl, who considered the sacred duties of house-mother and of citizen too commonplace and unromantic to satisfy the heart, could yet be stirred by considerations so petty and mean as these! Colin saw their triviality. What he failed to see was that they were quite fit to rank with his own troubles, the white shop-apron and the martinet rules of his good old master!

"It ought not to matter to you what people think," he said. He might have preached a sermon to himself from this excellent text thus pounded to Nina.

"It is so hard—so hard," she sobbed, returning to the pathetic view of her own life, which she had held up to Isobel. "I never had a home like other girls, nor a father or mother, and now I am not to have you as other girls have the men who love them. It seems almost cruel that we should have met as we did, if we are to be parted thus!"

"Poor little Nina!" said Colin, somewhat touched. "It might be better for you if I were taken out of your life altogether!"

She did not protest now. She scarcely noticed what he said. The pain in her soul was growing genuine, as all imaginary pains do in time.

"I shall have to leave you very soon now, Nina," Colin said, presently; "it takes me half an hour to walk back to my house of bondage."

That was the way their jars and discussions always ended. For this was not the first. They never came to any conclusion, but were patched up that they might part with a few sweet words

and a caress. Instead of carefully culling the rose of love from its inevitable prickles, they tore so rudely among its thorns that its blossoms fell withering, and only their scattered leaves remained for their bleeding fingers to gather.

"O Colin!" sighed Nina, "I do so long to be happy!"

And why was she not happy now? Can we ever be happy while we refuse the present sunshine because there may be a shower soon? As sunshine and shower make a year's healthy weather, so joy and sorrow make a wholesome life, the gladness and the sadness both acceptable and helpful. "In the day of prosperity rejoice, but in the day of adversity consider," is an ancient counsel. Sow and reap in the summer days, and there shall be stores to count over in the dark winter nights.

"You won't talk about going away yet, will you, dearest?" she added, coaxingly.

"Anybody would think going away was such a simple matter that I might vanish at a moment's notice," said Colin. "Escape is not so easy, Nina. You need not hope to get rid of me in such a hurry."

They were arm-in-arm again now, and Colin spoke in the bantering tone which perfectly assumes contradiction. For the moment, he felt as if he could endure Outerless and the shop, and even his burgess prospects, for the sake of such a sweet little creature who loved him so much. But the demons of restlessness and discontent are not so easily exorcised. Colin never realized their power. When their fit seized him, he was their slave; when it departed, he fancied himself their master, because he had never really struggled with them.

He would not go in to see Isobel. He felt a little afraid of his sister in these days. She met his woes so frankly, and seemed so ready to consider his own views and wishes, that she half robbed them of their charm. Somehow, too, he felt she would despise him for the tear-traces on Nina's cheeks. Love had brought anxieties and terrors to Kenneth and Isobel, but it had brought a peace and an assured calm manifest to all. The arrows of God might smite them, but not the poisoned barbs of selfishness and passion. Their "commonplace" idea of love was of a consoling angel, not a teasing imp.

CHAPTER III.

"Ill for him, who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of Heaven-descended will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial, venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still."

COLIN wanted to be a hero without being heroic. He had an unconscious belief in the terrible fallacy that heroism is a sort of profession

in itself, rather than the spirit in which every lawful business may be carried on. To him life was "wasted" in making up prescriptions, selling homely drugs and giving salutary advice concerning colds and rheumatisms. Probably he would have considered it "nobly spent" in killing his fellow-creatures on a battle-field or performing useless and dangerous feats of Alpine climbing. And how he would have opened his eyes had he been told that this was the result of his being deficient in imagination! And yet it was so. Imagination does not get credit for half the useful work she does in the world. As an able woman, who is only seen when enjoying elegant leisure, is often supposed to leave her serious household duties to some companion who looks a drudge because she is a sloven, so common-sense gets praise for work which imagination alone performs, as well as for that which she does herself while her quicker sister holds the candle. Imagination does not only "body forth the forms of things unknown," she also shows us the relations of very well-known things which go on out of sight. If Colin had had more imagination, he might have realized the valuable health and consequent usefulness and happiness which he dispensed along with his potions and his counsels. If, as a great poet has written,

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life,"

then every life which has not only the hope of achieving its own domestic happiness, but the present power of contributing to such in others, may count itself a blessed life, pregnant with all sweet and grand possibilities. And he who cures a headache, and changes a sufferer once more into the pillar of a home, surely does more and better than he who shoots down an enemy and changes a wife and children into a needy widow and orphans.

But Colin, unable to realize the good he might do, did as little of it as possible. It was small wonder that worthy Mr. Munro's strictness rasped him, for his conduct required a great deal of it. He considered that he "did his duty" when he simply did what he was absolutely compelled to do, which, as everybody knows, is rather the line at which anything deserving to be called "duty" begins.

And so the autumn wore to winter, and Colin and Nina destroyed what should have been the sweet budding-time of their lives in repining, and fretting, and jarring. Nina felt in her heart that she was not happier—scarcely so happy—as in her dreary school-days; for then she had more faith in the future, to which she still vainly looked for that rest which can only be found within. As for Colin, one result of his constant indolent dissatis-

faction was the slow but sure weakening of his will at all points, to the general deterioration of his manhood. Kenneth and Isobel began to confer anxiously about the lad. Isobel felt that her brother was not quite to be trusted among the temptations of life. Virtue must be always another name for energy, enthusiasm, devotion. Where these decay, there is a rich soil for vice, and there seldom lack birds of the air to drop its rampant seeds wherever they can take root.

She wondered sometimes if Nina noticed any change in her lover; and her sisterly heart could not but marvel a little whether things might not have gone better had Nina been a different woman. But Isobel Mac Lachlan was far too wise and just to dwell on that thought. Nina was Colin's choice, and he was Nina's; and nobody had any right to demand that a better influence should emanate from the one than from the other. And Isobel could easily perceive that a woman whose nature—gentle, yet resolute and strong—might have settled and ennobled her brother's character, would have been scarcely attracted by the poor, vain, dreaming boy. No; there is no use in wishing that circumstances are different: there remains for us but to watch and pray, and control the circumstances which exist.

It was the twenty-third of December. The weather was very severe, and the run of chilblains, catarrhs and coughs in Mr. Munro's shop had been constant. The other assistant was ill, and though the busy little master did his share of the work and his own, too, his perpetual presence did not make Colin's day easier. The promptitude and readiness of the one was a constant reproach to the languor and absent-mindedness of the other, which Mr. Munro did not fail to point by sundry remarks about "young men in my time," etc., etc.

By the evening, Colin was really tired and thoroughly ill-tempered. He had seen many of the town youths, less tightly tethered than himself, pass the shop window escorting their sisters and lady friends to the skating on the Leas. If he went up to Bishop Murdoch's School, he should probably find Nina in the "blues," bewailing that she liked skating better than anything, and had had to stay at home for want of an escort. Well, at any rate, he would run over to the smoking-room at the hotel; there would be some jolly fellows, and if anybody proposed a game of billiards, he did not see that he should decline any longer: if a fellow could not get any recreation by day, he must just take what was going on at night.

Mr. Munro had gone home about half an hour before, for he did not live on the shop premises, where he left the assistants in charge of a housekeeper as strict and uncompromising as himself. As soon as the master's back was turned, and regardless that the shop would so soon be closed,

Colin had heaped the coals upon the grate, and there was a glorious fire, which would presently be left to burn itself out alone. The porter had already begun to put up the shutters, and Colin, not willing to linger one unnecessary moment, had put on his great-coat. There came a steady tramp of many feet down the quiet street. The porter paused with his last shutter in his hand, and Colin stepped forward to ask: "What is it?"

A policeman's voice answered: "Man in the water, sir. Insensible, if not dead. Can you take him in and do for him, sir?"

Colin could see the white, weather-beaten face of the prostrate figure on the hurdle.

"Take him on to the Infirmary," he said. "You're not far off. We ought to have been shut up by this time; you can't expect us to keep fires going at all hours for drowned people. That is the hospital business."

"Quite so, sir," said the policeman, without a murmur, and the melancholy procession hastened on again.

"Well, we hadn't ought to have had such a roaring fire at this hour, sir," observed the porter as he drove in the shutter-pins, "but, as it's there, it might have been a providence."

"Two hours' hard work would that case have given us," returned Colin, "and there are the Infirmary nurses up there dead sick of idleness."

"Ay," said the man, who was of an unquestioning habit, but kept his own thoughts alongside his acquiescence. "But I couldn't help thinking, if that had been me, now, this would have been a hard day for missus and her old mother."

"I dare say he had been drinking; these cases generally have," remarked Colin, hastily crossing the road toward the hotel. And perhaps before he left that establishment, just in time to rush back at ten o'clock, such a charge might have been brought against himself; and the housekeeper thought so, and said as much; but as she was a censorious woman, nobody heeded the suspicion.

An evening in an hotel bar and billiard-room scarcely sends one to one's morning work fresh and happy. Colin felt thoroughly out of tune with the whole world, and with himself. Dissipation was new to him, and there was really a large part of his nature which struggled against its deadly spell. He felt himself slipping lower and lower, and yet was quite unable to make that resolute upward struggle which is the sole security against a cruel fall. On this occasion he had drunk deeper and gambled more wildly than he had ever done before. And this morning, as he walked down the High Street about some business, he encountered first the hotel barmaid, who greeted him with pert familiarity, and next one of his last night's companions, a fast-dressing, fast-talking, reprobate young fellow. Such *rencontres* made him think with a blush of the gentle de-

corum and simple purity of his sister's home in Bishop Murdo's School, and put him into a dreadful sympathy with all the weak souls whom he had heard spoken of from time to time as "going to the dogs."

His business lay in the Town Hall. A strange man met him instead of the accustomed janitor.

"Sad news this morning, sir," he said.

"What is it?" asked Colin, carelessly. "Where's Scott?"

"Haven't you heard, sir?" returned the other. "He was drowned last night. In the mist he must have taken a wrong turning on the quay, and so walked straight over the edge. As sober and hard-working a man as ever lived. Left six little children, and his wife is near distracted."

"Is—has the body been found?" Colin asked, eagerly.

"Lor', sir, he was fished out before he was dead. But, you see, nothing could be done for him till he got to the Infirmary, and then it was just too late—naught could bring him back. Bad job for his family, and the town has lost a good servant. I shall try for his place myself, sir. Seems hard to speak about it so soon, doesn't it? But life doesn't stop for death, and if I didn't others would. Speak a word for me to Mr. Munro, sir, for he has influence."

Colin made a promise like one in a dream, and hurried back to the shop. In a place like Outer-lease, news travels quickly, and this had got home before him. Mr. Munro was commenting on it in his own peculiar fashion.

"Some of the chemists' shops would have been open, if all you lads were not in such a desperate hurry to get away to your play. In my time, deserving young men thought it more dutiful—and more interesting, too, for that matter—to study and work at their own proper business, than to hang about cigar divans and tap-rooms. And so do deserving young men in these days, too, I suppose, only I don't know where they are."

Colin's brain was in a whirl. Mr. Munro's old porter was standing by, and he looked at the youth with his kindly old gray eyes. Clearly he had not mentioned the episode of the night before, and his sententious master was arguing only from generals, not from particulars.

"O Thomas," said Colin, when Mr. Munro had gone away for a few minutes, "if I'd taken Scott in last night I might have brought him round."

"Maybe, sir," returned the old man. "There's no knowing what might be prevented if all of us always did right. Only we don't—I never feel quite free to say we can't."

"And you didn't tell Mr. Munro?" said Colin.

"Where's the good, sir? It wouldn't bring poor Scott back, sir, and it might make it bitterer-like for his wife to bear. You did nothing that

most people would have blamed if things had happened to turn out right; and now they've turned wrong, it's those who would have done the same who'd blame you loudest."

There was a great deal in the man's homely philosophy, but it could not suffice for Colin. He had done a hard, selfish thing, which had probably cost a fellow-creature his life. That he could plainly see, and that was a bitter enough lesson, though it did not yet apply itself to his whole experience, and show him what opportunities of self-forgetfulness and beneficence underlay the quiet life he was so ready to despise.

His remorse was not unsullied by a selfish consideration. At the inquest, the police might mention that they had paused with the drowned man at Mr. Munro's shop. Colin knew he had done no illegal thing—nothing which, as the old porter said, most other people would not have done—but he knew the world well enough to understand that common faults appear "special," when they visibly encounter a "judgment." He would be branded as "inhuman" by people who did the same sort of action every day. But, to do him justice, what he dreaded most of all was the regret and distress his want of zeal would cause his sister Isobel.

The other assistant, who had recovered from his indisposition, noticed his companion's disturbance. It was not his usual languid self-absorption; it was absolute agitation and nervousness.

"You had a hard day yesterday, Ross," he said. "You'll be upset yourself, next."

Colin protested against these observations. But the other, a good-natured youth, the victim of perpetual sick-headaches, who always labored under a conviction of sin concerning the extra work imposed upon others during his own inability, insisted on them, and went off to Mr. Munro, with whom he was a favorite, and told him that Colin Ross was ill, and would be the better for a half-holiday. It was granted, though with the ungracious remark that the shop would not be much the worse attended for his absence—a comment which the lad did not repeat when he carried Colin the message setting him at liberty.

"Go and do some skating," he urged; "that will take all the cobwebs out of your brain, and set you up to enjoy your Christmas. It is a great mistake to be below par at this season."

Colin did not decline his freedom. Now, he might have rushed off to Murdo's School and taken Nina out for an afternoon's pastime. But there was no joy in seeing her or his sister. The very thought of them haunted him too much. He went down the long road toward Loch Lomond alone.

He noticed the crowd of people streaming back toward the town, though it was still early on the clear, bright afternoon. However, when he came in sight of the loch, there were yet many there,

skating and sliding. A neighbor, lingering on the bank, greeted him.

"The ice isn't very safe to-day, Mr. Ross. Sensible people are leaving it. But some foolhardy folk persist in amusing themselves and risking their lives. I hope you're not going on?"

Colin made some evasive reply, and walked away. He was not in a mood to parley with a stranger.

"I don't find existence so desirable that I need stint myself of any pleasure for fear of losing it," he thought, recklessly. "It might be better for the world if I were out of it. Nina would get over it: better one short pang than the long dragging misery our engagement will be. I can't find any chances for being good or doing good; but fate seems to thrust upon me chances of doing harm. And if I happened to be drowned in a sort of public calamity, people would not be so hard upon me about poor Scott, and Isobel and Nina would be soothed by the sympathy and fellow-feeling of the other sufferers. But I need not think over these things. I may go on safely enough. Nothing ever happens when it should, or to the right people."

And off he skated. He was a skillful performer, but this afternoon the exercise and the admiration of the onlookers excited rather than exhilarated him. The whole world seemed unreal to him; the dull shop, and the regular routine of duty, became nightmare visions. He did not heed that the people on the ice grew fewer and fewer, and that those on the banks kept pointing their fingers and shaking their heads ominously. On and on he went, till suddenly the whole solid surface of the loch gave one sickening sway; the ice yawned and split into a hundred spars as a crowd of human beings disappeared, struggling, in the chill waters.

What a Christmas Eve that was in Outerless! It seemed as if in every house there was one dead. On all sides there were weeping and wailing, or speechless sorrow. The little preparations for reasonable festivity stood arrested. The holly lay where it had been thrown, and was never twined in decoration. The Christmas puddings were never put into the pot. Here and there, indeed, might be heard the low voice of awed thanksgiving; but, alas! as neighbors stole from house to house in the strange freedom of calamity, the question generally asked was not, "Who was saved?" but, "Who was found?"

It was some poor consolation for love to look once more on the cold, still faces which had been so lately full of life and mirth. Even that was denied to the agonized hearts in Bishop Murdo's School. Watching from their windows, they saw one sad procession after another enter the town, but none paused at their gates. The loch was deep and full of holes; it would not give up all its

dead for days to come; it could not be effectually explored until the frost was gone.

Nina clung to Isobel. But before Christmas morning dawned, it seemed as if the whole world was giving way round the girl. For the hour of motherhood came upon Isobel in her agonized watching, and for awhile it hung in doubt whether she was to be parted from him who "was not," or from those who remained. She was spared. But there was no "Magnificat" to jar the monotone of lamentation. Isobel never saw the face of her first-born. When she could ask for him, her husband's tears answered her before he folded her in his arms.

And still Colin's body was not found. And one after another the dead were laid in the old graveyard beside the ruined cathedral. And New Year's day came. And the ice was melted. And yet the Less kept it secret.

EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life."

WHEN WE BOTH WERE YOUNG.

I'M standing by the window-sill
Where we have stood before;
The sycamore is waving still
Its branches near the door;
And near me creeps the wild rose vine
On which our wreaths were hung,
Still round the porch its tendrils twine,
As when we both were young.

The little path that used to lead
Down by the river shore,
Is overgrown with brier and weed—
Not level as before.
But there's no change upon the hill
From whence our voices rung;
The violets deck the summit still,
As when we both were young.

And yonder is the old oak-tree,
Beneath whose spreading shade,
When our young hearts were light and free,
In innocence we played.
And over there the meadow-gate
On which our playmates swung,
Still standing in its rustic state,
As when we both were young.

I see the little moss-grown spot
Beneath the yew-tree's shade,
Where early friends, perchance forgot,
In earth's embrace are laid.
The early friends of hope and trust,
Round whom our being clung,
All slumber coldly in the dust,
Since you and I were young.

M. LOUISE CHITWOOD.

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.*

A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER X.

HAPPY birds were singing in full-leaved trees the songs of another June. The breath of the summer—the scent of her roses—of all her flowering things was in the air. There was a very riot of life, color joy over all the land. At the heart of such a world could there ever have lain a winter? Over a sky of such radiant azure could there ever have passed a cloud?

Lenox Dare stood on the side porch that morning, and drank in with delighted senses all the life, and sound, and beauty about her. It was now more than two months since she had come in, joyous and glowing, from her walk to meet that spectre whose noiseless footfall had crossed the threshold in her absence. Others had told her of one piercing cry—of finding her, a little later, clinging in frozen, tearless agony to the dead man!

These last months seem sometimes like a day; sometimes like years to Lenox Dare. The hours of agony; the cruel heartache; the sense of loss and loneliness; the feeling that all life's good had vanished; that nothing remained worth caring for; oh, my reader, you who have been through that bitterness need not be told how she sorrowed for her dead!

Yet, on the whole, she had been surprised to find herself so calm—so happy even, at times. Her nature was sound to the core. She could not be in the world and not be, as she had said, "In love with life." Her soul turned as naturally to light and gladness as larks to the skies, as flowers to the sun. It was largely owing to this tendency that Lenox Dare was such a helpful, inspiring presence to others.

After her uncle had been laid in the old Apthorp burial-place, Ben Mavis, who had hurried to Lenox, wanted to take her back with him to Briarswild. But he could not move her.

"I must learn first to live here without him," she said. "It was his own plan. I see now it was the best, the wisest. In a little while I shall get used to it. But if I should go back with you now, Ben, to the dear, old home, I should never be able to return!"

"It will be a great disappointment to Dorrice!" he said.

"Tell her to have patience with me; I will come after a little while," Lenox answered.

So he went home without her.

She lived on in the old way, just as though Uncle Tom were only gone for a little while. She constantly reverted to his wishes, and endeavored

to carry out all his plans as though he were alive. Indeed, she often said to herself: "I can't make it seem that Uncle Tom is dead!"

She said it to herself now, as she stood on the porch. Even the thought of that fresh mound which the June's soft fingers were clothing with green could not fill her soul with gloom. To her the existence of this world was satisfying proof of another. Uncle Tom was somewhere, she believed, in a life larger—fuller in every sense than even this fullness of joy and beauty about her.

While she was standing there, she caught sight of the gardener among the tulip-beds. That reminded her of her resolve to take a drive that morning. It would be the first since Uncle Tom left her. She had put it off from day to day. This morning the going alone did not seem so hard. She went down the walk to tell Donald to have her pony-carriage at the gate within half an hour.

Donald Bras was a big-framed, stalwart Scotchman who had remained on the place when the first owner sold it. Mr. Apthorp had taken a liking to the man, and made him promise he would never leave his niece's service. Donald was a thorough Scotchman, capable and trustworthy, with the native shrewdness and dry humor of his race. He had married a little, buxom, good-tempered Scotch lassie, who now, with the assistance of a single maid, managed affairs indoors as perfectly as her husband did those outside.

Donald's tall, large-boned figure lifted itself from the tulip-beds as Lenox approached and stood still before the sea of gorgeous, variegated color. The man had been cutting tulips and arranging them in a magnificent bouquet.

"They're for the new hospital, ma'am," he said, speaking English with a decided Scotch accent. "There's a young girl lyin' there, the doctor says, who can't hold out many days. She's had a rough time of it in life; I thought maybe the sight o' the flowers might cheer her a bit. The doctor promised to stop for them when he drove by ag'in. It's hard to go out o' the world with no one of your own kith and kin to stand by and say a kind word to you."

Lenox thought of her childhood and how all that might have been her own story.

"Poor child," speaking half to herself. "It is a hard fate, as you say, Donald."

The Scotchman looked at his young mistress. The first time he saw her, she had seemed to him—so he told his wife afterward—the most beautiful thing he had ever set eyes on. He had grown to regard her now with that sort of loyal devotion which some old fighting Highlander among his ancestors must have felt for the chief of his clan.

"Burns has some lines, ma'am," he said, "that are al'ays singin' in my brain. Poetry does that after it's got into a man's heart first."

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"What are the lines, Donald?" asked Lenox, looking into the shrewd, wrinkled face of the gardener.

Donald repeated them as none but a Scotchman could—the broad vowels, the real northern *burr* :

"It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae being sour
To see how things are shared!"

As Lenox listened, the old chamber at the turnpike where she first read those words came up to her. Other memories could not fail to crowd thick on that one—memories of the two days when heart and brain had been haunted by a double horror, a dread for herself, a pity for the great poet whose sweet songs will linger forever about Scotland's mountains and mists, about her purpling heather and her golden daisies.

She turned away without a word. Donald watched her with sorrowful eyes as she went up the walk. Perhaps his talk, bringing back scenes of which she had never been able to think quite calmly, was the cause of her change of mood. All its joyousness seemed to vanish in a moment. Her heart gave a sudden cry for its dead. She looked about her and thought how Uncle Tom would have rejoiced in this perfect morning. Why was he not here to-day? Why could he not have lived a little longer? What was all this pomp of the summer to her now? She could not enter the house, carrying such thoughts, such pain, with her. She must get away from herself—into some other life, some other sorrow. She remembered what Donald had been saying. She turned and went back to the tulip-beds.

"Donald," she said, "I will take those flowers to the hospital."

In less than two hours from that time Lenox drew up before the new building. It was a little more than three miles from her own home, and was a plain, rather bare-looking structure of red brick. Only a few of the rooms had yet been opened to patients. One of the nurses took Lenox to the sick girl's chamber—a small room which opened out of a great, bare, unfurnished apartment. The girl was on a low bed near the open window. Everything was plain and comfortable about her, but for all that, it seemed a bare, lonely place for one to lie and watch, day after day, the sunshine creep along the gray walls.

The nurse left Lenox at the door. She entered so softly that the girl caught no sound. The first thing she heard was a voice at her bedside, saying: "My dear, I have brought you some flowers this morning."

The next moment Donald's magnificent bouquet lay on the white coverlet.

At that sight the girl feebly lifted her head. She gave a little cry; she reached out a pair of thin hands, and held them over the flowers; her

hungry gaze devoured the heap of bright, varied colors. The dew still sparkled in the bells of crimson and gold.

"They are tulips!" she cried, in a voice of amazed delight. "They used to grow in grandma's front yard."

While she spoke, Lenox's glance had taken in the small head, with its mass of soft, black hair, the sharpened features, the blue-veined skin, the dark, hollow eyes that burned with preternatural brightness.

The sick girl turned now and gazed at her visitor. In her delight over the tulips she had forgotten the presence there. She saw the beautiful face at her bedside. She saw the look of pitying tenderness in the wonderful, brown eyes—the smile on the lovely, unsteady lips. She had been thoroughly taken by surprise. Her mind was a good deal shaken, too, by weakness and suffering. That cloud of gorgeous color had fallen so softly, that beautiful face had appeared at her bedside so suddenly, that she half-fancied there must be something supernatural about it!

Could the old stories about angels be true, after all, and had one of them appeared at her bedside?

At that thought the hectic deepened in the hollow cheeks. She gazed at her visitor with bright, awe-struck eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked, under her breath.

"Somebody who has come to bring you these flowers, my child, and tell you how sorry she is to find you lying her sick—somebody who is ready to do anything in the world for your comfort or pleasure. My dear little girl, I hope you are glad to see me!"

The last words wavered a little, for the hectic glow, the sharpened face under the shadow of its dark hair, the bright, solemn gaze went to Lenox's heart.

"Yes, I am glad." The speaker's eyes went wistfully from the flowers to the face that had a greater charm for her. "You are just—a lady?"

"Why do you ask that—what do you take me to be?"

Lenox had drawn a chair to the bedside, had seated herself, and was leaning over the girl.

"I thought perhaps—I was not quite sure, but you might be an angel!"

There was a little silence. Lenox could not speak. She stroked the thin hand. They heard the birds singing outside. They saw the sunshine lying among the bright-colored flowers, as though it loved them.

"What made you have such a foolish thought about a mere woman?" Lenox asked, at last.

"Because I never knew one who looked and acted just like you."

"The world is full of good women—a great deal better than I am!" continued Lenox, in as light a tone as she could command. "But I am sure

none of them could feel more sorry for you, could be more ready to help you. What is your name?"

"Jessie Dawes."

"It is a quaint, pretty name—as quaint as my own, which is Lenox Dare."

"Lenox Dare," repeated Jessie. "Was that what you said?"

"Yes; it sounds oddly to you, Jessie; I fancy it does to most people, when they hear it for the first time."

"It is an odd name. I like it though. Shall you stay a good while?"

"Shall you like to have me, Jessie?"

"Oh, yes. It seems *nice* to have you sitting there in the chair. It seems as though I must have known you a long time."

"That is just the way it should seem. How long have you been here, Jessie?"

"Only two weeks, but it seems almost forever."

"And has no friend—no relative—been to see you in that time?"

She shook her dark, little head.

"There was nobody to come. I haven't a relative in the world!"

"Oh, my poor, little Jessie!"

That cry came from Lenox's heart. She was thinking of the time when those words would have been true of herself.

"I had somebody once," continued Jessie, drawn by that tone to further revelations. "It was my grandmother. She died four years ago. I was only fourteen then. We lived in Vermont. I wasn't much more than a baby when papa and mamma died."

"And after your grandmother left you—were you quite alone in the world?" asked again the pitiful, sweet-cadenced voice.

"I was all alone. I stayed awhile with some of our old neighbors. They were kind at first, but afterward—things changed—and I saw they didn't want me. So I came to Boston to find something to do. In a little while I went into a store."

The simple narrative broke off suddenly. Some memory stopped Jessie Dawes. In a moment she turned to Lenox, speaking in a rapid, excited way: "O lady, you don't know what it is to be all alone in the world—to have nobody to warn you—to believe people are just like yourself. Oh, you don't know what I had to learn!"

"Jessie," said Lenox, unspeakably affected, "I was all alone in the world when I was no older than you were. I had no home, no friends, no roof to shelter me! My poor child, I do know how it all seems—what it is like!"

When she heard those words, Jessie Dawes lay, still staring at Lenox in dumb amazement. Could the elegant woman, sitting there in her grace and loveliness, looking as though no wind of heaven had ever blown rudely across her blossoms, have been out in the world's bitter weather; have been

alone, and poor, and unbefriended; have had the evil charmer by her side?

"You lady—you know!" she exclaimed, and stopped there.

"Yes, my poor child, I know! There was a time once—"

Lenox could not go on. The contrast of their two fates struck her at that moment so sharply.

"But somebody—something came to help you out of the trouble!" continued Jessie Dawes. "Nobody came to help me!"

Nothing could be so pitiful as those last words—none in all her life had ever so hurt Lenox!

"You are right, my dear," she said, when she could speak again. "Somebody did help me—the kindest and best people that ever crossed the path of a friendless orphan girl. I think God sent them. Shall we not think He has sent me to you this morning?"

At that question, a swift change—half-weariness, half-bitterness—went over the girl's face.

"O lady," she said, "don't talk to me about God! He never cared anything about me. He never helped me when I was in trouble. If He had I shouldn't be here now."

"O Jessie—Jessie!" It was a cry of pain, pity, horror.

The girl drew close to the edge of the bed. She gazed at Lenox with her great, pleading eyes.

"I didn't mean to shock you," she said. "If God helped you—if He took care of you, of course you must believe in Him. But it is all different with me. Perhaps He likes some folks, and doesn't care about others! O lady," she broke out, suddenly, "if this God you tell me about had only been half as good as you are—half as good as you are!"

"Oh, my child! My poor child!"

There was no rebuke, only an awful pain and pity in the voice. Lenox Dare could look back on a time when she had felt all that Jessie Dawes had spoken.

The girl went on: "It's easy for happy folks to believe in God. I thought He cared for me once—that was before grandma died. Ah, lady," she broke out again, "you sit there, looking at me with your beautiful, sorrowful eyes—do you think you would really believe God cared for you, if He let you go—where He let me!"

It was an awful question. Lenox's heart and soul had never faced it in just this way.

"But He does care for you—poor, little Jessie—because He is *your* Father as much as mine. You are His child, as dear and precious to Him lying there in your pain and loneliness, as I am sitting here in my health and good fortunes."

"Do you think that? Do you really believe it?" asked Jessie Dawes, with a kind of slow wonder in her voice. "You look at me as if you did. You don't blame me, either, as all the other would, for what I have said. I have heard a

great many people *talk* about God! Some of them were very cruel to me, lady! I used sometimes to wonder if He was like them?"

"Like them! They must have *lied* to you about Him, Jessie!"

"That was what I tried to believe—for awhile, at least. Afterward, when the worst came, I gave up thinking about Him. Why should I care for One who showed so plainly He didn't care for me?"

"But what if all that were a mistake; what if all the time He was caring for you—pitying you, His little girl—her young head beaten by the tempest; her soft feet out on the flinty roads; in some deeper, tenderer way than ever your dead grandmother could have done!"

At those words a change came over the rigid face. The pale lips quivered. She turned to Lenox with a deep, steady, probing gaze that seemed to go past her face, to seek her soul.

Jessie Dawes drew a long, panting breath.

"Miss Dare—was that the name?" she asked.

"Yes, Jessie."

"You know I am going to die. When I asked the doctor, he would not tell me, but I saw it all the same in his eyes."

"Did that make you sorry, Jessie?"

"N—o. There don't seem to be anything I should want to live for!"

There was nothing for Lenox to say. Any commonplaces—any poor attempts at consolation would be worse than failures. She only sat still, with the pity in her eyes, and stroked the dry, little fingers with her own soft ones.

At last the girl spoke. She addressed the look in the beautiful, sorrowful eyes.

"I think I should like to tell you all about it before I die," she said. "I never could talk about it to anybody before, but it seems to me you will understand."

"You shall tell me anything you want to, Jessie."

Then the girl began her story. She spoke first of the quiet, little home in Vermont where she lived with her doting, old grandmother, and where she grew into girlhood in happy ignorance of all the grief and evil in the world.

Then the old grandmother died. The little, heavily-mortgaged house was sold to pay the funeral expenses, and afterward there was no more care, or love, or happiness for Jessie Dawes!

She found a cold welcome for awhile among some of the neighbors; but her position grew so uncomfortable that she finally made up her mind to go to Boston and seek some employment.

The bewildered girl, barely sixteen, found herself in the great, jostling city with no acquaintances except two or three old playmates. One of these took pity on her, and found her a place in a store. It was a new life—it was hard work for the girl,

brought up in the heart of the old Vermont hills.

The story came suddenly to a pause. Lenox did not speak. At last the girl turned and looked, with her long-lashed, burning eyes, in her visitor's face.

"I didn't know there was a bad man in the world. Nobody ever told me!" she said.

Lenox gave a half-smothered cry. Those words would once have precisely described her own case. What had saved her from a fate like this girl's when she made her desperate flight from Cherry Hollows—what had saved her, years afterward, when they went away and left her, a young girl, an innocent child in all knowledge of the world, to face the peril at Hampton Beach?

Lenox Dare could never repeat the story as she heard it from Jessie Dawes's lips that morning. The memory of the pale, young face, of the pathetic voice, always overcame her.

It was strange, too, how she would always see again the heap of gay flowers, the restless sun-shine; how she would hear again all the birds of the summer singing outside, as though the world were as glad and innocent now as in that old Eden where they sang through God's first summer.

There were several partners in the store where Jessie Dawes had secured a place at the lace-counter. One of these partners had a guise as honest, a tongue as flattering, a heart as false as Austin Kendall!

The pretty bloom, the fresh innocence of Jessie Dawes attracted this man. He won the confidence and gratitude of the lonely child, homesick for the green, quiet ways, and the pleasant, old hills. He brightened her life by a thousand little attentions, by thoughtful care when nobody else cared for her in the strange, crowded city. The end of all this came suddenly. Not suspecting any evil, Jessie Dawes, one holiday, accepted, with a young girl's natural delight at the change, an invitation to go a few miles out of the city. What followed cannot be written here. Vile women, and evil haunts, and drugged wine had their share in the foul conspiracy. Jessie Dawes, helpless, amazed, bewildered, had the horrible fact of her surroundings and the real character of him whom she had regarded as the kindest and noblest of men, forced on her at last!

In a few days she made her way back to the city. There was nobody to whom the helpless girl could confide the foul plot of which she had been made the victim. She tried to resume her old life, behind the counter, in the low attic of her boarding-house. But her spirits were crushed and her health, fragile from the first, began to break down. She believed, too, that her betrayer, alarmed lest his fiendish work should come to light, and perhaps uncomfortable in the daily presence of his victim, had used his influence to get her out of his sight. She lost her place in the store.

Harrowing details followed the long search for work; the hardships, the times of actual suffering, the hunger and cold, the burning consciousness that underlay all of the awful wrong that had been done her!

There were some lights to this picture certainly. Kind people had crossed Jessie Dawes's path—men and women who spoke pitiful words and reached out generous, helpful hands to the friendless orphan girl. But for the most part it was a thorny, flinty road over which, for more than three years, the young feet toiled slower and slower.

At last Jessie's health broke utterly. A hectic cough tore her. A slow fever wasted her. She found a place in a dressmaker's establishment. The people here showed her kindness—more than anybody had done since her grandmother died. After she grew worse, they brought her to the new hospital, which was less than two miles away.

The doctor and the nurses had taken the best care of her. She had nothing to complain of. Only it was lonely sometimes lying there and listening to the birds singing outside. Once in awhile she wondered if they would sing any more if they knew what sort of a world they were in, as she knew!

When the silence fell at last, it was difficult to tell which face was the whiter, the girl's on the bed or the woman's who sat by it.

Lenox had listened to the end with a horror that, had she attempted to speak, would have ended in a cry. For it seemed all the time her own story—the darker side, the might-have-been—to which she was listening. Who had saved her? Who, sitting in his Heaven, had seen and let this girl, innocent and guileless as herself, go down to the spoiler?

These were the awful questions which forced themselves upon the shuddering soul of the woman—questions to which, for the time, she could find no answer.

How one fate confronted the other only to make the fairer seem like a cruel partiality—an infinite injustice!

All her life, Lenox Dare had believed that God had saved her in the straits of her girlhood. Every day she had thanked Him for that as well as for all the gladness of her lot. But to talk to Jessie Dawes of God, of His care, and love, and Fatherhood in the face of the story Lenox had just heard!

She rose from her chair; she was ghastly pale; she could not say one word. She pushed open the door, with a blind instinct to be alone, and entered the great, bare, unfurnished room. How still it was! How the hot sunshine glared on the flooring and on the walls! She remembers that to this day—she will remember it to the last hour of her life. For the very foundations of her faith and

hope seemed giving way in this awful hour—before this girl's wrecked life. What could she say—what could she do? Life, death—even Uncle Tom's—seemed now a very little thing, with the darkness closing about her—with the dreadful question forcing itself upon her soul: "Was God in His world?"

It had hitherto been an easy thing for Lenox Dare to believe this for herself. But what did it avail if she could not find Him—His infinite love, His eternal Fatherhood—for another—for the girl lying there, her youth blighted, her heart broken! And her life had once been dear to her—her young girl's hopes and dreams as sweet as Lenox Dare's! But all that purity and innocence had not saved her. The wolves had been on her path. They had hunted her to the death.

Lenox almost resented her own good fortune. What right had she to them? She had heard people talk before, as though they regarded themselves special pets and darlings of Providence. What a cruel system of favoritism it all seemed! Should she go back and flaunt her own happy, love-sheltered life before Jessie Dawes, and tell her God had done all that? Should she go back and stand there with dumb lips?

During her life abroad, Lenox Dare had often been thrown into the society of materialists. She was quite familiar with their side of the argument. They were sometimes people whose intellect she respected, whose noble aims she acknowledged, whose generous enthusiasms for humanity she could share. But their talk, their awful negations, never shook her. How man or woman could exist a day without hope in a God over His world—an infinite Love and Power at the heart of things—was a mystery to her. But the old arguments would come up now, while clamoring doubts and torturing fears seemed to grow into the faces of fiends that mocked her.

Lenox Dare could never tell how long she walked the room where the June sunshine lay warm and bright on the walls and the flooring. It might have been an hour. It seemed like an eternity. She only knew the darkness was about her—the horror of a world without God!

CHAPTER XI.

JESSIE DAWES lay quite still after Lenox had left her. She was haunted by the memory of the white, pitiful face that had vanished in silence from her bedside. She had been greatly excited in telling her story. The bright flowers around her had a spell that soothed sense and soul. She lay drinking in their beauty until she fell asleep.

The light rustle of garments awoke her suddenly. A face, radiant with solemn, triumphant joy, was standing by her bedside; a voice, with

an exultant thrill all through its sweetness, was saying to her: "My poor child, I have come back with good tidings for you, too! The doubt and the fear which tore my heart as I listened to your dreadful story, are gone! He who made you must have meant you to be happy. For you His purpose was good, His heart was tender, His thought was love! He, the everlasting God, shall not be defeated! I cannot tell you, poor, wronged, innocent child, why the spoiler found you, any more than I can tell you why ravaging wolves break in upon the lambs on the pleasant hills, any more than I can tell you why evil is in the world. That is the question which the best and wisest of men have never answered. Some of the noblest souls have pondered it until they have gone mad with wonder and pity; but God has eternity—He will answer it there."

The beautiful, inspired face, the voice thrilled with solemn joy, could not fail to impress the sick girl. But Lenox had been talking less to her than to her own soul—to all that had been within the last hour.

"You don't believe me, perhaps," she said, as she met Jessie's awe-struck gaze. "Can it be that I—a weak and erring woman at best—would joyfully lie down and die here this minute if *that* would change the past—if *that* could make you rise up glad and happy from this bed? And can the God to whom you belong—you, the child of His thought and heart—be less tender and pitiful than I? He must be a good God, after all, Jessie! Those are *His* flowers I have brought you; those are *His* birds singing outside. He must have given me this heart that aches over you."

Jessie Dawes put her thin hands over her eyes. The tears rolled over her cheeks. She was too ill to cry passionately.

Lenox Dare was not given to talking lightly of sacred things. She had a horror of cant, of religious commonplaces. But this was one of the great moments of her life. Its light and joy had risen out of a great darkness and pain. She sat down now and took Jessie's hands in hers. She talked as she had never done before—as, perhaps, she could never do again. She told her about the Christ—the Father's unspeakable gift to the world; how He went about the earth, homeless and shelterless; how Philip, drawn to Him by His gracious speech and His wonderful deeds—Philip, following Him about with a little company of Galilean fishermen whom the world thought of small account, had said to Him one day: "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us."

This was the question of questions, for the wisest as well as the humblest. It had been at the world's heart ever since the creation. Everything in the universe, for time and for eternity, hung on the answer. In one way or another the great men of all ages had been asking Philip's question before

Christ came. They had been asking it ever since. "Show us the Father."

And Christ had answered: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Philip *knew* Christ. He had been with Him, day by day, among the hills and valleys, through the swarming towns and cities of that old Judean world. He knew what yearning care and love, what unspeakable pity and tenderness for the sorrows around Him always filled that heart; knew what joy it gave Him to see the sick rise up glad and healed at His word; to open the blind eyes to the pleasant world—the deaf ears to the sweet sound of human voices! Philip knew how ready He was—this Christ—to give Himself to all who needed His help or comfort; how nobody—way-side beggar or loathsome leper—was too poor or miserable for Him to care for. Had He not taken, amid cold and frowning faces, the wild little Galilean children on His knees and blessed them! Had He not spoken to the sinning and sorrowing, to the bruised and broken-hearted, such words of forgiveness and consolation, of promise and joy, as man had never spoken, as mere man could never speak again! How Philip's heart must have thrilled as he remembered; how he must have felt that if God, Creator and Father, was like the Christ He had sent to reveal Him, it was the good news of all time—it would be the blessedness of eternity!

And the sunbeams shone among the flowers, and the birds sang outside, while Lenox talked as she could only have talked with that little white face, with those burning, riveted eyes before her.

"If I could have my own way, you should not die, Jessie. I have a home now, a little way off, where I would take you—I who once was homeless and friendless—and you should nestle down, as I did, in the lap of ease, and comfort, and love. I think I could make you happy. I should know so much better how to do it because I have been through the hard things myself. I should love to watch your young life—so trampled on by the wild hoofs—lift up its head again and put out fresh blossoms. I think I could almost make the past seem like a strange, terrible dream out of which you had awakened into a new, happy morning."

There was a tremulous movement of the little, pinched face. A look of life and hope came into the mournful eyes.

"Dear lady, I think you could do it," said Jessie Dawes, in a tone that one would not have recognized.

"And if I could do all this, think what God, who loves you so much better, who pities you so much more, can do! If you go away from me, my poor child, it shall not be into the dark; a love and help to which all mine must be faint and dim will wait for you, will meet you, will tell you not to be afraid, will have its own infinite ways of

comforting and blessing you, of making you a gladder Jessie than you could ever be with me."

Her speech failed her there. She sat still, looking at Jessie with tear-dimmed eyes, with thoughts that went where words could not reach them.

At last she heard Jessie's feeble little voice again with that new quiver of hope in it.

"It seems as though it all must be true, now I have seen you."

Afterward she dropped into a peaceful slumber, and in that slumber Lenox went away and left her.

In the week that followed, the sick girl rallied wonderfully. Lenox spent hours of every day with her. She brought her flowers and fruits—everything she could think of that might please her fancy or tempt her appetite.

The sick girl clung to her new friend in a touching way. It seemed as though her childhood had come back. Lenox fancied that even in this world the past seemed like a horrible nightmare, that it had slipped away from heart and soul as the sorrows of life slip away from the presence of death. A softer expression came into the little, sharpened face. She liked to talk about her home and the doting old grandmother.

Lenox, in her turn, told stories of Briarawild, and of her life there, and the girl would listen intently, and laugh out merrily at some funny little incident. What a bright, sunny nature it must have been, Lenox thought. How the sweet blossom had been torn up by the roots, and all its soft, tinted petals fouled by cruel hands!

Any one who saw her lying there, amid the flush of roses and all summer blooms, might have fancied Jessie Dawes would get well; but all the time the hectic deepened in the hollow cheeks, and the fires burned brighter in the great eyes.

Lenox was determined to make the most of what life remained to the girl. The last days, the end of the road should be smooth and pleasant to Jessie Dawes. Lenox brought her pretty, bright-colored dressing-gowns, and her feminine pleasure in these was pathetic, as she sat in a lounging-chair by the open window, where the soft breath of the summer could steal in upon her.

Lenox would have taken the girl to her own home, but the doctor feared the effect of the drive over the hills on Jessie's exhausted frame.

One morning, as Lenox was passing through the hall of the hospital, the nurse came to her.

"She has had a turn for the worse in the night," the woman said. "She seems to be sinking fast. She has often asked for you."

When Lenox bent over the bed of the sick girl, she saw there was no more to be done for Jessie Dawes in this world.

The girl looked up and saw the figure standing there. The dim eyes brightened.

"I knew you would come!" she said. "I wanted to live until I could see you once more."

"My poor, little Jessie!" faltered Lenox.

A smile of ineffable sweetness stole over the cold lips.

"Don't feel bad for me, dear lady!" they whispered. "I am not afraid to go. I believe I shall find it all—AS YOU SAID!"

She turned over. Her breath flickered feebler and feebler out of the white lips. In a little while the young, peaceful face lay dead in the summer sunshine.

Lenox Dare threw herself down by the bedside.

"O God—Eternal Father," her soul cried out, "look at this—AT THIS. Time and evil have had their way—have done their worst with it! Thou hast Thy Heaven—Thy eternity to make up for all that, to see that all is well with the child!"

And solemn and glad in that faith she left Jessie Dawes.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT BERESFORD was at his office in the city. It was little after-midday. He was on the point of leaving for the country, when a messenger brought him a letter from the doctor of a hospital, a few miles out of the city. A man, injured on the railroad, had been brought in two days ago, he had fallen across the track in a drunken fit. It was not likely he could hold out much longer. When he learned his true condition, he had begged earnestly that Mr. Beresford might be sent for. He had something to say to the gentleman before he died.

Of course there was nothing to do but to go at once. Beresford had barely time to get the next train on the Eastern road.

An hour later, he was at the hospital. The doctor met him on the threshold. As they shook hands Beresford inquired the sick man's name, but was as much in the dark as ever when he learned it was Oscar Hatch.

"He must have been a miserable creature to judge from his looks," the doctor continued. "He isn't dying from his recent injuries as much as he is from drink, and hardship, and the effects of a long-neglected wound, which I suspect he got in some drunken brawl. He obstinately refuses to say anything about that, and in any case, it is too late to help him. The world at least will lose nothing when the man is out of it."

It was a miserable story to begin with. The doctor was a kind-hearted man, but too used to this sort of thing to be profoundly affected by it. His hearer, however, was one of those rare natures whose quick sympathies could not be deadened by any familiarity with suffering. He followed the doctor to a large room in the back of the great, unfurnished building. There were several beds in

the apartment, but its only occupant was the man who had asked for Robert Beresford.

He lay here, a tall, strong-limbed figure, with a gaunt, livid face, and wild, gloomy eyes. He was once, probably, a good-looking man; but dissipation, neglect and suffering had set their wasting marks on him now. With a single glance at his face you would have read their story—would have known that Oscar Hatch had not been a good man.

He raised his head a little, as he heard footsteps approaching. The doctor had come again, but this time he brought another with him. In a moment Robert Beresford and Oscar Hatch were looking at each other; a long, steady, silent look on both sides.

At last the sick man said: "You don't know me, sir?"

"No; I can't recall your face, if I ever saw it. But I got your message and came at once. Am I the man you wanted to see?"

"Yes; you are the one man I didn't want to die with out seein'. I knew you would come if you got the word."

"You have met me before, it appears?"

"Yes; that was why I wanted to see you now."

At this point the doctor felt the patient's pulse, gave him a cordial and cautioned him: "Look out, Hatch, and not get excited!"

Then he left the men together.

Robert Beresford seated himself by the bedside, and said, in a voice whose clear, manly quality was not easily forgotten by those who once heard it: "Before you begin, my friend, I have a word to say. It's not much. It's only, I'm sorry for you, man, from the bottom of my heart. I'm sorry for what there may be in the past to trouble you now, and if you will believe this, and will tell me any way in which I can serve you I shall be glad to do it."

There was a glimmer of grateful feeling in the gloomy eyes.

"It's like you to say that, sir," said Hatch.

"I knew you would, if you found me lyin' here."

"How is it you knew so much about me, Hatch?"

"I know more than you'd think, sir. It's four years last May since I first saw you."

"Four years last May!" repeated Robert Beresford. There was a reason why he should remember that May, of all Mays!

"Yes; I'd come down on the railroad as far as your place, when Joe was off like a streak—he was a restless little feller—allers takin' it into his head to strike off on his own account."

"Who was Joe?"

"Joe's my boy, sir. He's a likely little dog. He's been all the world to me." The man paused. There was a little quiver about his mouth.

Robert Beresford thought of Philip, and the

bond of a common feeling drew him closer to the man lying there.

Hatch looked up suddenly.

"You've seen Joe, sir," he said.

"I have! When have I seen Joe?"

"It was that mornin' I sat behind the hedge of your grounds and Joe had trotted inside through the gate, and had found a big swing which took his eyes. He was a starin' at it with all his might when you came along."

Hatch paused at this point. His hearer tried in vain to recall the circumstance. All that scene in the grounds had passed from his memory—had been swallowed up in the tragedy that happened a little later.

Hatch resumed his talk.

"When you caught sight of Joe, you stopped a minute and stared, and then you drew up behind him still as a shadder. I thought you meant to give him a beatin' for intrudin' on your premises. I jest turned fierce as a tiger. I set a world o' store by Joe. The thought that any man would lay hands on him, set my blood on fire. I had a big club in the grass. I griped that. I knew I could leap the hedge in a jiff. I was jest a wild beast that minute. One blow on the little feller's body and I'd a been on you; and you'd a measured your length on the ground, and likely never riz again, and there was Joe with his back toward you, and his eyes, big as saucers, on that swing, not dreamin' either of us was watchin' him! Then all of a sudden you bent down, cotched him up in your arms, and lifted him over your head, and he a sprawlin', and a kickin', and the breath knocked out of him, it was all done so quick."

"I couldn't make out what your game was then, but I caught a glimpse of your face, and I see you'd never had an idee o' hurtin' Joe. But I sat still as though I'd been struck by lightnin'; and when Joe see the laugh in your eyes he gave a screech, atwixt wonder and joy—he al'ays took to fun as a duck does to water—and when you tossed him up in the air, and he a shoutin' at the top of his lungs as though you two had knowed each other all your lives, and you was jest a good play-feller instead of a grand gentleman, and I a watchin' behind the hedge with a kind of a notion the skies might drop any minute—"

Again Hatch paused. He felt the man beside him, listening intently to every word, give a sudden start. It came back in a flash. Robert Beresford saw the summer morning—the little boy standing on the edge of the fresh grass—it must have been while they two were having their fun together that the other thing had happened!

"You remember?" asked Hatch.

"Yes, I remember." There was a look in the gentleman's eyes that Hatch could not understand, but it made him silent.

In a minute or two Beresford said: "Go on!"

In the next half hour Hatch had related all that occurred that morning. He repeated the talk with the gardener as though he had just listened to it. He described, in his rough, graphic way, his struggles before he could bring his mind to giving up Joe—the sight of the boy in his fresh clothes; and their talk as they went up to the house where the interview with the maid had changed Joe's fortunes.

Nobody could have listened to the story unmoved; but all the time Robert Beresford was thinking how he was sitting in his library when the messenger came, and how, a minute later, he was galloping madly through the May morning.

In the grief that fell and stunned him at that time, Joe had, of course, quite vanished from his mind. From that day to this, the boy had scarcely entered his thoughts.

By the time Hatch was through he was thoroughly exhausted. Beresford put a glass of water to his lips.

"There's something more to tell," he gasped, as soon as he was a little revived. "I—I saw you once after that!"

He looked at his visitor with such a scared, agonized look that Beresford laid his hand on the man's arm, and asked, in his kindest way: "When was that, my friend?"

"Ah, sir, perhaps you won't speak to me like that when you come to hear the truth. Perhaps you'll think I'm a villainous dog as don't deserve carin' for, and turn your back and go out o' that door and leave me to the devil that has a claim on me."

"The devil's claim to any man is something I shall never acknowledge. You may be sure of that, Hatch?"

The invalid fumbled with his big-veined hands at his sheet.

"I can't die without makin' a clean breast of it!" he muttered. "It may stand in Joe's way, though."

"No," said Beresford. "It shan't stand in Joe's way."

With a dreadful effort the next words were gasped out: "I was one o' the men who laid in wait for you that night! If it hadn't been for me you'd never have got out o' them woods alive!"

"What do you mean?" Robert Beresford sprang from his chair, as he spoke.

It was now nearly a year and a half since his race for life through the dark, November woods. He had never obtained the slightest clue to the criminals. His broken wrist still gave him trouble at times.

During the next quarter of an hour, the mystery which had so effectually baffled him, was cleared up.

Hatch, with several of his old tramping comrades was in Massachusetts. The cold weather was coming on. The men were out of money and out of work. They had been prowling around the

country, until poverty, idleness and desperation made them ready for any rascally work that fell in their way.

That afternoon when Beresford was riding out to his friend's, he had come across a farmer mounted on a load of hay. The man was an old acquaintance. The two had stopped and had some talk, mostly about the weather and the crops; but in answer to an inquiry of the farmer, Robert Beresford had stated where he was going that afternoon.

On the other side of the road, a man, skulking behind a stone wall, had listened to this talk. This man was one of Hatch's comrades, and they were now out on a tramp together. As Beresford rode away, a villainous plot hatched itself in the ruffian's brain. He had neither courage nor skill to carry it out alone. He resolved to share the peril and the plunder with two cronies; one of these was Hatch, on whom he could rely. He sought them at once. He laid open his plot to their greedy ears. He had heard the man on horseback say that he should not return until after dark. The road home would take him through the woods. A cry of distress might serve for a decoy. The farther they could draw their victim from the road before they laid hands on him, the better for their purposes. The prize this time was a gentleman, the ruffian averred to his comrades. It was a chance worth trying for. There might be a big haul of money and more or less valuables. Everything would be in their favor—the night, the lonely woods, the swift surprise, three stout fellows armed, desperate, against one man without any means of defense, with no human being in reach of his voice.

When the matter had been thoroughly canvassed, the villains made their murderous compact; they took their oaths to stand by each other; they drank heavily to steady their nerves and to drown any scruples they might have about shooting their victim if he made the slightest resistance. After dark they went into the woods together. Hatch had a gift of imitating the voices of men and animals. It was his cry which had drawn Robert Beresford into the heart of the woods that night.

When the moon rode out of the clouds, and a pale beam touched the calm, resolute face, Hatch had instantly recognized it. In his better moments, the man had all along cherished a vague purpose of bringing Joe back to the gentleman who had so strangely befriended him. But time and drink had weakened the impulse of that morning. Then the two had wandered off into northern New York, where Hatch had been leading a vagrant life, returning occasionally to work and sobriety; but idleness and bad blood had got the upper hand again.

Hatch's discovery had instantly sobered him.

In what followed, he had acted on the spur of the moment, hardly conscious of what he was doing. He only knew that an awful horror and remorse was forcing him on—that every fibre in his brawny frame seemed suddenly possessed of more than human strength; he would have fought with giants to save the life of the man he had been hunting to the death.

He was not, however, to escape himself. One of his comrades, maddened by his defection and the victim's escape, had turned suddenly and fired. Hatch was wounded in the breast. Exposure and neglect had inflamed the hurt. Hatch had feared to seek a doctor lest inquiries should lead to detection. When he resumed his tramps, he found the old strength was gone; though his iron frame had not wholly broken down until he met with the accident on the railroad.

By the time he had finished, Hatch was more exhausted than ever. What the confession cost him, only the man who heard it and saw the twitching of the lips, the writhing of the big frame, the drops on the forehead, could ever imagine.

After Beresford had held the water to his lips again, the sick man continued: "You know the worst now, sir. It's too late to do me any harm; but there's Joe, you promised me it shouldn't stand in his way."

"I promise you that again, Hatch, now that I know all. I shall always remember that it was to Joe I owed my life that night."

At those words there was a flash of unutterable joy and gratitude in the man's eyes.

When Robert Beresford saw that, he asked quickly: "What is it you want me to do for Joe, Hatch?"

"Just what I wanted you to do for him the day we went up to your house, and I'd brought my mind to the partin'. I want Joe to have a chance. He's got good stuff in him. He takes after his mother. I've kept him from seein' the vile side o' things. He ain't much more notion on't, for all the rough times we've had together, than your own boy has, sir. I don't ask you to make him a gentleman; but if you'll only give him a chance, Joe'll come out an honest man."

Robert Beresford laid his white hand on the big, hard one.

"Joe shall have his chance. You may trust him to me, Hatch."

"You'll think of your own boy al'ays, sir, when it comes to dealin' with Joe?"

"I will think of my own boy always when it comes to dealing with Joe," answered Robert Beresford, solemnly.

No oath could have sealed the promise of the living man to the dying one more strongly.

"I'm satisfied, sir," answered Hatch, and a look of inexpressible relief stole over the haggard face.

There was a knock at the door. The gentleman

must leave at once if he would not lose the next train. One of the partners was to take the steamer the following day for Europe. He could not go without a last interview with Beresford.

The doctor thought Hatch might hold out a week or more. Beresford promised to return, if possible, by the next afternoon. Joe would probably be there by that time. He had been left behind in the country when his father set off on what proved to be his last tramp.

(To be continued.)

A CASTILIAN SERENADE.

UNDER thy window, my sweet! my sweet!
Hath strayed my spirit with willing feet;
The stars lean over with tender light

To list to my pleading minstrelsies;
Wilt thou not cause them to pale to-night
With envy beside thy glowing eyes,
Inola! my sweet Inola?

Exquisite fragrances haunt the air
On wandering winds; in the balmy south
Floats the clear white moon. Oh, hear my prayer,
Thou Rose of Castile! with thy wine-red mouth
Whisper an answer adown the night
That shall melt my soul with its delight—
Inola! my dark Inola!

Listen, Inola! my spirit calls
Through the hush of the tropical night;
My fancy is scaling these ruined walls
To watch in thy chamber's dim rose-light
The upward drift of thy wakening eyes,
If I should whisper, "Sweet love, arise!"
Inola! my proud Inola!

Art thou flushed in sleep at my daring thought?
Hath thy bosom beneath its vesture stirred
Like the fluttering of some timid bird?
Rest thou in peace; I have not sought
To startle thee in thy dainty nest.
By the fire of my own heart's unrest—
Inola! my pure Inola!

O Rose of Castile, the night is faint,
And the heliotrope and roses wait
With exquisite sighs of fond complaint:
Lean out, my love, from thy lattice gate,
The flowers tremble to know their fate,
The hour will pass—'tis late! so late!
Inola! my coy Inola!

There rings the cry of some lost night-bird,
And the vine on thy bower is faintly stirred,
And, fluttering, falling close at my feet,
Dividing the night, is the rose thou hast kissed!
There is no sweetness its life hath missed—
The touch of thy lips embalmed it, sweet!
Inola! my love Inola!

MAY N. HAWLEY.

OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 8.

LONDON—Continued.

"AS our traveling club is in London to-day," observed Dr. Kent, "we should by all means attend the Exhibition of the English Academy."

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed his son. "Yesterday we were at the National Gallery (or imagined ourselves there), and I confess I could not appreciate the old paintings I saw there by Velasquez, Veronese, Rubens, etc., at all. It seemed to me that Sir Charles Eastlake's original suggestion had been carried into effect. You remember, Miss Alice, he said: 'The Annunciation,' by Claude, 'would be much improved if you were to take a little dust and rub that over it; that would do great good.' He also remarked that 'dirt has the effect of glazing.' The colors also looked to me either flaring and dingy, and the limbs were out of all proportion. I decidedly wish to see some modern paintings."

"Frederic," said his mother, with a laughing reproof, "it cannot be the fault of these great masters if they do not satisfy an untrained school-boy. Your taste is not sufficiently educated to appreciate their harmony and richness of coloring, or to grasp their subtle beauty of expression."

"I expect most of us to make the same mistake," I observed, "and are amazed that we do not fully enjoy these old paintings when we have had no true artistic education, and are even ignorant of what kind of excellence we may expect. We are only accustomed to art without genius which has already learned all the rules and correct methods, and we miss the modern correctness, and forget to enjoy the exquisite spirit of beauty which illumines them."

"Which is the most popular painting this year (1878) at the Academy?" asked one of our party.

"Among the landscapes, I should say decidedly, Mr. Brett's 'Cornish Lions.' It has a brilliant effect, for a cloudless sky, full of radiant sunshine, extends over the dazzling cliffs; but I like better the softer, more subdued light of Cole's 'Showery Day,' perhaps because it reminds me of some lonely walks and rides during an English spring, when the days were checkered with flying clouds and gleaming sunlight."

"I like both better than Mr. Burne Jones and his school. They are so affectedly old-fashioned, so ostentatiously full of sentiment. The whole atmosphere of the scene is full of sleepy reverie, which produces an equally strong sense of *ennui* in myself, the beholder. Instead of queens and cupids, knights and angels, I would like to see such paintings as Wilkie's, where a genuine crowd of peasants with every-day hopes and joys seem to spring to life upon the canvas."

"There is a fine painting by Mr. Herkomer," observed Mrs. Kent. "Since you like to see the life and action—or the repose—of to-day depicted, Katherine, you would admire this; although I think the pathos of the subject makes one half forget the skill of the artist. It is an 'Evening in the Westminster Workhouse.' The feeble figures in the distance, the one leaning heavily on a staff, the shadows falling around them in the long, bare room, seem to repeat with greater force and emphasis the sadness of such an old age, without the crown of honor and tender reverence which it should wear in the household."

"I think that most of the Academy paintings are upon domestic subjects this year. We see very few of the classic or Oriental scenes in which French artists delight."

At this point in our conversation we noticed that the boys had formed themselves into a committee, as it were, and had evidently some scheme of their own in view.

Two of them had become amateur editors of a little paper, which they issued in semi-monthly numbers with great pride and care. It had been patronized largely by friends and acquaintances, and there was a rumor in our circle to the effect that the oldest of the juvenile editors had been introduced to the governor of the State, soon after his election, at a public meeting, and had been thanked for the minute but glowing editorial extra in his praise! However this may have been, the youthful partners were enthusiastic in regard to presses, types, etc., and were always anxious to inveigle us into an editorial sanctum.

"I see," cried Katherine, "it is a conspiracy, most worthy president."

"Yes; but you won't refuse to leave even the Academy when I tell you *where* we are going," said Harry Halstead. "It is not to any insignificant, grimy, back-alley office we wish to carry the club this time. It is to the *Times* establishment."

"I should be delighted to go," said Dr. Kent, benignly. "I suppose you know the locality?"

"Oh, yes. That is, there is a very handsome front on Queen Victoria Street—a splendid approach, it is true; but I would go in by a smaller door on the north side, for there is a memorial tablet over the keystone, placed there by the gratitude of the commercial community of London—think, of the whole city!—for the public spirit and energy of the *Times* in exposing a great fraud, and thus saving almost a million of money."

"That was fine," said Katherine, with sparkling eyes. "And I have heard that during the great railroad mania, the *Times*, in energetic and clear editorials, gave warning of its unstable and deceptive character, although by so doing it sacrificed an immense amount of money brought in by the diffuse and daily advertisements of the railroad companies. Their gains were, and would have

remained, unprecedented, had the mania continued; but, thanks to the influence of the *Times* articles, it abated, and the editors were left with much diminished receipts, but an unblemished honor and clear conscience."

"It is a very true history of a very unselfish course in journalism," said Dr. Kent. "You see, Harry, we are all prepared to fully sympathize with your enthusiasm. But I believe we have reached the building."

"Yea," said Harry. "But though the front is very handsome, it gives no idea of the real extent of the premises behind it. The whole of the building was planned and superintended by Mr. Walter—who is the moving spirit everywhere—with only the assistance of a clerk; and you will notice how closely he has adapted every detail to comfort and use. No one who was not thoroughly acquainted with practical printing and publishing could have satisfied their requirements half so well. By the way, every brick is brought from the brick-fields at the place in Berkshire where the *Times* was first edited; so the building, within and without, is the appropriate establishment of this widely-known paper."

"By the steps which ascend here, we enter the hall of advertisements. Is it not vast? Here the immense profits of the paper are made, and this is the scene of the self-sacrifice of which Katherine spoke. It reminds one of a bank interior, with the rows of clerks seated at long counters."

"Except that is not half so comfortable as these pleasant quarters. Here is a long range of windows looking on Queen Victoria Street. What a crowded, busy scene of bustling life it is!" observed Miss Alice.

"This is one of the centres of the world, you know," remarked Dr. Kent. "Every one takes up a copy of the *Times* in England—or, indeed, wherever Englishmen and women live, sometimes in the farthest parts of the earth—to see who is dead or who is married. Here you find all the various advertisements of six and four per cent. bonds, joint stock companies (limited), etc., etc., which possess a thrilling interest for those who have money to invest."

"We will not examine these to-day," said Mrs. Kent, with a little smile.

"But there is something for every one. A treasure of a cook—or, perhaps *vice versa*, of a mistress—new guns, new medicines, exquisite editions of books, some antique work of art or great painting. Besides, there are the temporary advertisements—as of theatres, operas, lines of steamers which are coming and going continually, and offering every inducement for a 'traveler's club' which seeks new lands to explore."

"Charming!" exclaimed Katherine. "But there is too much to see in England even to dream of leaving her shores. With your permission, we

will go on to the first floor, where the editorial gentlemen preside."

"Their rooms are airy and well-arranged. Yonder is the manager's apartment, which we may consider the 'hub' of the whole system; and at the father end of the passage is the room of the city editor, with his clerks in an antechamber. The work here goes on chiefly during the day, but even at night it cannot be gloomy with the view of the river below bearing the eternal stars upon its heaving and restless bosom."

"Is there anything of special interest in the editor's sanctuary?" asked Miss Alice.

"Nothing which we would be permitted to look at. Under the paper-weights, and on file, are a vast number of slips bearing secret information of tottering firms, and banks implicated in their fall. The editor, of course, is guided by these in a great measure, but does not publish them. But let us go on."

"The rooms are very silent up here."

"That is because they belong to many contributors who never come on duty until a much later hour. This chamber, immediately under the roof, well-lighted and fireproof, is a noble library. Of course, all the editions of the *Times* are on file here from the beginning, and you feel transported in a dead world when you read the morning's bulletins of battles long gone by, and items of intelligence concerning party leaders now silent in the dust."

"If you go down these stairs, you will find yourself in a whirl and rush of modern news, for here is the telegraph-room at the end of the corridor. A special wire from Paris is at work all night, and through Paris flies the latest tidings from Vienna and Berlin, and through Berlin from St. Petersburg and South-eastern Europe. Each Sunday night there is a special wire from India. This instrument which you see is an exact duplicate of the one in Paris, and the operator plays on a set of keys like a piano; if the operator in Paris touches the key marked 'f,' instantly an 'f' is printed in London on the strip of narrow ribbon running through the machine, from which the English operator dictates sentence by sentence to the man at the composing machine near by.

"This composing machine has keys like a piano also; but I will not stop to describe it, as we must look at the famous Walter Press, and these pneumatic tubes by which all hand-carrying is abolished, and, without noise or bustle or mistake, the manuscripts go down and the proof-sheets ascend."

"The Walter Press is the last and most perfect invention of printing, is it not?"

"Yes; and the delicate machinery leaves but little for man to do. One man and a couple of boys can attend to two, and each one prints rapidly a web of paper over four miles long—only think of it!—and divides into separate copies, and,

if necessary, folds these and drops them into a box. After the packages are sorted, they are thrown through shafts to the wagons and carts which wait below to receive them, and are whirled away by mail trains to every part of England."

"The stereotyping is an interesting process, and very rapid," said Frederic.

"Yes, only ten minutes elapse between the handing down the type-forms from the composing machine and having the stereotype ready for printing."

"It seems like a fairy land of work," I said. "How swiftly and silently, and with what perfect order, all is accomplished! It is wonderful!"

"The establishment has here an engine-room, with one engine of sixty and two of twenty-five horse-power. There is also an electrotype by which maps of campaigns and daily charts of the weather are prepared," observed Dr. Kent.

"Perhaps, as we have been sight-seeing all day, you would like to visit the *Times* dining-rooms. You can call for anything you wish from the well-ordered kitchen, or refresh yourself from those cups of beer, which are engraved '*Times companionship*;' and then—for our young editor is looking at his watch—our club must adjourn until our next meeting. *Au revoir*."

ELLA F. MOSBY.

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER used to tell, with keen relish, of his return to his old home in Salisbury, New Hampshire, after his fame had become national. He found his way alone to a farm next to that where he had been born, and met a grumpy old neighbor, whom he well remembered, driving his cows a-field. Finding himself unrecognized, Mr. Webster had the fancy to see how much his old friends had enjoyed his success.

"A man named Webster used to live hereabouts?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes; Ebenezer Webster. *He's dead*."

"I believe the old gentleman had some sons?"

"Oh, yes; he had sons."

Mr. Webster waited a moment, but there was no mention of "the god-like Daniel."

"Ah—what became of the sons?" he asked.

"Well, Ezekiel *he's dead*. He was as good-lookin' a man as ever I saw, was Zeke."

"And the younger boys?"

"Well, Samwell *he's rich*. He was a wide-awake, fellow, Samwell."

"There was a Daniel?" at last suggested Webster.

"Daniel! I do mind an ill-favored cub of that name. I don't know what 'come of Daniel. But no good, I'll wager—no good."

SABBATH BELLS.

O SABBATH bells!
O, soft and sweet!
Wooing the world
In God to meet,
Let me kneel down
Before your call,
And tell you all,
O bells, my bells!

I loved a heart,
A heart loved me—
So pure and great—
Loved tenderly;
To-day—ring on!—
I only know
He lieth low—
O bells, my bells!

I press my cheek
Upon his breast,
No human sob
Can break his rest;
This life—toll slow!—
Is full of pain,
And all is vain—
O bells, my bells!

Dear Sabbath bells!
Renew my faith;
Sorrow is good,
The Spirit saith;
I pray—chime full—
God's will be done;
So joy is won—
O bells, my bells!

"KIZ."

SYSTEM.—Every young housekeeper who sits down and seriously studies out the subject will find herself a different being if she manages her affairs with system, or if she lets them manage her without it. It is true that before she is married all her study on the subject will be theoretical, and possibly somewhat impractical, and something like the house one builds and is enchanted with till coming to live in it. For there are things that only experience can teach, and in matters where the experience of nobody else can be of any material service. If her mother was a woman of system, the young housekeeper already has much of what she wants bred in her bone, as one may say. But, if her mother was an invalid, or was shiftless and thriftless, was overwhelmed with troubles and babies, then the daughter has to strike out a path for herself. The sooner then that she remembers that there are but seven days in the week, and that that period of time constitutes one revolution of the household, the sooner she will come into her kingdom and reign undisturbed by her people.

Religious Reading.

THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD.

IF we wish the beauty of the Lord our God to be upon us, we must receive His life and live it. We must live according to true order so far as we understand it; we must give up our own wills, so far as they are grounded in self-love and the love of the world, and compel ourselves to think and live a heavenly life; and then every organ and feature of our spiritual form will be moulded into a heavenly beauty.

Thus, if we wish to change our spiritual forms, the way lies plain before us. We must change our affections. And this we can do, or permit the Lord to do for us; for He dwells in the highest regions of our minds in His own Divine perfection, and is ever knocking to us to open the door and let Him descend to the ultimate plane of life. We have only to obey reverently His will as revealed in His own Word to secure the end desired; and His beauty will rest upon us, and become ours.

That such changes can be wrought in us by a change of affection, we know from actual observation. Not only the face, but the attitude of the whole form, changes with a change of affections. A great sorrow or a great success will sometimes so change the whole contour and form of the face that an intimate friend can hardly recognize us. The expression of the face is changed every moment in animated and varied discourse; and all that is necessary to establish any particular feature is, habitually to exercise the affection of which it is the form. Every time we exercise a good affection, we do something to mould ourselves into its form and to establish it as a permanent lineament in our features.

If we felt the full force of this truth, it would often have a controlling influence over our minds and the affections we exercise. There are many who are careful enough of their external appearance. They take good care of their manners, their dress, their complexion, but think little of the beauty or deformity they are *becoming* while they are thinking of these very things. When we regard the consequences of our actions so far as they affect others and react upon ourselves in the form of pleasure or pain, we think we have taken the whole into account. But we have omitted the most important effect, the change actually wrought in our spiritual forms.

Who would wish to become the embodiment of pride and vanity so that they should appear in every feature and act in every motion? And yet every time we are proud or vain we do something toward becoming their forms. The pangs of envy are great enough in themselves, it would seem; but who could bear the thought of being the embodiment of that vile passion? And yet we cannot be envious without changing ourselves, for the time we exercise the passion, into its form. Who would not shrink with horror at the thought of being, in the light of Heaven, the personification of low cunning or spiteful malice? To have the shrewd leer of the one lurking in the eye and stealing forth from every feature; or the vile pas-

sion of the other loading the breath and stinging every one into spite against others! It would be more than the brand of Cain, and we might well cry out if we knew it, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Are there any who would voluntarily give themselves up to become the personification of anger and revenge? or who would dedicate themselves in all coming time to be the type of avarice? And yet whenever we give way to these passions we become their infernal deformities; and if we do it habitually, we fashion ourselves into their deformity. We turn away with disgust from the loathsome reptiles that crawl forth from the slime and love the foul places of the earth; but they are the correspondents and forms of sensual affections; and by indulging such affections we transform ourselves into their likeness. We are all actors in the great drama of life; and it is to many a terrible tragedy, for we not only act our part, but we become it. We cannot throw off the mask when it is ended. If we choose an evil part we are henceforth that evil. All its deformities are wrought into us; its ugly lineaments are traced in every line and feature of the face; and its inmost soul flames forth in every expression and starts in every motion. The disguises we assumed and loved to personate have become realities, and the whole being is moulded into the dominant love. This is a penalty which we think little of, but which we cannot escape, for it inheres in the very nature and conditions of life. It matters not whether we play our part in public or private, there is no hiding-place where we can escape from ourselves. If we can conceal our deformities from others by fair pretence, we often think we have avoided the most serious consequences of evil; but that is only a small item in the terrible catalogue. If it were possible that we could hide from the eye of Omniscience itself, we should still be the evil we loved, and its repulsive and loathsome life would be embodied in every feature and motion. How repulsive, we may form some conception of, from monstrous animal and insect forms; for as all that is good and beautiful in the world is a correspondent of all that is good and beautiful in man, so his evils and falses are represented in all that is wild, fierce, poisonous and destructive. And whenever we suffer any evil to become our dominant love, its representation, however loathsome it may be to the natural sight, is really our type of beauty, and we seek on all occasions to transform ourselves into it. To my mind there is no consequence of evil so terrible as this. The fabled furies armed with a whip of scorpions pursuing the guilty soul is nothing to becoming the embodiment of the fury. To know that we have changed the glorious beauty and sweetness of Heaven into infernal deformity—that we have become it, and that we must forever be the embodiment and personification of that lust we have loved and practiced here—this is the hell whose terrors are the most awful.

But we gladly turn away from these fearful consequences of loving and practicing evil to those sublime and beautiful results which flow from the operation of the same law, from loving and living

the good and the true. It is often said that virtue is its own reward; and it is, in the same sense that vice is its own punishment; and a much greater reward than the mere pleasure that flows from its exercise or the approbation it secures from all the good. By the love of goodness we become the embodiment of it. The virtues and affections are as various and as numerous as human souls, and whatever affection predominates, the soul becomes the form and type of that affection. It is modified by the relative strength of the other affections, so that there are no two affections exactly alike, as there are no two faces. Yet the dominant love gives tone and character to all the others, and appears in them, as there are features and expressions common to families and nations. We have offered to us, then, this reward for living the life of goodness. We shall become more and more fully and perfectly the form of that good we love and do. Every feature of the face will be moulded into its beauty—every expression will shine with its affection. It will sparkle and glow in the eyes, it will play in every varying form about the lips, it will modulate and give the sweetness of heavenly harmony to every tone, it will pervade every limb and organ, and sway every motion to gracefulness, and give proportion, symmetry and angelic beauty to the whole form. Go where we will, on earth, in the world of spirits, in Heaven or in hell, we shall be the embodiment and type of that affection, and all its winning graces and attractive loveliness will play through us and flow from us. As light from the sun, as fragrance from the flower, so will the sphere of our love flow from us and communicate itself to others, and draw all of a concordant affection toward us, and bind them to us by the indissoluble bonds of attractive sympathies.

We see this effect of a life of goodness and truth even here. There are faces that we love to look upon though wasted by sickness and wrinkled with age. The splendor of a beautiful soul shines through the crumbling walls of the body, and the sphere of innocence and tried virtue flows forth as delicious fragrance from the heart. Honesty and manly firmness, unswerving integrity, bright honor or tender pity, loving trustfulness, delicate sympathy, white innocence, in manifold forms and graces, shine through the walls of clay, and blend in wondrous beauty in the material face and form. But the most that we can see is but little compared with what really exists within. When these impediments are removed our affections will shine forth in their true form and brightness. "Such as are principled in mutual love continually advance in Heaven toward the morning of youth; and the more thousands of years they live, the more nearly they attain to a joyous and delightful spring; and so on to eternity with fresh increments of blessedness, according to their progress and advancement in mutual love, charity and faith, until they acquire a beauty surpassing all description. For it is in the nature of goodness and charity to form and establish their own image in such persons, causing the delight and loveliness of charity to be expressed in every feature of the face, so that such persons become the forms of charity itself. Such is the living form of charity as beheld in Heaven, at once portrayed by and portraying charity, and that in a manner so expressive that the whole angel, more particularly

as to the countenance, appears and is perceived as charity itself. This form of exquisite beauty affects the inmost life of the mind of him who beholds it with charity; and by the beauty of that form the truths of faith are imaged forth, and thereby rendered perceptible. Those who have lived in faith toward the Lord, that is, in faith grounded in charity, become such forms of beauty in another life; all the angels are such forms with infinite variety, and of these Heaven is composed." Such is the description of heavenly beauty given by Swedenborg, who was permitted to see it that he might describe it and make it known to us. At another time he was permitted to see a husband and wife who had lived together in Heaven since the golden age of humanity in the flower of perpetual youth. "From the eyes of the husband shone forth a light sparkling from the wisdom of love, from which light his face was as if interiorly radiant, and from this radiance the skin was throughout refulgent, whereby his whole face was one resplendent comeliness. The beauty of the wife was inexpressible. In her face was a splendor of shining light that made his sight dim. Her beauty was such that no painter could emulate and exhibit in its form, for his colors have no such lustre, nor can his art express such beauty." But even this is not all. Their dress in every particular, and all the objects that surround them, are of a corresponding beauty and splendor. Their garments shine with a white or flaming light, according to the truths and affections they represent and have become.

Is such the glorious prospect before you and me, dear reader? Is this the state upon which our friends who have already gone before us have entered—our children, our wives, our husbands and parents? Is this the state we are striving to lay the foundation of and to form in ourselves and our children here? We are all striving to get something. We hasten from morning till night. We level the hills and fill the valleys, bridge the ocean and embowel the earth, to get something. We explore nature, we grasp on all sides, we plant, and build, and reap, to get houses, and lands, and gold; we study by night and by day, and plot and counterplot, that we may attain social and political station. Why not strive to be something? We assume virtues for an end, and why not make it our end to be the virtue? Then our comeliness will not be the glorious beauty of the fading flower. Then our treasures will not be on earth but in Heaven. We shall be our own treasures and carry our own riches with us. This is the highest wisdom; it is the only wisdom. This is the sure and highest reward of goodness. For the more fully we become the forms of the goodness and truth of Heaven, the more fully, and orderly, and blessed will be our reception of the Divine Life, the more beautiful we shall become ourselves, the more we shall communicate to others, and thus again the more we shall receive. Who, in view of such consequences, will not make his life the prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us?"

REV. CHAUNCY GILES.

CURIOSITY in children is but an appetite after knowledge, and no wise parent will check this thirst by neglecting the inquiries of a child.

Mothers' Department.

CARE OF INFANTS.*

THE French Society of Hygiene, at a meeting held in 1878, appointed a commission of eminent medical men to consider the important subject of "Hygiene and Education of Infants." Memoirs were called for, and fifty-three sent to the commission. After examination, prizes were awarded to ten. These ten memoirs were then condensed into a small pamphlet, which the French Society of Hygiene published at a cheap rate in order to give it the widest possible circulation. A translation of this memoir has been made by Geo. E. Walton, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery, and published by Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio. Price, 25 cents. We make a few selections, to show the character of this little book.

THE DWELLING.—The infant is born—it respire. The principal of all the functions, the most indispensable to its existence—that which will only cease with the last moments of its life—is respiration; that is to say, the continual passage of air into the lungs. How important, then, to the new-born is the purity of the air which it breathes. The air being pure, all the other conditions already mentioned being punctually fulfilled, the infant will grow to your fondest desire, will be rose-colored—vermilion even. The air being bad, insufficient, and vitiated by deleterious emanations, the infant, on the contrary, will be pale, unhealthy and exhausted.

It is exceedingly necessary, in large cities, that the infants enjoy, along with the family, a sufficient proportion of that air which is one-half of their nourishment and one-half of their life.

In the suburbs and in the country the air does not fail in quantity, but, even there, sometimes, in quality.

Finally, in either case, the dwelling may be badly located, may be cold, or may not receive the sun's rays. It is very well-known that it is to the bad hygienic conditions of the house that must be chiefly attributed the numerous maladies which follow infants from the cradle.

AIR.—The windows of the room where the infant sleeps should be opened every day, so that the air which he has already respired may be renewed.

There is no fear of too much fresh air. Air judiciously renewed is never injurious; it is currents of air that are to be dreaded. But, however a room may be situated, or whatever its dimensions, the cradle may always be so placed that it will be sheltered from drafts of air.

Nevertheless, under pretext of giving air, the limits indicated by reason should not be exceeded. Thus, on rainy days, days of snow or high winds, the chamber should remain closed, unless the infant can be taken to another apartment during the entire progress of aeration, which should never continue less than one hour.

It is imprudent to open the windows either too soon in the morning or too late in the evening.

The chamber, especially if it is small, always retains impure air, which should be expelled. To well air the room is not all then; it is necessary that linen, soiled and wet by the infant, should not remain in the apartment.

SOUND.—The ear of an infant requires certain precautions. This organ is in immediate relation with the brain, which requires the most perfect calm. A mother or intelligent nurse will always find ways to guard the ear of the baby against intense and repeated noise, against sharp and penetrating sounds.

LIGHT.—The beautiful brightness of the golden sun is indispensable to the new-born. In an obscure or shaded chamber the infant languishes and perishes.

Behold those poor, little beings with countenances wan and wrinkled, who are always plunged in a black and stifling atmosphere. What a contrast to the fresh and rosy babies, which expand in fresh air and abounding light. It is, however, necessary not to fall into the contrary excess, since the eyes of a young infant are delicate organs, the susceptibility of which must be regarded. A too brilliant light striking suddenly upon them may cause cerebral or visual troubles more or less serious.

It is then necessary to avoid the dangerous impression produced by a ray of solar light reflected from a mirror or polished furniture, or which penetrates through the slats or openings in the shutters.

Not only may this cause the infant to squint; but vision may be affected thereby in the future.

GOING OUT.—To keep the infant in a chamber well cleaned and well aired is a great deal; but it is not enough. It is necessary that he have exercise, and that he be taken out whenever the weather will permit.

The only exercise of the new-born consists in the movements which he makes with his arms and legs. At the time his morning toilet is made, it is good to leave him, for some moments, naked before the fire, upon the lap of the nurse. He will then stretch and move his limbs, which are at full liberty.

In winter, you should wait until the infant is fifteen days old, at least, before taking it out into the open air, the face covered with a veil. In the summer time he can be taken out when eight days old. Previously, he should have been gradually prepared for the light and external air by holding him before an open window.

After the infant has been taken out for the first time, he should then pass two or three hours each day out of doors, according to the weather and the season.

EXERCISE—WALKING.—As soon as the infant can sit up—that is, toward the seventh or eighth month—he may be placed on the floor, seated on a rug or mat and surrounded with pillows; then he is given little playthings devoid of colored paints. He draws himself from one plaything to another, and gradually comes to stand up and to walk. But do not permit him to walk too soon. An infant that walks alone at eight or nine months is exposed to many kinds of deformity. From the

*"Hygiene and Education of Infants; or, How to take Care of Babies." Price, 25 cents. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

time that he endeavors to walk by himself, it is necessary to place by the stove, fire-place, windows and doors, fire-guards and barriers, to protect him from his inexperience. To protect him from falls, a cushion or roll may be wrapped about the forehead.

Baby-jumpers and perambulating carriages, that sustain the infant under the arms, and which permit them to rest on their legs before they are strong enough to support themselves, should never be employed. Much better is it to support them by simply placing the open hand under each arm, near the arm-pit, or by holding upon the dress.

But especially should care be taken not to lift

them by one arm, to assist in jumping a gutter, going up-stairs or stepping up a curb-stone. There is danger in that way of dislocating the shoulder or wrist.

These extracts, which relate to only a few of the important subjects connected with the Hygiene and Education of Infants which are treated of in "How to take Care of the Babies," will give a good idea of this little book. As the cost is only twenty-five cents, it is within reach of all who may desire to have it. Every young mother should, by all means, send for it. The suggestions it gives may be the means of preventing disease in her baby, or of saving its life.

The Home Circle.

PIPSEY AT HOME.

LAST week wesewed. There were a good many humble little jobs of sewing that we preferred to do ourselves. Girls of nowadays cannot enter into the spirit of patching with the zest that we older women bring to this work. We love such employment. There is a coziness and restfulness in it that soothes and makes one happy. Sister Bodkin's mother-in-law lives with the doctor's family now, and she says it rests and delights her amazingly to sit in a clean, warm room and cut and sew hit-and-miss carpet-rags. She prefers it above all other work.

We said: "Wouldn't you want the white window-curtains half drawn?"

To which she answered: "Yes, and the cat lying on the rug with its sleepy, purring song."

The Bodkin family is "made up" and perfect now since grandma came to live with them.

My work was a little like grandma's—the soothing kind. We wanted to make the deacon "a garment," we called it, for lack of a better name; something to wear outside of his flannel shirt and under his vest. Then, in moderate weather, or while chopping or sawing wood, he could dispense with his coat, and have the better freedom of his arms. Farmers and farmers' wives will understand, and we have no doubt they will be glad of the hints we may give them. Men, too, who work in shops, and factories, and among machinery, are glad of free arms and close-fitting sleeves that yield to active motion. More than one poor fellow's limbs, and sometimes life, would have been saved had the outer garment been simply snugly-fitting, and free from folds and gathers and a surplus of cloth.

In our dark clothes-closet we searched for something as "good as new," of which to make the deacon's garment, and finally found a large waterproof circular, made twelve years ago, of goods that cost ten shillings a yard. The front and the hood were faded a little, but the quality of the cloth was better than when new. We were pleased, and said that the circular could begin to live a useful life now. How to cut it puzzled us. There was no pattern in the world that we knew of for "a garment for the deacon." We laid down a shirt, and took the measure across the back, the length of the sleeves, the size of the arm-place and

the length of the body; then we contrived a paper pattern to go by, not allowing any gathers about the neck or sleeves.

The circular was so soft, and thick, and woolly, that we saved enough out of the back of it for a skirt, provided we could get along without it. We went on the plan of taking our pay out of the head of the heap.

The body was made about as long as was the fashion of men's coats a few years ago, open in front, with the buttons placed well over and close together; long gussets in the sleeves, and small ones where the collar fitted on; no wristbands, but the sleeves were slightly sloped at the wrists; an outside pocket of the same, sewed on the left side, for pencil and paper. We succeeded in getting a good fit, snug and neat, and yet roomy and comfortable.

In cutting out such a garment, one must guard against getting it too wide across the shoulders. That makes a loose, baggy, uncomfortable "set" that must make the wearer feel really mean and ill-natured.

We rewarded ourself with the new skirt, cut over that pattern with a yoke at the top—one of Demorest's—and for the sake of using up the fragments, we took the beautiful scarlet empress cloth that lined the hood and used it in the trimming at the bottom. With strips cut bias, and with pinked edges, the scarlet showing slightly beneath, we trimmed the new skirt handsomely.

Some woman suggests the propriety of pockets in skirts for emergencies, which we do most heartily approve and recommend. There are times and places when such a handy pocket is indispensable.

We thought of this once when we saw a lady teacher asleep in the cars, with her hand clutching the outside of the dress, so as to be sure her purse was safe. What plainer intimation would one of the light-fingered gentry desire than this expression of the whereabouts of the purse?

So this was the way we made one old-time wrap blossom out into newness and renewed usefulness. When we went to pick up the fragments—seams, and hems, and cornerwise bits—we said: "What elegant material for rugs! Blue, and gray, and brown, with these scraps of scarlet, will blend together so nicely." Nothing left but the sun-faded hood.

Just then we chanced to see the deacon's every-day coat on its peg on the porch, and both elbows and lower sides of the sleeves were dilapidated. Quick as thought, we cut the round form of the hood in two parts, and used them for patches, the sloping edge just fitting the curve of the elbow, and long enough to turn in and strengthen the falling cuffs and linings. Luck!

We were so elated over the success we had, that the next time we wanted a job of "picking up work" to rest us from cooking, studying and writing, we went back to the clothes-closet to look for more employment.

We had often regretted that we did not have some kind of a second-best wrap—something not quite nice enough for Sundays or important occasions—just about good enough for rainy Sundays, or unpleasant weather, or a run to the baker's, or butcher's, or the post-office.

We found it. A repellant cloak, made, perhaps, ten years ago, very wide and flaring, fastened with an outside belt, worn with or without a cape. Now we never did so very well like that cloak. It was too ample; the fullness fell into flapping folds in front whenever we walked in a hurry. To obviate this, we had fastened bands of elastic across to hold it back, and, finally, we had taken to wearing a better one of modern make, or a shawl.

What nice, amusing "picking up work" this would make! We drew out the extension-table and measured the condemned cloak over a last summer's linen ulster, and found that by deftly piecing, and contriving, and making it to button over in a left-handed way, we could easily make a comfortable and pretty ulster out of it. It was made fifty-seven inches in length, had a double Carrick collar, pockets, neat cuffs, two sentinel bands at the back and two rows of buttons down the front. But the cloudy days in January made such sewing hurt our eyes, and we have yet one item or two to make before it is finished. We want to put on the ornamental bit of trimming down the back—a cunning device which takes away the seeming breadth of the shoulders—and a small inside breast-pocket. The latter makes itself invaluable as a place to carry one's ticket in traveling on the railroad, and the former will make a place to put a very beautiful and elegant flat tassel, for which we none of us have had any use for many years.

We hope some of the readers of the HOME will gather suggestions from what we have written about the uses of old things. These timely helps are frequently worth a great deal to us.

A good woman who is confined to her home nearly all the time said to us lately: "Can't you help me contrive something out of my old dresses that would be nice to put on afternoons when I want to fix up and look pretty before the children and their father?"

Yes, we could do that, though we lay no claims to fine taste, nor do we very well understand the beauty, and fitness, and harmony of pretty things.

There was an old alpaca lustre, an old brown basket cloth, a very dark gray and a few breadths of well-kept wine-colored cashmere. Four dresses, and none of them good enough to wear. We advised her to put the black and gray together, turn the alpaca best side out, and let it be in the most conspicuous part of the dress. Black and

gray combine very tolerably; the latter prevents the former from showing signs of its faithful wear; they "meet each other half way," as it were. The brown and the wine-colored harmonize beautifully together. Any unfortunate grease-spot is easily removed with chloroform, and no bad odor will remain as though cleansed with benzine.

It is not advisable for any woman with a family of children to undertake to make over, and plan, and devise good dresses. Her time is not her own; hardly one whole hour in the day could she devote entirely to her business; and we all know how trying it is to one's patience to be called off when the thoughts are keenly intent on one's work. If a woman can only have one room set apart for her own individual use when she is busily engaged in cutting out and planning, one table all her own that does not have to be given up three times a day, her work is robbed of half of its worry and suspense. But the better plan is to engage assistance—get a competent woman to assume all responsibility. Tell her what is wanted, put the material into her hands; encourage her efforts; and when she is done, pay her well. Another good plan is to get a practical dressmaker to do the cutting and fitting, and then engage the services of the handy needlewoman to come to your house and do the rest of the work.

We are always glad to see mothers wanting to appear pretty in the eyes of their children. It is commendable. Let the little ones by all means remember "mother" as the prettiest woman in the world to them.

We thought of this the other day when we saw a middle-aged woman fixing ruffling and frills to wear about the necks of her dresses. She was poor, and her best every-day dress was blue calico with a little sprig in it; but about the wrists she put something white; we don't know what it was—maybe the folded white margin of a newspaper, or the best edge of a plait from a worn-out shirt-bosom; and about the neck was the veriest band of snowy dimity. Her hair was smooth, and the braids had the glisten of sheeny satin, tied up with a bit of brown ribbon. We saw this same woman making pretty and cheap frills for herself and her little daughters. They were made of thin muslin gathered double, starched with thin starch, and a paper folder run through them. They have to be pressed into the smallest possible compass while on the folder, and they must be gathered very full; twice or three times the length of the strip to which they are gathered will be none too much. Ruffles of fine Victoria or linen lawn, fluted, were made to wear on special occasions when they deemed their common every-day ones not quite good enough.

We learned a good many valuable things from this poor, neat, kind woman. She was ironing, and she had no more trouble with the starched garments than with the common, unstarched ones. She told us that a small easpoonful of mucilage added to a pint or more of starch, would give the beautiful gloses which we women so much admire in the fine laundried work that we buy. She said if women used it as they should, and were not so afraid of new things and new innovations, it would save them a vast amount of ill feeling and despondency over white collars and bosoms that they so often, with tears, threw back into the clothes-basket to be washed over. She kept a wide-

mouthed bottle of mucilage all the time at hand ready for use. It was made of clean gum arabic put into the bottle and covered with cold water, which was stirred occasionally until it dissolved. If too thick, add more water; if too thin, more gum. It will not sour nor ferment if made with cold water.

She told us that she always washed with soft soap made at home, instead of any of the strong kinds for sale at the groceries. And into a quart she always put a tablespoonful of turpentine, or a penny's worth of borax, or a spoonful of ammonia or benzine, or some detergent that aided the work materially and did not injure her hands.

We asked her if boiling the soap with the detergent added would not be better, but she said that a thorough and entire mixing was preferable, and that the soap would hold the drug better if not heated. Experience had taught us the value of her plan over our suggestion. There are so many ways in which we women can lighten our labors and lessen our cares, if we were only willing to let go the good old customs of other days and other times. Why not do so? PIRSEY POTTS.

"A HARD THING TO DIE BY."

"I THOUGHT that wild, winter night, when my baby died, and its little soul drifted out into the darkness, God knows where, orthodox religion is a terribly hard thing to die by."

The voice of the speaker was low and sad, but running through it was a tone of questioning defiance, as if none could give her comfort. He to whom she spoke was an old man, full of years and wisdom, whose expressive face told of hard-fought battles crowned with victory and peace at last. He had looked deep into the mysteries and perplexity of life; had heard fierce waves dashing upon the shores of time. If once his bark was tempest-tossed, it was firmly anchored now. He feared neither wind nor wave, for God was over all and all things were safe with Him.

"Yes," he answered, "orthodoxy, theology, as it is understood now, is cold and hard, and cannot meet the wants of warm, human hearts; but when we learn to think of God as a Father who loves and cherishes every one of us, who, through joys, and through sorrows, is leading us toward higher life and purer aspirations, all is different. We want less of theology, but more of God; less of orthodoxy and sectarianism, more of true Christianity; want to remember more and more that, when the little ones we so tenderly love drift away from our clinging embrace, they go to Him. Though they leave us in darkness, they go with Him to the light, and all is well. Whether they be far from or near to us then, think how tenderly they are gathered into His bosom! What can harm them there? Do not let theology make you forget how Christ, pure and blessed above all others, took the little ones in His arms and blessed them, saying, when the over-wise ones would have held them back: 'Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not.' He came to make known the heart of God; think you that heart is less tender, less watchful of the little ones to-day than then? Whoever, whatever else may change, God changes not. Your baby is safer with Him than human love could make it. I know how you miss him, day and night, from your hungry arms; know of the hours

and days of struggle and conflict when you feel that you cannot give him up; I went through with them all when little Mary died, so many years ago," and his voice grew low and tender, "but there came to me, there will come to you, a time when, because of the unselfishness and intensity of your mother love, you will thank God for taking him away from the evil and sadness of this life. The thought of him as being 'safe, happy, warm' in Heaven will make the way less dark and dreary to you, and, because your treasure is there, your heart will surely follow, and death be but an open door through which you may enter into fuller, more beautiful life. Baby hands shall beckon you on, baby-lips shall call to you, and the little grave, over which you now mourn in bitter anguish, shall be the key to unlock all that is best and noblest in your nature. So often I have seen it to be so, and the grave where we lay some dearly-loved one awakes our deepest sympathies, our tenderest charities and love for others. Beautiful plants grow and blossom within our hearts as we watch them growing amid the grasses there, and through the cloud-rifts, come sunshine and rain for our best nourishment. Dickens said: 'When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love to walk the world and bless it with their light. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creatures that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.' His words are as true as they are beautiful.

"People call me strange, call me almost an infidel because I see not with their eyes, because the religion which satisfies them cannot satisfy me. God knows if their charges be true; it matters not so much to me so long as I know my conception of Him and of manhood grows deeper, still deeper, and I am more and more filled with love to all. For years I strove to feed upon the dry husks of creeds and theologies, only to find my soul starving for its true manna. Like the prodigal of old, I at last resolved to go back to my Father and find rest. Long and wearying was the search, but, thank God, an abiding peace and rest has come to me in these later years. One by one the props my soul so carefully builded for itself here have been taken from me, uplifted to that higher world, and only God is left me now—only God and the hope of Heaven with its sweet re-unions. It is enough. I am not afraid to meet Him, for 'perfect love casteth out fear.' Though my merits be small, and the fruits of my life not so many or so rich as I would wish to make them, I have worked with an honest heart and an upright purpose, and these, methinks, are what He most desires.

"More and more I see the workings of infinite love and compassion through all the intricacies of law and revelation; clearer and clearer, above the strife and tumult, I hear the steady throbbing of the Father-heart. The sectarianism, the bickerings and strifes so often seen in the church—which should be, but, alas! is not, the vestibule of Heaven—are not true religion, true theology or true orthodoxy. Ah, why will men wander so long in the dark when above them shines the eternal light?

"Why walk by candle light
When God's great sun doth shine?"

"It is sad, sad; yet it will not always be. Slowly but surely the blinded eyes are beginning to open, and cold hearts are turning to where there is life and warmth in abundance. There will not always be the difference, the division between religion and theology there now is. Theology must change and purify itself. The voice of reason, enlightened and inspired by love, will be heard through all the length of our beautiful land, and our hearts be joined in closer sympathies, our hands work together for the building and upholding of His Kingdom. We all are brothers; as such let us live and die. Life is far too short and precious to be spent otherwise than in brotherly love and good-will. Religion is *daily life* if it is anything, not a creed or form to be taken out and aired once a week and securely locked away for the intervening six days, and we are Christians in just so much as our lives and desires are Christ-like, no more.

"The Bible shall not be less to us, but more as the years bring us a better understanding of its teachings, and we learn to look below the surface, marred by man's imperfect dealings, for the rich fruits within; but with it shall be combined the teachings of nature, which is but another, not less, true book of God. Her voice, speaking through all things good and beautiful, through the coming and going of the seasons, through the blossoming of little flowers, the songs of little birds, not less than through the great and lofty scenes around us, shall lead us onward step by step. Whatever the orthodoxy of that day shall be, it shall not be, as now, a hard thing to die by. The light will shine through the gates which open to let our little ones in, and sweet notes from their songs of triumph be wafted back to us. Trust Him and fear not. The baby you have let go will be given back to you some glad morn in Heaven. Not a baby, perhaps, as you saw him last, but your child still, and not less so because of the years and changes which may intervene ere you greet him. Let the thought that you are the mother of an angel help you to make yourself worthy in all ways and fit to meet with one so pure and good. Then, indeed, when you awake, you 'shall be satisfied.'"

The old man turned to go, and the mourner, with a fervent clasp of the hand, said, simply: "Thank you," but the undertone of defiance was gone from her voice, and something in it gave promise of new rest and peace, and her earnest eyes shone with a light before unknown. May the same light and peace come to you, O mothers, who sit in darkness, mourning because your "children are not!"

EARNEST.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPINSTER.

LEAF THIRD.

HOME again in my warm, comfortable room, I do not mind the piercing cold, the howling winds and blinding gusts of snow. After what I have passed through—or rather witnessed in the last few days, home, with its rest and comfort seems doubly dear. Fred's voice never sounded so kindly as when he said, at breakfast: "How tired and worn you look, Aunt Milly! You must allow me to prescribe for your benefit a season of perfect rest."

And Nellie playfully banished me to my room, whither she had preceded me and arranged everything for my comfort in her tasteful way; even transferring from her own room to my window her favorite monthly rose, with its crown of flowers; and a pot of double hyacinths, also in bloom. Heaven bless them both for their kindness to me. Nellie has such a delicate way of conveying impressions. I wonder if she did not mean by the fragrance of the hyacinth and rose, on this bleak, March morning, to impress my mind with the pureness and genuineness of their love to me in this lonely, changing world? That was the thought that came to me as I bent my head over the lovely flowers, touching lightly the soft and velvety petals, and admiring the exquisiteness of their form and coloring; and I mean to cherish it in my heart, and bless God, that, whatever else He has withheld, He has given me such dear friends.

Nearly two weeks ago a childish form appeared one afternoon, in the open door of my room, and a childish voice said: "Katie and Willie have dreadful sore throats, and mother is afraid it is the diphtheria. Would Aunt Milly please to come over and see what she thinks about it?"

Of course Aunt Milly would go; for the child was a little daughter of her old-time friend and playmate, Kate Hammond, now Mrs. Gray. As I hurried on my things, and hastily gathered together a few articles which I thought might be needed in the sick home, put an extra wrap around the shivering form of the child, and sallied forth with her blue, pinched hand close clasped in mine, my thoughts went back to the time when my friend, a gay, laughing maiden, was envied by half the girls of her acquaintance, because, from among them all she had been the chosen bride of the talented, handsome Ellis Gray. I remember the look of glad content that shone in her eyes, as I arranged the veil and orange blossoms upon her queenly head, and the confiding trust with which she put her hand in his to be led to the sacred altar. But alas! her joy was of short duration. A very little time sufficed to bring the dreadful truth to her perception, that her husband loved the wine-cup, even more than he loved the sweet, young wife who had committed her happiness to his keeping.

While trying to win her, so carefully had he guarded himself that not a suspicion of the real state of the case had ever crossed her mind, else, her strong temperance proclivities would have prevented her listening for a moment to his suit, but having made sure of her the mask was thrown aside, and the same old story was enacted—years of steady descent, of miseries increased, and blasted hopes, till all that is left to her is a poverty-stricken home, a worthless, debauched husband and helpless, suffering children—but such fair and lovely children! One could almost find it in their heart to wish that the dear Father in Heaven would in His love transplant them to the beautiful gardens of His heavenly home, before the blight of sorrow and sin has nipped the sweet buds of promise.

Yes, it was diphtheria, and in its most virulent form, and before morning the little messenger that had summoned me was prostrate with the rest and suffering much more acutely than the others. I could not leave the mother alone in her trial, and together we watched beside the stricken ones, care-

fully and faithfully administering the doctor's prescriptions, and doing all in our power for their relief; but it was of no avail, and one after another I dressed little Willie and his sisters in the delicate, snowy robes that Nellie had prepared for them, and placed them tenderly in their coffins; the poor mother allowing no hand but mine to touch their still forms. Nellie came over every day with offers of assistance, bringing with her many a needed comfort for the family, and the mother's grateful looks and silent tears showed how much they were appreciated. I will do the father the justice to say that he stayed at home during the whole time of the sickness, and seemed really penitent for the distress and want that he had brought upon his family, and desirous of living a changed life.

Poor Kate bore up bravely through it all, and when we came home from the funeral of the last one, she said: "Heaven never seemed so near to me before, nor the Lord so truly merciful; my dear ones are forever sheltered from the sorrows and storms of this life in the bosom of His infinite mercy; and He will give the poor mother strength to grope her way through the darkness, till light shall break upon her from the gates of the Eternal City; and Milly," she added, grasping my hand, "what if this sore bereavement should be the means of restoring my husband? Can it be that there is such mercy in store for me?" And when she bade me "good-bye and God bless you" at her cottage door last evening, she smiled through her tears, and whispered: "He knoweth best; what am I that I should question the wisdom of His doings? I will kiss the rod, and bless the hand that wields it."

Her beautiful trust is a marvel to me, and as I walked slowly homeward I wondered whether I could have borne her trials with such patience and resignation; and again and again I thanked God that He had spared me such a test.

This morning I can hardly keep my thoughts on my page for thinking of the mother alone in her desolate, cheerless home. I know that the chilling blasts that sweep across the new-made graves on the hill-side, cannot help but send an answering chill to her heart, even while the prayer of thanksgiving for their safety falls softly from her lips; and her petition for grace to bear her burdens brings a swift and sweet return.

CELIA SANFORD.

PRIZE A GOOD HOME.

IT is an honorable ambition for any young woman to qualify herself to be self-supporting. It is pleasant to handle money of one's own fair earning, and purchases made with such funds are quite apt to have a double value. There is an invisible wealth in such possessions that the world does not see. To some these earnings are a necessity. But there is a large class of discontented girls in good homes of plenty, where their services are greatly needed by a toiling mother, who long to push out into the great world and earn money that shall buy the cobwebs of fashion, now beyond their reach. When their motives are all sifted down, this is the real reason. Dress has tempted its thousands from the safe, comfortable home to try their chances in the great city.

There was a picture a while ago in one of the

illustrated papers which I wish such tempted ones could see and ponder. Two fair, trim girls, with their small satchels in their hands, were setting out from a lovely, pleasant home, with its shady trees and orchard lands all about it, and a finger-post was guiding them "To the Great City." How full of hope was each face! How light each heart and footstep! Just before them stood a gulf, from which were peering up such hideous, leering faces, while greedy talons and dripping skeleton fingers were up-reaching to clutch and drag them down. Caskets of paste jewels, flimsy finery, and all manner of wiles, were held out to lure them on, and one light, tripping footstep was just poisoning on the brink. There was a whole sermon in the title to the picture, which was simply "Sweet Liberty and the Abyss."

Oh, if this was but a fancy-picture we might banish it like a frightful dream. But it holds a solemn, fearful truth.

If you have a good, safe home, dear girls, prize it above rubies. Gladly do your share to lighten its burdens. Take such means as are within your reach for self-improvement. They will rarely be more when you are cast on your own resources among strangers. Oh, what numbers of homeless ones, toiling for a crust and a shelter, would think your lot an Eden!

Discontent is not so much a proof of your ability to achieve a better success, as real, honest, earnest effort where you now are. Unless you have made the utmost of your chances at home, there is little probability that you would do better away. Never leave it on uncertainties, and never, like Jonah, run away from God-appointed duties.

MIRIAM.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 47.

"The green leaves from the soft, brown earth!
Happy spring-time hath called them forth;
First faint promise of summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves."

"Lift them! what marvelous beauty lies
Hidden beneath from our thoughtless eyes;
May flowers, rosy and purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light,
Under the leaves."

WHEN this reaches your eyes, dear friends, all over the country, North and South, and out to the far West, the miracle of the awakening spring will have been enacted once more, and new beauties will greet you on every hand. In the far North, it will perhaps be only the early crocus and snowdrop, and the leaf buds swelling on the trees. But soon, I suppose, the pale hepatica will blossom in the woods, and the trailing arbutus follow in its wake. I know somebody who will send me some of the latter flowers this year. I have long wished to see them, for I only know them by hearsay, and am sure they must be lovely little things.

With us, the jonquils and hyacinths will be in fullest bloom, and the purple clematis, and lilac, and delicate white spirea will deck the gardens, while the peach-trees will be all aglow, and in the woods the dear little anemone, and spring beauty, and velvet-leaved violet will put up their heads

from under the leaves, and bring us promise of the coming summer.

In the far South, the roses and orange-trees are blooming now, as if winter had never been there. They did not have much of it this season, 'tis true, nor did we, for the season was such a mild one. I went out in January at times when it was like May, with only a light wrap around my shoulders, and the blue birds sang on bright mornings, and the rose-bushes put out their leaves, as if spring were really here.

My little saffrana rose came near dying during the drouth last summer while I could not take care of it, and this winter I brought it in the house, where, after a few weeks of nursing, it threw out new shoots all over, and a short time ago I espied a tiny bud. Then I sent it to Madge's pit, that the bud might be coaxed into bloom, and soon it will be out.

Madge's pit is a little bower of beauty. I went over to take another look at it one day last week. In the centre is a large box, on which stood her white lily, lifting its stalk crowned with one great creamy blossom. Around it were clustered rose-geraniums and verbenas, making a profusion of green foliage, and a tall wax plant and night-blooming jessamine stood in the background. On a shelf at one end a heliotrope showed two lovely bunches of purple bloom, and in an opposite corner a fish-geranium sent out a large spike of scarlet flowers. In both ends, vines of German ivy and ground ivy were reaching up and twining around the other plants, and hanging in festoons between them, making a real summer picture.

I have seen the interior of very few pits, and never one so pretty as this. Madge spends hours of loving work upon it—work that repays her well, for the flowers are the purest, sweetest companions she could have, and the care of this pit has been one of her greatest pleasures this winter. It quite throws Lizzie's bay-window in the shade with its luxuriant growth. I should not say "in the shade," either, truly speaking, for though our collection is small now, and they do not grow fast, yet the sunlight on each bright day shines through my foliage plant, making it look like a mass of crimson flowers, and the petunias bear a few white blossoms occasionally, and the verbenas and geraniums look green and pretty, although they have not bloomed since Christmas. The dear, little, sweet violets are the best treasures for winter blooming, and are so humble and modest about it. They are doing their best just now. I wish I could send a fragrant blossom to each one of you who loves flowers. They will freeze sometimes on a cold night if forgotten, and a few days after I find fresh little heads under the leaves, only betrayed by their sweet odor until we search for them. They make me think of some lives I have known; of those who sat retiringly and quietly until sought for, and gathered close when their true worth was found—perhaps were never known by some who walked near, except by the sweetness of their good deeds. Like those spoken of in the remaining verses of the poem I quoted from above:

"Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eye save His who reads
Motive and action—in silence grow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow,
Under the leaves?

"Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to Him;
Wait we, content, for His heavenly ray;
Wait till our Master Himself, one day,
Lifteth the leaves."

LICHEN.

HOME ECONOMIES.

DEAR EDITOR "HOME." The second number of the dear HOME MAGAZINE has come to our fireside, crisp and fresh, filled with interesting and instructive reading for 1880.

Last year, in order to economize, times were so hard, we concluded that we must forego the great pleasure of its perusal for at least one year, but missed it so much, that we thought to try and economize in some other way. It had been on our table for years, and we missed it as we would a dear, familiar friend.

It is no doubt as necessary to economize in East Tennessee, where we live, as in any other State of the Union, and I have been thinking of giving Pipesey, to whom we are all so much indebted for hints on home economies, as well as to the many readers of the "Home," an item in that department; so here it is.

Our family is large and it takes many "tucks and turns" to keep all going when the cool weather closes around us. One of our girls was in need of a cloak for common wear, and we set our minds to work how it could be had with the smallest expense. There was a long circular cloak of dark navy-blue water-proof that had done duty for three winters, and although the cloth was strong, it had some greasy spots, and had been put aside as not fit for use. It was taken out of the closet, well brushed over, and then with brush, warm water and soap made for the purpose, it was thoroughly cleaned and came out almost as good as new. The bottom was then cut off, leaving it the length of an ordinary cloak; next arm-holes were cut, the garment taken up under the arms so as to fit smoothly round. Then the arm-holes were neatly bound with a piece of trail braid to make it strong; next two pieces were cut from what came off the bottom of the cloak and fitted round the top of the arm-holes, and down low enough to give it the appearance of a dolman—the piece reaching down to the wrist. Around the bottom and up the front of the cloak on each side was basted a piece of bias alpaca about four and a half inches wide, the part covering the arm trimmed in the same way. Then the alpaca was quilted in rows not more than one-fourth of an inch apart. The last thing was a military collar of the alpaca, stitched around in very close lines to match the other trimming. When finished it made a warm, comfortable, and we might add, pretty article of wearing apparel. But still there is a piece left of the bottom of that long, wide circular; what should we do with it? One of the little girls was in want of a felt skirt; the piece was wide enough for a skirt, and about fifteen inches deep; we bound the bottom with trail braid; then the odds and ends of the scrap-drawer were brought out, and two strips of gay plaid cut bias and stitched around not far above the edge. It was too short, but here was a strip of twilled goods left from some garment that will finish out the length and be warm and strong. This finishes the

second garment fashioned from that long circular, and we really feel more honest pride in them, than if they were fresh from the merchant's shelves.

The "Home" is a general favorite among us. After we have read ours, three other families get the benefit of it, the members of which would gladly have a copy of their own could they well

afford it. The patterns alone, to a family willing to economize by being their own mantuamakers, are well worth the money paid for the magazine. We never make a cuff, collar or scarcely any part of a garment, but the magazine is consulted.

We hope the familiar names will still appear on its pages for many years to come. VIRGINIA.

Work for Humanity.

ETHIOPIA STRETCHING OUT HER HANDS.

THERE is a story connected with this little African boy which, brief as it is, cannot fail to awaken a deep interest in the mind of every Christian philanthropist. It is told by Mr. Edward S. Morris, of Philadelphia, who has re-

"It was at sunset one beautiful Sabbath day, as I stood for the last time on the beach at Monrovia waiting for my boat to take me out to the anchored vessel in the bay. A little native boy from the jungles of Africa in the immediate rear of the Negro Republic of Liberia, came to me, bowing low. I told him to 'Stand up, and never bow to man' (believing that to be orthodox to begin with). I said: 'What do you want?' In broken, disjointed English, the best the little fellow could utter, and pointing out to the ship, he said: 'You God-man take me to big America, big ship.' 'What for?' I asked. He answered: 'Me learn big English, you.'

"In consequence of my then enervated condition, resulting from over-work, I was forced to say 'No' to the little fellow; whereupon he immediately drew from the folds of a cloth around him two little leopards, alive, with unopened eyes, and presenting them, said: 'Me give him; you take me big America, big ship, learn big English.' Think of it, Mr. Editor: the mother leopard must to his knowledge have been near when he captured her kittens; still, that hungry, thirsting child risked his life to earn a passage to America solely to gain an education. Try and believe me when I assert there are thousands of such courageous boys in the Niger Valley alone, and as many more in Soudan, thus burning for education. This indigenous human element should, for substantial reasons, be educated in Africa and not out of it. Native Christian teachers, graduates from my proposed school-house, are to be some of the lights for a 'Dark Continent,' containing two hundred and fifty millions of people."



sided in Liberia for a number of years, where he has been engaged in commercial and agricultural pursuits. He is now endeavoring to found a school in Liberia for the education of fifty native youths. Writing to the *Christian Statesman*, under date of January 28th, 1880, he says:

Mr. Morris, who is now endeavoring to raise sufficient funds to erect a school-house on his own land in Monrovia, further says in his letter to the *Christian Statesman*:

"Please say that one-half the sum of money required to build a school-house for fifty boys in

Liberia on my own land, and properly conduct it for five continuous years, was given me by Christian men and women in England last year, when in person I presented to them 'Liberia as I saw it.' The Hon. John Welsh, late United States Minister to the Court of St. James, cheerfully contributed to the sum. The other half I hope to receive in my own land from the good and benevolent of America. Only two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars are now wanted to inaugurate the school-house in Christian Liberia—the open door to heathen Africa. Contributions will help me practically to answer the earnest cry for education from millions of ambitious African youth, both male and female. *One dollar and upwards will be thankfully received and acknowledged.*"

The address of Mr. Edward S. Morris is P. O. Box 2010, Philadelphia, Pa. His undertaking has the approval of such men in England as the Earl of Shaftesbury, Samuel Gurney, and other well-known philanthropists. A recent letter to Mr. Morris from Rev. D. A. Wilson, of Milan, Mo., who is well-known as a former devoted missionary and educator in Africa, says:

"The plan of industrial Christian education which you propose meets my hearty approval. When in Liberia as a Christian educator myself, I was well convinced that both the mission schools

among the natives and in the Republic needed more than instruction in letters and religion. * * * The country was not, and is not now, prepared to sustain schools. Every country needs a diversified industry. The superior excellence of Liberia coffee, however, now acknowledged the world over, through you patient and well-directed and costly efforts, makes the growing of it worthy of special prominence in your system. I see no reason why, with God's blessing on competent and faithful teachers and managers, schools on your plan may not be soon made self-sustaining."

The comparatively small sum required by Mr. Morris to complete his arrangements for establishing this first industrial school for native African children, ought, and we believe will be, promptly furnished. Send him a single dollar if you can spare no more, and do your part, reader, in the good work he is seeking to inaugurate. Remember that every work which has for its object the lifting up of the fallen, the enlightenment of the ignorant, and the moral and spiritual elevation of the race, is God's work, and that in every act of co-operation we become His helpers. Come, then, to the "help of the Lord," who is moving in this and many other ways for the redemption of Africa. Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands and crying for succor. Let not her appeal be in vain!

Housekeepers' Department.

AUNT PATTY.

AUNT PATTY was a famous little woman; she was up in the morning with the lark, her feet encased in number two slippers, neat print dress and spotless white apron, her sparkling, dark eyes and snowy-white hair rippling around her peaceful face, you could hardly believe that her age was seventy-two. Tripping lightly into her well-kept kitchen, she begins her daily labors. On Wednesday was her baking-day. Five loaves of white bread and two of brown bread, a steaming pot of baked beans and a row of pumpkin pies, such as only Aunt Patty knew how to make. Never in after years did I taste any so delicious.

Dinner was always on the table at precisely twelve o'clock; and never varying far from two o'clock in the afternoon, you would find Aunt Patty "sitting in state," as I used to call it, in her cozy, little sitting-room, busy with her fancy work, for she always kept one or two pieces in her work-basket to catch up at odd moments. One day, in wonderment, I asked her what kept her so young and spry.

"I never saw another like you, Aunt Patty. I would not mind growing old if I were as smart and entertaining as you are."

"Well, my dear," said she, "your Aunt Patty never was called an old scrub; and she never meant to be, when she first started in life; I have done a deal of housework in my day, and done it well, too; but I have never stood at the stove and sink the whole day through, wearing out the body, and allowing no time for the replenishing of the mind. I have always devoted a part of each day to reading, writing and conversation; and I am

interested in all good causes; and, my dear, if you would have a happy old age, always try and use what little talent you have to the very best advantage. In that way, even if the cares of a household are resting upon you, spare time will be found for recreation."

As we sat talking, Aunt Patty made the remark, that with God's will she hoped to be able to make her last loaf of bread, set her house in order, and be ready for the Master's call.

It came one night so unexpectedly to us all, that we can hardly realize that Aunt Patty is no more. I wish we had more Aunt Pattys, who would work at housework cheerfully, and with that motto ever in mind, "Let your head save your heels," dispatch things in less time than you have any idea of. Happier homes would be found in our land, and more cheerful mothers. I have a number of Aunt Patty's receipts. Try them; you will find them good.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Cut a small pumpkin in pieces; steam four hours; when done, sift through a wire sieve; add five eggs well beaten, half a small nutmeg, half teaspoonful of cinnamon, a little ginger, pinch of salt and sugar enough to make them pretty sweet; stir the mixture well, then add two quarts of milk, one cup of sweet cream or one-half cup of butter. Line deep plates with puff paste, and when filled, bake one hour in a slow oven.

CHICKEN PIE.—Joint the chickens, which should be young and tender; boil them in just sufficient water to cover them. When nearly done take them out of the liquor, and lay them in a deep pudding-dish lined with good pie-crust; to each layer of chicken, put two thin slices of salt pork,

add a little of the liquor in which they were boiled, with pepper and salt, two ounces of butter out in small pieces; sprinkle a little flour over the whole, cover it with the crust, cutting a place for the air to escape. Bake in a quick oven one hour.

WORTH KNOWING.

Keep salt in a dry place.

Keep yeast in wood or glass.

Keep lard in tin pails.

Keep preserves and jellies in glass, in a dark, cool place.

Lard for pastry should be used as hard as it can be cut with a knife. It should be cut through the flour, not rubbed.

Beef that has a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently, two hours and a half; taking out half of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.

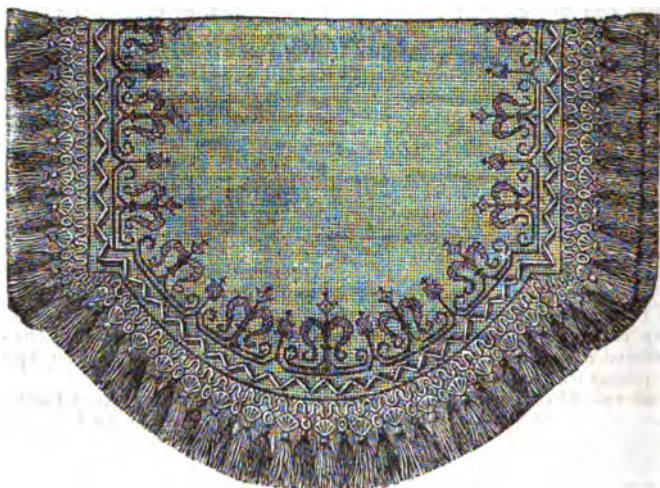
To prevent meat from scorching while roasting, place a basin of water in the oven.

The coming dish-cloth is made of white fly screen, three layers cut in the size required, and sewed firmly together. It will outwear six common ones. When soiled it can be washed and boiled to look as white as new.

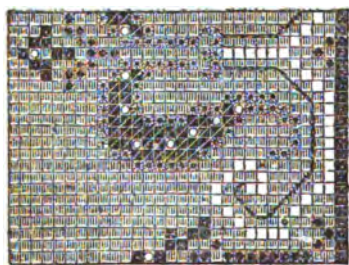
Old tins can be made to look cleaner by boiling in strong soapuds and ashes.

COUNTRY COUNSEL.

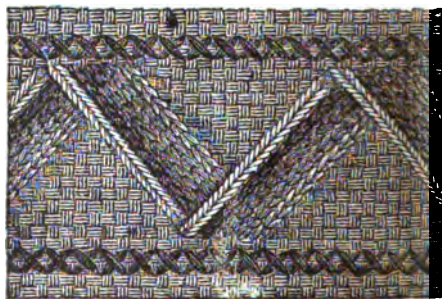
Nancy Needlework.



TIDY.—Fig. 1.



TIDY.—Fig. 2.

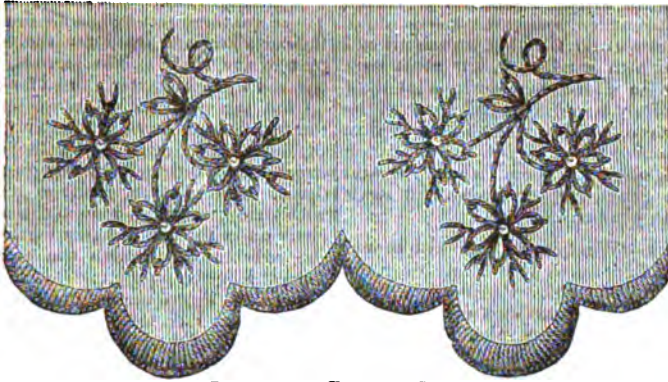


TIDY.—Fig. 3.

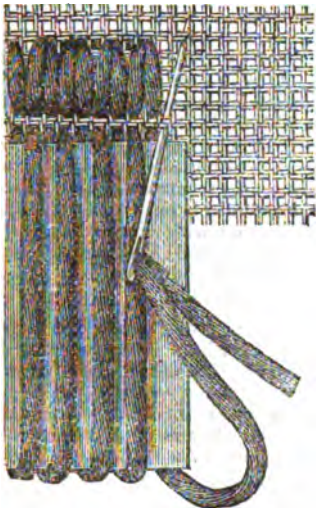
This novel tidy is of Java canvas, worked with crewels in cross-stitch. The design for the cross-stitch is shown in the full size in Fig. 2; it is worked with red, olive-green, light and dark blue, bronze and gold colors. In the chain-stitch border

shown in Fig. 3, the same colors are used; the straight lines of cross-stitch are worked with dark blue.

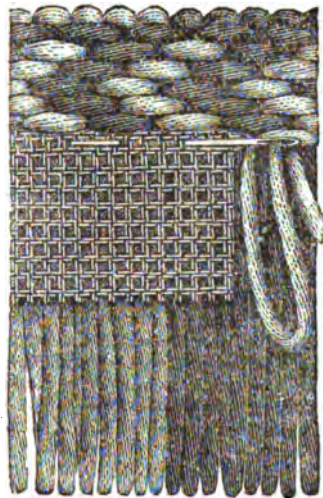
This tidy is edged with a rich fringe combining all the colors.



BORDER FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.



WORSTED FRINGE.—Fig. 1.



WORSTED FRINGE.—Fig. 2.

FRINGE MADE OF BITS OF WORSTED.—This fringe is worked on coarse canvas with colored double zephyr worsted. Thread a needle with worsted, * take up horizontally two double threads of the canvas, carry the needle vertically downward through the canvas, passing over four double threads, lay the worsted around a strip of card-board for a loop, then carry the needle upward through the canvas as shown by Fig. 1, and repeat

from *. Fold the projecting edge of the canvas on the outside along the horizontal stitches, so that the loops are covered, and stitch through the double layer with colored worsted, each stitch covering four double threads in width, as shown by Fig. 2. Going back, fill in the open spaces with similar stitches of a contrasting color. In the following rows always work the stitches transposed.

Art at Home.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON HOME DECORATION.—Those who like to have pretty things about them, and enjoy the work of decorating and adapting their household goods with a view to artistic effect must ever bear in mind three things. First, the use; second, the durability; and third, the color. To illustrate the practical application of this rule it might be suggested that a bracket is a means of supporting some object, and the necessity of supporting some object originated the thought of a

bracket. Therefore, the bracket must be strong and firmly screwed into position. Now may be added drapery; it must be made of such material as shall not fade, and its tone and color must harmonize with the other furnishings of the room, and not by its gaudy brightness be the one object that attracts the eye on entering the apartment. These remarks will apply with equal force to any other article introduced.

It is a very great mistake to suppose that one

cannot arrive at an artistic effect, unless all the old furniture is discarded, and new takes its place. Few of us are able to do this, but we can all add something of our own handiwork, but great care should be taken in adding new things that their color is not entirely out of all harmony with the old. If, for instance, one has a room furnished in crimson, the predominant colors in decoration may be old gold, olive green and black. Should the room be in green, crimson, brown and black may be used with good effect.

RAG CURTAINS.—What can be done with them? is the question often asked in looking over the accumulated scraps of years. Patch-work quilts are out of fashion, and it seems such a pity to throw away all these bright, dainty bits. Then, too, every piece in the old bag has its memories. Well, thanks to the *Art-Interchange*, to which I am indebted for many of the suggestions in this article, I can tell you of a way to utilize all these pieces. First, pick out all the silk scraps, no matter how small. Now cut the silk into strips about an inch wide (a little more or less makes no difference), either straight or on the bias. Sew the pieces together strongly, and roll into balls, keeping each color in a ball by itself. Pieces of narrow ribbon, old cravats and sashes, old waists of dresses, in fact, every scrap of silk can be made of use, whether soiled or fresh. After making a number of balls, send them to a rag-carpet weaver, who will weave them for about twenty-five cents a yard. It will take one and a half pounds of silk to make a yard of material three-quarters of a yard wide, which is the width of almost all looms. If the balls of silk are given to the weaver with directions how to place the colors, and the width the stripes are desired, the stuff when finished will have a very handsome effect, and is very heavy and suitable for curtains, rugs or table-covers.

Now having disposed of the silk pieces, we think in a most satisfactory manner, we will use up all the scraps that are left in the bag. Take a ball of twine and a large needle, cut pieces of cloth, calico, muslin or whatever material you have into squares about an inch each way. Thread these on the twine until you have covered about three yards. Then cut the twine and fasten it well to prevent its slipping, and roll it round and round, taking long stitches through and through to keep it steady and flat. When quite firm, take a large pair of scissors, and, laying the mat flat, cut the rough edges until the mat is pared to nearly half its former thickness. It should look like a child's worsted ball, and is the same on both sides. When done, these mats are warm and very pretty, and will often serve to cover worn or faded spots on the carpet, and cost only a little time and trouble.

CHAIRS.—Often we would re-cover some of our old, faded chairs, but dare not attempt it, lest we make, in our inexperience, a sorry job. A few hints on the subject will, we think, enable the most timid, to become with success their own upholsterers. The nails must first be drawn from the old cover, and this is best accomplished by first loosening them, placing a screw-driver or chisel against their sides and hammering them. When the old cover has been removed, lay it over the new material and cut the latter carefully out, making all the slits and markings with pins where the arms are to come, so that in placing it on the chair it

will not be drawn either to one side or the other. There are three pieces, one for the bottom, one for the back and the third for the outside and back part of the chair. For buttons, button moulds covered with the material used for the chair would do, but the prunella or velvet buttons, which all the upholsterers have are better. After carefully placing the piece cut out for the seat of the chair over it and fitting it exactly, begin to button it down. Take a long, mattress needle, thread it with string, and push it from the underside of the chair up in the place which marks the position of the old button, through the new cover. Then force the button on the needle and twine, and pass the needle down again through the cover one-eighth of an inch from where it came up; pull the twine very tight, and tie in a tight knot. A knot used by the trade, which is better, is made by holding one end of the string in the left hand, passing the twine under and through the loop from the underside. This knot will run up close, and can be tied fast without slipping. The cover must be folded by the buttons, and made to lie smoothly. After the buttons are all fastened, nail the cover of the chair on, pin it to keep it in place, and button it down in the same way. Pin the outside of the back on, which requires no tufting, and nail it smoothly with the tacks quite close together, turning a little of the material under to make it stronger. The braid is put on last of all, and can be either tacked on with gimp tacks or sewn. If it is sewn the needle used is shaped like a crescent. And now our chair is finished, and will, I think, quite pay for the trouble.

WALL DECORATION.—Among the many pretty notions which have been lately introduced is that of "over doors." The devices introduced for this purpose are numerous—stag's antlers, convex, eagle mirrors, masks of statues on oval, velvet shields and even clusters of Japanese or peacock screens. The fancy of a half-moon-shaped design in Venetian mosaic, sunk in a deep band of dark velvet, may be new to many, and would have in many rich rooms a very beautiful effect. An arrangement of blue china, and shelves and brackets of ebonized or enameled wood, always looks well, and a plaster of frieze in basso-relievo, as long as the door is wide, will be effective in many rooms; the ground of the frieze might even be colored of a faint green or blue, so as to give it the appearance of a Wedgewood plaque. If you hang a picture over a door, do not let it be a small, water-color sketch or anything of that kind, so that its beauty is entirely lost on anybody under eight feet high; the pictures that look best over doors are still-life pieces of flowers or fruit.

EMBROIDERED TEA-CLOTHS.—At a recent exhibition of artistic needlework, says *Harper's Bazar*, we noticed two or three specimens which deserve mention. One in crash, with the edges deeply fringed out, had an embroidered border of cornflowers, poppies and wheat in the natural colors, with similar single flowers sprinkled all over the centre of the cloth; this "powdering," as the French call it, is very pretty. Another in Bolton sheeting showed the rich autumnal tints of the Virginia creeper round the edge, tendrils branching out and meeting in the centre. These daintily embroidered cloths are used to cover the tray on which tea is served.

Evenings with the Poets.

STANZAS.

THE night hath a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of a whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind hath a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When the day is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

SPRING IN CAROLINA.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet, still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth,
The crocus, breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still, there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would
start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

HENRY TIMROD.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

A FOLK-SONG.

"Behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he
may sift you as wheat."—St. Luke, xxii, 31.

IN St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat, to sift us, and we all
Are tempted;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter;
No heart hath armor so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

BY this time most of our lady friends have felt an interest in new spring fabrics. They will be glad to learn, also, that many of the old favorites retain popularity. Among these last are sea-side bunting, which comes in several new shades, of yellow, blue, cream-color and chocolate, as well as the standard black; unbleached muslin, or, as it is called, cheese-cloth, to be trimmed with "bandana," or handkerchief fabrics; Madras suitings, and the several varieties of camel's-hair, light cloth, and the popular cotton goods, percale, chintz and *momie* cloth. Light silks, woven in the rich, stylish combinations of many colors, known as cashmere hues, will be used, as before, for trimming of almost any desired material. New grenadines are brocaded upon a black ground. Some of the figures are dots, squares or colored flowers of satin or velvet. For underskirts to be worn with such dresses, *satin de Lyon*, that is, satin with a heavy twill, is used in place of the time-honored plain black silk.

New dresses are marked by simplicity of trimming and absence of voluminous drapery. The plain, short skirt continues to hold its own. We believe that the panier, though still worn to some extent, will not be so much in vogue as last year, a return to the little-varying, long, clinging overskirt being very probable. Basques, generally speaking, partake of the plain, coat-like effect. The favorite self-trimming is shirring, scarce ever being so fashionable as now, many handsome suits being ornamented simply with rows and bunches of gathering, and nothing else.

Dresses for little girls are still made in the one-garment style, with either the waist-line very low or not marked at all. A novelty just now is a variation in the favorite sailor suit. This consists of a blouse and a skirt, not kilted, but joined to the belt by a deep row of gauging. Sailor hats, to

be worn with all costumes, will still retain their old-time favor.

Spring hats vary little in shape, being mainly modifications of the Gainsborough, the gypsy and the turban. The first of these, in fact, never goes out of fashion entirely. The usual mode of trimming a hat of this order is with a shirred facing of silk or satin, a band of the same twisted loosely round the crown and a floating bunch of feathers. This style also is appropriate to be decorated with a wreath of wild flowers, these being among the favorite ornaments for this season. Crushed roses, birds and broad ribbons of the rich, varied, cashmere tints, will also be largely worn. Jet fringe and sprays, of course, may be properly used by those who like this heavy kind of garniture.

Some of the new colors are very beautiful. Among these are two shades of lilac, topaz, *Italie* (a bright lemon-yellow), Marengo (a deep, rich red), Zulu-pink (a pale strawberry tinge), and Zulu-brown (a creamy chocolate).

Lace is the favorite *lingerie*, being worn in every possible style and with almost every variety of costume, being mainly regulated by a lady's own taste. *Torchon*, *Bretton* and *French* laces, among the lower-priced *dentelles*, keep their place. The newest caprice, however, is for *Languedoc*, a lace closely resembling real old English thread lace. The pattern is darned in, somewhat like *Bretton*, but is modeled after antique styles. Its shade varies from pure white to a delicate cream.

Crêpe lisse ruches, double and single, now come covered with dots, seeming like an exquisitely-delicate variety of dotted mull. Fancy buttons are tinted, painted or carved in the most artistic manner, often in blended shades to match the trimmings of the dress. The black chenille fichu, to which we alluded some time ago, have partly given place to chenille in the inevitable cashmere colors. Silk handkerchiefs, plain, dotted or plaid, are the favorite neck-wear for out-doors.

New Publications.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

The Lost Truths of Christianity. The author of this book, which is one of marked ability, assumes that the Church has lost many of the vital truths of doctrine which were held by the apostles and early Christians, and substituted in their place dogmas of so irrational a character that enlightened reason cannot accept them—dogmas that reflect the dark mental and perverse moral states of those who formulated them, but not the exalted character and righteousness of a God whose essential nature is love. Foremost among these "lost truths," according to the author, is a just idea of the nature of Christ, and the work He came to accomplish. He quotes largely from the Scriptures of both the Old and the New Testaments to show that what is known as the leading

doctrine of the Church at the present day, viz., that of the atonement, or vicarious sacrifice, is nowhere taught therein; not even by Paul in Romans, v, 11, the only place in which the word atonement occurs in the New Testament.

As now understood, this word atonement means a satisfaction for wrong committed or injury done, which is supposed to placate, satisfy or reconcile the injured party, so that he takes the transgressor again into favor. But, says the author of this book, "That is not the meaning of the words in Hebrew and Greek which are translated atonement; nor was it the meaning of the word atonement at the time our Bible was translated into the English language. The Hebrew word means a covering or defense. The Greek word means a change from enmity to friendship. Put the English word into three syllables, at-one-ment,

and remember that *ment* is from the Latin noun *mens*, meaning mind, and we have at-one-mind, which is the genuine scriptural meaning of the term. An atonement is something which brings two persons, feeling and thinking differently on a question, to feel and think alike upon it. Shakespeare, Spencer and all the old English writers so use it. The incarnation effected our atonement, or at-one-ment, because it brought God and man together on one common plane. God became human in His sympathies and action, a Divine Man; man becomes godly or god-like, a partaker of the divine nature. Christ effected the atonement by hallowing or consecrating a human form, so that the Supreme Being could live in it and be present thereby with man forever."

Pursuing this subject, the author says: "The word atonement occurs only once in the New Testament (1) a fact of vast significance; and then it is not God who accepts the atonement offered by Christ, but we who receive the atonement or oneness of mind with God through Christ. 'We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.' (Rom. v, 11.) How few Christians who abide in the old error ever thought of this fact! * * * The simple scriptural truth about this reconciliation is, that God's manifestation of love and wisdom in the person of Christ was reconciling the sinner and the world to Him and His service. God, the infinitely wise and merciful, can never undergo the slightest change of mind. It was the sinner who was to be atoned, or made at one with God. It was the sinner who was to be reconciled, for so the Scriptures declare. 'All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto Himself by Jesus Christ.' 'When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son.' 'God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself.' 'We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.'

"Propitiation is the last line of defense for those who believe that God is to be reconciled, appeased, pacified, etc. They quote from 1 John, ii, 1, 2: 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins.' The word here translated 'advocate' is *paracletos*, which is elsewhere properly rendered the Comforter or the Holy Ghost. It means one called or sent to help; Jesus sent to save us from our sins. Propitiation, which occurs but three times in the New Testament, is a bad rendering into English of a term which in the Hebrew language means a covering or defense. Instead of these verses bearing the construction that Jesus Christ is an advocate, like a modern lawyer, pleading to obtain our pardon from God, the true meaning is simply this: If any man sin, we have the Comforter (or the one sent) with the Father, even Jesus Christ, the righteous or perfect man (Father, Son and Holy Ghost in one person), who will serve as a covering or shield of defense against the power of sin, because He is the mediator between the human and the Divine. Whilst we deprecate in the most earnest manner any use of language which shall suggest to the mind the existence of two Gods, one standing outside of the other and pleading forensically for us, still the true intermediation or intercession of Jesus Christ for us is one of the most beautiful and precious doctrines of the Holy Scriptures. When

we open the door of the heart to the Lord in prayer and faith, He enters into our spiritual life, takes on our evil spiritual states, just as He did when on earth, knows our feelings and our wants, and leads and guides us in prayer to Himself, just as if He were ourselves, and man again in the flesh, striving against sin and praying to the Father. It is thus that He comes down to us, conjoins Himself with us, and lifts us upward with Himself in His own Divine aspirations. Such is the mediation and intercession to which the apostle alludes in Romans viii, 26, 27: 'Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.'

It will readily be seen that if, as this author endeavors to show, the Church has indeed lost the truth on so vital a question as the Nature and Work of Christ, it must have lost a clear knowledge of all the essential doctrines on which man's salvation and restoration to the likeness and image of God rest. In the following passage he gives his view of the Great Sacrifice, and the manner in which we are saved thereby:

"The great sacrifice of Christ was self-sacrifice. His sacrifice can never be of any benefit to us unless we sacrifice ourselves in a similar manner. We are made one with Him by following His steps, and the most important of all these steps was sacrifice. His sacrifice was two fold—an ascending sacrifice, the surrender of His carnal life and nature to the interior dictates of His Divine love or Father; and a descending sacrifice, the consecration of Himself to the wants of suffering humanity. By the first sacrifice, He ascended to His Father, like an aeronaut who rises as he casts out ballast. By the second sacrifice He was like the descending ray of sunlight which brings the sun itself into our houses and fields.

"It is declared by the apostle that if we die with Him we shall rise with Him. We cannot die physically with Him, share his crucifixion or bodily sufferings; but we can share His self-denial and His self-surrender, His spiritual death. He abstained from all sin, under all circumstances and through all temptations. He repudiated and crucified all the lusts of the flesh, and all the thoughts, desires and aspirations of the carnal mind. We are to do the same, and we are to do it not from interested motives, but simply because He commanded us to deny ourselves, take up the cross and follow Him. We are to hate our life and to lose it for His sake. We are to lay down our life that we may take it up again. The perfect sacrifice of our wills to His will is precisely the sacrifice which He offered up to His Father. * * * By the sacrifice of our carnal life we receive spiritual life and blessing from God. They will not benefit us unless we give them away to others. Spiritual life is only given on the condition that we use it for the common good, for even so did Christ. It is like the manna which fell in the wilderness, it cannot be hoarded; it is given day by day, and exactly enough for the necessities of the day. Prayers, fastings, self-mortifications, in a state of isolation and for the salvation of our individual souls, are worse than useless. We have no part or lot in the salvation purchased by Jesus Christ, except as we sacrifice ourselves in some manner for others."

FROM LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

About Grant. By John L. Swift. A pleasant and interesting book, suitable for all, young and old, but especially for boys. It gives an account of the military career of General Grant, and presents him as an illustrious example of courage, faithfulness to principle and self-respect. Besides this, it touches, incidentally, the questions of slavery, abolition, civil-service reform, home rule, western immigration and kindred topics, at present exciting the attention of statesmen and politicians. Though some might object to portions of the work as partisan in tendency, we venture to say that, as a whole, it is worthy a place in any juvenile library.

Kings in Exile. From the French of Alphonse Daudet, translated by Virginia Champ-lin. A novel of many beauties and also of many faults. The beauties are, chiefly, the dazzling brilliancy of style, the vividness of description and the loveliness and heroism of character as displayed by the noble *Fredérique*, the exiled queen, and the little Prince Zara's poor tutor, *Meraut*. The faults consist in the glaring, even sickening, portrayals of the frivolity, the treachery, the vice and the crime buried beneath the gay exterior of heartless, Parisian life. Americans generally have little sympathy with the inner workings of such fearful wickedness. The book may be called moral in tone, inasmuch as it holds up virtue to our sympathy and admiration, and excites for vice nothing but disgust.

FROM THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING HOUSE, 29 ROSE ST., NEW YORK.

Limited License in its Relation to the Liquor Traffic. By S. Leamet, Jr. This pamphlet describes the inauguration, and carrying out of the limited system, in a Western township, and recommends its introduction into all parts of the United States. It provides that every citizen in a community shall have the right, by ballot, to declare at every election, whether the number of licenses existing shall be increased ten per cent., or decreased twenty-five per cent. or more, thus affording persons of every shade of temperance belief, as well as those entirely opposed to all limitation of the liquor traffic, a fair opportunity to vote for or against prohibition, in a greater or less degree. The legalized number of licenses are then sold at a premium, the proceeds going to establish a free library and reading-room. When-

ever this mode of regulation has been tried, it has resulted, year by year, in a steady diminution of rum-selling and rum-drinking. We consider it worthy of the most careful examination by all true friends of temperance.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

The Curse and the Cup. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. A short tale, but unmistakably a true one—true in its graphic descriptions, its stern lessons and its terrible *denouement*. Let such books be multiplied—and, sooner or later, slowly and surely an enlightened, public opinion must grow up, and demand humane and Christian legislation on the subject of the liquor traffic.

Temperance and Legislation. By Canon Farrar, D. D., F. R. S. An address delivered at a conference in Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on Monday, November 3d, 1879. Another of this gifted speaker's able, popular, telling talks, most effective in attacking prejudice, refuting fallacious arguments, and leading to a thorough comprehension of the evil of intemperance, and the virtue of total abstinence.

On London Bridge. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Still another short, graphic story, showing the devastation wrought by strong drink. This time, the prodigal is led astray by the pernicious "drinking customs of society," "the use of the good things of life in moderation, not their abuse," and so forth—phrases mournfully familiar to all.

FROM S. R. WELLS & CO., NEW YORK.

How to Educate the Feelings. By Charles Bray, of London. Edited, with notes, by Nelson Sizer, of New York. This book contains some very sensible things, upholding the duty of parents to study the mental characteristics of their children, and seek to cultivate their better qualities and render inactive their worse ones; in other words "to educate the propensities so as to make them subservient to moral and social law," and so work "toward the disuse of jails, prisons and gallows," and prevent "the great and sad waste of human life, hope and happiness, which is so conspicuous in our day." We believe the book will prove valuably suggestive to all into whose hands it may come. Price, \$1.50.

Notes and Comments.

A New Study for Girls.

WHAT a woman should do in case of accident or sudden sickness, may almost be regarded as one of the lost household arts. A few centuries back, the healing art was almost exclusively in the hands of woman. She was physician as well as nurse; and her skill was the result of such training and instruction as she was able to secure, all of which made a part of her education.

But, as men began turning from arms, as a profession, to science and literature, the study of anatomy, physiology and therapeutics gave them a higher intelligence and skill, and the ability to cure in cases where, without the information this study gave them, failure would have been inevitable. As a natural result, the practice of medicine passed gradually into the hands of men, where it has remained for generations. Of late years, however, women have commenced returning to the

field from whence science and intelligent skill excluded them; and by the aid of that science and skill are now beginning to occupy their old relation to society as healers of the sick.

Still, the number of women who devote themselves to the profession of medicine is comparatively small; while outside of this number, very few know anything about the laws of health, the nature and cure of diseases, or what to do in case of sickness or accident. Speaking of this subject, *Harper's Basar*, in a recent number, says:

"The other day a young girl of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a selected course of study in one of the collegiate institutions of the city, was examining the printed curriculum with reference to deciding what study she should take up the next term. While consulting about the matter, she read over the long list of text-books on science, language, literature and mathematics, when suddenly she exclaimed: 'I'll tell you what I would like to study—I would like to study medicine. I don't mean that I want to be a physician, and practice, but only to know what to do at home if anybody is sick or anything happens. I am sure it would be more useful to me than'—and she turned to the prescribed course of study—'than spherical trigonometry and navigation. What is the use of my studying navigation? But we cannot run for the doctor every time anybody sneezes or coughs, and I would like to know what to do for any one who is a little sick.' Here is a matter concerning which young women need some simple but careful instruction. But who gives them any? As daughters in the family, they can repeat the dates of the ancient Grecian and Roman wars, work out an intricate problem in algebra, and give the technical names of all the bones in the body; but if the baby brother left in their charge burns his hand or is seized with the croup, how many of them know the best thing to do while waiting for the doctor? And when, as wives and mothers, the duties of life increase, how many of them have any practical knowledge which will help them to meet calmly and intelligently the every-day experiences of accidents and illnesses which are inevitable in every family?"

These suggestions are well worthy of consideration. Let us have, in all our schools and colleges, a new study for girls, which shall take the place of some of the old and useless ones; and let that be the study of medicine!

Saving the Young.

"THE YOUTH'S DIRECTORY" is the name of an organized charity in San Francisco, California, which, during the last five years, has rescued from the evils of the streets, fed, sheltered, clothed, surrounded with moral influences and provided with good homes or situations, in town and country, over sixteen thousand boys and two thousand girls, most of whom had otherwise become a reproach as well as an expense to the city. The dormitory refectory and intelligence bureau are free to all classes of children in need, without distinction of race or color. It is non-sectarian in character, and supported entirely by voluntary contributions. In the annual report for 1879, now before us, the work of the year is thus given:

"During the twelve months ending December 31st, 1879, there were placed at service, in town and in the country, four thousand three hundred and ninety boys, nine hundred and eighty-two girls and, incidentally, two hundred and eighty-nine men; making a total of five thousand six hundred and sixty-one, or about sixteen per day on a medial estimate. Very many of the stronger lads were engaged to pick hops, gather fruits and harvest the grain. Their wages averaged fifteen dollars a month beside board and transportation. For the same period the refectory provided six thousand nine hundred and ninety-three warm, substantial meals, while the dormitory furnished two thousand two hundred and seventy-six lodgings, with clean beds, wearing apparel and requisites for washing purposes."

The moral and spiritual results and far-reaching influence of a charity like this, are beyond computation. In the real work of rescuing and saving human souls from the power of evil, we doubt if any church in San Francisco, or indeed in any city on the continent, has done half as efficient service. And yet, the cost in money of all this has been, during the year 1879, only about fifteen hundred dollars!

Luxury and Extravagance in Philadelphia a Hundred Years Ago.

AN interesting paper in a late number of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, gives us some glimpses of society as it existed in Philadelphia a hundred years ago. Luxury, dissipation and extravagance ran riot, it would seem, in these Revolutionary times. "When I was in Boston last summer," writes General Greene, "I thought luxury very predominant there, but it is no more to be compared with that now prevailing in Philadelphia than an infant babe to a full-grown man. I dined at one table where there were an *hundred and sixty dishes*." General Washington, speaking of the men of the times, says: "Idleness, speculation, speculation and an insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the best of every other consideration." Edward Shippen writes to a relative: "I shall find myself under the necessity of removing from this scene of expense. The style of life my fashionable daughters have introduced into my family makes my expenses fall not short of four or five thousand pounds per annum." A historical writer says: "Every form of wastefulness and extravagance prevailed in Philadelphia under the very eye of Congress—luxury of dress, luxury of equipage, luxury of the table. At one entertainment *eight hundred pounds were spent in pastry*." In reply to a scolding letter of her father, Franklin, for indulging in these dissipations, Mrs. Bache wrote: "How could my dear papa give me so severe a reprimand for wishing a little finery? You would not have had me, I am sure, stay away from Minister Gerard's entertainments, nor when I was invited to spend the day with General Washington and his lady; and you would have been the last person to have wished to see me dressed with singularity. Though I never loved dress so much as to be particularly fine, yet I will never go out when I cannot appear so as to do credit to my family and husband."

A Young Hero.

WE have a boy in town, says the Iowa Falls *Sentinel*, who is a hero, and we would like to speak his name right out, but dare not do so for fear that he may not like it. This boy is an industrious, saving and energetic worker. There was a mortgage of several hundred dollars on the home of his mother, which she was gradually paying by economy and hard work. This excellent son saved his dimes and dollars, and kept his wealth to himself, and recently he boarded the Eastern train, was gone a few days, returned and presented his good mother with a release of the aforesaid mortgage. We call that a noble act, and have no fears of predicting an honorable, and useful, and high position in the future for that boy.

New Music.

FROM Oliver Ditson, Boston, we have "White Robes," a new collection of songs, quartets and choruses for Sunday-schools and devotional meetings. It contains, in a neat and well-bound book, one hundred and twenty-five songs and hymns which seem to have been carefully selected. Also, "Temperance Jewels," a new collection of Temperance, Reform and Gospel songs, duets, quartets, solos and choruses, by I. H. Tenney and Rev. E. A. Hoffman. There are ninety songs in the collection.

From the same publishers we have the following pieces of sheet-music: "The Midshipmite," a sailor song by Stephen Adams; "Little Bird in the Forest," (with German and English words), by Taubert; "Just Because You Kissed Me," one of Christie's famous ballads; "Tulip," an easy piano piece, by Lichner; a "Minuet," from Boccacio, and a song without words, by Merkel, called "The Wanderer." Also, a sparkling number of the *Weekly Musical Record*.

"Music Made Easy," by Robert Challoner, (published by Geo. D. Newhall & Co., of Cincinnati) is one of those practical and complete Musical Primers which afford so much help to both pupil and teacher. From the testimonials already given by teachers who have used "Music Made Easy," we should think it a publication of great value to learners.

We have also received from Geo. D. Newhall & Co., of Cincinnati, the following pieces of sheet-music: "Remember I'm Your Friend," song and chorus, by Will S. Hays; "Ah, Sinny Days Ha' Past and Gang," song and chorus, by Will S. Hays; "Glad Tidings," Valse Sentimentale for the piano; "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Funeral March, Solos and Quartet, by Jack Sparrow; "No Name Schottische," by Edw. J. Abraham.

"In Sight of Home."

OUR frontispiece this month, which tells the story of a ship's return after a long voyage, and the varying emotions with which the sailors are affected on catching the first sight of home, has been admirably conceived and executed. Each of these sailors, as represented by the artist, is a study, while the contrast of character and feeling, as seen in their faces and different attitudes, is singularly effective.

Literary and Personal.

GEROME, the painter, is now fifty-five years old, but is remarkably young in spirit. He is an indefatigable student in his art, and carefully notes and profits by competent criticism. When a mere lad, he declared over and over again that he would do nothing but paint, if he had to beg his food on his way to Paris and the best instruction. So his father yielded, and the young Jean, in the years that have followed, has won fame, a beautiful home and a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars.

THE pretty daughter of ex-Secretary McCulloch is called the best banjo player outside of the profession, and it is she who has set the fashion which now keeps half the "sweet-sixteens" in New York city drumming and a strumming out of their school hours. Miss Doremus, daughter of Professor Doremus, the analytical chemist, is the next best banjolist in that city.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON-BURNETT, says a *Tribune* Washington correspondent, is the wife of a professor in the Georgetown Medical College. She has two fine boys, Lionel and Vivian, five and three years old. She looks a wonderfully young matron to have attained international fame. One would pronounce her scarcely thirty. She is rather low of stature and well proportioned. To a fresh English color she adds an American softness and delicacy of expression. She has luminous brown eyes, and is fair, with rich suburn-brown hair and finely-cut features. She dresses often in black satin, with puffed sleeves and skirt and velvet vest, finished at the neck with a ruche of black lace and a bunch of violets at the throat. Her beautiful hands look innocent of pen-and-ink labors. They are housewifely, maternal hands.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT is described as suddenly taking into her head the resolution to become a sculptor. She began at one o'clock in the morning, just after returning from the theatre, and for a model she took her old aunt, Madame Bruck, who was roused, grumbling, from a sound sleep, to sit until six o'clock, having her ancient features put into clay.

MR. CHARLES READE is not only a distinguished writer, but a business man of great energy and industry. He was himself the publisher of his "Never too Late to Mend," managing the whole matter of printing and issuing, and punctually every week superintending the accounts. Had printers failed, he was quite capable of taking off his coat and setting up his work with his own deft and manly hands.

Atlantic City.

ACTIVE preparations for the coming season at Atlantic City have already commenced, and especially by the "Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company," which will enlarge its facilities for the conveyance of passengers, and for securing the highest degree of safety. New rails have been put down wherever necessary, old ties have been removed, every bridge carefully inspected, and in two or three cases iron structures substituted for wooden ones. A new and more commodious depot, with ferry houses, will be erected at Camden, to be ready by the time season opens. All the trains are to be put on more rapid time, and extra trains added to the schedule.

Publishers' Department.

BRILLIANT RESULTS.

There cannot be found in the journals of any school of medicine a record of more brilliant cures than have already been shown as the result of ten years' administration of Compound Oxygen for chronic diseases. Not a day passes in which a large correspondence with patients does not bring new reports of cures, or ameliorations of distressing symptoms, or expressions of thankfulness and gratitude for relief from pains which have tortured for years, and for which no treatment had hitherto availed anything.

Take the following result, in a case of *Pleuro-Pneumonia*, in which the patient had been in bed for thirty-eight months, and under medical treatment for most of the time, without receiving any benefit. We give it in the patient's own emphatic sentences:

"I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of my health. Am glad to say that I am up once more, and feeling as well as I ever did, and am gaining flesh and strength, with the exception of my knees, which do not seem to get any stronger, though I can get about very well. Your Compound Oxygen has certainly done wonders in my case. I was first taken down with what the doctors term *Pleuro-Pneumonia*, in the year 1876, and have been confined to my bed nearly ever since. Before I commenced taking the Oxygen, I had taken, in the way of medicine, about everything that was recommended for *consumption*, with no effect. I had been sick in bed for about thirty-eight months in all, and in less than three months from the time I began the Oxygen I was up and getting about. Have been given up to die by the doctors time and again. But I still live, and believe that nothing else but the Compound Oxygen saved me."

The communication from which this extract is taken was written in August, 1879. From a brother of the writer, Mr. G. W. Grayson, of Enfanla, Indian Territory, a letter, dated December 29th, 1879, was received, in which he says:

"Compound Oxygen has, in the case of my brother, performed such a miraculous cure (for we attribute it to nothing else), that I have concluded to test it myself. * * * My brother is completely restored, and is now acting as a salesman in our store."

This is but a single case out of hundreds equally remarkable on record at the office of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa. See further testimonials on fourth page of cover, this number HOME MAGAZINE.

KEY TO SUCCESS IN THE GARDEN.—W. H. Reid, of Rochester, N. Y., whose name is becoming more widely and favorably known each year by all interested in the culture of flowers and vegetables, issues his beautifully illustrated catalogue with colored plates this season under the above title, and in an entirely new dress throughout. It is crowded full of interesting reading matter, and contains a list of everything desirable for the garden at reasonable prices. Send stamp to publisher for specimen copy.

DREER'S SEED GARDEN CALENDAR FOR 1880.—Among the annual publications of our nursery and seedsmen, the "Garden Calendar" of Henry A. Dreer, of Philadelphia, is one of the largest and best. It is designed to furnish brief directions for the cultivation and management of the vegetable and flower garden. It is illustrated with a large number of engravings, and contains select lists of vegetable, flower and grass seeds, bulbs, plants, small fruits, and everything for the garden. Especial attention is paid at the nurseries to the introduction of the best new varieties of roses, fuchsias, geraniums, gladiolus, etc., etc. Nearly fifty acres are devoted to the growing of the more hardy kinds of shrubs, roses, dahlias, bulbs and flower seeds, and nearly fifty thousand square feet of glass are employed in the propagation and cultivation of choice exotics and plants suitable for the decoration of house or garden. The Spring Grove Nurseries and Seed Farm, at Riverton, N. J., on the Delaware River, a few miles above Philadelphia, are well worthy of a visit.

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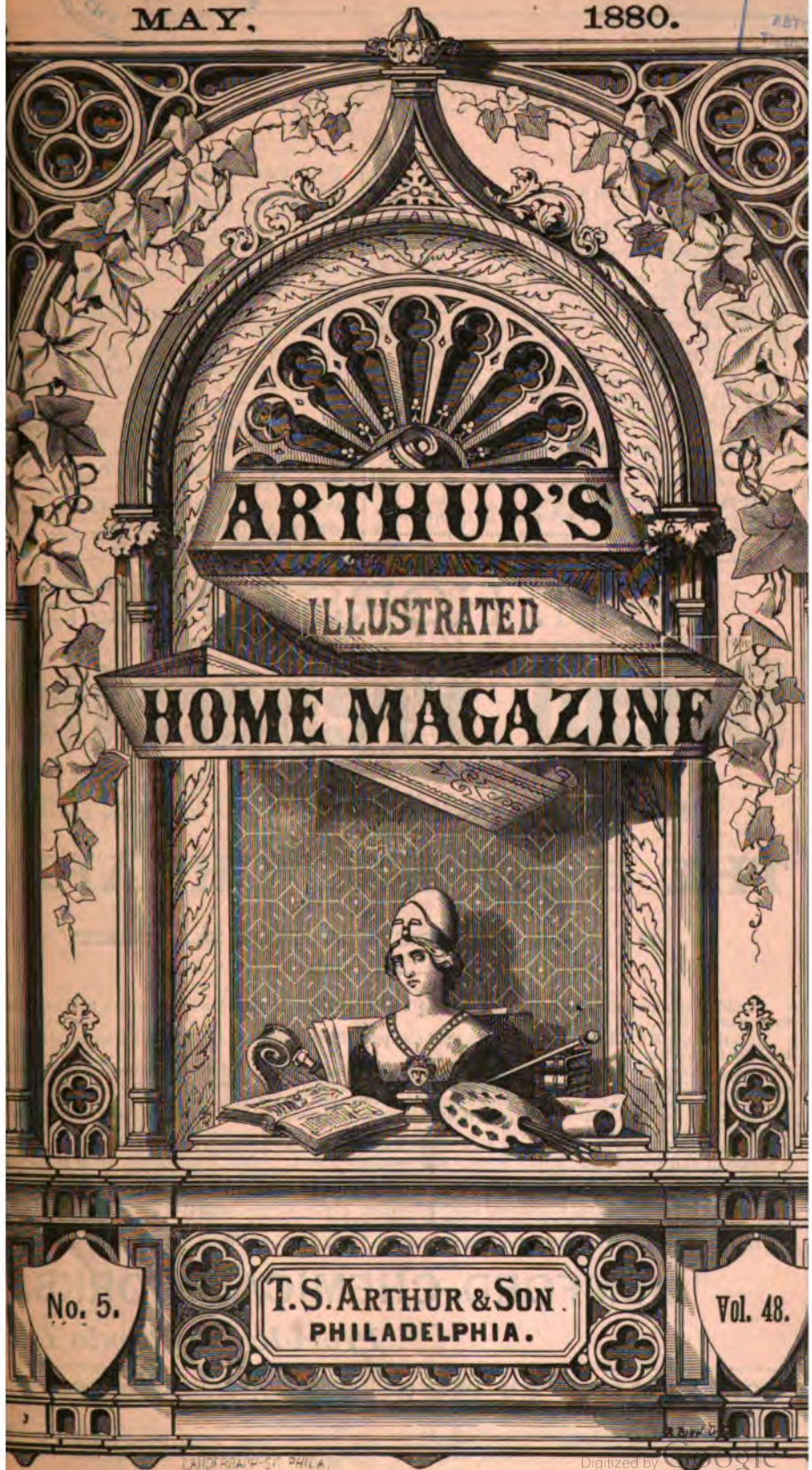
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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE

No. 5.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON.
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. 48.

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"THE CHILDREN CROWDED AROUND HIM, CLAMBERING OVER HIS KNEES."—Page 271.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

MAY, 1880.

No. 5.



SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my bank I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

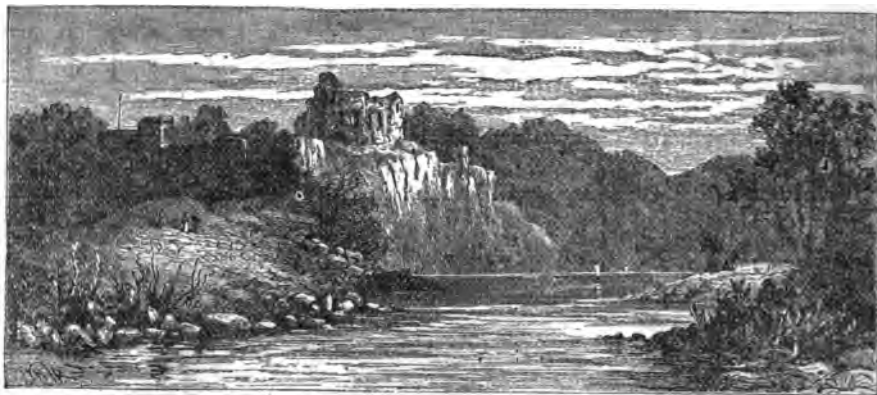
And draw them all along and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

Those who would fain "curse God and die" seldom say so.

"This will not do," Isobel said to her husband.
"But what will do instead, Isobel?" he asked.



I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A LIVING CHRISTMAS BOX. IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

"My heart grows sick with weary waiting
As many a time before:
A foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er."

ISOBEL was not slow to take up the threads of life again. The last of her girlhood vanished in that illness and that anguish. It was not that she became grave or solemn, that her laugh never rang out as of old, or her words never framed merry speech. It was only that in everything—in her laughter, perhaps, more than her tears—one was aware of the constant thought of something out of sight.

She was the first to be struck by the way the blow had fallen on Nina. It seemed to have paralyzed the girl. It did not transform her petty selfishness into angelic sweetness. Grief does not do that in real life. Rather it struck her dumb. From the look in her eyes and the tone in her voice, one could guess that all the old bitterness still lay at her heart, gnawing more cruelly than ever; but it no longer uttered itself aloud.

"One thing must be," said Isobel; "Nina must go where are some duties which must be done."

"Cannot you occupy her in helping you?" inquired Kenneth.

"Yes," said his wife. "But it is not the occupation, it is the 'must be' which she needs. She cannot get that here. There is no stringent necessity for any of the little duties she undertakes, and she knows if she did not do them somebody else would. She ought to go where she will realize that she is still part of God's world, without which that which lies around her cannot rightly get on."

"Then will she not leave it to wrongly stop?" questioned Kenneth, for in spite of his partiality to his pretty little cousin, he plainly saw the truth about her.

"We have no right to say that," Isobel answered. "That

'Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day,'

is a lesson often learned first when enjoyment seems hopeless and sorrow certain."

"Must we send her back to her teaching, then?" said Kenneth, ruefully.

"Not necessarily," Isobel returned. "I think she would be happier at some work which would engross her attention, and yet leave her mind at leisure to rest itself as much as it can, till, half-unconsciously, it returns to brighter things. To keep a mind alert while all its thoughts are sorrow, seems to me like keeping a machine at work when it has nothing to feed on but that which will destroy it. I think an entire change of life will be good for her, not a mere change of air or scene."

"I wonder if our Aunt Robina could take her,"

mused Kenneth. "She has another niece—another Nina Mac Lachlan, too—living with her now, and I wonder if we might not negotiate an exchange between the lassies. A little town change may be as good for the one Nina as the country repose for the other. And then you will not be left without a companion."

Isobel pondered over the suggestion. It commended itself to her. Aunt Robina's home was a little farm on the margin of a lonesome, romantic Highland loch. It was an abode of peace and of primitive plenty—no possible idleness, no overwork. The real things of life, too, were the only ones apparent there. Nina would get leisure from the crowd of external fancies and opinions and worries in which she had allowed her true self to be smothered. Aunt Robina, too, would be a wholesome influence. She was an old maid, who had lived all her life in the house where she was born—a woman of strong original character, undiluted by the rapid flow of conventional properties. She had had her own story, too, and would be tender with the girl, yet with the stern tenderness of experience, which will not yield a temporary indulgence that may end in permanent injury. She and her orphan niece both worked with their own hands in farm and dairy, seeking no other female assistance beyond the roughest. It would indeed be a change for Nina, but, with its calm, sweet solitude, its picture of dignified, unrelenting industry, its utter independence, as proud as simple, could there be a change more salutary?

"If Aunt Robina and Nina will both agree to that plan," said Isobel, "I think it will do capitally; and you, Kenneth, are a genius for thinking of it. 'The master makes lucky hits,' as the old janitor said to me one day anent some of your new arrangements. By the way, Kenneth, have you seen poor Widow Scott lately?"

"Yes," he answered, "I saw her last week. She seems wonderfully supported, and quite hopeful as to the future of herself and her little brood. She got a great inspiration from what happened to her on Christmas Eve."

"What was that?" asked Isobel, looking up in a strange, startled way. Perhaps she could not yet hear that date with perfect calmness.

"Ah! I forgot for a moment how much outside news has passed you by lately," said Kenneth, gently. "Well, on Christmas Eve a boy came to her door, bringing a blank envelope with something in it. There was no name on it, but he said a gentleman, whom he had met on the Muir Road beyond the Lees, had bidden him to bring it to her. When she opened it she found three one-pound notes. And the miracle is, as the poor widow says, that anybody should have thought of her in the midst of the awful calamity which had fallen on Outerless not half an hour before."

"It was very mysterious," Isobel murmured, bending low over her work. She could scarcely tell why her breath came so quickly, why her hands turned so cold and tremulous. Why, too, did she at that moment remember a detail accidentally given by her dead brother's fellow-assistant in his narratives of Colin's last afternoon at the shop? "He had three pound notes and some gold in his purse—change he got for a check he cashed that morning." There were times when Isobel felt as if she could herself have gone down into the dark waters of the Lees to search for the lost body of her dead brother. It was hard to understand that her mourning dress was worn for him. Till she should see his pale forehead and touch his cold hand, she could not "make him dead;" she could not think of him as at rest; he seemed only lost—gone—where?

Nina raised no objection to the plan of her going to Aunt Robina. Nay, she seemed in her sad way to be grateful for it. The old faith in some external change faintly revived within her. Had she only known it, her one real hope lay in what seemed her utter desolation. It seemed that there could never more be aught in life to which the old ambitions, the old cravings could cling. A listless contentment seized her, and palsied her with a strange terror. Nothing mattered—nothing could ever matter much. Only, how long could one bear this?

Her apathy of misery was a little stirred when she parted from Kenneth and Isobel. They noticed that after she was fully dressed for her journey, she went from room to room of the old school-house, giving a farewell look to each. It was a wrench, too, to leave Isobel, the one being now so closely linked to her by a mutual sorrow; and Isobel long remembered the last glimpse of her tear-stained face as the train carried her away.

The husband and wife did not return home together from the railway-station. Kenneth had to hasten back to his school-house to resume his classes; while Isobel turned aside among the quiet lanes, upon whose quaint seclusion the railroad had rushed like a *parvenu* among poor gentility. She meant to comfort herself by cheering some old pensioners, but she walked along sadly enough, feeling that it is easier to give out consolation than to take it home to one's own heart. Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by a shy, boyish voice asking, in broad Lowland Scotch: "Please, mem, arena ye Mistress Mac Lachlan up to the big schule?"

"Yes; that is my name," said Isobel, pausing and looking with surprise at her interlocutor, a blushing country boy, who straightway proceeded to fumble in his pocket.

"I bude to come up to the schule, afore, mem," he said. "Mither telt me sae; but I didna like."

I didna ken what word to send in, an' I aye thoct I'd see ye mysel' some day. I'm thinkin' that belongs to ye, leddy?"

He placed in her hand nothing more nor less than an old battered leather purse; but Isobel felt as if at sight of it she would drop down in the midst of the wet March road. She knew it well enough, without the lad's elaborate explanation that "there was a bit writing on the red skin o' the inside—puir Mr. Colin's name, and a gift from her ainsel," 'I. Mac Lachlan.'

"Where—how did you get this?" she asked.

"I found it when the snow cleared away on a field at the back o' the Muir Road," he said. "Mither said y'd be glad to see again aught o' your puir brither's; though some one that he's gied it to ha' either lost it or thrawn it awa'."

The boy was so frightened by the white, set look on the lady's face, that he went on repeating his mother's comments, simply to keep himself in courage by the sound of his own voice. Isobel walked on a few paces without heeding him, then she suddenly turned and thanked him, and gave him a trifling recompense for the strange treasure-trove he had brought her. And without paying any of her purposed visits, she went straight back to the school-house, and Mr. Mac Lachlan was summoned from the midst of his teaching to speak with his wife—an incident which had never happened before during their married life.

CHAPTER V.

"Does the road wind up-hill all the way?"

'Yes, to the very end.'

'Will the day's journey take the whole long day?'

'From morn to night, my friend.'

THE two Nina Mac Lachlans spent a few days in the farm-house together, before the one started for Outerless. The country Nina was in raptures at the prospect of the town, for it turned out she had a lover working his way up in a lawyer's office there, and during their engagement of two years' standing the pair had only seen each other three times. But by her own love the kind-hearted girl could measure the loss borne by the pale, quiet creature who had come to take her place; and she did everthing she could to make Pollewe as home-like as it might be. She even silenced her own delight, but she could not suppress its existence, and Nina was swift to comprehend. The thought of it cost her a few bitter tears when she retired to her little chamber with its quaint blue drapery and unpainted woodwork; yet they were not tears of envy, but, for the first time in her life, of pitiful remorse. "She has had a patience I could never have had," she sobbed; "and now she has a pleasure I could never have earned." And she cried herself to sleep; yet she

had a sweeter slumber, and awoke more refreshed than she had done after many a time of fretting and repining over troubles that looked so like joys now they were all over forever.

And then her cousin started off to take her place in the ancient school-house, and she was left alone with Aunt Robina. The old lady did not seem to take much notice to her, though all she said and did was kindly. At first, Nina revelled in the solitude—the silence which would reign for hours in the house, when the domestic work was done, and all the men-servants were away. Aunt Robina seldom went outside her own garden, and Nina had to take solitary walks. There was beauty, lovely or awful, on every side. The loch lay completely surrounded by hills, some giants in height, and forbidding in their ruggedness. Pollewe was the only farm of any extent in the neighborhood. There were two or three proprietors' houses and hunting lodges among the woods, at the other end of the loch, but they stood empty for the greater part of the year, and the rest of the houses were mere huts, where "buidly chields and clever hizzies" were reared among such conditions of self-restraint and hardship as seem incredible to a weak-kneed generation fostered in an effete luxury.

"Are you not very dull here?" Nina once inquired of an old woman, living in a lone cottage, high on the side of a bare "Ben." It had taken Nina a whole morning's severe climbing to reach this highly situated house, which was further cut off from the few neighboring huts by a river, which the shepherd, in whose boat Nina had come, only crossed once a week.

"Dull! no, my lady. The dogs are beautiful company."

"And don't you ever get tired of oatmeal porridge and milk?"

"I'd deserve a judgment, if I did, my lady. There's no such milk as ours to be got in the valleys. Up here, the cows can get little but heather, and that gives the particular richness, my lady. The queen herself could not get such milk unless she came to live in such a place."

"And don't you find it very hard climbing to and from the boat with your provisions?"

"It's a little rough sometimes, I'll own, my lady. But it's a grand saving of money not to have a tempting shop at your doors, as folks have in the big towns. One must have something to bear, and I've no more than is good for me."

That was a new thought for Nina. At least, it struck her as it never had struck her before. Was the crook in one's lot really something which ought to be accepted, not caviled at—part of the very pattern, as it were, if one only knew how to work it in?

Her new life was indeed an utter solitude; not only was she absolutely alone for many hours, but

even in more social intervals, she was surrounded only by people who, with the exception of Aunt Robina, knew nothing of her past. And Aunt Robina never alluded to it.

Nina's own identity began to assume its proper proportions among her kind—that of one little field flower in a luxurious meadow—one little nameless sparrow among countless multitudes. Yet it is not without a pang that any one surrenders the consciousness of his own importance—caring care though such self-importance may have always given him. It is not from consciousness of self-importance that we can pass straight to consciousness of our worth to the heart of our Father, God. There is a dreary interval between our slip from our own snug bough, and our final alighting in the hand which has been stretched beneath us all the while.

Solitude is invaluable till we have found a point whence we can see ourselves and our surroundings in true perspective; till we have heard the low voice of Truth speaking in our own hearts, uninterrupted by the clamor of discordant tones. It is our opportunity for sweeping and garnishing the chambers of our life while the disturbers are gone. But it is a means, not an end. No house is put in order to remain uninhabited. Nature does well for us in these respects, if we do not cross her. If, by the yearnings of our hearts, she drives us into the desert for a time, by the same oracle she will, after awhile, restore us to the haunts of men. God has some messages which He sends us by His skies and His mountains, and the unconscious words of strangers, but He has others which can only reach us through sympathizing and loving voices. But many who have found a healing balm in the wilderness fear to complete the cure, like timid invalids, clinging to their first medicines and shrinking from the rests and triumphs of convalescence. They suffer accordingly; the virtues of the lonely fountain cease to act—the heart, emptied of its first self, but closed against others, breeds a strange fantastic second self, a deadly, poisonous weed with an awful likeness to a wholesome herb. The former fiends return, only the less noticeable for the numerous company they bring with them, and the last state of that soul is worse than its first.

The girl began to feel lonely. She began to watch anxiously for the Outerless mail. And then first she noticed that there was something in the Outerless letters which did not satisfy her. Colin's name had vanished from them strangely. With the greatest pertinacity she alluded to the old memories and returning anniversaries. There was no response. And yet there was a gentle tone of tenderness about every word that Isobel wrote. Why did she withhold sympathy at the one point where it was craved, where one drop of it would have been valued more than oceans of it else-

where? just as a kiss at the right time soothes more than a thousand assurances of affection at another.

The girl began to feel lonely. The mountains and the pine-woods which had at first seemed to give such welcome and sanctuary, suddenly became dumb and dead. The human heart within her cried out for a human voice to answer, and a human hand to touch. But a horrible spell seemed on her in the homely household. She felt herself like an unhappy ghost, seen and heard perhaps, but forever misunderstood, mysterious and shut out.

She could not have revealed her own pain, but she could draw a little nearer to her fellows, as even terrified animals can. Aunt Robina noticed that her long, solitary walks (which had not always been timed to suit the convenience of the house) were suddenly dropped. She began to join in the fireside needlework, the fireside knitting. The good woman, who had been watchful of a great deal while she had seemed so indifferent, understood these signs. She cheerfully made way for the girl to join in all her little interests, and at last she thought the time had come for speech.

Spring and summer had passed, and the chill autumn evenings had come again, bringing back a thousand and one memories of "this time last year." Aunt Robina knew all about it, and could guess what was in her companion's mind as she sat silently knitting by her side.

"Nina," she said, one evening, suddenly dropping her work on her knee, and looking straight into the dull red glow of the peat fire. "Nina, on this very evening forty years ago, while I was sitting working by this very hearth, just as I am now, the light of my life went out in the cabin of a ship in the far north seas."

Nina, too, dropped her work, and looked at the old lady with eager eyes.

"You and I, Nina," Aunt Robina went on, "have both found our crosses early in the day of life."

"And you have been able to bear it for forty years!" said Nina.

"Yes, thank God," returned the old lady; "for it is impossible to doubt Him and the strength He can give after He has made that possible."

"O auntie," said Nina, again, "how little I dreamed you had this tragedy buried in your life! While I have watched you going about so cheerfully, I have thought how happy you were compared with me!"

"We can all know very little of each other's lives," answered Aunt Robina, "but without knowing anything, we can always be sure that each of us who have lived any number of years, have our own special pain and our own particular burden, the weight of which must rest upon ourselves, let our fellow-creatures help us as they may

And that is why we should all be ready to help each other as much as we can."

"But, O Aunt Robina," wailed Nina, "isn't it dreadful to bear? Oh, you know what it is!"

"Yes, darling," said the old lady, softly stroking the girl's head as she dropped it on her shoulder. "I do know what it is. But I know, too, that we have not got to bear it alone; God is with us, sharing all our burdens, feeling all our pain. And the dawn comes back after the darkest night, and the flowers bloom after the coldest winter. I am not telling you that time will heal your sorrow in the way of making you forget. You will never miss your dear one less than you miss him now. Probably your tears for him will start as freshly when you are an old woman like me, as they do to-night. Those whom we have ever loved, do not grow less to us, but more and more as the years pass on. But if you let God have His will with your heart and life, as He does with nature, time will change your sorrow by turning it into strength and sweetness, and at last into solemn joy. It cannot be very long now ere I shall see my darling from whom I parted forty-two long years ago, and then I shall not regret the years of sorrow, since it is in its shadow and coolness that my life's best work has been done."

"And had not you seen him for two years before he died?" asked Nina, eager for all news of the storm which had not wrecked this ship of life which she saw now so calmly anchoring in the harbor of old age.

"No," said Aunt Robina; "he had gone on an Arctic expedition, and they were slow and silent things in those days."

"Oh, how could you let him go!" cried Nina.

Aunt Robina did not know the inner life of the girl's love story, or she might have softened the directness of her answer.

"My dear," she said, "a woman who loves a man never stands in the way of his life. She has to further his will concerning his career, not to cross it. If she cannot bear the results of his following out the instincts of his nature, then that shows she is not fit to be his wife. A woman cannot turn a bookish man into a rover, nor a rover into a bookish man, and if she cannot school her heart to take him as he is, then he is not for her."

"O Aunt Robina, if only I had been happy when I might have been!" sobbed Nina, "and now I can never be!" And with her face hidden on the good, old lady's breast, she sobbed out her piteous confession of fractious weakness and self-consideration.

"My love," said Aunt Robina, gently, "we all have to blame ourselves for much. Life can have taught us little if we do not see, as its pages turn over, how much better the earlier ones might have been written. But the pages are still turning.

To-day will be to-morrow soon, and if yesterday makes us sad to-day, let us only take care that to-day does not sadden to-morrow. On that glad day of meeting with our darlings to which we look forward, to-day and to-morrow, and all the days to come, will be in the past as much as the yesterdays which are gone already, and they will be nearer the end of the book. We have not got to regret our regrets, and repine over our repining. We have only to leave them off as straightly and as sharply as we can. That we cannot help regretting our past follies, and so perhaps hindering our present progress, is not the will of God, or pleasing to Him; it is only the consequence and the penalty of our past follies. We have not got to think over whether we are glad or sorry, we have only to try to do right, day by day, bit by bit, as God sets life before us. Joy and sorrow, my dear, are only given us to teach us how to do this. You think your life is done, child; it is only begun. Don't be frightened at its possible length and loneliness. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be,' that is the promise; it has nothing to do with thy to-morrows, and thy years which may never come."

And so Nina Mac Lachlan girded up her soul for the pathway of life which lay before her, seemingly so dry and dusty. The change in her whole nature was very gradual, almost imperceptible, as are all the changes of growth; and perhaps nobody recognized it so little as she herself, for she knew of the repining thought, when she no longer spoke the repining word. All she could feel for her own encouragement was that now she knew herself, and knew that her troubles lay there rather than in aught around her.

Half under the shock of her great calamity, half in the loss of her old, exacting identity, she ceased to look for love, and notice, and regard. It was enough if she could do anything which could vindicate her life from lying utterly waste. If she could render a service, she felt grateful to those to whom she rendered it.

And presently she found that what she had ceased to search for and demand, was imperceptibly stealing up around her. Sick people sent over to Pollewe with messages asking for her presence; little children began to confide their pleasures and their punishments to her willing ears. Even strangers, mere acquaintances made during their brief summer sojourns near the loch, seemed to remember her with a strange, lingering fascination, and would write to her or send her a keepsake long after they might be presumed to have forgotten her.

And at last she ventured back to Outerless. She looked at the old places and trod the old walks without one murmur, and even uncomplainingly bore the strange silence which Kenneth and Isobel allowed to veil their brother's memory.

She helped in the other Nina's trousseau, and stood at her wedding with a very April face perhaps, but without one averted glance or one envious word. But she spent many solitary hours about that time, and God alone knows the battles she fought in her own heart. Others could only see the victory; she knew the sore distress of the struggle. Is that why conquerors are generally meek?

CHAPTER VI.

"So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power:—
Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy."

CHRISTMAS EVE again. But many years have passed away. Three pairs of little feet patter about the master's rooms in Bishop Murdo's old school-house. Three merry, little voices call on "Auntie Nina," almost as often as on "mamma."

Kenneth Mac Lachlan sat alone in his school-room, busy with some papers which he was preparing against the re-opening of the school at New Year. He had not very much to do, and he would soon be done, and he meant to spend the rest of the day in all sorts of little Christmas duties and delights, as becomes the father of a family. For both the Mac Lachlans and the Rosses had English blood in their families, and so preserved in their families sundry traditional customs little heeded and scarcely understood by most of their Scottish neighbors. And though these had been held somewhat in abeyance for some years, after Christmas Day had become the anniversary of woe and loss, they had been resumed since the children's time. "The sorrows of one generation must not interfere with the joys of the next," Aunt Robina had warned them, and she had a right to an opinion in such matters.

The window of the school-room looked out upon the old garden-gate where we once saw Colin and Nina meet on a certain autumn evening. And as Kenneth sat at his writing he heard this gate gently opened. It was not a much-used gate, there being another way for servants and people coming to the school-house on business; and so, at the sound, Kenneth instinctively looked up.

It had been opened by a stranger—a gentleman with a sad, stern face, bronzed and bearded. He held the gate ajar, and after casting one hasty glance around, stood there, looking up at the old house.

Kenneth would have passed him as an utter stranger in any of the streets of Outerless, but seeing him standing there, a singular suspicion seized him, and he stole cautiously to the window, that

he might gain a nearer view and yet remain himself unseen. At that moment there was some sound in the room above, a servant or a child opened or closed a window. The stranger hastily—even precipitately—withdrew. Kenneth had not a minute to lose. Snatching up any hat that came to hand, he rushed out of the school-house by the other door, that he might meet the mysterious visitor on the road outside the gate.

Despite his hasty retreat from the garden, the unknown man had not hurried away. He was standing on the side-walk, eagerly peering through the wintry beech-hedge, which screened him from anybody in the house, while it did not quite conceal the house from him. There was something in the figure, in a peculiar poise of the head, which left Kenneth without one lingering doubt. Swiftly and noiselessly—for he was in his house slippers—he stole behind the stranger, and laid his hand on his shoulder, with one single word: "Colin!"

The other turned with a convulsive start, and for a moment Kenneth shuddered. It seemed as if the Less had indeed tardily given up its dead, the bronzed face was so white and the stern features so fixed. But a voice came presently—a voice that groaned almost inarticulately.

"I have not come to trouble you, Kenneth. I will go away directly."

"Hush!" said Kenneth, "there can be no reproaches now for one whom we have mourned as dead. If you were quite the same man that you were when you did the awful thing you seem to have done, I don't think you would have come back like this."

"Let me talk to you somewhere, Kenneth," said the other. "Take me somewhere safely out of sight of—of anybody. Isobel is—"

"Alive and well," answered Kenneth; "and she would not ask one question till she has killed the fatted calf, and brought out the robe and ring to welcome the prodigal."

"Who would long ago have come back to say, 'I have sinned,'" said Colin, "only there is an awful time when our very confession may add to our sin by casting burdens on others which we had better bear in silence to the end. I would never have come back if I had thought you would find me out. But the longing to see the old place was terrible, and when there came a chance the temptation was too much."

Kenneth led him into the school-room, where his wife and cousin never came when he was busy among his books, and there he heard his story—from the day when, filled with a wild and selfish impulse, he took to flight beneath the screen of a fearful accident—how it was he who had sent back the money to the Widow Scott, and had then made his way to the nearest seaport, and earned his passage to New Zealand working before the mast.

The story went on through years of hard, rough toil, of solitude on mountain sheep-walks, of constant privation and unceasing effort.

"They made a man of me thus far at least, Kenneth," said the wanderer, "that I did not feel how injured I was, but only what a fool and villain I had been when at last that happened which I had pretended was my excuse for carrying out my own selfish willfulness."

"My dear fellow," said Kenneth, gravely, "Nina has never married."

"Why, I saw it in the paper!" cried the other, starting up.

"Her cousin's wedding—a cousin of the same name," said Kenneth. "Sit down, Colin; perhaps you are to be allowed to undo more of your folly than is generally permitted."

"From that day," said Colin, more calmly,



"HE OPENED THE DOOR."—p. 271.

"What was it which happened?" asked Kenneth, a little surprised.

The bronzed face quivered for a moment, but presently Colin went on bravely: "Well, that day—that terrible Christmas Eve—I made believe to argue with myself that I was doing a grand thing in leaving Nina to forget me and be happy with somebody else. It was awfully hard, Kenneth," he added, with that dry humor which is ever the ashes of pain, "it was awfully hard when my benevolent intentions were fulfilled."

though the flush did not leave his forehead, "from that day I began to prosper. My luck changed, my comrades said. I changed my luck, I say. I left off standing on my dignity for one thing, which is always such slippery footing that it does not improve one's temper; I could not be troubled taking offense. And yet I don't see why it made so much difference, for from the first I had never expected to come back at all, Kenneth. Fool as I was, I had soon seen that after making you mourn my death, my life would be an infinitely

greater calamity. But that wedding announcement destroyed some sort of hope which must have been lurking in me without my knowledge. And I came across some good people, Kenneth—good people who had gone contentedly through hard lives without one of such chances as I had thrown away. Well, Kenneth, I'm glad I've seen you, and now I'll go off again, and I ask your pardon for giving you such a disagreeable secret to keep."

"I've had a secret keeping for years already," Kenneth answered; and then he showed him the purse which had been brought to Isobel, and whose loss on his flight Colin could easily recall. "Your sister and I have lived under the shadow of your worst all these years," Kenneth said. "If your best emerges from it, all the shadow will be taken away. As for Nina—well, Colin, at any rate you needn't leave this house for a few hours."

"Papa, papa, where are our Christmas-boxes?" shouted the peal of childish voices, as, a little later, Kenneth entered the pretty sitting-room where our story began.

"Christmas-boxes!" he echoed. "What are Christmas-boxes? Who wants them? And this is not the day for them. Little people get their Christmas-boxes after Christmas. But, nevertheless, I've got one Christmas-box in the house; guess whom it is for!"

The children crowded round him, clambering over his knees.

"For mamma!" they cried.

"Well, partly," he admitted. "But I fancy it is even more for somebody else."

"Aunt Nina," said the eldest boy.

"Yes, Aunt Nina, if she will have it," said Mr. Mac Lachlan.

Mamma and Aunt Nina were both standing by, interested and amused by the children's pleasure.

"What can it be?" said Isobel.

"Aunt Nina lost something like it once," suggested Kenneth.

"Is it a watch-key?" asked the second boy.

"Aunt Nina did lose one; but it only cost a penny. Is it another?"

"I think this is the very thing Aunt Nina lost, but I fancy it is worth a great deal more now than when she lost it."

"When did she lose it?" inquired the little girl.

"Years ago," said Kenneth, allowing his voice to grow gradually grave.

Isobel tried to catch her husband's eye. She thought he must have forgotten what anniversary this was, and she fancied Nina's lip quivered.

"Was Aunt Nina very, very sorry?" continued the little maid.

"Aunt Nina was very, very sorry—she has never left off being sorry," replied papa.

Nina took one step toward her cousin, and then paused, gazing intently at him.

"Don't you think, little ones, that even when a thing loses itself of its own accord, it may be forgiven if it finds itself at last?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted the children.

It was Isobel who started now. "Kenneth," she gasped, "what does it mean? Is it—has it been true?"

"Hush, wife," said the husband, tenderly. "Nina never doubted as you did. She has been quite sure that what she had lost lay hidden in a certain place where it has never been at all."

"O Kenneth," cried Nina, "who and what can your words mean, if not Colin?"

"Nina," said her cousin, solemnly, "shall we not receive back from life what we have vainly longed for from death? Could you forgive a sin which looked like what all sin really is—death?"

He heard no voice, but her lips said: "Take me to him."

And he half-led, half-carried her down to the library of the old school-house. He opened the door. One shriek of agonized joy, one call for pardon, was all he stayed to hear. Isobel was close behind him, but he turned and took her hand in his and drew her back to the parlor.

"Wait yet a little while, darling," he said; "there will be time for us presently, dear."

And so our story ends with a wedding after all. It took place not at Outerless, but at Pollewa—a quiet, solemn wedding between two people, no longer young, who had suffered so much that sorrow had wrought in them such patience and courage, that they spoke no regretful word for the youth and health, the gleefulness and delight which they both knew they had wasted and lost forever, nor one protest against the whisperings and wonderments that their strange story provoked wherever it was known. As soon as they were married, they would start for the land of Colin's adoption, and their faces would be no more seen. But now they know that which makes all places home, and all people friends, and fills all days with duty. They have learned the secret of the strange, sweet law which underlies all life—

"That earth without a cross
Is earth without a rest."

EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life."

LOVE is the eternal longing of the soul which exists in every man and woman for the completion of its own existence in that of another—two lives forming one life, itself perfect. Love is, above all, the glorious immolation of every feeling of self, except that one of self-respect without which love cannot long exist.

MARRIAGE, to be happy, must be equal; and love is the only thing that always makes it equal.

WHATEVER IS TO BE, WILL BE!

PAULINE HUBBARD sat lazily in her easy-chair, with a face of mingled amusement and vexation, watching Clare St. Clare's indignant fingers as she packed a trunk with great rapidity and exactness, looking as if she possessed the pent-up energy of a second Atlas.

"Clare, don't you think this is all very unnecessary?"

Two blue eyes raised with a flash, while two scornful, red lips said, emphatically: "No! Stop looking so awfully sad, Pauline."

"Then please don't shower exclamation points, with dagger-tips, at me. I always thought you would be able to face anything," retorted her cousin.

"Dearest," said Clare, passing from acid to sweet with amiable celerity, "I can't please you by being piqued into staying; your grand Sultan may have an opportunity to throw his royal handkerchief at any one but me. It is all very fine for grandpa and old Mrs. Howard to have conceived a plan to unite the two houses of St. Clare and Mackain, after the old English fashion; but I will not be dragged up in such a bare-faced manner for formal inspection by my lord. If grandpa wanted me to hate the man outright, he took just the steps for that result; and, if Howard Mackain wants to see me, he'd have to take a long journey to find me."

"But, Clare, it looks so much like a storm, and you are going without an escort."

"Pshaw! who ever heard of a storm amounting to anything in March? Pauline, my resolve is as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians; and I mean to make my dear Mrs. Bentley a visit if I go through seven feet of snow to get there."

After this last speech, Clare left off packing, and shone a perfect sunbeam upon the much-enduring Pauline for the rest of the day, causing her cousin to exclaim, with a resigned sigh: "You are such a swindle, Clare! I suppose I must make the best excuse I can for you to-morrow evening to Mrs. Mackain; but whatever comes of this absurd runaway journey of yours, remember you will have only your naughty self to blame."

It was only two innocent-looking cards—"Mrs. Wendel Mackain, at home, Thursday evening, March 17th"—but oh, what a commotion they raised!

The next morning the leaden sky was strongly suggestive of a storm; but Pauline knew further remonstrance with her perverse guest would be of no avail; so after breakfast she drove her down to the station, and saw Clare safely seated in the train going East. And, very lovingly she bade her good-bye (for, in spite of all their dissimilarities, the girls were warmly attached to each other), and went off to find her phaeton. But an aggra-

vating up-train had gotten on the track, and Pauline was obliged to seat herself for a few minutes in the waiting-room, and being beside an open window, became the unintentional auditor of two gentlemen who were just outside.

"Bad enough for a fellow to look forward to taking a wife in some far-remote age, without dreadful, posthumous wishes cropping up unexpectedly," said somebody, in a languid, half-laughing voice, and yet a voice that had something irresistibly pleasant about it. "Don't you want the reversion of my chance, Harry? I'll throw a cool thousand into the bargain, if you'll promise to comfort mother, and make love to the young lady. You might do the latter with impunity, for no one knows you in this Knickerbocker town, and I've grown out of remembrance since I left it."

"So, that's what you're running away for?" asked the other, with a laugh. "No more pluck than that, Howard?"

"Not a bit," said the first speaker. "I told mother I should not stay to be inspected, matrimonially, in cool blood, by any damsel, however fair; so I just dropped a line to my old friends the Bentleys, and announced that I would spend two days with them in Newport."

"The Bentleys? Those delightful people whom we met last winter?"

"Yes, exactly—isn't she a lovely little woman? Just my ideal. I wish I could only feel sure of finding another like her. So my poor mother is driven distracted (sent out her cards for an 'at home,' just to introduce the high contracting parties), and I left her inventing excuses for my non-appearance. Good-bye, Harry, go to the reception by all means, and don't forget to give me your opinion of Miss St. Clare."

Just then the conductor rung out: "All aboard!" and Howard Mackain waved a farewell, and jumped on the train as it rolled slowly out of the depot.

Pauline Hubbard found her phaeton, and leaning back on the soft cushions as she drove home, laughed to herself.

"I told Clare she had only herself to blame for her madcap journey. Did any one ever hear of such a pair. I'd give anything to see Clare when she meets him at the Bentleys—serves her right, and him, too. And that was Howard Mackain. I should never have known him—he's handsomer than ever. O Clare, I hope retribution awaits you both for the worry you have caused poor Mrs. Mackain and me."

Clare made herself as comfortable as possible with a shawl, and as she felt sundry draughts stealing up the back of her neck, secretly lamented that she had left her heavy wrap. However, she was very self-reliant, and her disregard of an escort was quite characteristic; but after a few hours the snow began to fall in sober earnest, with

a wind accompaniment that shook the cars. Clare had it in her heart to cry like a baby; she wondered what on earth she should do if she missed the connecting train. The new novel which had interested her so much the night before, had grown suddenly stupid, and she was too uneasy with the rapidly-increasing storm, and the slow progress of the train, to get up any enthusiasm over fictitious heroines. At last, the engine gave a long, despairing groan, the car-wheels slipped, creaked and then came to a dead stop. Clare pushed her window up about two inches, and surveyed the prospect. The wind seemed to come from all four quarters of the heavens at once, and the snow fell so fast and thick, you could hardly see an inch before you. So Clare drew her window down again, and leaned her head against the pane, feeling nervous, and, truth to say, bitterly cross.

"Allow me," said a low, well-bred voice behind her, and a gentleman's hand threw an overcoat across the back of her seat. "You will find this a more comfortable pillow."

Clare raised her head rather haughtily, and said, not too politely: "I am quite comfortable. Please keep your coat."

Without another word, the offending traveler removed his property to his own seat, and Clare had the supreme satisfaction of thinking she had been unnecessarily rude. A fit of penitence took possession of her; she wished she had been more affable, and began to wonder what her neighbor looked like. One glance behind her would have satisfied her curiosity, but she was too proud for that. Presently he got up, passed down the car, and went outside. Clare saw him through her half-closed eyes—a tall, fair man, with soft, brown hair and mustache, handsome and distinguished-looking, with an air of quiet repose that made him appear unmistakably a gentleman.

Meantime, the storm went on as violently as ever. It was growing dark now, and no prospect of moving, and the brakeman, who came in periodically to shake up the stoves, finally announced, in a cheerful voice, that the coal was all out.

"My goodness me!" gasped a prim spinster in front of Clare, "shall we all freeze stiff?"

"Hope not, mum. We've sent back for engines, and if they hain't lost their way, we'll see 'em sure sometime to-night," replied the brakeman.

Clare admitted to herself that she had been rather too hasty, and she felt as though she could exterminate Howard Mackain from the face of the earth, for he was the sole cause of her being in such an unpleasant situation. She wished the gentleman would offer her his coat again. But, no, he was sitting there with his cap pulled over his eyes, apparently asleep.

So it grew colder and darker, and Clare's eyes heavier, and, in trying to watch the snow cover up the fence opposite, she fell asleep.

Several hours later, she awoke with a violent start, occasioned by the creaking and groaning of the car-wheels, and she was so bewildered, for a moment she did not know where she was. The dim rays of a lamp at the end of the car, showed her fellow-sufferers stretched out in various uncomfortable positions, and as she lifted her face, the cold, raw air blew across it, unpleasantly enough. Then she wondered how in the world she had kept warm, and, lifting her hand to her neck, she encountered a coat, and found she was completely enveloped in that rejected article.

Up went Clare's head, with sudden impetuosity, to meet the gaze of a pair of dark gray eyes, fixed curiously upon her.

"I am afraid you have felt the want of your coat," said she, in a winningly sweet voice, making the *amende honorable*. "You are so kind—thank you."

"Keep it; you needed it more than I did," he said, lifting his cap politely, but coldly.

Clare was dying to ask him where they were going (for the cars were moving very slowly), but the gentleman's voice did not invite further conversation, so she nestled down in the corner again, feeling very hungry and forlorn, and not at all like the dignified, elegant Miss St. Clare.

After another weary hour, Clare saw the lights of a station through the window, and straightened her hat, got up with a vague idea she must move somewhere, when the gentleman behind her spoke again.

"If you will wait here, I will find out if we can get on to-night." Something in Clare's face made him ask abruptly: "If not, don't you want something to eat?"

"Desperately!" said Clare, with a smile dancing up in her eyes.

Her mirth was contagious, for he added with a laugh, "So do I," and disappeared in the darkness.

He returned directly, and said cheerfully: "We must make the best of it. The conductor says we cannot get on before morning."

"Oh!" said Clare, somewhat dismayed.

"I think," he said, reassuringly, "we can find some oysters at the station; and then (though I cannot presume to advise your movement) you might go to such an hotel as the place affords. Wouldn't that be better than sitting here for the rest of the night?"

"Infinitely," said Clare, with a relieved face, and taking his arm as she jumped down into a snow-drift, thinking that fate was extremely obliging to send her such assistance.

Clare deposited herself on a seat in the waiting-room, and the gentleman started to order something edible, when an after-thought brought him back to her side.

"Beg pardon, but would you like to telegraph

your friends? If the storm continues, the wires may be down before morning."

Clare agreed to this proposition; but while her new friend had gone in search of telegraph blanks, it suddenly occurred to her that this was a neat little trap to ascertain her name. All of which was most unjust on her part; and the gentleman was secretly amused to see that the telegram which she handed him (it was to Pauline) had merely initials as a signature. But all to no purpose, for he was destined to be enlightened ere long, and turn the tables upon her.

"Are you traveling alone, my dear?" asked a pleasant-looking, middle-aged lady, in a gentle voice.

"Yes, and it seems to me we are in a very uncomfortable situation," said Clare.

"It is too bad," said the lady, smiling; "but I think I shall go to the hotel presently and try to sleep a little. My dear, if you like, I shall be glad to take charge of you. I have a daughter at home who is about your age."

"Oh, thank you!" said Clare, looking so animatedly handsome in her relief that her cavalier, who had just returned from the telegraph-office, thought it was the loveliest rose-bud face he had ever had the good fortune to look at.

Clare was just beginning to view her situation from a ludicrous standpoint, and feeling she must make amends for her previous ungraciousness, she made room for him beside her, and was so sparkling, witty and brilliant, that he admired her more than ever, and began to wonder who she was.

But their pleasant chat was brought to an end by the announcement that the hotel sleigh was ready. Clare was pushed in between the lady who had offered to take care of her (whose name proved to be Mrs. Raymond) and a deaf old lady with a trumpet. When half way up the hill, the sleigh gave a lurch that precipitated Clare directly into the handsome stranger's arms. The old lady wailed aloud, and said she "knewed we'd all be killed," and begged to know whether "we was all dead now."

Clare, hardly able to speak for laughter, extricated herself, and then managed to scream comforting news through the speaking-trumpet. Clare heard an echo of her laugh from beneath the blonde mustache opposite, but the sleigh drove up in front of the hotel, and her cavalier assisted her out; he looked cool and dignified as ever. Clare and Mrs. Raymond seated themselves in the sitting-room. Presently the gentleman came in to say he had been able to secure but one room for both ladies. But they were only too glad to have even limited accommodations, provided they were warm.

"Good-night," said Clare. "Oh, I quite forgot to ask if my small hat-box could be brought here; that is, if it would not be asking too much of you."

The gentleman assured her he could send the driver back for it. So, thanking him, she gave him her check.

Howard Mackain (for, of course, the reader is aware it was he to whom mischievous fate had thrown this opportunity) walked up and down the piazza smoking, and waiting for the hat-box, regardless of the snow, until he looked like a polar bear. Finally it arrived; and as he walked inside to give the man directions where to take it, the rays of the lamp fell clearly upon the name printed in black letters—"Clare St. Clare." He was so astounded at this revelation, that he stood staring at the ascending porter. Then, as the absurdity of his running away only to encounter the obnoxious young lady, seemed to dawn upon him, his astonishment exhaled in a most mischievous laugh; he determined to maintain his incognito, and have all the fun he could out of the adventure.

It stormed harder than ever next morning. To Clare's dismay, she never imagined such banks of snow could fall in March. But Mrs. Raymond and she made merry over their misfortunes, and started down to breakfast. Did I say breakfast? Heaven forbid that I should insult any respectable meal by putting this in the same category. A hasty inspection of the table was sufficient for Clare, and she came away hungry.

The process of the night before was repeated—of packing passengers into the sleigh like sardines in a box. Howard Mackain showed his intention of making things comfortable for Clare, and they were getting acquainted rapidly; being thrown together in such an unceremonious way, each was dependent upon the other for entertainment, and she began to enjoy his society.

After waiting about two hours, the conductor concluded to start with two engines, and a snow-plow to clear the way for the train, but it was a heavy, up-grade business. At last the train came to a dead stop.

"I really ought to send a telegram to the friends who are expecting me," said Clare.

"Write your message and I will take it out for you, Miss St. Clare," said Howard, the name slipping out inadvertently. She looked so perfectly amazed, that he added: "Forgive me, but I saw your name on your baggage, and it's very inconvenient to say 'you' all the time."

"Then I hope you mean to relieve me of a like embarrassment, Mr.—" and she paused inquiringly.

"How," he said promptly, and with so much gravity that she was forced to accept it, though secretly she did not believe it to be his name.

However, she borrowed his pencil, and, happily for the preservation of his secret, she allowed him to read over her shoulder. His face was a study as he read the telegram, addressed to Mrs.

Charlie Bentley: "Will come when the train does. Snow-bound."

Surely fate was playing strange tricks with him; but, somehow, Howard did not feel inclined to quarrel with her, for he plunged through snow up to the knees to send the message.

Clare thought: "I do wonder who he is? The most interesting man I have met in a century."

So Clare and Howard flirted to the end of the chapter, and as they were old and experienced in such warfare, they did not find the time hanging heavy on their hands, and they enjoyed it immensely. Mrs. Raymond was kept supplied with light literature by them both, and smiled to herself occasionally at the busy conversation going on between the pair.

Gradually it grew dark, and Howard, having carefully covered Clare with that invaluable overcoat, announced that he was going foraging. Clare, feeling worn out and nervous, lost herself with her head on the window-pane. She was soon awakened by a merry voice saying: "I did not find a land flowing with milk and honey, but here is some tea perhaps you can drink. I made it myself, and there isn't more than its rightful allowance of water."

Clare rubbed her sleepy eyes, and found "Mr. How" standing before her covered with snow. He had a tin pail on each arm, and a china mug in his hand.

"I made love to the farmer's wife," said he, as he displayed a pailful of delicious biscuit, "and coaxed her to bake them while I sat by and watched the operation."

He then poured the mug full of tea for her, and actually produced a silver spoon!

"I call that a delicate attention," exclaimed Clare, as she sat rolled up like an Egyptian mummy to keep warm, thinking she had never enjoyed anything so much as that tea. While a very handsome face, with lovely gray eyes, looked kindly at her, and their owner assumed a sort of care over her which was, in the present state of her nerves, especially soothing.

Clare had been forty hours on the way, and had lost her lovely rose-bud coloring to such an unheard-of degree, that Howard was dreadfully concerned about her, and delivered her over to Mrs. Raymond with so many private injunctions to "take good care of her," that the good lady could hardly keep from smiling. He then proceeded to bid her good-bye.

"Good-bye!" she asked, looking so miserable at the prospect that the hard-hearted monster gloried with delight. "Are you going to leave?"

"Yes," he said, "business requires me to go on an earlier train than you ought to take. Do try to sleep for a few hours."

"I hope we shall meet again, when I have

brains enough to be able to thank you for all your kindness," she said, with varying color.

"We certainly shall meet, Miss St. Clare," he said, smiling. "Will you promise to be glad to see me no matter where it may be?"

For answer she gave him her pretty white hand, which he raised to his lips respectfully, and the foreign fashion sat more gracefully upon him than on most men.

When Clare laid her weary little head on the soft pillows, she cried outright. But she told herself she was so tired!

At midday Mrs. Raymond and Clara said good-bye, for they were going in different directions. Clare settled herself in a corner of the seat, and slept the sleep of exhaustion until she reached her destination.

"Oh, there's Clare!" And trying to make her way through the noisy crowd of porters and hackmen, Clare was soon in sweet Mrs. Bentley's arms, and was half-carried and half-smothered with kisses, and finally found herself in the carriage beside her friend. Then Clare's spirits returned, and she gave a ludicrous and graphic description of her "trials and tribulations" for the past three days.

When they arrived at the house, Mrs. Bentley made her go up-stairs to bed, and dosed her with all sorts of delicious compounds, being under the impression she was starving.

"Now, Clare," she said, with a mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes, "don't attempt to come down-stairs until tea is ready. I don't want to bore you with company when you are tired; but the truth is, one of our friends arrived this morning."

Clare groaned.

"And he is just elegant. One of those delightful people you can't help but like."

After this little speech, Mrs. Bentley closed the shutters, gave Clare another kiss, and left the room. Clare's last thought was: "Oh, what a bother! I know I shall be two stupid to say one word."

Clare spent very little time over her toilet that evening. She put on the first dress she found in her trunk, but it happened to be blue, against which the soft brown of her hair looked positively enchanting. She tied a bow here, and a knot there, and nestled a handful of daisies at her throat; and as she floated down the staircase looking like a vision, but feeling elegantly bored and indifferent, and quite prepared to annihilate the troublesome guest.

The gas was not yet lighted in the library, but it was bright with a coal-fire, and she walked in. A gentleman who had been leaning against the mantle turned quickly when she entered; the fire-light fell upon a handsome face that Clare recognized instantly.

"Mr.—" was all she had voice to say.

"My dear Clare," said Mrs. Bentley, in a voice trembling with mischief, "let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Howard Mackain."

Clare stood perfectly motionless, and nothing could have been prettier than her color.

"I ought to beg your pardon," said the gentleman, "but really I cannot; for, confessing to Mrs. Bentley that I was cowardly enough to run away from my mother's reception to avoid you, I find that you were in the very act of ignoring me in the same manner."

Clare's fingers ached to box somebody's ears, but she said, in a pathetic voice: "I had made up my mind to hate you, but how can I preserve the proper detestation when I think of that silver spoon?"

"It isn't as hard for me," he said, drolly, "when I remember how you snubbed my coat most unmercifully."

"I forgive you," she said, laughing, as the absurdity of the situation struck her.

"I cannot be behind you in magnanimity," he answered, with praiseworthy gravity.

"Clare," said Mrs. Bentley, anxiously, "I am afraid you will have a fever. Didn't you have a terribly disagreeable day yesterday?"

"My head ached," she answered, evasively.

"Doesn't that make a disagreeable day of it?" asked Howard, lightly.

But Clare suddenly became conscious that her cheeks were answering for her, and resolutely turned her back on him as she got into a corner of the sofa.

The fever that Mrs. Bentley feared, did not attack Clare, but a certain sort of malady seized upon her, and made her appear totally unlike the Clare St. Clare of old. During the days when she was resting from her fatigue, it was dangerously pleasant to have Howard always at her side; and I think they both dropped out of the non-emotional school of this age unconsciously.

And finally, with many blushes and smiles, Clare told Mrs. Bentley that she had placed her future in Howard Mackain's hands, and then wrote the news to her Cousin Pauline.

Pauline's answer was certainly a triumphant one; but Clare was too happy to care for her teasing.

And it came to pass that old Grandfather St. Clare's long-cherished wishes are to be consummated by a speedy union of the fortunes of St. Clare and Mackain; but Clare laughingly said: "Grandpa may thank kind Providence, not himself, Howard, as far as our marriage is concerned, for whatever is to be, will be!"

"LITTLE GYPSY."

ACTS, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

LONGINGS.

I LOOK across these wide, white wastes
With slowly brimming eyes,
The bitter hunger of my heart
Breaks forth in pleading cries.

The fierce blast shrieks among the trees,
Despair is in its breath;
I've borne these winter wastes so long,
This look and touch of death.

Oh for the fragrant breath of balm
Out-blown from breezy woods!
A single glimpse of growing green,
A hint of bursting buds!

I thirst—I starve for summer skies
Low-brooding warmth and shine,
The winds that breathe of far-off bowers,
And stir the blood like wine.

Is there no summer of the heart
Purged of these wild desires—
These yearnings fierce and strong that burn
Like never-failing fires?

Or must the long, slow years slip on
Above this hot, tired heart,
Till doubt, and dross, and earth burn out,
And leave the better part?

I seem to stand alone—alone
Upon a flood-bound rock;
The angry waters surge and roar,
And shake me with their shock.

I may not drink the turbid stream,
My soul is mad with thirst;
Afar the silver waters shine
By quiet valleys nursed.

I hunger—yonder gleam the fruits
My famished soul would taste,
Borne on the wings of deep desire
I speed o'er wave and waste.

I clutch them with unyielding hands
That will not let them slip;
I taste—oh, bitterness! they break
In ashes on my lip.

O life! thou luring, mocking thing,
So bitter and so sweet!
The tireless moments spin thy shroud
To cast it at my feet.

Sometime this restless heart of mine
Shall cease to ask or crave,
This hunger and this thirst of soul
Shall find, at last, a grave.

MARJORIE MOORE.

MY GRANDPARENTS.

I PITY that man who has not in his home, or hid in some cherished chamber of the heart, an easy chair—filled with the form of one bearing the spicy fragrance of the past, and yet wearing a sunny radiance reflected from the skies!

Such a chair have we, and the memory of five other precious chairs, on whose rungs we have climbed, or tilted on arms and rockers, with childish abandon, for, oh! reader, we are so blest as to have known even our *great-grandparents*, all through our youthful years. So sweet are the memories, and tender the associations, that cluster around those chairs, and the forms that once filled them, that I never see an old man or woman without a heart-bound toward them. This is due not only to the lovely characters of these grandparents, but to that parental training which taught us to honor the gray head, to reverence years, and to rise up before the aged. The severest punishment that I ever received was meted out to me for the momentary forgetfulness of this law, which was as unalterable as the Sanskrit, or the *Bible*, in our house. No matter if grandpa or grandma were sometimes mistaken, old foggyish or whimsical, it was our business to ignore it; never to see or admit it. Such a training builds golden treasure for future old age.

My great-grandfather blended the majesty of years with the innocence of childhood in a remarkable degree. He was ninety-five when he died, and very infirm, but retained his mental faculties perfectly. His beautiful wife, a few years younger, rejoiced in being able to minister to him with her own hands, being scarce willing to share her labors of love with many helpers at hand. The love between them—that aged couple, who had walked together from boyhood and girlhood—was a rare and heavenly sight, and their gracious, courtly, genial ways, made them objects of almost worship by children's children.

Thought runs backward along the years when as a child I was allowed to visit them, and memory treasures up the minutest incidents, hoarding them with miserly greed. Why, those blessed old people used to treat us as if royal guests! What chocolate we sipped from dainty cups! What rare and precious ware was produced for our special delight! What sweets and goodies were crammed into eager mouths, all in spite of parental protest! What curiosities were reserved and unearthed for those visits! What stories told to eager eyes and ears, crouching beside the dear old knees, and what griefs were whispered into those appreciative ears, not too busy or worldly to hear; and when these came to die, what grief was felt in the old house, and in all the town; for we scarce need tell you of such lives, that one could not live without the other.

My father died when we were little things. Oh! how the father and mother hearts opened to take in the young mother and her little brood, with not a bit of the grudging that is sometimes seen when the cases are reversed—when it is an old father and mother needing home and care. How willingly life and joy was meted out to us; and what balm was poured into that young widow's heart.

I tell you, reader, that nowhere on earth have I seen such a house as that, so glorified are its brown rafters with the halo of love and kindness. Nowhere else have I seen such lovely apple and cherry-blossoms as yearly dropped their petals of snow and cream upon the orchard grass. And all my life have I been looking for a match to the "black hearts" and "pippins," which found their way into my childish lap; and I am perfectly sure that there never was seen such another honeysuckle and rose-tree as clambered over the casement of my grandmother's "keeping-room;" and no other house ever boasted such cherry-pies and "johnny-cakes," such cookies and tarts as were made by the plump hands of my energetic grandmother.

Do you smile at my presumption, dear reader? Nay, but such is the power of the grandparent to transmute into pure gold the commonest things of life, to the eager, childish heart. Thought runs backward along the years, reminiscences of childhood and by-gone days are fain to leap the mesh of memory's net. Will the reader suffer me to introduce him to the home of my *paternal* grandparents, into which in after years I drifted, in response to their loving demands to claim one of the fatherless brood? Perhaps he may learn something of the secret of lovable old age, and the fortifications wherewith to meet those failing years, dreaded by all in prospect.

This grandfather was a man of large intellect, strong will, high, Christian culture and great-heartedness. Exercising the right of priesthood in his own household, and wielding the sceptre of family rule right royally—his tall, broad, majestic figure, surmounted by massive brows and snow-white hair, impressed one with a consciousness of weight and worth of character not easily gained. Certain it is, that his own sons, fathers of families themselves, deferred to his judgment, and obeyed his wishes to the last, being taught implicit obedience in their youth, enforced by an example in which they could pick no flaw. This grand, old man was a forcible illustration of the worth of a thorough education in promoting a man's usefulness and influence in old age. Although not a professional man, he was a graduate of Yale College, and kept up his fine, scholarly tastes through all his long life, reading his Greek, Latin and Hebrew versions of the Bible daily, with other classical works, besides attending to a large

and valuable correspondence, and superintending the education of his family with great gusto. My first lessons in natural science and the Latin grammar, were at his knee, as also my first course in written music, for he was not only a singer, but understood the theory of music well.

It seems to me now, with the lapse of years between, that I never heard finer music than echoed through those dear old walls—"Mear" and "Dundee," as executed by my grandfather and his sons, accompanied by the organ and flute. Although he seldom left home, this old man's worth and ability made his house the centre of a charmed and literary circle, and yet he was poor in this world's goods. To him, the education of his nine children, and charity toward those who were poorer than himself, were far more than houses, or raiment, or lands, or bank-stock. In his youth and early manhood he invested in the real estate of Heaven, and it had yielded in old age large returns.

My grandmother was a striking contrast to her husband, in softened and exquisite traits of character. What *he* did from principle *she* did from tenderness! Oh, that angelic figure—surely by some sweet lease of Heaven an angel in disguise! I see her now, in her high-backed chair, her aged form bent with sickness, toil and care; but nothing could dim a face radiant with Heaven's own sweetness. Her velvety cheeks and hands were our delight to caress; and what joy to be permitted to comb that long, silvery hair, sweeping the floor as it hung unbound. What peace was mirrored in her deep, blue eyes—that marvelous blue, like a lake in which is reflected the summer's sky. Above all, that *heart!* What a heart it was in which to pour girlish griefs; yes, or manhood's either. How her strong, manly sons loved to sit at her knee, and unbosom the cares and sorrows of life. The little children, too, found not only the pockets of her dress an endless reservoir of such things as children love, but her bosom the softest on which to rest; her heart the tenderest to forgive; and her brain rich with the fancies and fairy-lore which the child-heart feeds upon. It is a fact, too, that the children could sometimes wile her into some mischievous prank, that the more demure father and mother would have nipped in the bud, and her generous toleration of our follies made us confident that she had sometimes gone over that very same path herself!

The soft rustle of her silvery dress hid beneath its folds a wondrous pocket; not for purposes of snuff or pipe, but oh! what a receptacle for the wants of ailing, needy humanity, from "my son John," down to "the baby," and even "Bridget" knew where to go with the cut finger, or broken needle, or troublesome knot, every time. I never knew such a pocket as that—a family reservoir—from which we drew ceaseless supplies.

Think you such grandparents were hidden in the back room of the house? Rather, if there was any "best," it was theirs, every time, to smooth their path through the sunset land. The largest room was consecrated to their use. In a day when carpets were rare, *this* room must have one, its broad lounge, and Franklin stove, and all the bric-a-brac of comfort and ornament. "Father's" bookcase and secretary-drawers must be sacred from intrusion, and also "mother's" escritoire. Although the family room contained their special chairs, their corner, with the quaint, round Bible-stand between them, where in the midday hours we were sure to find them, yet their own chamber was always warm, always bright, awaiting their privacy for rest, toilet, study, prayer or one of the many conferences with child or neighbor, for which there was frequent call.

What a privilege to nurse these aged ones in winter's cold; to tuck up feet and knees, which sluggish blood refused to warm; to prepare fine linen and good suits for the father who must soon pass away; to starch and iron the goesamer cap which adorned—not hid—the luxuriant hair of the aged mother. The wrinkled neck and hands—those mocking sentinels—were covered with softest fall of lace; and how delightful every way to magnify graces and cover up defects—if indeed there were any! Ah! have I one young reader—one who has the care of aged parents or grandparents? Take then the sweet moral to heart, while yet there is time. If one of these "gifts of God," waits beside your hearth for the call to "come up higher," take the holy trust, and yield your choicest and best from heart and home.

Long years have passed since I went out from my grandfather's door to cross the threshold of active life—years in which the frail bark has almost gone down in storms of sickness, sorrow and disappointment, but the memory of that home has, like a star, illumined the darkness. The remembrance of those lovely lives, and the consciousness that they await our coming in the land of sunrise, steadies the heart through the darkest night. This you can do for the sons and daughters around about you, and leave a memory sweet as Araby's spices, and an influence far-reaching as eternity. Thus shall the "hoary head" be indeed a "crown of glory."

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

LONGFELLOW says that the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

THE law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

OPPOSITE THE TAVERN.

TELL you wife, it's one of the best farms in the country. Old Stinchfield has grown rich on it; and it seems strange to me that he should want to sell it, even if he is too old to work on it himself. He is able to hire all the help he needs, and lay up money besides. But that's none of our business. The question with us is, whether we shall take it or not." He paused for a moment, but his wife's eyes were fixed upon her sewing, and she made no answer, so he went on, still presenting the subject in its brightest light: "You see we shall need a larger place than this in a few years, for John will be one-and-twenty a year from next October, and I've made up my mind, seein' he shows such a likin' for farmin', to take him in with me; that is, we'll run the farm together, and divide the profits fairly at the end of each year."

"That is a good idea. John was born a farmer. But, David, what is to be done for him?"

"Oh, I've thought of that, too;" and he spoke with unusual animation. "The academy is only two miles from there, and he could walk back and forth morning and night, just as well as not, when the horses are in use. So, you see, he could be fitting himself for college, and in two or three years I shall be able to send him there."

"That would suit him exactly; and in that case little Bache, too, could get a good education without going away from home for it. But, David," and Mrs. Grover dropped her work upon her lap, and lifted to her husband's face strangely troubled and uncertain—a curious contrast to the quiet satisfaction that her words had expressed: "I don't believe it would be for the best, after all."

Farmer Grover stared at his wife in astonishment, not unmixed with displeasure.

"Why not?" he asked, rather sharply.

"Because"—and the placid, motherly face seemed suddenly to have assumed a shrewd, far-seeing look as she said, steadily: "It is too near the tavern—only over the way; and I don't believe that the influence of such a place will be for good—to the boys, especially."

The farmer laughed, a little scornfully.

"Just like a woman—always seeing bugbears when nobody else would think of them;" and his air and tone were decidedly condescending as he said, in reply to her scruples: "That's just nothing at all against the place, in my eyes. Why, Stock-bright keeps as peaceable, orderly house as you'll often see. And even if he didn't, the boys will have enough to keep them busy at home, to say nothing of their being good, orderly boys, fit to be trusted anywhere."

"Lead us not into temptation," repeated his wife, solemnly. "I tell you, husband, our boys are just like other boys in the desire to hear and

see something new; and this tavern would be sure to attract them."

"Well, what if it does? They won't be likely to see or hear anything very bad in a quiet, country tavern. I'll risk them."

"Can a man touch fire and not be burned?" persisted the mother. "There is always a set of idlers and loafers about a country tavern, who, if not actually vicious, are not the men whose influence upon unsuspecting, home-bred boys would be for good."

"I don't see any use in borrowing trouble, anyway," growled the farmer, as he carefully raked up the glowing embers of the fire, covering them with ashes preparatory to retiring for the night. "I never did believe in meetin' trouble half-way."

"That's just what I'm afraid we *should* be doing in buying this Stinchfield farm," was the grave reply; and for once Mrs. Grover actually had the "last word."

The morning came, and with it young Ben Stinchfield, an idle, worthless sort of a fellow, whom everybody predicted would be the ruin of his doting, old father, who, although he groaned over the bills that were presented to him, had not the nerve and determination to check the boy in his course of reckless extravagance.

"Well, Grover," he remarked, briefly, after the usual salutations. "What about that trade of ours? The old man had an offer, yesterday, of a hundred more than I offered it to you for, and he was for jumping at the offer, but I told him you had the refusal of it, and it wouldn't be fair to sell before we'd seen you again."

"Well—really, now—"

He spoke hesitatingly, but the young man eagerly interposed.

"You'd better take it. The fact is, if I'd only been cut out for a farmer, I might have run the place myself, now that the old man is too old to work. But I never could bring myself to it; and I think it's better to sell the place, even at a sacrifice, than to half work it."

The farmer mused thoughtfully.

"Is it a good neighborhood?" he asked at length.

"First rate—tip-top! Why, there's old Deacon Ingalls on one side and Squire Drummond on the other—likely folks, and as good neighbors as you'll find anywhere. But, come—what do you say? We must settle it somehow this morning, for the other man is waiting for his answer."

"I'll take it."

The die was cast; and although Mrs. Grover looked grave and anxious when she heard her husband's decision, she made no useless objections, only smiling indulgently at her children's outspoken pleasure and satisfaction.

"Such a fine farm, and at such a bargain!" was John's characteristic comment, while his younger brother and sister were jubilant over the prospect of plenty of schooling, with associates of their own age—a want that they seemed all at once to have discovered.

There were some tears shed, to be sure, on quitting the dear old home forever, and Rache gathered the bulbs and roots from her pet flower-beds with many a sigh, as she thought of the unpromising front yard of their new home, with only a few straggling lilacs among the rank witch-grass with which it was overrun.

But that was merely a question of time, and before a year had gone by the good taste and industry that had made so bright a spot of the old home had gone far toward beautifying and adorning the new.

Mrs. Stockbright, the landlady across the way, had proved herself a kind and obliging neighbor, and although rather rough and uncultivated in her way, her good-natured cordiality was accepted as an offset by Rache especially, who seemed to find a pleasant fascination in her society, at which even her father sometimes wondered.

"She is one of the best-hearted souls in the world," was the usual declaration with which the young girl met her mother's gentle remonstrances; and on one occasion she added, impulsively, and with a strange, angry flush upon her fair face: "If she don't make any pretensions to extra goodness, she is certainly much more charitable in her judgment of others than some who call themselves Christians, and forget that their Bible itself tells them that 'charity thinketh no evil.'"

It was a little odd, but that very evening, glancing from the window of his room, the farmer saw his daughter in company with a young man returning from a call upon her friend opposite; and as the two lingered at the gate, talking in low, earnest tones, the bright moonlight revealed to his gaze the handsome but evil face of Ben Stinchfield.

It was not a pleasant discovery, and a sad foreboding filled his heart when, in answer to his expressed disapproval, Rache only answered with a burst of tears, preserving, meanwhile, an obstinate silence, far more ominous in her case than words could have been.

He was not one to borrow trouble, as he repeated oftener and oftener to himself of late, and yet his heart sank within him when, one evening as they sat alone together—they were almost always alone evenings—his wife remarked, anxiously: "I am sorry that John is about the stable over there so much. He always was fond of a horse, but since we came here his liking seems to have grown to a perfect passion, and he spends every spare moment in helping the hostler groom and feed them."

"Well, what of it?"

He knew all this himself, but he was not going to say so, and his wife's face and tone grew sadder yet as she answered: "You must have seen for yourself, David, how much he has changed for the worse since we came here. I don't know why it is, but this constant association with brutes seems, somehow, to have roughened him—to have made him mere of an animal and less of a man. I used to like to see him pet old Dobbin and the colts when we lived on the other place, and he never seemed any the worse for it. But now all his talk is about this or that horse's 'points,' and how far it can be made to go in a given time. It don't seem to be so much of affection for the poor animals as a selfish desire to make the most of their strength and muscle."

Just then the subject of their conversation entered, and, tossing his hat into a corner, sat moodily down before the fire, into which he gazed with a half frown, as if thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and his surroundings.

The farmer himself first broke the silence.

"John," he said, gravely, "do you realize that you're one-and-twenty to-morrow?"

"I know it, of course," was the curt rejoinder. He had grown strangely disrespectful of late, and his parents, if they had said nothing, had felt it none the less keenly.

"I was going to say," resumed the farmer, with an effort, "that I had long since made up my mind to offer you, when the time came, a share in the farm. We can work together and divide our gains equally, or"—noticing the gathering frown upon his son's face—"any way that suits you best, for I only want my living out of it. All that I have will be my children's one of these days."

John hesitated for a moment, and then he answered, firmly: "I have made up my mind to give up farming and go into something that I like better."

A sharp pang of disappointment pierced the father's heart, but he managed to ask, with tolerable calmness: "What are you thinking of doing?"

"I've engaged to drive a team for Stockbright for the present; and if ever I get enough ahead, I mean to go to the city and open a livery stable. It's the height of my ambition to have the fastest stud of horses in B—; and I'll have them, too, if I live long enough."

The height of his ambition to keep a livery stable! His duty to God, to his parents, to his fellow-men thrust carelessly aside, while his highest aim in life was to be the owner of a fine lot of horses!

It was the shattering of a lifelong hope; for, since the day, twenty-one years ago, when David Grover had pressed to his broad breast the tiny form of his first-born son, had that son's future been connected in his own mind with his own.

And when the little fellow began to handle with sturdy fingers the hoe and spade, he had laughed gleefully over his "farmer boy," whom he merrily prophesied would, one day, "draw a straighter furrow and cut a wider swathe than his father himself could do." But now all these bright dreams had vanished, for he knew too well the determined nature of his eldest son to have any hope of turning him from his purpose. And as week after week passed by, and he saw him growing more coarse and profane amid his new surroundings and associates, his aching heart sent up day by day its weary cry for patience to bear his heavy burden.

The farm had proved productive, even beyond his expectations, and when the golden harvest days were over, when barns and granaries seemed bursting with their overflowing treasures, then, for a time, the proud husbandman, exulting in his success, forgot his troubles, and summoning his neighbors from far and near, commenced preparations for one of the greatest husking-parties that had ever been seen in Thinroc.

"I'll show them what can be made out of this place by a man that understands his business, and isn't afraid to put his own hand to the plow!" he said more than once, with a kind of angry satisfaction, as he remarked his daughter's flushed cheeks, and knew that she understood his hint; for Ben Stinchfield's trustless face had been seen oftener of late at the tavern opposite, and Rache's company was more often in demand by her friend the landlady.

And the evening came, the neighbors assembled, and all was mirth and jollity, while the farmer's heart beat high with pride and triumph as he listened to the complimentary remarks of his guests upon his skill and industry.

"Old Stinchfield was a pretty fair farmer, but he never raised such a crop as this in his life," were the words that more than once reached his ears, producing a corresponding feeling of exultation in the listener, who, as he walked proudly up the path that led to the house on some trivial errand, felt himself, in every bone and muscle of his stout frame, a true monarch of the soil.

"What is this?" he asked, as hastily pushing open the kitchen door, he came suddenly upon his wife and daughter, the latter in tears, while her mother looked grave and somewhat puzzled, he thought, as he repeated his question: "What is the trouble, wife? Anything gone wrong?"

Mrs. Grover half-smiled at her husband's anxious face, as she replied: "It was Rache's dress—that's all. I reproved her for wearing that thin, white muslin, when her new brown thibet would have been so much more suitable. And instead of answering me she began to sob and cry, just as if I'd said something really unkind and cruel."

"Poor child! She's all tired out, and it makes her nervous. But I ran in to say that you'd better

make the coffee pretty soon, for they'll be ready for supper before long now. Rache, you may—"

But Rache was gone. She had slipped out just after her father came in; and with a promise to send both her and Wesley in to help finish the preparations for supper, the farmer went back to his guests.

Wesley was found, but Rache was nowhere to be seen, and concluding that she must already have returned to the house, her father troubled himself no further about the matter.

But when the confusion attendant upon serving the supper and clearing the great barn floors, preparatory to the dance that was expected to come off there, was over, the farmer began to wonder at his daughter's non-appearance—a wonder that was changed into anger as, at the first sound of the musician's violin, he saw her approaching to take her place among the dancers, leaning upon the arm of Ben Stinchfield.

The hot, angry blood flushed the farmer's face, as he noted the air of easy effrontery with which the young man entered, uninvited, his neighbor's premises, nor was his anger lessened at sight of his daughter's pale cheeks and downcast eyes, as she languidly kept time to the inspiring music.

"It's the last time he'll ever set foot in my house," he muttered to himself; and with an effort he set himself to work to entertain, in his homely, hearty, country fashion, the few elderly friends who yet lingered to watch the young people at their sports.

But one by one these, too, dropped off, and he stood alone just outside the great, folding, barn doors, through which a broad band of light streamed across the path beyond; and as he stood there, silent and thoughtful, out into that illuminated space came the two whose faces had haunted him continually for the last two hours. He saw the arm about his daughter's waist, the warm kisses pressed upon her lips, while upon the still night air he could distinguish a murmur of encouragement and tenderness. In a moment more he was beside them; his hand grasped the young man's shoulder with a grip like iron, as he fairly hissed through his set teeth: "You rascal! Didn't I tell you never to set foot in my house again?"

"That was some time ago; and *relationship* makes all the difference in the world. It's a foul bird that befools its own nest, *Father Grover*."

The cool insolence, the cruel exultation of the tone and manner were all lost in the terrible significance of *that* word, and the strong man reeled dizzily to and fro, like one in the last extremity, but his daughter's voice recalled his scattered senses, and it was with something akin to pity that he listened to her faltering words: "I loved him so well that I—I *could* not give him up, even to please you," and she stretched out her hand imploringly, but the gesture was unheeded.

"Where—when were you—married?"

The word seemed as if it would choke him, but the other answered, glibly: "To-night, at the tavern, by my friend, Stockbright. He's a justice of the peace, you know."

"Forgive me, father—only say that you forgive me!" sobbed Rache, interrupting her husband's explanation, and the trembling hands were again stretched out pleadingly.

But the shock both to his pride and love had been too great, and in a tone hoarse with passion David Grover ordered them sternly from his premises.

"Go to your friends across the way," he said, bitterly, "for I will never countenance your deceit by opening my doors to you."

The young husband laughed scornfully—a laugh that drowned the piteous sobbing of his bride, as, turning away from the shelter of her home—hers no longer—they returned to their expectant and waiting friends (?) over the way.

Another year had passed away, and David Grover's heart sank more heavily day by day as he marked his wife's fast whitening hair and the piteous lines of patient endurance about her sad mouth, while her eyes had come to wear a strange, startled look, that would sometimes change into actual terror at the sound of her younger son's often unsteady footsteps at the door; for, strange as it may seem, even the gentle, studious boy—the "mother's student"—had found his temptation in the shape of that maddening draught of which the tempter still whispers in his victim's ear: "*Drink and ye shall be as gods.*"

To the poetic, dreamy temperament of Wesley Grover there was a wonderful fascination in the intoxicating cup, with its bright, bewildering fancies and delicious madness.

"The taste of spirits makes a poet, a warrior of me," he would say, in answer to his mother's agonized entreaties. "I know that it is ruining me, soul and body, but I am too weak to resist the temptation. The smell, the very sight of it, maddens me, and for the time I forget everything else in a fierce craving for it."

And so the time passed away, and winter with its frosts and snows was upon them once more; little heeded, to be sure, in the farmer's warm and comfortable home, although Mrs. Grover whispered through her fast-dropping tears, as she drew from one of her well-filled chests an extra blanket for her son's bed and suspended it before the blazing fire: "Poor, little Rache! Would to God that I could know that she is *comfortable* even this bitter cold night, in her far-off city home."

And as a fiercer blast swept over the shuddering farm-house, her husband, too, echoed the prayer in his own heart.

Suddenly his wife started to her feet.

"What is that?" she whispered, fearfully. "I

thought I heard a child cry out there in the storm."

Both listened for a moment, and then the farmer moved hastily toward the door. As he opened it the drifting snow rushed in, almost extinguishing the light, but bearing with it that low, piteous wail, whose terrible significance they were quick to comprehend.

"Here, wife, quick! take the light. There is somebody here on the door-step."

And, flinging aside the snow, the still strong man lifted in his arms the cloaked and hooded form that had lain without sound of motion on the snow-covered door-stone.

"Take the baby!" he exclaimed, energetically, as his trembling wife advanced with the warmed blanket, and placing the wailing infant in her arms, he proceeded to remove the frozen cloak and hood from the silent figure, when suddenly a cry broke from his lips, so full of horror, of agony, that his wife started from her chair with a stifled shriek, pressing the baby convulsively to her breast as she listened: "It's she! O Rache—my poor, little Rache!" And tearing off the shrouding garments, he clasped the insensible form to his breast with a strange, fierce tenderness. "She is *ours* once more," he cried, wildly. "In death, perhaps, but *ours* at last, thank God!" And he kissed tenderly the cold lips that now, for the first time, showed signs of life.

In a few moments the blue eyes unclosed, and a smile of tender joy passed over the wan face as she felt her father's caresses.

"I came all the way from B—— on foot," she murmured, brokenly. "I had no money, for he—had gone away and left us to—*starve.*"

"No, no!" and the father almost shrieked the words in his agony. "To *live*—to be happy once more in the old home."

"Too late!" The words were scarcely more than a whisper, but the pale face had grown strangely bright as, returning her mother's kiss, she feebly stretched out her arms for her baby.

Fondly the white lips were pressed to the wee face nestling on her breast; then, with an upward look and a smile of ineffable tenderness, her head sank back upon its pillow, a crimson tide burst from the parted lips, the slight form grew rigid, and poor Rache was at rest in the arms of Eternal Love.

"It's all the fault of that tavern over the way. He's been in the habit of hanging about it ever since he was a boy. No wonder he don't amount to much."

Farmer Grover sprang from his bed, rubbing his eyes and trying hard to swallow down the sob with which his throat was filled. He paused for a moment bewildered, as through the half-open door of his bed-room he heard Rache say, in answer to her brother's remark: "I heard his sister, Lotty

Stinchfield, say once, that that tavern had been the ruin of her brother; and she wished her father had sold out years ago."

"He won't sell out to me," muttered the listener, with a feeling of such intense relief as he had never before in his life experienced. And as he entered the cheerful, sunshiny kitchen, where Rache, with her bright face and light step, was busy preparing breakfast as usual, he did what was a very strange thing for him to do—took the dear girl in his arms and kissed forehead, cheek and lips, just as he used to do in her baby days.

"Why, father," she stammered, laughing and blushing in her girlish fashion; "you almost frightened me, you took me so by surprise."

"I dreamed that you were lost to me, Rache," he said, with a shudder, and that was all he said about it.

But, years afterward, when young John Lane, the purchaser of the Stinchfield farm, applied to him for money to pay off the mortgages on his land, then, with the old memories busy at his heart, he told to his wondering children the story of that night's unwritten prophecies, which he ended with the solemn declaration: "I may be superstitious, but I honestly believe that that dream was sent to warn me; and I never have been sorry yet that I heeded it"—a conclusion that each heartily subscribed to in their own hearts.

Mrs. H. G. ROWE.

MOTHER.

THE following beautiful tribute to her mother is from the pen of the late Mrs. S. A. Wentz:

When she changed worlds, and before the time, what was she to others? A small, old, delicate woman. *What was she to us?* A radiant, smiling angel, upon whose brow the sunshine of the eternal world had fallen. We looked into her large, tender eyes, and saw not as others did, that her mortal garment had waxed old and feeble; or, if we saw this, it was no symbol of decay, for beyond and within we recognized *her* in all her beauty. Old! how heavy and bitter would have been her long and slow decline, if we had seen her grow old instead of young. The days that hastened to give her birth into eternity, grew brighter and brighter, until, when memory wandered back, it had no experiences so sweet as those through which she was passing. The long life, with its youthful romance, its prosaic cares, its quiet sunshine and deep tragedies, was culminating to its earthly close; and like some blessed story that appeals to the heart in its great pathos, the end was drawing near, all clouds were rolling away, and she was stepping forth into the brilliancy of prosperity. Selfishness ceased to weep under the light of her cheerful glance, and grew to be congratulation. Beside her couch we sat, and traced

with loving fancy the new life soon to open before her; with tears and smiles we traced it. Doubts never mingled, for from earliest childhood we had no memories of her inconsistent with the expectations of a Christian. Deep in our souls there lay gratitude that her morning drew near; beautiful and amazing it seemed that she would never more bow to the stroke of the chastener; fresh courage descended from on high, as we realized that there was an end to suffering; it was difficult to credit that her discipline was nearly over; how brief it had been, compared with the glorious existence it had won her. How passing sweet were her assurances that she should leave us awhile longer on earth with child-like trust, knowing that our own souls needed to stay, and that the destiny of others needed it. But the future seemed very near to her, and she saw us gathered around her in her everlasting home. She grew weaker, and said her last words to us. Throughout the last day she said but little, but often her tender eyes were riveted upon us; they said: "Farewell! farewell!" In the hush of the chamber, a faint, æolian-like strain came from her dying lips; it sounded as if it came from afar; *then* the angels were taking her to their companionship. She softly fell asleep, resigning her worn-out body to us, and *she* entered Heaven.

Ah! do we apprehend what a glorious event it is for the "pure in heart" to die? We look upon the bride's beauty, and see, in the vista before her, anguish and tears, and but transient sunshine. The beauty fades, the splendor of life declines to the worldly eyes that gaze upon her. Deaf and blind are such gasers, for the bride may daily be winning imperishable beauty, yet it is not for this world. A most sad and melancholy thing it seems when children of a larger growth judge their parents by their frail and decaying bodies, rather than by their spirits. And more deeply sad still is it, when the aged learn through the young to feel that the freshness of existence has gone by with them. Gone by? when they are waiting to be born into a new and vast existence that shall roll on in increasing majesty and never reach an end! Gone by? when they have just entered life, as it were! The glory and sweetness of living is *going by* only with those who are turning away their faces from the Prince of Peace.

Sweet mother! she is breathing vernal airs now, and with every breath a spring-like life and joy are wafted through her being. Mother beautiful and beloved! some sweet, embryo joy fills the chambers of my heart as I contemplate the scenes with which she is becoming familiar. Dead and dreary winter robes the earth, and autumn leaves lie under the snow like past hopes; but what of them? I see only the smile of God's sunshine. I see in the advancing future love and peace—only infinite peace!

BITTIBAT FARM.

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

O cozie with little, and cantle with mair,
 Awhile we foregather with sorrow and care,
 But we'll give them a hoist as they're hirplin' along
 With a smile up to heaven and a heart full of song.
 A twelvemonth of sorrow, if that us befall,
 One night of good fellowship swallows it all.
 When we've reached the bright end of our journey at last,
 Oh, whoever thinks on the way he has passed?
Altered from BURNS.

CHAPTER I.

"That thee is sent receive in humbleness,
 The wrestling of this world asketh a fall."
CHAUCER.—Lines on his death-bed.

IT was near five o'clock. The business train to Ackton stood on its track in Boston depot, and the business men and women of "Ackton and way-stations" were hurrying through the gates, a dense, black, silent force. The women with white, still, stricken faces, lifted up and thrust forward; the men bowed, black-browed, desperate. No one spoke. Some little children, who had come up to assist in mother's shopping, looked around bewildered and oppressed. These mothers had an eager, excited look. They had made good bargains to-day. Other women, fortunately not mothers, were crushed, appalled; they had lost good places to-day.

One among these last held her head high; it stood upon the white pillar of her neck like a statue of courage on a column. Her eyes were large, gray, brilliant. They gazed straight onward, but saw nothing; their sight was inward, looking upon a brain clear, orderly, admirably disposed. They inspected plans which the active mind unfolded; these were pronounced faulty and thrown out; others seemed feasible, they were ticketed and put upon a convenient shelf; some were plausible, they were placed together; they should be tried and proved. * * *

The day was Saturday, September 28th, 1873; the girl Rachel Throgmorton. The wife of Sir Walter Raleigh was Elizabeth Throgmorton. Rachel claimed kinship with Lady Raleigh. Of course she was a New Englander.

September 28th. One week ago yesterday the failure of Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, had shaken the business world to its centre. Rachel had read the account at her home, Bittibat Farm, while Genevieve and Edny had stopped their ciphering, and Melicent her machine, to hear, and Leonice had said: "Oh, why don't you read something we care about? Let me have the paper, and you go to work!" And although Rachel was the eldest daughter, and Leonice the youngest, she had obeyed, yielded the coveted paper to the

beauty whom her sisters would not believe was "spoiled," and taken to finishing off the work that flowed endlessly from Melicent's machine.

"I have news now, Miss Leo, that you will have to care about," said Rachel, sighing drearily.

It was so near winter, and scarce anything had been raised on the farm that year. And—they were out of work!

Six weeks before, the father of Rachel had gone to his eternal home, and she had lifted to her strong, young shoulders the burden that he laid down. She had lifted it, poised it, stood erect, said, "I can do it!" and walked on with the family upon her shoulders. The family included three sisters—the eldest, Melicent, being twenty—one brother, a mother and grandmother, two cows, a yearling heifer, one horse, thirty hens, two cats, a parrot and forty acres of land.

The land had gone to waste that year, for one February day the father had been brought home crushed, bleeding, helpless, stricken in the full vigor of healthful manhood, every organ and muscle perfect in strength—no vital part injured, but the mortal frame so terribly broken as no joiner on earth had skill to mend—and he lay and wasted away day after day, month after month, lay and suffered to death. The nursing required had been simply incessant. From minute to minute no rest, no pause for mind or body. The mother and Rachel shared this tender labor. Six hours in the sick-room, six in bed for the mother; six hours in the sick-room, six at household labor for the tireless Rachel. For the grandmother was a delicate old lady, who had never done housework, but who made, mended and darned without ceasing, and received company in the softest of gray silks and real lace caps. Melicent and Genevieve kept the family mill in grist by their machine-sewing; Edny and Leonice attended school. Who was to do the necessary housework but Rachel? They could not hire a girl.

Mrs. Throgmorton, a delicate woman bred by her lady mother, had borne the fatiguing nursing with a strength beyond her power. When that care was removed, she lay down in her bed and said she never would rise again.

Through those seven months that the father had lain motionless, lifted in the sheet morning and night by neighborhood men who came without hire—his whole sensitive body aching from immobility, from inability to change the position of a single muscle—no groan, not one impatient word, had escaped his lips; no gloom had dimmed his cheerful eyes, whose living blue seemed borrowed from the sun-bright heavens, on which they were always fixed. But his mind had retained its full vigor and sovereignty over the body to the last. It was the mother's mind which suffered—the nervous body which ruled the diseased brain. That one month of watching by her mother's bedside was

re exhaustive to Rachel than the whole seven her father's.

The dreadful experience of death through which the girls were passing for the first time, crushed, maddened them. Fain would they have wrapped themselves in desolation as in a garment, and sat, like the Jews of old, their house in disorder, themselves in despair, refusing to be comforted for him who "was not," till the dead was buried out of their sight, they knew not where. But this could not be. The house was full of people—kindly neighbors, with hushed looks and whispered words, going and coming. Strange women were constantly asking where this, that or the other could be found. Strange men were wanting to know where the ice should be put, the grave dug, and what sort of a coffin was wanted. The minister was asking for particulars concerning the life of the deceased, the choir-leader was asking about names, the sexton about family connections.

Oh, how good it was to have Aunt and Uncle Jeffers there to answer all these questions, take all the responsibility, and receive the funeral visits. None of this necessary work could be done in the mother's room. The scratching of a pen set teeth on edge; the regular movement of the mistress' arm prevented sleep; the smell of flowers sickened her.

Mellicent could not sit with the patient, for the faint twilight recalled another darker, more silent room across the passage, and her tears would flow, untrained and uncontrollable. Genie could not sit five minutes without thinking of the hundred and one things she ought to be at, and her excited state reacted upon the invalid most painfully. "Oh, poor child! must talk or she would die, and talk the mother could not bear. The grandfather was needed below stairs constantly. So Rachel must, perforce, sit with cheerful face and hand at ease, watching the sufferer, who could not be left alone, yet resented the smallest attention. And she wanted was the psychal influence of "a quiet soul"—calm, strong nerves, holding her own obedience. Rachel understood this without delay, as the first loving woman's heart knew by instinct all those things that doctors have been discovering since time began. She knew that her mother's life depended on her own perfect quietness—quiet of soul, mind and body—a quiet not of despair, which is the suggestion of a tumult, but of effect, contented faith.

CHAPTER II.

"Without God in the world! The man who is without God in the world has broken the chain that binds him to the throne of the universe."—WEBSTER.

WELL might Rachel have patience with the mother whose unbinged reason hung wavering to and fro in every draught and vapor. She

suffered a mental anguish to which the red-hot, tripod-crown of Cailliet was but a slight torment. Through many days and nights she was haunted by one vision whose constant and unvarying repetition amounted nearly to frenzy.

Whenever she closed her eyes she saw her husband, every muscle quivering with pain, helpless, immobile, in the grasp of four strong men, who said: "Throw him out and let him die! He's no better than a corpse now!" And they would fling him suddenly into the jaws of a great cave of black stone, hard as iron, cold as death! His pallid face disappeared in the voiceless gloom. She listened with tense nerves to hear the final crash when his life should be dashed out against that pitiless floor. But she never heard it. After waiting, as it seemed to her, for hours, she would shriek and awake. Then she would be tormented with a temptation, which said: "If you will tell this vision you will never see it again." Yet would she have burned at the stake rather than tell it. For she believed it the outcome of a quickened conscience—that somewhere, in some distant and unknown region of her spirit, a corner she had never visited, must have been stored away that murderous thought against her husband. Some night, perhaps, when her conscience slept, although widely-opened eyes mechanically watched each slightest movement of the dying man, she had thought, and been unconscious of the thought: "Let him die! He is no better than a corpse now!" The idea was terrible. That another should guess it, that another should faintly suspect her of wishing the death of so tender and loving a consort, increased the terror. Moreover, the men who committed this horrible deed were not demons, they were old friends and kinsfolks. The faces changed; they were now these, now those, yet always they who had come without bidding, morning and night, to lift her husband in the sheet upon a cool, newly-made bed. She had been so grateful to them, had wished in many ways to reward them for their unspeakable kindness! And now, to conceive them engaged in that heinous act, was like doubting that kindness; was to believe them capable of wishing his death, of loathing a duty performed only to gain praise among men. It was to believe them guilty of hypocrisy and falsehood. She was a traitor to friendship, disloyal to love. She was a thing accursed! And the tempter said: "You can earn forgetfulness by revealing your crime." Horrible thought! She would bear the consequences of her sin rather than stain her children's pure fidelity with the knowledge of their mother's guilt; she would bear it even to the grave—it should be buried with her.

As Mrs. Throgmorton's strength increased, the dreadful incubus left her, but another temptation assailed her. Why had God sent such a vision? And she cried out, in the spirit of Chevelier

Lahire of old: "If I were God, and God were Isabel Jeffers, Isabel Jeffers would not have been so cruel to God."

One day she sat upright in her bed and said: "Rachel, there is no God!"

Rachel was startled, not shocked. Her heart responded: "I know it." The fool hath, in his heart, said the same many and many a time since God said: "Let there be light." * * *

Night after night, as her sisters slept with "Our Father who art in Heaven" resting on their trustful lips, she waked and said: "I don't believe there is a God."

She waked and watched, cold and lifeless, and utterly wretched! This unbelief gave her no happiness. To have no faith in God meant to have no pleasure in life; no strength to endure; no hope to sustain; to see no good thing; no reason, no use in continuing on. She was a puppet that had come into the world without desire, moved through it without volition, struggled, and fought, and suffered, for what? To keep the spark in her heart alive, which would go out at last, in spite of all effort, which no cunning, nor skill, nor wisdom could keep ever burning. It would go out at last. And then?—Rachel set herself on the foot of the old-fashioned bed, and leaned against its high, corner post.

"Yes," said her lips, and her eyes looked fixedly at her mother. "Yes, there is a God." Her heart looked into utter darkness, and made no response.

"No," said the mother, "I don't believe it."

Said Rachel: "If my mother gets into my way of thinking, in her weak state, she will go insane." And she repeated: "You must believe it. For there is a God."

The mother lay back on her heaped-up pillows.

"If there is a God, why did He let my husband suffer so? A good man, a good man tried by every law laid down in the Bible. He believed the Bible; he believed God; he was one of His most sincere and loving children. Then why did He let him suffer so?"

"Mother," cried Rachel, quickly, "do you wish that father had died sooner?"

The mother sat up again, and breathed quick and short.

"Do you wish that he had lost his senses: not retained all his faculties to the last?"

"No!" said the mother, sharp and sudden.

"Then how could God have eased his pain?"

The mother laid herself back again, and her large, white lids fell and rose in quick sweeps over her burning eyes.

"There *must* be a God," said Rachel. "God is true!" And all at once her dead heart awoke as from a swoon, crying: "There is a God. I know it! One can make himself believe anything by constant iteration," thought Rachel, angry with

herself. "Why did I keep repeating I don't believe? Did I really desire to doubt? I did not have to say there is! one half so long before I became convinced of its truth." Then a sudden, hot wave of shame swept all over her soul. A bitter drop of sorrow mingled with it as she thought of the many hours she had lost in trying to make herself believe in unbelief. Hours in which she had permitted her vigorous mind to be used by devils as a gate to enter into the world, and had given up to them her clean heart as a stronghold—the heart and the mind God had bestowed upon her wherewith to help others. "Still," she thought, "this bitter trial was perhaps needed, so that I could understand better how to help poor mamma. Then, I am glad for it!"

"It is a good thing, a blessed thing!" continued Rachel, "to get nearer the heart of people. To know how kind our neighbors are. Milly and I have often spoken of it lately. Of the false ideas we had got in our heads at boarding-school. We did not feel as if we were a part of the world, but as if we stood away up and beyond it. And we were impressed with a sort of a mission to reform the world. Now I find that I am only one of the ants of the human ant-hill. I can't teach them to build different hills, nor I can't carry all their burdens. And I don't see as it is needed. They all seem capable of looking out for themselves, and ready enough to share their grain with a neighbor. And quite as ready to help me as I to help them."

Then the mother told all the story of her frenzied dream.

"Why should God have sent me that temptation?" she asked.

"Indeed, mother," said Rachel, "I think you are wrong in retaining that sickly image in your thought, and magnifying it into a temptation and trial. Your physical sufferings made an image of themselves in your mind, as might be made in a looking-glass of a person in great pain. But when the visage passes from before the glass it retains no impression. Neither should your mind. Our Heavenly Father did not send that dream, He tried to remove it from you. The impulse you felt to tell the vision was a direct prompting from Him, but it was colored and distorted by the turbid medium of your mind. The clearest sunbeam falling into a dusty room seems to be a rag of dust itself. And as the dust can only be seen in the sunshine, a child always thinks that there is none anywhere else; that the sunbeam creates the dust."

The brown eyes had grown very soft, the lids fluttered down and lay still.

The mother slept.

"I hope she is convinced; I am," said Rachel, and sliding softly down upon the floor at the foot of the bed busied herself with setting stays in navy shirts.

CHAPTER III.

"Faint with hunger, Hiawatha
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, to wrestle with Mondamin.
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life, and hope, and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.
So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled
Stronger still grew Hiawatha."

LONGFELLOW.

UPON their return from boarding-school, Rachel and Melicent Throgmorton had each purchased a sewing-machine, and undertaken the making of ladies' undergarments, as a work that brought money to the family till, and kept them both at home. They did not like teaching, yet preferred to earn the money to hire a kitchen-maid rather than go into the kitchen themselves.

When the father's fatal accident took the breadwinner from the family, and added the great expense of sickness, Genie had left school and taken her place at Rachel's machine, and the making of navy shirts had been added to the white clothes. By the arrangement of working for two firms, not a minute of a working day was left without employment.

On the last Saturday of every month Rachel—as the business woman of the family—went to the city with her account books, and received the pay from both firms.

Meanwhile Edny and Leonice worked the farm. Edny was fourteen, Leonice scarcely twelve. It is not surprising that they had cut no hay, and had but little to store in the cellar. They had no resource save thirty cords of wood, the cutting of which had been started before the father's hurt. Rachel had paid the wood-cutters with a check on the bank; she had thus also paid doctor's fees and funeral expenses; she had settled all outstanding bills in the same way. She now began to wonder how much there was in the bank, and whether, by constantly taken out and never putting in one might not soon come to the bottom—the bottom of a fund which her father had put by for the sacred exigencies of sickness and death. No, that must not be drawn from more.

On this Saturday morning Rachel had appareled herself, feeling a pleasure which was delight in every delicate, daintily-trimmed garment. She saved the expressage on one package of work by taking it up with her. When she got her bundle from the baggage-car she poised it on her shoulder, and holding it in place by a finger slipped under the cord, started at her usual, quick pace through the long depot. So swiftly she walked that she soon overtook the last men from

Quarly, and one, as usual, offered to carry her bundle to the street-car.

He was walking very slowly, "Gove" Sparkler hight, so wealthy that haste and *handles* were alike needless. Most people called him simply Gove. Every one knew who that meant. Goveneur Sparkler, son of "Col. Gove," brother to Leroy Sparkler, president of the Boston and Ackton Railroad. A modest bachelor, who owned ships on every sea, and mines in every State, who tilled a wide ancestral domain, and always wore the finest of broadcloth and linen, pearly-gray, speckless, spotless, creaseless. Rachel fairly basked in his beauty. His face was not particularly handsome, a round, rosy, good-natured countenance, as unintellectual as his rotund body, set on stubby legs, but his *clothes* were irresistible.

So they walked and talked together, she paying court to his immaculate habiliments, and he to a long line of defunct and dusty Throgmortons and MacCallum Mores. Rachel's grandma Jeffers—hold your breath!—was a born MacCallum More! There! But the aroma of a pedigree reaching back to the flood would not have prevented Rachel from feeling very hungry after a seven hours' unsuccessful search for work, and it was with a heavy heart she took the evening train for Quarly. * * *

The train stopped at Quarly. Rachel ran through the depot to where Edny stood, holding Donna by the nose.

"Get in, Edny!" she cried, springing into the buggy. "There is no bundle for you to go after to-night."

"Why not?"

"I haven't got any work."

"There's the list of things you are to buy."

"I can't get them; I've no money."

"Why not?"

"Drive me up to Bronson Brown's, and I'll tell you all about it."

"To Bronson Brown's?"

"Yes, straight away. I'm going to try and get coats to make. Wekebach & Limberneese, of Baltimore, have failed. Haven't you heard?"

"Yes, the news came by telegraph, this morning. What of it?"

"Why, all the clothing stores are involved; they can't give us any more work nor pay a cent, either of our men. They said they'd send the money before Christmas. It isn't likely they will, though."

"Of course they can't if they fail," said Edny. "But won't Bronson Brown be involved, too?"

"I think not. He makes coats for the Southern market; has nothing to do with home firms. Oh, why don't Donna go faster? Do whip her!"

But the old farm-horse could not be induced to change her steady, go-to-meeting gait.

"I guess they'll wonder where we are," said Edny. "Supper was waiting."

"Well they'll keep it hot for us," answered Rachel. "What was there for supper?"

"Milk-toast, cream-cheese and a baked apple-dumpling that has been kept warm in the oven all the afternoon."

Rachel's mouth watered.

"Oh, I am so, so glad! I'm fearfully hungry."

"You are? why?"

"I've had no dinner. I had not money to get any."

"Why, that's too bad!" exclaimed Edny, suddenly drawing in the reins.

"Why, you aren't going to turn around right here, are you? Pray go on. I guess I shall live through it."

So they came to Bronson Brown, who dwelt in the front part of a linen-coat factory, or else manufactured coats in the back part of his dwelling. Mr. B. was willing to furnish coats. Would bring them on his regular Tuesday morning rounds. He could not let her take them home, certainly not. He never entered the shop after business hours. Never! He made that a rule. He did not believe—Mr. Bronson Brown did not—in bringing the shop into the family.

On Tuesday, Bronson Brown's sloop-work wagon invaded the hitherto inviolate precincts of Bittibat. It stopped before her door—Mrs. Throgmorton's door. A low-bred, sloop-work man was telling her daughters how linen-coats were made, and opening sickly-smelling bundles on her dining-room table. The Throgmorton's ancestral mahogany! * * * *

Mr. Brown's man said, when he made his next round, that Mr. Brown would settle at the end of the month. So the family stitched and ironed, and ironed and stitched, and wound up their back hair in a hurry, and ran up grocery bills. But at the end of the month it was not convenient for anybody to settle. Still they took more coats, and stitched and ironed, and began practicing economy. They gave up tea, save a cupful without sugar, if they were tired of an evening, and the day's stint not done. Mamma had to go without pudding at dinner and cake at tea, compromising with a baked apple and sugar to leave a sweet taste in her mouth. They nearly lived on apples. 'Twas wonderful, the amount of food and variety of dishes Genie evolved from this simple fruit. * *

Still clicked the machines till late into the night; the irons were never off the stove. When Brown's man refused to leave any more work, Melicent went to the factory and demanded it. Mr. B. told her plainly that he doubted he could pay for what she had already done. She said she would trust him.

"Great is thy faith, O woman!" quoted Bronson Brown, and brought her out the coats.

"We might as well do this as nothing," said Milly to her sisters, "and if he can only pay fifty

cents on the dollar, why, the more dollars he is owing us the more fifty cents we shall get."

They looked upon Bronson Brown's failure as a foregone conclusion.

Milly had been out that day trying to get stitching from the dressmakers. But they had none to be done. All the Quarly ladies had suddenly taken to the trade themselves—and taken the bread also from their needlewomen's mouths.

"If you will get me the pupils I will teach music," said timid Melicent.

To this end had she been educated. Therefore, to solicit attention to her sister's claims, went Rachel forth with her usual confident mien. She came back with her head still higher, her white throat more prominent, not from triumph, but from indignation. Dr. Paine Spiller's daughter from Ackton was before her in the field.

"She comes over twice a week on the train, and Mrs. Leroy Sparkler meets her at the depot in her own carriage, and drives her around town, and allows her to give several lessons on her own piano. Wonder if she'd do it if Miss Spiller could not afford to buy walking-boots!"

"Of course not!" cried Melicent, aggrieved. "But everybody will go to her because she is Dr. Paine Spiller's daughter and Mrs. Sparkler's *protigé*, even if she can't teach half so well as I."

CHAPTER IV.

"Never give up! For the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of—never give up!"

ONLY one way presented itself. Rachel must beg a situation in Uncle Jeffers' store. She dressed herself in gorgeous array one Indian summer afternoon, whose influence benign might have melted the very North pole, and having had Donna curried and rubbed to the last degree, and equipped in harness newly oiled, drove herself and Leonice over to Uncle Jeffers'. Uncle Jeffers despised poverty and hated a poor man. Had Rachel walked down in shabby boots, a cloud and a faded shawl, and begged work to keep the family from starving, her maternal uncle would have shut the door in her face. Yet he had a kind heart at bottom. Neither Rachel nor her sisters would ever forget his kindness during their father's last illness and the week that followed.

Rachel, in such a hat as only her mother's tasteful fingers could devise, freshly-bronzed boots and kid gloves donned, when she came in sight of the house, merely wished to consult with Uncle Jeffers concerning the wood. Uncle Gardiner had advised them not to sell until spring, as everybody was rushing wood into the market, and it was very cheap. Did Uncle Jeffers agree with Uncle Gardiner?

Said Uncle Jefferra, throwing back his shining bald head: "What are you girls going to do this winter?" and settled his double chin in his capacious throat and pursed his judicial lips.

Rachel gave a merry and unembarrassed little laugh. "I suppose we shall work the same as usual. But it is not about ourselves I came to speak, but our cows. We shall need some English hay, and I thought of selling wood to get it."

We shall need some English hay! What assurance! Did not Uncle Jefferra know that the mow was empty, and their cattle living on corn-stalks?

"Do you know how much hay is a ton?" with a fateful frown and slow and dreadful twiddling of the thumbs.

"Forty dollars, the papers say," replied Rachel, cheerily.

"Humph!" snorted Uncle Jefferra, taken all aback. "The papers say forty dollars, do they? Humph! Well, you can get hay about here for twenty-five dollars!"

Rachel, surmising a trap, concealed her delight and surprise under a doubtful, "What, really! Good English hay?"

"No!" roared Uncle Jefferra. "The poorest sort of snail hay. One load of it would starve a cow!"

Rachel laughed. Her uncle had not intended a joke, but, tickled with her applause, a fat smile wound its slow way among the creases in his face, and he asked, with less asperity: "Where are you going to get your hay?"

The only way to bring Uncle Jefferra to a point was to make him angry. The angrier he got, the more amicable was the result; so said Rachel, snidely: "If we had the money, I think we could get hay enough anywhere."

"Hay enough!" roared Uncle Jefferra. "You're a fool! Hay is scarce, girl! Mighty scarce! Now, do you women think that you can keep those three cows all winter, and hay at forty dollars a ton in November? I tell you it will be fifty before spring! Fifty dollars, girl! And scarce at that! I tell you you are a fool!"

"Don't, MacCallum," said Aunt Leonice, soothingly, and she left the side of the little beauty, whom none of her relatives believed spoiled, to lay a hand on her husband's easy chair. She was a very lovely and stately lady, this Aunt Leonice, pronounced in four syllables.

MacCallum could not roar with any degree of fierceness while she stood there. That nettled him.

"I say she's a fool!" he growled. "She's a fool, and her mother is a fool! A parcel of women-folks, what do they know about cows?"

Rachel, with indifferent mein, inquired: "What do you advise us to do with our cows?"

"Sell to the butcher!"

"Gracious!" cried Rachel, for the first time showing emotion. "They are not fat enough! He wouldn't give two cents a pound! And two times four hundredweight comes to just eight dollars! Sell a good Jersey cow for eight dollars! Think of it!"

"That's the bother of Jerseys; they're never fat enough to kill. Why do you keep Jerseys? Dreadful expensive creatures!"

"For milk, sir."

"Humph! You'll be glad enough to give 'em away before spring, to keep 'em from dying on your hands. But nobody'll be fool enough to take 'em."

"Meanwhile we shall have had the sale of their milk, besides the food that it makes us. Now, uncle, I don't suppose there is any food in the world so cheap as milk. There is more nutrition and satisfaction in ten cents' worth of milk than in anything we can buy for ten cents."

Uncle Jefferra made no reply. Clearly, Rachel was getting the best of it.

Aunt Nicie went back to her namesake, who was making Jip speak for pop-corn.

"Do you think we better sell the wood, or take the money from the bank?" pursued Rachel, with the air of a millionaire.

"You would not sell oak-wood for five dollars a cord, would you? And I have seen it selling for four-fifty to-day. Four-fifty and hauled to the house!"

"We only paid one-fifty for cutting."

"Well, but you want to make more than three dollars on a cord, don't you? Why that don't pay for the time it's been growing!"

"Nor the carbonic acid it's consumed. Will it be more in the spring?"

"More? I should think so! I tell you we are going to have a long, cold winter! A long, cold winter, girl! And people will be glad to give eight dollars a cord before May."

"If they have the eight dollars, sir."

"Well put in, girl," chuckled Uncle Jefferra, and then abruptly, "Which one are you?"

"The eldest—Rachel."

"Yes, Rachel. Well, Rachel, how would you like to go into the store awhile?"

Ever since his mother had mentioned the subject, MacCallum had intended making this offer; but out of revenge for their keeping the farm and stock on which he had had an eye all summer, he determined that the family should feel want before he offered relief.

Rachel, not knowing of the grandmother's interference, was astonished; still she asked, grandiloquently: "How much do you pay, sir?" At the very moment she was envying Jip his pop-corn, and wondering when Aunt Leonice would bring in the cake and cordial.

"Twenty dollars."

"Oh, fie! Have I got to work two months for a ton of hay? I think you are an abominable usurer to take such an advantage of our necessities."

Uncle Jeffers laughed and rubbed his hands.

"Nicie, aren't you going to give the girls some cake? Let me see, what's your name?"

"Rachel, sir."

"Well, Rachel, I'll send a ton of first-rate English hay over in the morning, and you can go into the store as soon as you please. I'll pay you one dollar and fifty a week besides the hay."

"Oh, thank you! That with the eggs and milk will just make us!" and Rachel went to the table where Aunt Nicie was pouring out blackberry cordial.

While Rachel was tucking away her kids and donning her ragged driving-gloves, under cover of their homeward way, Uncle Jeffers was saying: "That Rebecca is a fine girl! What a head she's got! If she can keep those cows till grass comes again, she can do anything."

"Rachel, you mean. Her name is Rachel."

"Reliance, did I say? Well, that's a better name for her—Reliance. That's what I am going to call her in future—Reliance. Now I hope I shall remember it."

A morning cold, dark and raw. A sharp-edged north-east wind driving the sea-fog landward, and bringing with it a torn edge of frozen rain, which it slapped in Uncle Gardiner's face at unexpected intervals. He ground his teeth behind a stiffening beard, and wiped a blue mitten across his eyes. The fitful rain was dashing full in the face of his sensitive little mare, and the bars were wedged up.

"Wait, Uncle Gardiner, I'll let down the bars," called a clear, girl's voice. Uncle Gardiner cleared his eyes again. "Don't get out," said Melicent Throgmorton, setting down a full bucket of milk, and beginning to tug at the wedges.

Yes, there were Milly and Genevieve Throgmorton, in water-proofs and rubber boots, backing up the railroad against the roaring wind—the railroad which skirted Bittibat.

"What in the world are you girls doing here, at this hour in the morning?" asked Uncle Gardiner, as they flung back their flapping capes and handled the frozen rails dexterously.

"Taking the milk to Mr. Middleman. We take it every morning before he goes into Ackton."

"What, you two girls? Why can't Edny?"

"He has just all he can do before he starts for school."

"Are you going to keep him on at school this winter?"

"Yes, he is going the whole course."

"What nonsense! You women will coquet that boy and fill his head full of fiddle-faddle nonsense, so that he won't be worth one cent. Why don't you put him to work somewhere?"

"I should think he was kept at work pretty steadily. Who do you suppose hauls and cuts our wood, milks the cows—"

"Are you going to keep those cows all winter?" interrupted Uncle Gardiner, who had not Uncle Jeffers' fondness for an argumentative woman.

"Yes, sir."

"How are you going to get any hay?"

"We've got it."

"You have! How'd you pay for it?"

"Rachel is in Uncle Jeffers' store, and he pays her in hay."

"Oh, that again! How much milk have you got there?"

"Sixteen quarts."

"How much does Middleman pay?"

"Five cents."

"Only five! Why he gets ten in Ackton. I think Edny might make it pay to take milk and vegetables into market."

"I think so, too!" cried both the girls.

"We are just going into farming, next year!" added Genie, enthusiastically.

By this time the bars were down on both sides the railroad-track. Uncle Gardiner drove slowly through, looking back to call out: "Have you seen a weather anywhere around this morning?"

"Quite a spell of it," laughed Genie, as she flung the rain out of her face.

"Have you lost one?" asked Milly, stopping, pail in hand.

"Well one of mine didn't come home last night, and I'm out looking for it."

"I should think you might find it this morning!" shouted Genie, walking backward down the track. "Just the toughest kind of weather." Uncle Gardiner laughed as he trotted off.

CHAPTER V.

"Now this Parlance MacFarlane, as his surviving daughter, Maggy MacFarlane, alias MacNab, who married Duncan M'Nab o' Stuckavallachan, can testify, stood as near to your gude man, Robert MacGregor, as in the fourth degree of kindred."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

UNCLE GARDINER was a thoroughly just, practical, calculating, unsympathetic, unsentimental Yankee. He owned a machine-shop and cotton-factory—the very factory in which he had got all his education, save such book-knowledge as had been knocked into his head in the first dozen of his years. He had got a good slice of Bittibat with his wife, and would not have objected to the whole.

Rachel Gardiner was a hard-working, much-saving, money-loving woman, utterly different from what her brother Edward had been. She had several "most cogent and resistless reasons" for despising Edward and all his progeny, dating

back to the demise of Edward the senior, 'Squire Throgmorton; inasmuch as, in the testamental disposition of Bittibat, ten acres of the original one hundred and thirty had been left to an ancient serving-man, instead of being divided among the 'squire's three children. Rachel had declared her intention of contesting the will, and Ralph, who was greatly in awe of his sister, might have joined with her, but Edward steadily resisted. She never forgave Edward his pusillanimity, nor forgot the three and one-third acres that ought to have been hers, but which an infirm and servile parent gave over to the possession of a negro—a negro who had once been a slave in the family, and whose great-grandchildren, a numerous brood, swarmed all over the lot, which Rachel had no children to inherit had she possessed it.

In the earliest March, then, when the nasty black mud clung to her rubbers and drabbled her skirts, when the dirty, oozy snow was retreating to the tumbled-down fence-corner, leaving revealed rags and rusty pans, shin-bones and ashes, where-with the lazy negroes had adorned their back yard during winter's long blockade—on such a day as this it was Aunt Rachel's wont to make a tour through those three and one-third acres, and, arriving at the home-place, spend the remainder of the sunny day making the Throgmortons as uncomfortable as only she knew how, returning at night in her brother's carriage with a budget full of proofs of the vanity, extravagance and pre-ordained poverty of his family, and the pity it was that such a man as her husband had not the farming of the place.

Herein was another offense, that Edward, as the eldest son, received the homestead farm, which Rachel, as the eldest child, had always looked on as her own portion.

Then there was the sickly Ralph, whose forty acres her soul lusted after. To the end of keeping that land in the family, she had circumvented his marriage, and dosed him into an early grave. Everybody had supposed that Ralph would leave his property to the sister who cosseted and coddled him until the unobtrusive bosom of mother earth must have appeared a desirable goal. He did, upon his dying bed, ask Edward to see that he was buried in a grave. "For," said he, "if I'm put into the family vault, Rachel will get the keys, and be coming in the middle of the night with hot bricks and a bowl of gruel." And begged his sister-in-law to see that she did not wrap the feet of his corpse in flannel.

Always full of his jokes was poor Ralph, and perhaps it was one of his jokes that he left all his money to the infant son of the girl he did not marry, who was married to a Methodist minister, and to Rachel a silver porringer and spoon. As for the forty acres of Bittibat, they were left in lease until such time as the youngest child of his

sister or brother should come of age, when they were to be divided impartially between his living nieces and nephews, the Methodist minister being appointed executor and lessor of the estate.

At this time Rachel was the mother of three boys who came into the world with chronic colds in the head, and who, after a few years of flannel, gruel and hot bricks, dwindled into untimely graves. Another boy had come to the house long years after, but it never smiled from its birth, nor clasped its nerveless hand around a questioning finger laid in the palm; and when the earth was rounded above its little form, the load of a great horror was removed from kith and kin—the horror of a born idiot in their family.

Meanwhile Edward's girls lived and thrived, and his one boy was the pet of schoolma'ams and committee-men. Everybody said they were "dreadful slender girls."

"And indeed" asked Aunt Rachel, "what can you expect of that paling, Scotch foreigner who lays a-bed half her time, and always carries a handkerchief in the winter to lift the iron latches? The wonder is that she has raised one of her babies?"

But she did raise them, and in defiance of all medical rules. They all went bare-necked and armed from babyhood up, till fashion decreed otherwise. They all attended dancing-school winters with petticoats above their knees, and singing-school in V necks and jockey hats. They learned to skate when all the papers said that skating sowed seeds of consumption and debility in the female frame; wore corsets and little boots, altogether too small for them. Aunt Rachel was sure, and it was really a mercy that one of these girls did not drop dead some night in a ball-room, between the effects of tight-lacing, small shoes, dancing and dressing the hair fashionably—which, according to all statistics, ought to kill any woman. Yet did the Throgmorton girls live and thrive, and would, in all probability, eight years hence inherit Uncle Ralph's coveted forty acres.

Edward's delicate wife, with her long-trained skirts and longer doctor's bills, her frequent, monthly nurse, and her kitchen and chamber-maids, was a great offense to his sister. The consolation of her money and her name had been great. "My sister-in-law, Isabel Jeffers that was," had been a sweet morsel to roll on the tongue, but one day her riches took wings. After that there was no good thing coming out of Bittibat. The whole family was despicable to Aunt Rachel, and she called twice a week to tell them so, and to assert her relationship with the MacCallum Mores.

Edward had plodded on in his stupid way, humoring his lady-wife, sending his daughters to boarding-school, and utterly refusing to mortgage Bittibat to either of his anxious brothers-in-law. So far from coming upon the town, he

actually managed to lay by a little now and then in the old-fogyish county bank—which of course never broke—that fund sacred to the exigencies of sickness and death.

His daughters were going on the same way. They refused to take that precious nest-egg from the bank though they suffered cold and hunger; they cherished the mother and grandmother as the most dear treasures of the loved one gone before; they felt in all their veins the blood that is thicker than water, and made Aunt Rachel welcome, though she had an uncomfortable way of dropping in unseasonably; for instance, on the stroke of twelve when there was nothing but cold bannock and cucumber pickles for dinner. And would not sell Bittibat Farm.

CHAPTER VI.

"Evil is only the slave of good,
Sorrow the servant of joy;
And that soul is mad that refuseth food
Of the meanest in God's employ."

J. G. HOLLAND.

THIS was a hard winter. A succession of droughty summers had resulted in a general failure of the hay crop and in the drying up of hitherto unfailing wells. Bittibat well had at last felt the woeful influence in her sixty-foot bosom. Her useless buckets swung in cavernous darkness at the ends of drying rope, and the iron handle gathered rust. All through the country, people were fetching their water from rivers or meadow-springs, or melting boilers full of snow in sloppy kitchens. This same fate befell Bittibat, and her daughters carted water and dug snow in the heart of the dreadful winter. * * *

The hay had been devoured long ere it was paid for, and Bittibat, in solemn conclave, decided to draw upon the small bank-hoard. Rachel went to Gove Sparkler for the hay. It came promptly; all that an ox-team could draw, without weight or measure. And no bill was ever sent after it. So the bank-hoard was still unbroken; and if you want to know what it is like to be struck by lightning just say something derogatory of Gove Sparkler in presence of the Throgmortons.

The north end of the barn had to be shingled, and the roof of both barn and T mended. The girls had done both after some lessons in breaking joints. The lessons had been paid for, being got by working with John James, who put up the scaffolds and set on the first rows. John James said: "If you can do that shingling, I'll give up beat."

But the two dollars and fifty cents paid for his day's work had been wrung drop by drop from a month of privation; more could not be spared. So they shingled the barn, and John James declared himself "beat all holler."

Now the scaffolding timber and shingles had

never been paid for. Yet, Mr. Sawyer was as complaisant over their remissness as were Sealer & Decoye, who did not send in their bill at New Year's, saying their account was too small to look up.

"People are so kind never to send in their bills," said Rachel, at Uncle Jeffers' dinner-table one day.

Uncle Jeffers pursed his lips, projected his brows, settled his chin in his black satin stock, twiddled his thumbs, and remarked: "You have a good farm, you know."

Rachel went home that night very thoughtful.

"Don't you remember," said she, two hours later, while putting up her front locks in crimping-pins, "that Frank Brown sold his house to pay a store bill?"

The mother raised her head from the pillow—this conversation taking place in her warm chamber where the girls made their nightly toilets.

"The Jones's farm has been mortgaged twice to Studevant for meat," said she.

Studevant was a butcher.

"You know that crazy man in the poor-house," continued Rachel. "He used to own Samarie, but it went to Sealer & Decoye some way, and that drove him insane. I think I should go insane if Sealer & Decoye took Bittibat Farm."

Mellicent gave a start forward that threatened to project her into the stove, but recovered with a jerk, and cried out: "It would take a good many years to eat up Bittibat!"

Genevieve sat on the foot of her mother's bed, rubbing her hands thoughtfully.

"The potatoes are getting very low," said she.

From that time not a cent was spent at Bittibat till it had been looked at by every member of the family.

One day Edny came panting home from school in the teeth of an east wind, enormous in its volume, terrible in its velocity. Leonice had been left at the store with Rachel, and he harnessed at once and drove down for them in the close, family carriage.

The immense wind-storm, which had nearly over-set him going, impeded, almost stopped, his homeward progress. The breath of the east, full of frozen rain and dissolving ice, blew directly in at the mouth of the carriage, gluing fast everything on which it fell, and threatening to burst asunder the curtains. Donna could scarce make any headway till Rachel flung a shawl over the front of the vehicle. The wind carried it away on all sides like banners around a circus chariot. Rachel and Leonice held its lower edge fast to the boot with benumbing fingers. And Edny, unable to see the road, trusted that Donna's instinct would take them safely home. The ride was one of terror.

After sunset the gale increased. On the wings of the night came an enormous, unbroken sheet of

water, projecting violently out of the eastern horizon upon the mainland, with a force which nothing could withstand. Houses shook on their foundations and opened at all joints. Where it was not solid wood, a building leaked like a sieve. The booming of breakers on Curtin's Nose, two miles distant, could be distinctly heard above the roar of the storm. At each buffet of wind, one's ear was deafened by a crash of water, half-congealed, which threatened to crush in the side of the tottering building. Nearer the seaboard, entire windows were blown in, and deposited, sometimes, unshattered at the extreme end of an apartment, so powerful was the wind on which they rode. In the valley cellars were flooded.

Nearly all night the Bittibat family were moving about the house, tying outer doors and window-blinds, torn from their fastenings by the masterful wind, driving wedges around clattering windows, and sopping up the water which spouted in around every sash. Suddenly there was a fearful and appalling sound, utterly indescribable. The embodied storm seemed to have descended upon their roof, entered violently, taken possession.

The heavy, antiquated scuttle had been lifted up, broken from its fastenings, carried away on mighty shoulders of invisable air. The thousand fiends of wind and storm, of night and winter, poured in and filled the wide, unbroken space of garret room. At the first onset, the double-folded *Tribune* which Rachel had tacked in the dining-room window had been blown against the opposite wall, the apartment flooded.

When morning dawned, all this water was ice. The entire surface of visible creation was coated with thick, impenetrable armor, hard and glaring as steel. Only the tops of the tallest tussock grass stood above this depth of ice, stood in bristling clusters, stiffly pointed westward like the advancing spears of wandering hordes. Every smallest branchlet, dry leaf, hanging paddle or seed-pod of tree and bush, every tall stem of lily or weed, every distinct needle on the many needled pines stood motionless, glittering in the sun. Fences and buildings, soaked black and covered with gleaming mail, were set along eaves and rails with close fringes of long, sharp icicles, not pendent, but pointing fixedly to west, like bayonets charged by silent legions, death-stricken in their double-quick. There was no motion, no breath. The prostrate breakers, seized in mid-leap, lay in snow-wreaths along the distant headland. The rough sea was a sea of glass, awful in its immobility.

Up rose the sun, blood-red. From horizon to horizon, the dark pine forests, precipitous hill-sides, level meadows, whose water-courses could only be marked by fringes of alders and swamp-willows breaking their smooth sweep, the lowly village roofs and lofty steeples, staffs of last year's, weedy banners, skeletons of garden beauties, rail

fences and stone walls, rock-furrowed nooklands and up-piled ocean, all twinkled with scintillant stars; the white splendor of the diamond, carrying in its bosom hints of hidden fire, the bolder, larger gaze of sapphire and topaz, here and there the crimson gleam that a sunbeam finds in the heart of a ruby, or more rarely the dazzling ray of some solitary emerald, the trembling, fleeting tints of a lone amethyst.

The Bittibat homestead crowned a lofty hill. Miles on miles extended the iridescent crystals. Imagine a fairy palace, builded of precious stones, covering miles of ground, carpeted with iria, buttressed with rainbows and grounded all on white.

In an instant, seized with the same thought, some ran for the light sleigh, some for the skates. Mamma and grandmother were warmly rolled up and tucked into the cutter; then away they sped, propelled by their steel-shod coursers, over the level ten acres that crowned the top of this hill. Skating on a hill-top was a rare novelty, but Edny that morning did all his chores on skates and skated off to school. For nearly a month, indeed, the people of shore towns were forced, like the Hollanders, to go from place to place steel-shod, nor was it safe for any who could not skate to step out of doors. People from a distance mostly came to town afoot. Through the January thaw, horses had been allowed to lose their calks, and few were sharp enough to mount these slippery hill-sides.

Stock suffered greatly where hay ran low and the ice embargo prevented any more being brought. But greatest was the suffering for water. Throughout the town main-pipes, laid, as was supposed, below frost, burst. There was no snow to melt. Water for the commonest purposes was brought with great trouble long distances, and treasured with tireless assiduity.

(To be continued.)

LAUGHTER.—Inasmuch as laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man, we seem to be guilty of a sort of ingratitude, if not impiety, in not exercising it as often as we can. We may say with Titus that we have "lost a day" if we have passed it without laughing. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Thank God," exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

A GOOD TEST.—It is good for us to think no grace or blessing truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.*

A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the summer forenoon Robert Beresford walked up the winding paths which led among flower-beds and shrubberies to the front door of Lenox Dare's house. The grounds, in all their gay pomp of summer-bloom, lay about him. When he first caught sight of the cottage, he said to himself: "How prettily that gray nest hides under the green! I wonder what sort of people inhabit this bit of Eden!"

The landscape took a deeper hold of soul and sense because of the scene from which he had just come. Half an hour before he had left the hospital where Hatch lay dead. The doctor's sagacity had in this instance proved at fault. His patient had sunk suddenly, and when, late in the afternoon, Joe arrived, it was all over with his father.

Donald Brae had been out on some errand which took him past the hospital. He was driving past just at sunset, when he caught sight of a boy with a round, black head, and some very shabby clothes, sitting cross-legged by the gate, and sobbing with all his might.

The kind-hearted Scotchman drew up in his wagon, and asked in his broadest vernacular: "Hoot, laddie! Why are ye greeting?"

The boy lifted his head, and stared with black, wet eyes at the stranger. The honest, pitying face won his childish confidence, for he answered in a moment: "My father's dead!" Then he broke out in a kind of howl of grief and despair.

Donald was out of the light wagon and at the child's side in a moment.

"What is your name, laddie?" he asked, in a voice like a woman's.

"Joe Hatch."

At that instant the doctor appeared. Donald and he were well acquainted by this time, for the gardener during Jessie Dawes's illness had been daily at the hospital on errands for his mistress.

A few inquiries brought Joe's story to the light. He had been sent for at his father's earnest entreaty. He had made the journey of more than two hundred miles alone. When he reached the hospital his father had been dead several hours.

Mr. Beresford had telegraphed that he found it impossible to come out before the next day. That gentleman, it appeared, was the only friend the dead man had. They left it for him to decide what should be done with the boy.

Joe, gazing with puzzled, sorrowful eyes, from one face to the other, drank in this talk. At its close the doctor was called away.

Donald looked at Joe and thought of the little

boy lying far away under the purpling heather on the Scotch hill-side.

"Come hame with me, bairnie," he said. "My lass 'll mither ye owre nicht!"

Joe would not have comprehended the words, if the pitying look and the kindly voice had not helped him. He hesitated a moment. He thought of the grand friend who was coming to-morrow, and whose image had stood all these years far back in his childish memory. But the present was very forlorn, and Joe was hardly eight. He had been terribly shocked at the sight of that white, silent thing which had been his father, lying on the bed in the hospital ward. The thought of spending the night in that vast, strange building, with the awful death so near, frightened him. He heard Donald promise the doctor the boy should be brought back in time to meet the gentleman next morning. At that Joe, without a word, put his hand in the man's and a moment later the two were driving off in the light wagon.

When Robert Beresford reached the hospital next morning he learned to his great surprise of Hatch's death. He had trusted the doctor's opinion and never dreamed the end was so near. It was too late now for the help and comfort which he had hoped to bring into this man's last days. As he stood gazing on the face that wore now the solemn majesty of death, he thought with unutterable pity of the miserable, wrecked life! What a waste and failure it had been! Then he remembered that night in the woods. Had there not been "A little good grain, too," in the poor fellow lying there Robert Beresford would not have been standing over him now! That fact, at least, would be put down on his side in the "great audit!"

For the rest, Hatch had told the truth. He had been "a bad man." He had gone to his own place. What that was, only God knew!

Joe had not returned. When Beresford learned that the boy was only three miles away he inquired the road, ordered a horse and set out at once. Half an hour's gallop carried him over the hills. So it all came of Joe Hatch that Robert Beresford was walking up the grounds to Lenox Dare's front door in the pleasant, summer morning!

He had ascended the piazza and was on the point of ringing the bell when there was a rustle of garments on his right, and turning suddenly, he saw a lady who had just stepped through the open window. She started and stood still on seeing him, and Robert Beresford and Lenox Dare looked at each other in silence as, long ago, they had looked in Cherry Hollows Glen.

I suppose the time has come for me now, if ever, to describe Lenox Dare's appearance. I should like to paint her for you as she stood there that morning in the full, perfect bloom of her rare and

gracious womanhood. But this is something beyond my power. Those who knew her best, who felt most deeply the spell of her presence, the varied grace and charm of look, and speech, and manner, could never agree when they came to discuss them.

A stranger meeting her for the first time would be struck by the splendid eyes. But the perfect features, the clear, olive skin, the beautiful mouth, the broad, low forehead under its heaps of hair—of how many other women might all this be written! How utterly they would fail to give you any idea of Lenox Dare!

For added to all this, was the nameless something which recalled the "fair women" of legend and poetry, which seemed to make possible to a man the dreams and ideals of his youth. When he saw her, he saw something else—about him seemed to float the loveliest and purest faces and forms which men have dreamed on canvas or tenderly carved in marble.

But Lenox Dare's power did not lie chiefly in her beauty. She had a wonderful gift of calling out latent possibilities, of inspiring the noblest moods, the highest, most generous impulses of those who came closest to her. People, of course, responded to this power in different degrees; but the woman of whom I write never touched a human soul except on its finest, noblest side.

Lenox Dare, as I said, stood quite still, face to face with Robert Beresford. Where had she seen this man before? She was trying to answer the question. The longer she gazed, the more it baffled her. Yet the impression was so strong it had the force of conviction. She waited for him to speak and enlighten her.

This feeling was not singular; Robert Beresford had not greatly changed; he hardly looked ten years older than he did at the time when Lenox Dare saw him. Because of all that happened at that time, however, her memory had grown a little confused. Vividly as she recalled every event of the interview, she was always more or less bewildered when she came to the stranger's appearance. She had an impression of something grand and noble beyond that of any man whom she had ever seen. She had that impression of the one now standing before her.

Robert Beresford could not, of course, share this feeling that they had met before. How could that small, brown girl in the glen have possibly suggested the woman standing there, slender and tall, with her splendid, surprised eyes on his face!

She wore this morning the simplest white dress, with some pale gold color at her throat. Her uncle liked to see her in white better than anything else, and he had charged her never to put on a thread of sable for his going. She had on a shade-hat, and she carried a pair of shears—she was going out to her flower-beds.

Robert Beresford, too, had stood for a few moments spell-bound. It was a necessity of his artist's nature that the fleshly loveliness of this woman—the perfection of form, of color, of tint—should strike his senses first. Later, he might come to see farther and deeper than her beauty, until that should become a part of something finer and better than itself.

After his eyes had taken their first, long, silent joy in her loveliness, the thought flashed through him: "What a boor I must seem, staring at her in this fashion!"

He lifted his hat. "I was told Miss Dare resided here," he said.

The voice seemed some old echo in her memory. Was it of this land, or did it come from across the sea? Lenox asked herself, while she answered like one in a dream: "Yes, I am Miss Dare."

In a few words the gentleman explained the errand that had brought him to her door.

Lenox had not seen Joe. Donald's wife had told her that morning about the boy her husband had brought home with him from the hospital to stay over night. The story of the little fatherless waif had touched Lenox; she would have sent for the boy had not some company arrived at the moment. When these left, Donald and Joe were on their way to the hospital.

The gardener's wife was in the hall. She heard the gentleman inquire for Joe, and came forward to say that the boy and Donald had left half an hour before.

Beresford's horse stood at the gate. He had left word at the hospital where he was going. Would he have time to dash over the hills and overtake the pair, or would they have started on their return before he could reach the hospital?

He had not decided when Miss Dare spoke again. The gentleman's account of his errand had not confirmed her impression that they had met before. She spoke now with her usual simple directness: "I cannot recall your name—your face even. Yet I am almost sure I have seen you before."

"I think you must be mistaken, Miss Dare," he answered, and his eyes smiled on her. "This is the first time I ever had the pleasure of meeting you."

A look of puzzled bewilderment flashed into her face. She seemed half-reluctant to admit his own assurance, and he thought to himself: "Does she really imagine a man could ever see her and forget it—such a splendid creature as she is!"

At this point Donald's wife interposed. She was sure her husband would bring the boy back at once.

"It would be a pity if the gentleman should start and miss them again."

"That is true, Rachel," answered Lenox, feeling now that she was awakening out of a dream, and she

invited the gentleman to walk in and wait until the two returned.

Beresford hesitated a moment. He had believed that time was precious to him that morning. But—in an instant he had thanked Miss Dare—he had accepted her invitation—he had introduced himself.

The name had no association for Lenox. That notion of their previous meeting must, after all, have been a mistake. Yet she could almost have sworn to it. If it had ever happened, it must have been in some pre-natal state. At that thought, something like the dream of a smile was on her lips as she ushered her guest into the library.

The most ordinary people, when they met Robert Beresford, were struck by his appearance. His noble presence, his fine head, his manly beauty, attracted others. It was a pleasure to see him, to talk to him, even for those who could only know him on the surface.

The room which he entered struck Robert Beresford's artistic sense at once. The simple, tasteful furnishings, the perfect harmony of color, the restful atmosphere, haunted by the delicate fragrance of flowers, all had a charm for soul and sense. It seemed the fitting environment for such a mistress, he thought. And then he looked at Lenox—she had removed her hat and gloves, and seated herself near a window—and he forgot all about the room.

On his right was a piece of sculpture which Mr. Aphorpe had picked up the last time he had been in Italy. It was simply a peasant-boy bending over his shell. Something in the attitude at once reminded Beresford of Bude's Neapolitan fisherman in the Louvre—that famous work which made the great sculptor's name and fortune in a fortnight.

When her guest mentioned this likeness to Miss Dare, she told him that her uncle had always insisted on the resemblance between the fisherman and the peasant. He had been a great admirer of the French sculptor, she said.

In this way the conversation opened that morning between Robert Beresford and Lenox Dare. Two hours of talk followed—talk to both the most simple and delightful possible; full of new zest, surprise, suggestion, yet as natural and unconstrained as though they two—unconscious of each other's existence a moment before—had been friends for years. Indeed, Lenox all the time had a curious feeling that her guest was no stranger. They both gave themselves up, however, to the rare delight and stimulation of the interview. They talked of whatever came uppermost—of life, of art, of the world at home, across the sea, and in the talk and in the pauses that came between, the noble soul of the man, the tender and beautiful one of the woman, more and more recognized each other.

At the end of two hours—it did not seem more than two minutes to the two sitting there—there was a stir at the door. Joe had come! He stood there with his round, black head, his tanned face, his little, chubby figure. Rachel had tidied him that morning, and mended some rents in the shabby clothes, so that his appearance was considerably improved from that of the boy Donald had found sobbing at the hospital gate.

Joe knew Robert Beresford at the first glance. It was more than four years since the two had met, but Joe had never forgotten that wonderful hour, that grand friend, that glorious playmate. He had always cherished a belief that if they could only meet again all his troubles would end at once. There would be nothing more for him but happy times, endless fun, new clothes, and dinners the very thought of which made his mouth water. To poor Joe, tossed about the world, ill-treated by his father when the man was drunk, and half-starved a good deal of the time, Robert Beresford was the only god he knew anything about, and to be with him was heaven.

Trembling in every limb of his round, little body for joy, Joe was yet shy. He stood still in the doorway, twirling his bit of cap in his red, stubby fingers. His face was radiant.

But when the gentleman, seeing him, rose at once, put out his hands and said, "Well, Joe, here you are at last!" in the old, kindly tone he remembered so well, the boy forgot everything else, and darted across the room with a little yell of delight, not even seeing the lady with her beautiful, questioning eyes who sat by the window.

"We have had a long chase for each other, Joe," continued Beresford, entering into the feelings of the boy with those swift sympathies which gave him such a marvelous power over others. "You look as though you were glad to see me."

"Yes, sir'ee, I am," replied Joe. "I've come to stay with you now. My father al'ays used to say I should."

The boy's lip suddenly quivered. At the hospital he had taken another long look at the silent, ghastly figure on the bed, that looked so like, and yet not like, his father. At that sight, grief and fear had swept over his childish soul again, and he had sobbed as though his heart would break.

"I know you are come to stay with me, Joe," answered Beresford, as he sat down and drew the little fellow between his knees, while the strong man's heart grew very tender over this worse than orphaned boy—this poor little waif, who had been so strangely thrown on his help and pity, and whose best fortune it was that his father lay dead that summer morning in the hospital three miles away.

The gentleman laid his hand softly on the black little head, as he was in the habit of doing on another soft-ripped, brown one.

"I shall try to make you a happy boy—a good one!" he said.

Joe twirled his cap again; his black eyes danced. It was impossible for him to imagine he could be anything but happy and good now he was with his friend. He knew he had been something else very often in the miserable times that were all gone now.

In a moment he broke out eagerly: "Is the swing there?"

"The swing is there, Joe."

The boy gave a little cry of delight. He had not been trained in drawing-room manners. Yet there was something pathetic in the way his childhood asserted its eternal right to happiness. Here Joe Hatch stood— orphaned, homeless, outcast, without a friend in the world, save the man whom he had only met once, for a half hour or so, in his life. Yet, despite all the poverty, and shame, and loneliness of his lot, his little childish heart trembled for joy; he was as happy at that moment as it was possible for boy to be, because he had learned "the swing was there."

All this time Lenox had sat perfectly silent watching this scene. Her guest felt now that some explanation was due her. He said to Joe: "Will you tell this lady—Miss Dare—who has been so kind as to allow us to meet here, how you and I, Joe, first came to know each other?"

Then Joe became conscious of the lady's presence. He turned now and stared at her with the solemn, curious eyes of childhood. She smiled on him.

"Won't you tell me, Joe?" she asked.

He drew a deep breath. The red, stubby fingers plucked nervously at the cap. In a moment the words came in broken sentences: "It was ever so long ago; I got inside the gate. There was a swing there. He come up softly behind, and see me a standin' and watchin' it. First I knew, he had cotched me up in his arms and was a tossin' me up and down in the air. Oh, it was jolly! Then we had a swing. I hit the tree each time. Then a man come along, and they talked, and—and—the man took me into the house, and I had some new clothes, and such a breakfast! It was all high jinks! Then it grew still, and nobody came, and when I got tired of eatin' I went to the door and looked round, and couldn't see nobody. Then I found my father a sittin' behind the hedge, and he told me he'd heard and seen all that went on the other side. Then he said as how he'd made up his mind to give me to the gentleman, and we went up to the house ag'in; but the woman wouldn't let us in, and said her master was gone."

When Joe finished, there was a little silence. Donald, standing all this time in the hall, came forward now and apologized for being absent so long. They had waited at the hospital for Mr. Beresford before setting out home again.

Then Lenox and her guest learned, to their amazement, that their interview had lasted more than two hours.

As Beresford rode away with Joe in front of him, he thought of what Goethe had said of Rahel ton Ense: "She is one of those souls whom I love to call beautiful!"

CHAPTER XIV.

LENOX DARE stood on the piazza and watched the pair ride away. She had not asked her guest to call again. She had not even thought of it. Yet she had a feeling that this was not their last meeting. She walked across the piazza in the hot sunshine, for it was now a little past midday, and not a leaf of all the climbing vines about her stirred in the sultry stillness. It seemed as though the very world was holding its breath. Even her thoughts moved in a vague sort of reverie. Every few minutes the noble head, the grand presence, would rise before her, so strange yet so familiar. Of course it was all a mistake, that fancy of hers, she kept saying, until at last she made herself believe it. When Rachel came to tell her lunch was ready, she seemed to wake out of a dream.

For a fortnight, Robert Beresford, in his intervals of leisure, usually found himself thinking of Lenox Dare. He was haunted by a great curiosity regarding her. She seemed to have left some fine aroma in his memory. That could not be the effect simply of her beauty, powerfully as that had impressed his artist-sense. He said to himself often: "I must see that woman again!"

This was a very easy thing to do. They had already spoken of mutual acquaintances. Beresford could have sought Lenox Dare with the proper letters of introduction. But this seemed to him now too conventional a way of approaching her. He could not even bring himself to make a single inquiry regarding her.

Lenox was right; Robert Beresford did come again. One morning she entered the library, and most unexpectedly found him awaiting her there. She had come in from out-doors, and had not yet heard of his arrival. He was standing by the mantel, over which hung a little marine picture—a bit of sandy beach, and huge green waves crested with foam, while in the west flamed a red bar of sunset cloud. He was looking at this when Lenox came in, the pale roses in her cheeks a little brightened by her walk.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dare," he said, for his manner and speech, with their perfect courtesy, were always simple and direct, "for calling again without your permission. I have not even brought the letters of introduction which I perhaps ought to have done."

"I am very glad you felt there was no need of letters, Mr. Beresford," answered the sweet-ca-

denced voice, and the lady gave him her hand, with a welcome in her eyes.

If all this sounds very odd and unconventional, I can only say that you must remember the kind of man and woman these were, and that each had already recognized in the other a nature touched to fine issues.

After this informal greeting, the talk followed naturally. It opened ever into wider vistas. And always the thought and speech of the one stimulated and allured that of the other. It was talk free and natural as sunlight. It was such talk, too, as could only take place between a pure, noble, ideal man and woman. In such rare, delightful intercourse, hours go almost like minutes. Robert Beresford found that he had barely time to reach the next train, and begged Miss Dare's pardon for staying so long.

It need not be said that he came again. I cannot trace here, step by step, the acquaintance as it grew between this man and woman. The more they saw of each other, the more their sympathies—intellectual, artistic, moral—came to light. What Mrs. Charles Kingsley, in her life of her husband, has beautifully said, was true also of this other pair: "And gradually the new friendship, which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance—deepened into intimacy."

Robert Beresford came often to visit Miss Dare. What restful, inspiring, altogether delightful hours he passed under that gray roof! He had not dreamed the world held anything for him so precious and stimulating as he found this new companionship. While he talked with Miss Dare, the whole horizon of his life seemed to widen and glow with the old enthusiasms and aspirations of his youth. All the hopes and visions of his noblest hours seemed possible to him in her presence.

What was true of their first conversation was true of all that followed. Books, and art, and human life, the world about them, the lands where they had traveled, the people whom they had met, were in turn discussed. Of course the mood of the time formed the key-note of the talk; but through all its varied phases, grave and gay, earnest and playful, the strong and noble soul of the man, the tender and gracious one of the woman, more and more recognized and rejoiced, as all true souls must, in each other. Indeed, within a month after they had first met, they might have said what Goethe did long ago: "For the first time I may well say I carried on a conversation. For the first time was the inmost sense of my words returned to me, more rich, more full, more comprehensive, from another's mouth. What I had been groping for was made clear to me. What I had been thinking I was taught to see."

Lenox Dare had, as she once told Ben Mavis, friendships with men. But all other companion-

ship—even that with Uncle Tom—seemed to lack something fine and perfect which this man—so late a stranger—brought her. It had come into her grief and loneliness an unutterable solace and pleasure, yet, like all the other best things, as naturally and easily as dawn rises out of the dark.

Robert Beresford came out often in the late afternoons and took supper with Miss Dare. Sometimes they walked among the grounds, or strayed outside into the green, old lanes, and shady, sweet-breathed coppices around Lenox's home, while thoughts and words "many hued, many shaped," arose between them. Two or three times they drove over to the beach in the summer twilight, and listened for awhile to the voices of the sea. This "love of all out-doors," as Lenox used playfully to call her delight in nature, was one of the many feelings the two had in common.

A friendship like this of which I write is, of course, no common experience. From its very nature, it could only exist between a rarely endowed man and woman. To such, I think, a companionship of this sort would always seem less a surprise than a cause of unutterable thankfulness. Each would be likely to cherish a feeling of immense gratitude toward the other. Beresford, for his part, had not a doubt that he received vastly more than he gave. Lenox would have said the same thing of herself.

In their thought—after a little while, in their speech—each called the other "My friend!" oftener than they did by any other name. This companionship was the more perfect because no dream of love ever entered into it. Each would have resented the thought as a wrong to the other. When the love of his youth had been so suddenly wrenched out of his life, Robert Beresford had believed no other could ever take its place.

Lenox, on her part, had long entertained a notion that she was only fitted to have friendships with men. She was too thoroughly a woman, however, not to have a dim consciousness of possibilities of passionate devotion in herself. But there was a side of her nature, which, through all her youth had been as slumber-bound as the princess in the beautiful, old legend. He who was destined to awake the sleeper came—so runs the old story—soft and unheralded through silent gardens and stately palace. She saw no form, she heard no footfall, until he stood by her side and called her, and she awoke and knew him!

Before the summer was over Robert Beresford brought Jack Leith and his wife to see Lenox Dare. Returning from their visit, they were driving home from the railroad station, when Jack said to his wife: "What a splendid creature she is!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Leith, a sweet-faced little

blonde, with bright eyes and pale gold hair, "Miss Dare is lovely. O Jack, when I saw those two together, I could not help imagining a romance. Such a glorious pair as that man and woman would make!"

Jack gave his horse a sharp cut with the whip.

"How absurd you are, Gertrude! All that notion is worthy a romantic school-girl! The two are simply friends. With such a man and woman that means a great deal."

"But is it impossible that friendship may ripen into something more, even with people like them? Of course they don't dream of such a thing now."

"And never will. Gertrude, you always were a sentimental, little puss."

"But at all events, I have a woman's instincts," answered Gertrude, with a little pout of lips that seemed to have stolen the bright red of a briar-rose. Then she added: "Jack, you are a goose! Every man is!"

Jack laughed merrily.

"I thank you, my dear," he said, as they drove up to the gate, "for that saving clause. You may call me bad names as often as you like, if you will only include the rest of my sex in your category!"

Meanwhile Joe was getting on. Beresford had taken the boy for the present to his own home. He was in Martha's kindly hands once more. Joe had discovered that life, even in the paradise he had been so long dreaming about, was not altogether what his fancy had painted—not merely one long frolic and feast—not an eternal "jolly time" with the grandest playfellow in the whole world.

At eight years, even, the human animal finds it hard to learn new habits. In the midst of his good fortune, Joe sometimes had a hankering for the old, free, tramp life, even with all the roughness and miseries thrown in. He sometimes looked down ruefully at his polished boots, as he remembered what fun it was to throw up his bare, dirty, little heels in the wet grass or splash through the big pools after a rain.

School at first was a dreadful stumbling-block, and for weeks he was sorely tempted to run off and have one day, at least, in the old vagabond fashion. But though he frequently tried the patience of those who had immediate charge of him, they discovered that one argument had weight with him when all others failed, and that was the approval of Mr. Beresford—the light in which he would regard Joe's behavior.

Through all his trials and his bad tempers, Joe's confused, little brain and childish heart still held loyally to his benefactor. To please him gave the boy a greater satisfaction than anything else in the world. He had his rewards, too. The gentleman always took a walk in the grounds after breakfast. It was understood that Joe would accompany him. The boy's face would be radiant as he trotted along, chatting eagerly, by the side of his friend.

But the crowning joy arrived when they came to the swing. Joe would whisk into the seat and, the next moment, shouting with glee, would mount among the branches; while Beresford stood by, doing his part, and thoroughly enjoying the fun.

Indeed Donald confided to his wife that anybody, seeing them together, would find it hard to tell which was the greater boy—Joe or the master!

In the first week of autumn Lenox received a letter from Ben Mavis. While he wrote, a little boy lay sleeping his first sleep by his mother's side in the cottage at Briarswild.

When Lenox read that she made up her mind what she would do.

CHAPTER XV.

THE morning after Lenox received her letter, Robert Beresford came out. He had not seen her for several days. When Lenox came in, her white robe looking doubly cool and pure against the sultry morning, she said to him: "Ah, my friend, I am glad to see you! I feared lest you should come and find me gone."

"Find you gone!" he repeated, and something in his tone told her a part of all the words meant to him.

"Yes," she answered, "but only for a little while. I expect to leave for Briarswild to-morrow."

"A little while, I think you said, Miss Dare? What do you call a little while?"

"A month, perhaps. Ben and Dorrice will hardly let me return in less time—don't look at me in that way, Mr. Beresford," she exclaimed, for there was something in his eyes which hurt her. She was too thoroughly this man's friend to think of herself, to feel flattered at the look which told her, better than any words could, how much he would miss her.

"I beg your pardon if I looked at the moment what I felt! I see now what these months have been to me, as I feel what the next one will be without you. What will it seem not to come here; not to hear your voice; not to see your face, my friend?"

Lenox scarcely heard the last words. She found herself wishing that the visit might be put off. Then she felt a swift pang of remorse, of resentment for her friends. It seemed a wrong to them, an ingratitude, because for this man's sake she was not more than half-glad to go to Briarswild!

She spoke now rather to this feeling than in reply to him.

"But I must go at once. I should never be able to forgive myself if I delayed an hour to see the son of Ben Mavis."

"I am not so selfish a brute as to desire you

should do that, Miss Dare." Then he opened a magazine. "I have brought you a new poem to read," he said.

He had been much in the habit of bringing anything which pleased him in his reading to Miss Dare. Any noble or beautiful thought, any graceful fancy, any perfect bit of imagery—he would bring all these to enjoy afresh with a mind so thoroughly appreciative and responsive as hers.

The poem which he read now was one of Whittier's rustic ballads, a lovely, homely old legend set in rhyme. One could almost hear through the words the rustle of the ripening corn, the low murmur of streams over mossy stones—could catch the breath of the sweet clover and the wild briar roses, could see the white flash of the sea-bird's wing, and the broad river meadows asleep in the sunshine. The voice of the reader lent a fresh charm to the ballad.

"How lovely it is!" Lenox said, when he paused. "I think some echoes of that poem will linger for me in the air all day, Mr. Beresford."

"I am glad to hear you say that," he answered, and then he sat silent for awhile looking at her. At last he spoke again: "I shall write to you sometimes, my friend."

"I hope you will."

"But, despite that resource, I foresee I shall have some miserable, lonely moods to fight through. I must be on my guard now."

"Against what?"

"Against my fiend of a temper!"

"One might really suppose, from your talk, Mr. Beresford, that you were often angry."

"That would be a mistake, too. I never feel quite sure, however, that I have more than throttled my ancient enemy—that he may not be biding his time to spring on me. What are you thinking about, Miss Dare?"

"It has just recurred to me that when I met you the first time on the piazza, I said to myself, 'This man's anger must be a terrible thing!' Indeed, it seemed for the moment as though I must have sometime seen you in a great outbreak of passion. It is the more curious, too, because everything of that sort is so remote from your whole look and bearing."

"Your instinct was simply marvelous!" he said, looking at her with amazement.

"I can't agree with you when I remember how signally it failed me at that time. There was an instant or two when I could have sworn we had met before."

"Yes, you certainly were at fault there. Did you really suppose, Miss Dare, I could ever have seen you and have forgotten it?"

A little smile stirred her lips. "I never regarded it in that light," she said. "If I had, I should certainly have conceived it quite possible."

There was a little silence. He was marveling at this woman's freedom from vanity.

In a moment she spoke again, following the train of her association: "I have often seen people in tempers, and I have been annoyed, pained, shocked, as the case might be. But only once in my life have I been frightened by the sight of an angry person."

"Was the anger of so terrible a nature, then?"

"It was vivid enough, certainly; but that which gave it its force was its perfect justice. I had done—what seemed an unpardonable wrong."

"You—you wrong anybody, Miss Dare?"

"It was wholly accidental on my part, but it was none the less an irreparable mischief. I cannot think of it now without its hurting me." There was a little tremulousness on her face—in her voice.

"But if you were not to blame, nobody certainly had any right to be angry with you."

"But—the person of whom I speak could not possibly know how innocent I was of any intentional harm. The cruel wrong was before his eyes—the circumstances all against me. When he did learn the truth, he made the noblest, the most beautiful apologies a man could."

She spoke now with a thrill in her voice. Anything in her experience had an interest for him.

"I wish you would relate the story, Miss Dare," he said; "unless you have some reason for not doing it."

Lenox hesitated. In the course of their acquaintance, she had sometimes spoken of her life at Cherry Hollows. Yet her friend had, in reality, very little notion of it. She had, during her uncle's life, seldom alluded to her childhood, because the subject was painful to him. This reticence had become a habit. Her uncle was the only person to whom she had ever related the scene in Cherry Hollows' Glen. Her jealous tenderness for his memory kept her silent over all that might awaken a suspicion of his having neglected her. But almost against her will she found herself speaking in a moment. For the second time in her life she was relating the events of that far-away morning.

"How well I remember that morning, Mr. Beresford!" she said. "It was the most perfect of summer days. Mrs. Crane—you remember she was my grand-uncle's widow, with whom I was left after his death—was in a wonderfully good humor. She had made up her mind to have company to tea, and I was sent off early into the pastures to gather berries. Before ten o'clock my basket was filled, and I had started for home on the winding old turnpike, when I reached a point which afforded a splendid view of the Glen. I leaned over the bars on one side of the road and gazed down into the great green gulf. O my friend, I can at this moment see that little girl with her

brown dress and basket of berries as she went along the road—as she leaned over the bars that morning?"

She paused a moment. Robert Beresford looked at the speaker as she sat before him in her cool white dress. Wherever she moved, he thought, some grace and fragrance of perfect womanhood must cling to her. While she talked, he tried to imagine the scene. The picture he drew was sufficiently vivid to himself, but it was not in the least like the Lenox Dare who came with her basket out of the berry-pastures that morning.

In a moment she went on: "Something at the foot of the Glen attracted my attention. A young man stood there, with his back toward me, evidently gazing at the scene. I can see him, after all these years—the tall, lithe figure—the small cap on the proud young head.

"Just on the right of the stranger stood something which I was not long in discovering must be an easel. I knew then he was an artist. Instantly a curiosity to see that picture took possession of me; I had never, it seemed to me, in my whole life longed to get at anything quite so much. While I was thinking about it, the artist suddenly drew something from his pocket and disappeared on a footpath among the trees. I knew then that he had gone to a spring not far away. My chance had come now. What a wild, headlong impulse it was! But my curiosity had the upper hands. I half-shudder now to remember how I flung myself over the bars and plunged down that steep descent of nearly two hundred feet."

"It was a mad thing to do!" exclaimed Miss Dare's guest.

"It certainly was. The wonder is that I did not break my neck. But the catastrophe befell me when the worst of the peril seemed over. An old trunk, rotten and slimy, lay in my way. My feet slipped. I tried to save my berries, and lost my balance. I rolled down into the Glen. I fell with all my force against the easel. I rose at last, a good deal scratched and torn, and dreadfully bewildered with my fall. The berries had rolled after me. I picked up my basket; and then I caught sight of a canvas on a bush in the hollow. Great spike-like thorns had pierced it. I saw a dreadful rent in the centre. I dashed down and tore away the canvas. I turned it up to the light. O my friend, it was as I feared. The beautiful picture was ruined!

"In a moment—Why are you looking at me in that way?" she asked, suddenly, meeting his eyes. For they were staring at her with something indescribable in their luminous depths. Was it amazement, doubt, bewilderment, which almost stunned him for the moment? All the time he had listened intently to her story; but in a flash it came over him that she was relating what had happened long ago in Cherry Hollows Glen. It broke upon him

so suddenly and with such force of conviction, that he grew quite pale.

"Are you ill, Mr. Beresford?" Lenox asked, anxiously, seeing that he did not speak.

"Not in the least, thank you," he said, recovering himself by a strong effort. "But I am very deeply interested in your story. I want to know what happened next, Miss Dare?"

"What happened next," was the artist's return. Lenox became too absorbed in her recital to notice her friend. Indeed, he sat still as a statue; he scarcely breathed as he listened, and drank in every word. Was he dreaming? Would he wake up in a moment? The wonder was that he could have taken the story from her lips at any point and gone on with it. How perfectly every event lived in her memory! How vividly she painted their first meeting; his terrible outbreak of wrath; her dread of his vengeance; the terror and despair which had paralyzed soul and body!

She paused for a little while to resume her story at the point where the artist, after tearing up his picture, had gone away, leaving her more dead than alive. She told how a mighty impulse to clear herself in his eyes had suddenly brought her to her feet; how she had followed him, forced him to listen to her until the old terror held at bay for a moment overcame her again, and she fled from him with a cry. She related how he had found her, sitting faint and shaken at the foot of a tree, and when it came to what had passed there, she had not forgotten in all these years one word, one tone, one gesture.

But even here Lenox did not stop. The time, the scene, had got hold of brain and heart. She went over with the story of that whole day, with the doubts and fears, the hopes and longings, that had possessed her, until at last the night came, and she stood in the lonely road, with the new moon looking down on her out of the summer sky as she made her resolve.

She paused there; but it was only in a moment to speak again. "A little later there came a great crisis in my life, when, all alone, I had to take the step which decided my future. I should never have had strength or courage to face that time, to do that thing, had it not been for the scene in Cherry Hollows Glen. What that man said to me awoke me from my childhood—aroused some latent energies within me. O my friend, he must have been a rare and noble nature! He will never know in this life what a debt I owe him. But I always have a feeling that I shall meet him and tell him—that he will listen and be glad to know—in some other life!"

The thrilling voice, a little tremulous with feeling now, suddenly stopped. Lenox, absorbed in her story, had hardly looked at her friend.

Then Robert Beresford rose and stood before her. It seemed as though something impelled him.

"Yes," he said, leaning over her. "He *will* be glad to know, Miss Dare; but you will not have to wait until you are in another life to tell him. It was *I* whom you met that morning in Cherry Hollows Glen!"

"You, Mr. Beresford—you?" she exclaimed, staring at him with those great, amazed eyes.

The faint rose-bloom faded from her cheeks, the red from her lips. But the truth came to her almost in an instant. She saw that the face before her and the man in the Glen were the same. How blind she had been not to know it before! Her first instinct was true after all. In a moment it seemed quite natural—the only thing, indeed, that could have been.

"Yes," she said, in glad, quiet tones, "you are the same man. I see it all now."

But the marvel would not pass thus with him. He drew a chair to her side. He sat down and gazed at her awhile in silence. How had this white splendor of a Psyche bloomed out of that brown chrysalid? At last he spoke.

"That little girl," he said, "was small, and tanned, and scrawny. You are not a woman whom one could think of flattering, Miss Dare; but you must know perfectly that no man with eyes and soul to recognize it, could gaze on your loveliness without thanking God for the sight! Do you tell me that you and that little girl were the same?"

"We are the same!" she answered. Her voice was steady, but her lip quivered.

He took the hand which lay on her lap in his own.

"That little girl," he said, "laid her hand in mine. Hers was brown with the sun, it was scratched with briars, it was stained with berries. This, in its white fairness, in its perfect moulding, looks like some piece of antique sculpture. Can they be the same, Miss Dare?"

"They are the same!" she answered; and then the contrast between that day and this—the thought of all the gladness of her life, of all that God had given her, came over her, and this woman, with all her fine repose of brain, and nerve, and soul, broke out into passionate sobbing.

Robert Beresford rose again. What had come over him that made him thrill and tremble at his heart—in every fibre of his strong frame? What flooded his whole being with an unutterable joy? In a moment he knew that he loved the woman who was sobbing before him—loved her with all that was best and noblest in him, with all the strength and passion of his manhood.

He went out on the piazza. Brain and heart were in a tumult of thought and emotion; yet, at the centre of everything was a perfect calm, an unutterable joy.

Yet one thing was certain. Whatever the man felt he never dreamed, as ordinary lovers would,

of any return on her part. At that moment, at least, it seemed to Robert Beresford honor and joy enough that he could love such a woman.

Was it hours before he turned and went in? It seemed so to him.

He found Miss Dare sitting where he had left her. How lovely she looked with the flush of her weeping still in her cheeks! She naturally supposed he had gone out and left her alone when her tears surprised her.

The two looked at each other a moment in silence. Then his strong will seemed suddenly to fail him—to yield to a spell mightier than himself. A moment before he had meant to carry his new secret to his grave. He spoke now; the tall form, the noble head leaned over her, as they had leaned long ago.

"I have made a mistake," he said, quietly. "I have believed all this time that my feeling for you, Miss Dare, was that of the sincerest friendship."

At another time she might perhaps have dimly forestalled his meaning, but her emotions had bewildered her. She was shaken out of her usual calm.

"What was it?" she said, hardly knowing what she asked.

"It was—LOVE!"

He saw how the word struck her like a blow—how pale she grew—how she shivered from head to foot.

"I—I thought it was friendship," she said, in a slow, confused way, under her breath.

He supposed she was speaking of his feeling for her.

"I know you thought so," he said. "You should never have fancied otherwise if I could have helped it! I certainly had not the madness to dream of asking anything for my part. I shall never again speak the word which something forced out of my heart and soul to-day. Let all be between us as though that had never been spoken! Let it never invade our friendship. This has become the best thing—the great joy and inspiration of my life. I am going away now for your sake—for my own! You will hear from me soon after you reach Briarswild. Good-bye, my friend!"

She said good-bye. She gave him her hand. She watched him with still, dazed eyes as he left the room. She heard him go through the hall.

But for her, too, had come a moment of doubt and struggle, then a mighty, overwhelming joy surged through her whole being, a joy that drew her with irresistible power toward the man who had just left her.

She rose from her chair. She went steadily and swiftly toward the door.

"Come back, Mr. Beresford!" she said, and the clear, soft voice had a ring of sovereign command which he had never heard before.

He had just reached the front door. He turned and came back at once. He found her standing on the threshold. There was not a vestige of color in her cheeks; but for an instant or two of silence, her great, dilated eyes poured into his own all their splendors of light, and joy, and tenderness. Then she held out her hands. When Lenox Dare gave her heart, it would be like herself, generously, absolutely, with no reserves.

"I love you, Robert Beresford!" she said. "Thank God I know it now! Better than all the world—better than my own life I love you!"

(To be continued.)

UNFRUITFUL.

I STAND at my window on New Year's morn,
And look abroad on the fields of corn
That greenly waved in the breeze of June,
But, withered and faded all too soon—
Stood pale, thin ranks 'neath the harvest moon.

There was never a harvest tale to tell,
Never a sickle flashed and fell,
For Drouth was the reaper, grim and gray,
Who scorned to carry his sheaves away;
And, shriveled and sere, they stand to-day,
Waving and rustling with sickly sound,
And bending their heads to the dank, cold ground;
With no fair promise from summer sun,
No goodly ears by his favor won,
No grain for the garner and no "Well done!"

Poor, pale, thin stalks, all your beauty gone,
Such as Egypt's king in his dream looked on,
Ye who at noon of the year were bright,
Tossing your leaves in the golden light,
What seer could foretell of your scathing blight?

I gaze and gaze till my heart is sad
For the goodly promise that made me glad,
All unfulfilled in the autumn hours,
Dead and gone like the spring-time flowers,
For want of the summer dews and showers.

But why, why yield to a sad unrest?
The Lord of the Heavens knoweth best—
Ah! heart, is there aught in this harvest sere,
That is like thy work in the Old Dead Year,
Laid yesternight on his snowy bier?

Where is the seed that thou didst sow?
Where the garnerers that overflow
With golden grain? Didst thou obey
When thou didst hear the Master say:
"Why standest idle? Go work to-day."

Hast wrought one hour at the gracious call,
While others have labored and borne it all,
The burden and heat of the toilsome day—
And thankless received at the end of the way
From the bountiful Giver as much as they?

S. J. JONES.

A SONG FOR A CLOUDY DAY.

THE day is cold; the dark clouds fold
Their curtains dull and dreary
O'er all the sky. Through leafless tree
The sad wind sighs a weary.

To-day so gray where yesterday
The sun shone bright with gladness;
My life last year so full of joy
Now dimmed with tears of sadness.

And yet we trust that He is just
Who e'en the sparrow feedeth;
In cloudy, as in sunlit days,
It is *His* hand that leadeth.

Not all our days in pleasant ways
And pastures green we travel,
By waters still that tranquil flow
O'er beds of smoothest gravel.

Our feet must press life's wilderness,
And climb its rocky places;
Our hearts leave only loneliness,
For last year's fond embraces.

Through memory's door I walk once more
The path we trod together;
One late, midsummer afternoon
When it was golden weather;

The sun shone bright, our hearts were light,
The purple clouds that hovered
Low in the west, all rimmed with gold,
To us new thoughts discovered.

We asked that day if by that way
Our horoscope divining,
Might not our clouds in life thus hide,
Like these, a golden lining?

Believing this, e'en while we miss
The joy that last year brought us;
We will not waste in vain regrets
The lessons that it taught us.

Nor will we fear that this new year
Will bring us much of sorrow,
But take the good that comes each day,
Nor future trouble borrow.

A Hope is ours that buds and flowers,
In dark and cloudy weather,
That sometime, as our hearts do now,
Our lives shall flow together.

MINNIE CARLTON.

Mothers' Department.

"BE PATIENT WITH THE LITTLE ONES."

UNDOUBTEDLY the admonition, "Be patient with the little ones," is often misunderstood and misapplied, and that, too, by parents who earnestly desire to do right. It is not at all surprising that a person who, without experience, and with very little theoretical knowledge of any value, engages in the work of training children, should presently be seeking somewhat anxiously for easy ways to do right. For this work is in itself so nice and difficult as long ago to have given rise to the saying, trite enough, "You must bring up one family before you can know how it should be done."

The instincts of parental love, if they had a chance for full play, would, no doubt, find ways to surmount or to avoid many difficulties; but with the majority of us these instincts are not allowed their full freedom nor their natural action. In the sharp struggle for daily bread, in the oftentimes sharper struggle for social superiority, for wealth, for distinction, the affections are, in numberless instances, half-smothered or wholly warped—put off from day to day with the promise of "a more convenient season," which, perhaps, never comes, or comes only when it is too late.

Beset by the innumerable embarrassments that must attend an ignorant attempt to manage a most complex and delicate business, with every moment of time seemingly occupied to its utmost capacity with pressing cares and labors, almost precluding the possibility of coherent thought, the affectionate parents look out anxiously for advice. They are told on every side to "Be patient with the little ones," "Do not hold them with a stern, restraining hand," "Do not visit upon all their little faults and follies continual reproof and punishment" (the faults, however, seem to be continual and in endless variety), and one of the best educational writers of the present day says plainly, "Do not expect much moral goodness from children." The parental heart is sadly warped which does not throb assent to every kindly word that is uttered for children; and what wonder, then, if, amid the hurry and anxiety and the disappointing tangle of mistakes, the *quality* of the patience enjoined be mistaken, and the little faults and follies excused or ignored, until they become great and uncontrollable ones? Indeed, looking at the subject from this point of view, it is a matter for wonder that the work of home-training is so well done, that so many children do finally come up to worthy manhood and womanhood.

The patience needed in this work, however, is not merely a quiet endurance of the cares and vexations inseparably connected with it; there must be patience to labor on, though no immediate results of that labor be observable; to give "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," even though the lessons *seem* to be all lost; in short, patience "to labor and to wait." To labor, not leaving the little failings unnoticed, because they are little; to wait, not attempting too much at once, nor crowding the work of years into months; but steadily, calmly and unweariedly

striving to build up noble and symmetrical character, keeping always in view the end to be attained. For just here we are beset by a great danger—the danger of becoming confused in a labyrinth of the little details of every-day work, thus entirely losing sight of, or wandering far aside from, the final object of our labors. While we must remember that no circumstance of a child's life, no peculiarity of its mind, is too trivial to be noticed, since upon any one of them may hinge the mightiest consequences, we yet must never forget, in our watch of particulars, that it is the general tendency of all these combined which constitutes the progress of development. Yet how frequently it happens—alas, that it should *ever* happen—that the impatient thought, culminating, perhaps, in the impatient word or the impetuous deed, so magnifies some troublesome yet really trivial fault, that the child seems to us to be retrograding frightfully, when he is really making all practicable *normal* progress. Therefore it is well for us to know just what normal development really is.

The moral development which brings a great religious experience into a child's life; the judgment which knows to choose the good from the evil every time, ere yet the subject has reached his teens; the affection which, in childhood, always forgets itself in ministering to others, are not natural and well-timed phases of progress. They may be very convenient and gratifying to parents, and teachers, and friends, but they are not to be trusted for what they seem to be; these *apparently* lovely manifestations may be but the prelude to permanent disorganization; something in the mental economy is jarred or thrown out of place. With a wise care which holds in check, or, at least, refrains from encouraging any precocious action either of the intellect or of the sensibilities, the equilibrium may be restored. But the clear reflections, the steadily ruling conscience, the affectionate self-denial, which should be attributes of the mature mind, do not belong to childhood—should not be welcomed there. The immature forms of all human faculties should be there, and their crude and occasional expression should be gladly observed and carefully encouraged and directed; but everything in child-nature must *grow* to its appointed form and stature, in order to be reliable. Therefore, love's wise patience *passes* lightly over those childish peculiarities, which, though they may be somewhat troublesome and disagreeable, are yet certain to disappear as childhood disappears; and labors, with a faith that never despairs, upon the forming habits that will grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength.

H. M. BROOKS.

THERE's a great song forever singing, and we're all parts and notes of it, if we will just let God put us in tune. What we call trouble is only His key, that draws our heart-strings truer and brings them up sweet and even to the heavenly pitch. Don't mind the strain; believe in the *note* every time His finger touches and sounds it.—MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

The Home Circle.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPINSTER.

LEAF FOURTH.

WINTER is over at lust and changeful April sways her sceptre right royally over the earth, and showers, and sunshine, chilling winds and balmy airs alternate. One moment the face of nature is radiant with smiles, and the next is dripping with tears; soft and glowing tints of light and shade are penciled on the skies, only to be hidden from view by lowering, frowning clouds; the robins and early spring birds warble their sweetest, clearest notes and then hie away to the shelter of some friendly evergreen, till the fitful gusts of wind and rain are past; snow-drops, crocuses and daffodils nod their heads in the soft breeze, or bend shrinkingly before the blast. Here in the edge of the wood are large patches of snow and ice, while a little farther on, in a more exposed situation are trailing vines with scarlet berries, and tufts of the dark green liverwort struggling up amid the dry leaves, and crowned with blue, pink and white flowers of the most exquisite beauty.

So it is with human life; checkered, changeful varying human life. The bitter and the sweet mingled together. Flowers and thorns grow upon the self-same bush. The brightest joys are dimmed by sorrow, and the darkest clouds are silver-lined. But few lives are wholly desolate and fewer still are free from pain. The good things, and ill, are more equally distributed than some would have us think. Could we know the heart-history of many a smiling one, we should find that under the calm exterior was hidden away an aching or a breaking heart.

Here is a home of wealth, refinement and luxury, but within some darkened room lies, it may be the father, mother or an idolized child ill with a lingering, incurable disease; and how gladly would wealth and position be exchanged for health and soundness! and how often are the heads of the proud father and stately mother bowed low in grief on account of the sin of their offspring. There is not a man that expiates his sin in the penitentiary or on the gallows, but was once an innocent child, and was folded in the tender embrace of a loving mother, who would as soon have thought that the sun in the heavens would cease to shine, as that *her* child should come to such an end.

There in a humble cottage devoid of the luxuries of life, is a mother with four or five little ones dependent upon her daily toil for all the care and comfort they receive; and sometimes her burdens seem greater than she can bear; and just when the clouds are darkest, and depression and discouragement settles heaviest upon her; her little son climbs to her lap, and with his clinging arms about her neck and his soft cheek pressed close to hers, he murmurs: "Don't cry, mamma. I love oo!" as if his love could serve as protection from sorrow. She clasps him closer to her bosom, and a tender feeling floods her soul, as she looks over the little group of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked chil-

dren, now huddling together with tearful eyes and quivering lips in sympathy with mamma's distress; and her thoughts fly quickly to the mansion over the way, with the closed shutters, and the knot of crape fluttering from the door-knob, because the only heir of that proud home lies cold and still beneath its roof; and she wonders how she could ever find it in her heart to repine while such bright, healthful children, and such unsullied, trusting love was hers.

A friend of mine often says to me: "We never know what a day will bring forth. If I arise in the morning light-hearted and happy, something is almost sure to happen to put me out of sorts before night. I can hardly enjoy a pleasant hour for fear of the reaction that is sure to come."

"But would it not be better," I suggest, "to be grateful for present blessings, and enjoy them to the utmost while we may, and when trials come bear them bravely?"

When a young girl, I used often to visit and read the Scriptures to a dear, old, blind lady; and such was her patience and gentleness that one could not be much in her company without learning sweet lessons of faith and trust in God. She had been an ambitious, energetic woman, "looking well to the ways of her household," and "working diligently with her hands," and a real "Dorcas" in good works; and it seemed to me hard that she should be laid aside in the midst of her usefulness; but she would say: "It is all right, Milly. I needed just this discipline, else the dear Father in Heaven had not sent it. I think sometimes that my natural eyes were darkened that my inner vision might be clearer and stronger!"

"But were you always thus resigned?" I would ask.

"Not at first, oh, no! It cost me many a struggle to submit my will to the Lord's. I had so many plans by which I meant to do some little good in the world, and when these were frustrated my heart rebelled, but not for long; for the blessed Lord taught me that 'His ways were not as our ways,' and that while He calls some to do His will, others are called to suffer His will, and that one is as much loving service as the other, if performed in a right and submissive spirit."

I never visited the old lady without being strengthened in my desires and purposes to live a better and more useful life; and I used to compare her in my mind to those travelers, who climbed so far up the mountain-side that they could gaze with rapture upon bewildering loveliness of the landscape that lay spread out before them, while far below in the valley, mists and shadows shut in and obscured the vision on every hand.

But here comes Nellie, saying: "Tea is nearly ready, Aunt Milly, and Fred wants you to come out on the piazza. It is so nice since the shower; you can't think how it has started the grass, and the great, pearly rain-drops are clinging to everything and sparkling like so many diamonds; and there is just the loveliest rainbow. Come." So I close my little diary for to-night and follow her retreating steps.

CELIA SANFORD.

WORDS FROM AN INVALID.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: I have been a constant reader of the HOME MAGAZINE for over twelve years, as it was the first magazine I ever subscribed for, and I was only ten years old when I began to look for its welcome visits. It seems almost as near as any of my friends, and I believe it would be missed nearly as much as anything could be, if we should be deprived of its cheerful face. What makes it more necessary to me now, is the fact that for two long years I have not been from my room but a few times, and I do not know what I should have done without it, as the days seem so long to me; and do you know, I always turn to dear *Lichen's* letter first, for I know how to sympathize with her, as it is very hard to give up everything to one who has always been an active worker in this old busy hive of ours. But I try to think that I may do a little to make others happy, by bearing it all as patiently as I can; for I am sure my Heavenly Father knows what is for my good, and will surely give me grace and strength to bear it all, if it is for the best, for has He not promised that "sufficient unto thy day shall thy strength be," and I trust Him and His precious promises implicitly. But sometimes it seems hard to drink of the bitter cup, and still say "Thy will be done."

And now I wish to say to you all, who are well and able to go out among your fellow-men (and women also), that if you only knew how much it helped us who are not able to leave our beds, for months and years, and whose days and nights are full of pain and suffering, you would gladly leave a little unnecessary work or sewing undone to call on such an one. Who can tell how much it helps to pass away the long, lonely hours. I am thankful that I have found my friends so kind, as they all seem to be so thoughtful of my comfort, and my room is filled with little love-tokens, some of which were sent from friends now far away, and others who have gone to their Heavenly home, all of which help so much to brighten my room, and beguile the hours of pain, as much as such things can. And they all think of some little dainty to tempt the appetite, and if it is the same that I have every day, it tastes so much better as I eat it and think of the dear friend, who was so kind and thoughtful of my comfort. And others think of my love for books (which I do enjoy so much) and keep me supplied with reading. One almost needs to be in trouble to know how to appreciate her true friends. I thank dear *Lichen* for her words of hope and cheer to poor, despondent humanity, and am so glad that she is better, and hope she will be well and strong soon. But I must stop right here or I will try the patience of Mr. Arthur too much if I go on, so good-bye.

HELEN.

MOTHER'S ROOM.—It was ever a haven of rest and comfort to her children. Her constant effort was to make it cozy, fresh and bright; feeling amply repaid when she knew that it was the "dearest spot on earth" to them. And she had her reward; for as long as they lived—even after they had pleasant homes of their own—the hearts of my brothers would turn toward home and "mother's room," feeling, when they got there, perfect content.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 48.

THROW open the window to the morning sun, and let the fresh breeze come in with its vivifying breath. There, that is pleasant. Now, what are each one of you doing this lovely morning? I am tired of my lounge and corner, for, not feeling well as usual, I have had to keep pretty closely to them during the last few days; and it is much more irksome to me now, since I am able most of the time to sit up and move about so much more than I could for many years. I want to sit by the window, and see how every green thing is drinking in this balmy air, and throwing it out again in new leaves and buds. I wish I could look far enough to take a peep at our "Home Circle" at their various associations—see what they are doing, and how they really look. "Avis," farthest off of any, still has to keep a good warm fire amid her pine forests, where the warmth of spring is so long in coming. I fancy her a teacher, perhaps, working busily, with energetic will and brave heart. "Earnest" is a dear little home-wife and mother, earnest-eyed and tender, with a heart and hand ready to sympathize with and help any within her reach who are in trouble. She is probably teaching her little one his A, B, C's this morning, or watching him play as she sits with her sewing by the south window. Miss "Pipey" and Mrs. "Chatty" are at their desks, perhaps; or Pipey is flying about giving directions to the man who digs up the garden, or making a nice dish for dinner, or showing some young girl how to fix over her last year's hat, to make it look neat for spring wear. She can do a little of almost anything that lies in a woman's line, I believe.

Madge Carrol, tall and stately in figure, with black hair and dark eyes to suit her name, is tending her precious flowers. Many new and pleasant thoughts they will give her, I am sure, of the "bouquet of letters" she received last summer from all directions, telling her such charming flower stories. I hope the arbutus will still "whisper the secrets of spring," and the fuchsia-bells ring sweet music; that "heartease" will always live for her, while the fair, stately lilies speak pure and holy thoughts to her soul.

The little teacher "out West" watches her charges, and listens to good and bad lessons, with gentle patience and timely admonitions, looking out her window sometimes with a secret longing to be out in the fresh, green woods, away from the wearisome work and noise of the school-room.

Minnie Carlton—whom I fancy as a petite figure, with bright, sunny face—is bending over her pansy-bed, longing to see their sweet faces looking up at her again. That busy mother, living among the "Lonesome Hills" of Texas, has probably got the larger part of her six responsibilities off to school, and is now, I hope, enjoying a bit of out-door refreshment among her vines and trees. In her climate, she is surrounded already with almost summer wealth of foliage and bloom. Those pine woods must be grand and solemn places, where one might listen to silent sermons, or grand old poems whispered by the majestic trees as the soft winds sigh through their branches. This communing with nature is next thing to com-

muning with God, and should often turn our thoughts to Him.

I read the other day, in a book of "Aphorisms," this one, which attracted me particularly: "Every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God on this world about us." I remembered it just now, seeing Lizzie out among her roses, trimming them up ready for spring blooming. To think of His loving thought for us being shown through every flower that we enjoy, no matter how small or simple it is, seems wonderful, and makes them of so much more worth.

There are so many other beautiful thoughts on the same subject in this book. One from the pen of Richter: "The Infinite has sown His name in the heavens in burning stars, but on the earth He has sown His name in tender flowers."

Longfellow calls them

"Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

And I believe Cunningham says the prettiest thing of all:

"There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower,
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God."

Yet how seldom we heed these lessons. How carelessly, or as a matter of course, we generally take these gifts and use them, or often pass them by indifferently, not thinking of the beautiful meaning which they hold.

I made a wreath a short time ago of some treasures of leaf and flower, which I had been gathering together for a long time. Floy helped me to arrange them, as I have not much inventive genius about making such things. I chose a pale gray-tinted paper to make it on, as it would be a softer background than the glaring white, and placed first two crimson and gold maple leaves from our own woods in the centre of the lower edge. Over the crossed stems we fastened a bunch of green and gray lichen. Then on either side come sprigs of rich green box-wood, sent me from far-away Maryland, and graceful little ferns from "Earnest's" home among the hills of New York. Next some golden aspen-leaves from a spot I used to love, and dark, glossy green ones from the viburnums and bays of New Orleans, bringing memories of hours I spent under the shade of those trees. In a conspicuous position are placed three crimson-and-brown leaves from Mount Vernon, sacred as coming from the tomb of our great hero; and on the opposite side a little twig of bright yellow elm-leaves from the home of our venerable poet, Longfellow. The sweet singer may have walked beneath the very tree on which they grew when composing some of his beautiful lines. In the centre of the paper, Floy drew a little cross in crayon, which I ornamented with ferns and sprays of well-moss—so like sea-weed—and at its base grouped some of the most valued treasures—those from foreign lands. An ivy leaf from Kenilworth Castle, and a bunch of daisies from the grave of the gentle poetess, Adelaide Proctor. A friend traveling in England sent these to me five years ago. And with them I placed the greatest curi-

osity of all—a sprig from one of the cedars of Lebanon, which has found its way through three different hands to my little far-off corner. Lebanon, renowned in days when the ancient books of the Bible were written, yet still standing in the place of departed glories, and sending its mementos to all parts of this new world.

This completes the wreath, and I would like to show it to you when in its frame, which Lizzie is to make of pine cones and acorns gathered near our old home. I cannot number the thoughts and scenes which come whenever I look at it. There is so much hidden beneath many of its leaves which no one else can see. And while I am saying good-bye, I would also thank each one reading this who has sent me anything toward its composition for the pleasure they have helped to bestow. May the flowers of love and happiness, and the leaves of many virtues, grow in all your hearts, and throw their sweet influence around your way.

LICHEN.

A LETTER FROM AUNT RENA.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: You always come so bright and cheering, that I wonder if any of you ever meet with the unaccountable shadows that sometimes envelop me. It seems at such times as if there was nothing but darkness. I know some of you will understand these seasons which fall into the lives of so many women—when Minnie's innocent play set the nerves a quivering, and Rob's marbles and top, with his "Look, mamma," are torture. If the "spell" comes on in winter, a rainy day, with an east wind, as it is very apt to do, how we long for the bright summer days, when the little ones can play out of doors without the nightmare of coughs and croups haunting our thoughts.

Sometimes a simple thing will snap the cords that seem to bind the spirit with bars of steel, and the clouds break away, showing bright gleams in the out-look, as after quick spring showers. There seems to be a unity in all nature's arrangements, if we could only find the clew.

These dark hours remind me much of night, or the longer gloom of winter; then, though everything is wrapped in darkness, or seemingly dead, still the silent influences work on, giving strength to the oak, creating new affinities of beauty for the flowers and waking up the germs of life in seeds and buds. And when morning breaks over the dewy hills, or spring awakes the flowers with a touch of her fairy wand, how quickly gloom flies away, and everything is brighter for the transient darkness. So it is in these gloomy seasons; after they pass away, we look back and wonder what has so changed everything. Minnie's bird-like laugh is now melody, and Rob's boyish glee the bass viol of the home-music.

The love and culture of flowers I accept as a great boon to care-worn hearts. Often, when perplexed or worried almost past human endurance, I look around at a simple window-pot of flowers to meet the merry gaze of a pansy. It looks so cunning, so knowing, as if it would speak and say, "Why so sad, when there's so much to make you glad?" Or look into the dewy heart of a violet, so like the blue eyes of a child bedewed with tears of sympathy, or the innocent purity of a babe in

snowy robes. As I inhale their fragrance as sweet incense, I earnestly thank God for flowers. If it derogates not from His dignity and grandeur to paint the flowers, and endow them with the subtle grace which speaks to our hearts, surely He intended us to love them. Their mission on earth is so pure, and so world-wide is their influence, that they may be called little missionaries. They are often the first object eager baby-fingers try to grasp, and the last to cheer the home of the aged. What more fit emblem to crown a bride, or clasp in the cold fingers of death, than these lovely memorials of God's love?

I can never forget one little sufferer, now with the angels, who, when scorched with fever and delirious with pain, would rest from her tossings for a moment to take an offered flower. She seemed to know and love them even after the clouded mind had ceased to recognize the mother who bore her.

When these dark hours fall into our lives, we can only

"Hold God's hand the tighter,
And trust Him all the while,"

accepting such means of relief as He is sure to place in our reach, if we have the grace to accept.

AUNT RENA.

THE SCHOOL OF FRUGALITY.

THIRD TERM OF FIRST SESSION.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS.

GOOD-MORNING, gir—*young ladies*, I may almost say! My, how you have grown! Old enough for boarding-school! And your parents grieve that they cannot send you on account of the *dress-necessities* for a girl to be sent from home. Is our School of Frugality about to prove a failure? Cannot we put into practice some of the lessons taught in the doll-house? Let's see if we cannot *squeeze* you into the narrow confines of a boarding-school in proper costume. Your early lessons have, in a measure, fitted you for the enterprise. Yes, you are fourteen, and have outgrown your well-worn and neatly-mended under-clothes. You will need a new outfit, as you will have little time for repairing at school.

Twenty yards of fine, wide, unbleached cotton will be enough for two complete suits for change. For two under-skirts, tear off two widths for each, long enough to reach the shoe-tops. Cut the side gores from the front widths, invert and sew the selvedge to the bias, which must be held a little full to keep it from stretching. Put in the back width plain; cut off the extra length of side gore, and make a hem around the bottom one inch wide. Gather the plain width into a binding at the top, with a buttonhole under arms. Fold the cloth lengthwise in the middle, and cut a pair of long sack gowns. Use the scraps from shoulder for gores at the bottom; cut a slit fourteen inches long in front, and face it below the lining, which should come below the arm-hole. Fold a corner of the cloth to such a bias as will make a sleeve large enough at the top and small enough at the hand, and cut it with the seam rounding the elbow. Make narrow hems on them. Instead of chemise, make a pair of sack-waists with stout hems on the bottom for buttoning drawers and skirts to. Upon

the edge of neck and sleeves of gowns and waists, and the bottom of drawers and under-skirts, sew serpentine braid upon one suit and a closely-crocheted edging upon the other for protecting them from wear. A few washings will bleach these, and they will be serviceable.

One yard and a half of linen will make all the handkerchiefs and collars needed. Quarter a yard of linen, turn down a hem half an inch wide, and stitch on the sewing machine or hem-stitch with the fingers. Cut the remaining half yard in strips two inches wide, fold over a strip of bleached muslin, turn in the edge and stitch all around on the machine. This will make a half dozen collars, and cuffs besides, three-ply, by putting cotton between. These collars are to be basted inside the little collars upon the two plain, neat calico dresses for "week about."

Have a pair of checked gingham chalk aprons with long, pointed pockets for service. Two pairs of good stockings, one pair of good leather shoes and one of morocco. If in summer, one linen; if winter, a gray woolen dress for second best and to travel to and from school in. One church-dress, with a pair of gloves to match, and a girlish gypsey-bat with good ribbon to harmonize with the color of the dress (in the neck of which is basted a bit of good lace, or a pure linen collar). A thick veil pinned over this hat will protect it while traveling, and a pair of gray lisle-thread gloves will save your kids for church wear. For everyday, have a sunbonnet and two pairs of half-mits, knit or made of wash-material; put a pair on clean every week with your other clean clothes. For winter, have a warm little sack cloak, and never allow it to get full of down. Hang it up, wrong side out, by a tape inside the collar.

A small trunk will hold all you will need. Use the same economy of space in packing it as God has used in folding the brain in your narrow cranium, and begin by placing what you will not be likely to need soon at the bottom. This may be one nice suit of underwear, if you are able to afford it. After packing under-clothes and calico dresses, put in the *nice* dress and cloak on top, that they may not get crushed and wrinkled. In the tray, put your needle-pocket, with scissors, thimble, thread, buttons and anything likely to be needed about mending. Also your gloves, handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs, pins and shoe-strings, a cake of good soap, tooth-brush, hair-brush and comb, penknife, pencil, penholder, ink, paper, envelopes and stamps. In the roof of trunk put your stockings, shoes, a bundle of pieces for mending, your everyday gloves and bonnet. You will need no pin-money, nor tricks nor trinkets, save a substantial, neat pin for confining your collar at the throat.

Here you have nothing superfluous to have stolen, nor to give to the washerwoman or chambermaid in that moment when you wish to appear so flush with plenty that you "don't care a fig" what becomes of *anything*. Nor will you have anything to lend to that class found in the boarding-school, as well as elsewhere, who depend upon borrowing to take them through.

On a page of paper take a list of all you have, beginning with the washable materials, and leaving the remainder of the lines blank. Paste this in the top of your trunk convenient to mark upon when you give out your washing. Take a list of your old school-books to compare with that which

the institute requires you to have. If you have none suitable, get second-hand or hire books, or, if forced to buy new ones, take great care of them, writing your name with leadpencil, that it may be erased, and the book sold the next session, or to the institute authorities at the close of the first session.

Do not buy blank books and scribble about in them, but take a half quire of paper and put a back on it yourself for copying your exercises into. Compose all your letters and essays upon your slate or the blank side of old letters or compositions, and copy them neatly upon clean paper, beginning at the top of the page. 'Never tear off a fresh half sheet of paper while you have a dozen lying loose with a heading simply, discarded through some *fancied* imperfection. Dismiss the school-girl folly of having so many "darling friends" to write to about nothing. Write once a month to your parents of your *progress in your studies*, and not about this and that which a girl must have or she is not thought anything of. If your shoes should rip at the heel, do not write for a new pair, but take a coarse needle and black thread, catch an up-and-down stitch in the old holes, upon this side and that alternately, drawing your thread tightly as you proceed; the seam will close upon the inside, leaving no sign of stitches; fasten well, and your shoes are as good as ever.

During study hours apply yourself with diligence, even Friday night, that you may have Saturday for righting up your things, composing and recreation. Spend Sunday as a day of rest literally, and not in the study of those little airs and affectations which all girls seem to think mark the improvement or distinguish boarding-school girls from the *unimportant* world outside of their particular institution.

Frugality may be exercised in manners as well as in actual business. Let every motion of feature or gesture of limb be with a purpose. Let them be prompted by a *soul* at the bottom of them. What use of all those unmeaning glances, contortions and giggles! A waste of time, muscle and thought which should be applied to easy grace and dignified carriage. Be temperate in all things.

M. L. SAYERS.

SO EASY ON PAPER.

HOW easy it all sounds when you read dear Pipsey's account of fixing over old coats and pantaloons, and such little pieces of fancy work. It seems as easy as knitting. But just try it once. I have always observed that lessons of thrift generally were much easier on paper than in plain every-day life. But I believe in them—every one of them. I know they do great good, and suggest a thousand and one contrivances which help along wonderfully in the hard pinches of life.

Still, I am afraid now and then some dear toiling heart will grow discouraged just by reading them. "I never can fix our Ned's old coat that way," sighs dear little Pauline, as she tucks baby away in his nest, and snatches up his short dress and hurriedly works a buttonhole before it is time to set the table. When will she ever get his short clothes done, so he can go into them, poor dear!

All the time that coat hangs up in the closet, and in a way seems to reproach her morbid conscience. Ned wants it. He can't just see why Pauly can't do it as well as his mother used to. He has not grumbled, to be sure; but Pauline knows just what he thinks, and to attack that coat looks much as it would to storm a fortress to the very rawest recruit that ever handled a musket.

Tailoring is not counted one of the needfuls of woman's education nowadays, and there is no justice in demanding it of her. No person can do everything in the short lifetime given her; and piling up other people's burdens on a delicate young wife's shoulders has laid many a one in her grave, and sent plenty of others to the insane asylum. If one knows how to do these things, and has time for it, as Pipsey has, very good. If you have neither, send the work out to some wise woman in your neighborhood who is glad to get such odds and ends of work, and knows how to do it right. Almost every place, large or small, has one or more such lone woman, who has the skill to make old goods almost new; and there is solid satisfaction in contemplating such handiwork when it comes home. There is no comfort in doing the work yourself in a bungling, unskillful way, after all the weary hours and heartaches you have expended over it yourself.

Throw the old coats into the rags, and let new ones be bought, before you make yourself wretched and life a burden by overwork in trying to repair them yourself, when you have neither the requisite time or skill. Repairs of a mild type, of course, any sensible woman will be glad to make; but where high art is required, pass it on to those who know how.

MIRIAM.

DEAR members of the "Home Circle:" I feel as though I must write and tell you all how much good you have done me through the best magazine in the world. I have taken the HOME MAGAZINE for fifteen years, and expect to take it as long as I live, if it is a hundred years! that is, if you all live and write for it that long. I love you all, and words would fail me should I try to express my gratitude. How I wish you could all come away out here in Illinois and take tea with me. I know by your writings that we would not slander any one, nor exchange gossip; for it seems wrong to associate your names with such low things, you seem such true and earnest people, trying to help us in so many ways.

I will send you two receipts which have been of value to me. A neighbor told me the first, but necessity the other, one day as I was making fruit-cake.

TO OPEN GLASS FRUIT-CANS EASILY.—Turn them top downward in two or three inches of hot water for about a minute, then take the cover off immediately.

TO WASH ENGLISH CURRANTS, OR OTHER SANDY FRUIT.—Look the currants over enough to get out the little pebbles, large stones, etc., then put them in a colander and set it in a pan of water; stir them thoroughly with your hand, or large spoon; taking care to stir continually from the lowest part where the sand would naturally settle. The sand and most of the stems will settle to the bottom of the pan, leaving the fruit clear of grit.

FIDUS ACHATES.

The Temperance Cause.

BIBLE WINES.

FROM the pen of Dr. G. W. Samson, formerly president of the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., we have a most interesting book, entitled, "The Divine Law as to Wines," which few, we believe, can read without being convinced that the wines of the Bible were of two kinds, fermented and unfermented. It is published by the National Temperance Society, New York.

We subjoin a part of the author's preface, as giving a summary of the whole book. "In all ages of thought and culture, physicians, statesmen and moralists have recognized the 'poison' lurking in fermented wines; and from sanitary, social and religious convictions, they have sought to counteract and eradicate it. The Egyptians and Hebrews had an 'unfermented wine,' as a chain of authorities from Moses, the historian and law-giver, to Fuerst, the latest Hebrew lexicographer, attest. The *laxative*, as opposed to the intoxicating, effect of such wine, is stated by a succession of Hebrew, Grecian and Roman writers. The mode of preparing and preserving such wine is minutely described by Roman writers from Cato, B. C., 200, to Pliny, A. D., 100. The fact that such wine is referred to in the Gospel histories as that used by Christ at both the Passover and Lord's Supper, is confirmed by the words of the inspired writers, by the comments and translations of the early and of the Reformed Christian scholars, and by the prevailing, though oftentimes perverted, practice of the Jewish and Christian Churches."

Of course, as one might expect from the subject, much relating to antiquarian research, the translation of different terms, and so forth, is not easily comprehended by the general reader. But we may properly refer to two words, upon which Dr. Samson dwells with peculiar emphasis. These are "yayin" and "tirosh," the former of which means "wine" in its general sense, including all drinks known by that name; and the latter, simply sweet, or unfermented wine. From the occurrence of these two words throughout the Hebrew Scriptures, we have the two images, brought to the mind in connection with wine. For instance, in strong contrast to "wine is a mocker," appears, "wine that maketh glad the heart of man." We may add here that, as an equivalent to the Hebrew "tirosh," or sweet wine, we have the Greek "gleukos," and the Latin, "must."

Dr. Samson also speaks of the different methods which have been used to prevent fermentation.

"*First.* As the presence of water is essential to the formation of alcohol from grape-sugar, the simple drying of the grape before the skin is broken permanently arrests alcoholic ferment; a fact which permits the Jews of modern times to produce from crushed and moistened raisins the original grape-juice in preparing their Paschal wines. *Second.* As the sugar in the grape is concentrated in the flowing juice, while the albumen which causes ferment is in the pulp lining the skin and inclosing the seeds, a separation of these two prevents ferment. This was effected by the

Romans and even by the Egyptians, in these two ways: first, by gently pressing the grapes so that the sweet fluid alone oozed from the skins; second, by straining the juice in the vat so as to exclude the pulpy portions. *Third.* As a temperature above fifty degrees F., and thence to about eighty-five degrees, is essential for the ferment that raises bread, causes seed to germinate, and produces alcohol, the placing of grape-juice in cold water or in a cool cellar arrests ferment. *Fourth.* As the presence of oxygen in the air is essential to acetous, if not to vinous, fermentation, exclusion of the air by tight corking arrests, if it does not entirely prevent fermentation. *Fifth.* As artificial heating drives off water, whose presence is essential to fermentation, the boiling of grape-juice to a syrup, the *debbis* of the Hebrews, and the *dibs* of the Arabs, prevents the formation of alcohol. *Sixth.* As the increase of the proportion of sulphur in the albuminous parts of grape-juice is found to limit the action of its nitrogenous element, ancient experiment as well as modern science has attested that the addition of sulphur, found in the sulphurous pumice-stone of volcanic Italy, arrests the alcoholic fermentation in grape-juice. The fact that by these processes throughout the Roman Empire before Christ's day, unintoxicating must formed from grape-juice, as well as sweet drinks, like the *sherberts* of modern Palestine and the Levant, were in common use, and were especially employed in religious rites, must serve as a guiding light in tracing the law of wines in religious uses."

Of the modes of preparing unintoxicating wines, Dr. Samson further says: "Cato, the earliest of the so-called 'rustic' or agricultural writers, about B. C. 200, describes especially the mode of preparing must, thus: 'If you wish to have must all the year, put the grape-juice in a flask (amphora), seal over the cork with pitch, and lower it into a cistern (piscina). After thirty days, take it out; it will be must all the year.' (De Re Rustica, c. 120). Passing on, the writer adds: 'Sometimes, in allusion to grape-juice, "vinum mustum" is used, showing that the unfermented juice of the grape was regarded and called wine, just as in modern times fresh apple-juice, before ferment begins, is called "new cider."'

"Columella, the rural writer, more fully than Cato at an earlier age, describes the mode of preparing unintoxicating wine. He says: 'That must may remain always sweet, as if it were fresh, thus do: before the grape-skins have been put under the press, put must, the freshest possible from the wine-vat, into a new flask, and seal and pitch it over carefully, so that no water can get in. Then sink the flask in cold, sweet water, so that no part of it shall be uncovered. Then again, after the fortieth day, take it out; and, thus prepared, it will remain sweet throughout the year.'

"Pliny mentions fourteen kinds of sweet wine, invented to diminish the intoxicating influence of wine; and he defines 'defrutum' as wine boiled down to half its consistency. He especially states that among sweet wines is that which the Greeks call *aeigleukos*, or 'semper mustum,' always must, or unfermented grape-juice—another link in the

chain of testimonies as to unfermented wines. Stating that this *aeigleukos* is made by preventing the grape juice from fermenting, he defines fermentation thus: 'So they call the passing over of must into wines.' He states that fermentation is arrested in Greece by tightly corking the grape-juice fresh from the press-vat, or by drying the grapes, as in Narbonensis, on the vines, and at the same time preparing from them, soaked in water, the '*aeigleukos*.'

"Among the counter-methods of preventing intoxication, he describes, as Cato and Columella, the preparation of must; he notices the Greek *protropos* as the 'must which flows of its own accord before the grapes are trodden;' he further mentions 'a mode of preserving musts in the first stage of ferment;' and again shows how to arrest ferment, when by carelessness it arises in must, by the use of anything that has sulphur in it, as pumice-stone, or lava, the yolk of an egg, or sulphur fumes."

These are only gleanings. But that the ancients really had unfermented, unintoxicating wines, we think is an established fact. Also that, as far back in ancient history as we can go, we will find such wines recognized. In the earliest record, that of Moses in Genesis, Pharaoh's chief butler describes the blossoming and the bearing of the grape-vine, and speaks of himself as pressing the grapes into the king's cup, and then immediately giving it into the sovereign's hand.

As we write, we have before us three cuts representing three distinct processes in the most ancient modes of preparing unfermented wines. They are copied from sculptures in relief, richly painted, found on the walls of tombs at Beni Hassan, in Upper Egypt. They are found in the volumes of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and were carefully studied by the writer in February, 1848. The tombs have, at their entrance, the cartouche of Osirtasen I, the Pharaoh of Joseph's day. The first represents the twist-press, the "torcular" of the Romans, and specially illustrate the *straining* of the saccharine from the albuminous ingredient in grape-juice, the cloth of the sack preventing the pulpy albumen from passing out with the watery, sugary fluid. The second, the tread-press, exhibits the immediate *drawing off and storing* of the strained juice, which issues from a spout of the vat, in which the strainer is not seen, pours into a tub, and is thence dipped fresh into jars and stored in the wine-vault. The third shows the mode of preserving stored grape-juice, by first pouring the juice into jars, and then putting a coating of olive-oil on top. The youth who pours in the oil has in his hand an oil-scoop like those now found in ancient tombs in Egypt, Cyprus and Greece. To this last description, Dr. Samson adds: "To this custom of preserving must and other fruit-products by oil, Pliny and Columella alludes, Columella saying that 'before the must is poured into the jars' they should be 'saturated with good oil.'"

Housekeepers' Department.

HER OWN NOTIONS.

WE write this in early March. It is a beautiful spring morning. Our hand will hardly be content to spin out line after line, when up stairs and down we find so many jobs of work needing our attention. Sometimes we say we wish we could do nothing but write, then perhaps we could learn to do it well, and carefully, and express ourselves better. But the good, old deacon looks up from the open Bible on his knees, tips his glasses up on his forehead, and says: "O Pipey, it's so much better this way. You get exercise by changing your work, and you get new ideas, and you come nigher to the working-people when you are one among 'em. If you knew nothing about housework, and close managing, and gittin' along, how do you s'pose you could help those who do? And then there is nothing in the world so healthful as housework. That's what makes women handy-like, and gives 'em a good appetite, and makes 'em the joy and comfort of their homes. My! how miserable and lonely it would be if all the housewives wrote for the papers! Just ask the children what it puts 'em in mind of to hear the scratching, buzzing, whispering sound of the pen skating hour after hour across the sheet. Even to this day they'll mind it 'nation well, I'll warrant. Indeed, I thought it was pretty lonely myself."

Well, after these fatherly talks, we always feel better satisfied—the same as we did last night, when the March number of the magazine came,

and we read the heartsome, sisterly greeting of that generous girl, Mary, who wanted to hug us. Hug away! Never mind the ruche or the smooth hair; Lily never does. Not an hour before your pretty banter, she had said: "Pipey, seems to me your gray dress is not becoming, and you look so tired; let me try what virtue there is in the touch of a skillful hand;" and she put a crisp, new ruche inside of our collar, and fastened it with a little gold pin, let our hair down and smoothed its length with a metallic brush, coiled it up loosely, put our garnet ear-drops in, and then stepping back, surveyed us and said: "Ah, yes, Pipey, your gray dress does become you," and then she took the kiss that Mary might have had.

"How did we make the top crust of that great chicken pot-pie?" she asks.

Easy enough; and we think we first learned how from some other woman's way in ARTHUR. Katy may not have made herself understood. In the first place, we made three separate chicken pies, in three different kettles, baked at the same time in our large stove-oven. You all know how they are made, the process to go through—the chicken, and crust, and pepper, and salt, and butter—the fowl cooked first in plenty of water, and the broth kept hot to pour over as required while baking. This is our way—preferable by far to making it before the chicken is first boiled. You likewise know that the portion of the crust which is baked a delicate brown is the best part of the dish. To insure this, we have a way of our own, which we have taught our girls to regard as one of the best ways

known. When we make the pie ready to put into the oven, the chicken is partially covered with the crust cut in strips and laid over. When it has browned, we roll out a round bit of dough—like one layer of a strawberry short-cake—cut two or three gashes across it, spread it over the top of the pie that is baking noisily in the oven, see that there is plenty of broth to boil up through it, hurry and close the oven, and leave it until the pie is baked on top a nice brown. Then we roll out another crust-cover and put on again, and let it bake brown. Sometimes, if the chicken was not young and very plump, we put a lump of good butter on top before we spread the last layer over. This insures a rich crust, and, as in the case of the Thanksgiving pot-pie, facilitates the separating of the layers.

You women who are learning a new wrinkle—Mary, for instance—will understand now how easily it was to lift off these covers, pour the contents of the kettles into a large, new, tin bread-pan, and *shingle* over the whole top of the immense pie, putting it in good and presentable shape for dinner. A good plan for a big picnic, soldiers' reunion, barn-raising, festival or any great gathering.

We think we have made it plain, and we hope others may profit by it. To give one a fair opportunity to manage such a baking without burning her hands or arms, the upper grate in the oven should be taken out previously, and a small dipper with a long handle used to lift the hot broth when pouring over the pies.

And, Mary, the name by which we are known sounds very sweet to us, falling from the lips of beloved ones; and we have no doubt our plain face looks really quite handsome to them. Sometime you kind women shall see the picture and the semblance of the woman who has "cut up" to make you laugh; who has tried to help you, and to lighten your cares, to make you patient under tribulation, hopeful when you walked among the shadows, cheerful under difficulties, and trustful in the promises of One who has gone before to prepare mansions for the weary. Of course we loved all of you. We knew it many a time when the tears dropped down upon the page we were writing; we had no doubt of our earnestness, and that your welfare lay close to our heart.

In how many ways we can help one another! We may have scruples, or be over-nice, when, if we knew it, the clear-seeing, practical man or woman of ripe experience, against whom we jostle in the street, could make very clear and satisfactory the trouble of ours. We may be puzzled about the bread we make not being white enough, our butter oily, our canned fruit showing signs of fermentation, the red in our rag-carpet fading, the vinegar sullenly refusing to become acid, our hanging-baskets remaining no prettier than when we first made them, our cellars not cool in hot weather or our cream not keeping sweet in those trying times in the summer when the dog-star reigns. All of these little annoyances that come to us could be smoothed out nicely, perhaps, by some dear old grandma, who couldn't read a chapter in Matthew without spelling half the words, and who wrote her good old-fashioned name with a X.

In our own experience, every one of these "trifling ills of every day" has annoyed us, and in no instance has the better way come to us through any one's scholastic attainments. It is

not the scholar who is wiser than the plowman, or whose superior knowledge puts to blush the sound, vigorous, practical good sense of the working-woman whose hands are hard and horny, and whose smooth forehead is as brown as her husband's. So don't give us credit when we tell you something good and useful, for very likely we may have gleaned it from a robust farmer's wife as she bent over her kneading-board, or butter-bowl, or dye-kettle, or washing-tub, or ironing-table.

We are always so glad to learn newer and better ways, to know how other people do; and we never yet found a woman over whose shoulder we were peeping who became angry or regarded us as meddling.

But the best thing we have discovered in many, many years, we learned from a lady in Richmond, Virginia, a charming, intelligent woman, the wife of a minister. Those Southern sisters of ours seem to know everything, and yet they are anxious to learn our ways, just as though we could teach them. They are so modest and unassuming. We do not think there is an easier, better or simpler process for making good yeast and good bread than this which the woman wrote out and sent to us. We regard it as invaluable, and we thank her again and again for it.

"TO MAKE YEAST.—Sift one quart of flour, and into it mix one small tablespoonful of pulverized alum and one tablespoonful of sugar. Have ready a kettle of boiling water, and pour upon the flour, stirring steadily all the while, until you have a batter almost as thick as dough. Stand it aside to cool; at the same time dissolve in tepid water a half dozen good yeast-cakes, or, instead, take a teaspoonful of good lively baker's yeast. See to it that this yeast be of a good quality, for more depends on this particular than any other item. When the dough is cold, stir in the yeast, mixing well, and set to rise in a moderately warm place. I usually scald the flour and dissolve the cakes when I am getting dinner, then put them together at supper and set to rise till the next morning. When risen sufficiently—which will be known by the dough being light and puffy—work in corn-meal enough to roll out. Cut into cakes about two inches in diameter, and dry in the shade—say in an upstairs chamber which is well ventilated by the winds coming in and going out at the windows. This quantity makes one hundred and fifty cakes, and they can be kept any length of time. I have myself kept them four or five months. They never grow sour nor musty, nor lose their strength. One must be careful to make them from the very best of live yeast—therein lies the virtue.

"TO MAKE THE BREAD.—After breakfast drop into a large teacupful of water two yeast-cakes with a heaping teaspoonful of sugar. At noon in cold weather, or at three o'clock in warm weather, stir into this flour enough to make a batter, and set to rise where it will keep moderately warm. If water rises on top, stir in a little more flour. At night sift two quarts of flour, put in salt and a tablespoonful of lard, mix with the batter and water, knead into a smooth dough, and set to rise until morning. Then grease your pans, mould into rolls or loaves and set to rise in a warm place. Will be light in three-quarters of an hour; bake with moderate heat. The rule for baking is to have the oven hot enough to hold your hand in it while you can count twenty slowly. The time re-

quired for baking depends on the thickness of the loaves, rolls or biscuit. We generally bake our loaves in forty minutes, our rolls in twenty or twenty-five minutes, and our biscuit in six minutes. In cold weather, we set our pans, with the loaves in them, on warm brick over which we have laid a folded shawl, or stand the pans over warm water. The addition of the lard will be found satisfactory, as the crust will be delicate and tender, and the fine bread-y flavor will be so much better than if made the old way."

Now will you women please read this over slowly, follow along carefully, and see how materially this Southern woman's way does differ from ours! It is not half the trouble that our plan is. There is no scalding of flour, no troublesome grating of raw potatoes, or paring them and boiling them and pressing through a colander—a messy way, that makes so many things to wash—no scalding of hops and straining the tea, and perhaps using too much in a mistake, and making dark bread; no hap-hazard, which sometimes necessitates the use of soda to sweeten the acid which permeates the whole batch; no running a tilt with the supper hour because two jobs collide; and no wishing that the untimely caller would bow his adieu so you could scald the flour or grate the potatoes. Adopt the formula of this benefactor of ours, and all the fuss and worry is among the memories of the past. You drop the dry little cakes into the tepid water and go on with your reading, or writing, or sewing; in the late afternoon you stir a few spoonfuls of flour into the bowl or pitcher—we use an old china sugar-bowl—stand it in a warm place, say in the sunshine in the pantry window, and just before bedtime you mix up your bread and stand it on the flour-barrel or a chair under one of the low shelves. Whoever washes dishes in the evening should grease the bake-pans ready for morning; it facilitates the work wonderfully, because in the early morning one's machinery runs heavily, needing the oil and the friction that comes with activity. By the time the breakfast is off the kitchen stove, the loaves will be perhaps ready for the baking-fire to be built. This bread will be sweet and tender, and very good.

We learned another "better way" that we think many a perplexed housewife will be glad to hear. For a dozen years we almost regretted that we had a cellar at all. It was not cool, and the air was foul, and we spent a great deal of time endeavoring to learn why our cellar should prove simply an annoyance, a burden added to our every-day cares. It was too damp; the great, sweaty drops trickled down the beautiful stone walls, and the green and gray mould crept over the barrels and jars, and the tables had to be washed daily. We used copperas, and chloride of lime, and ammonia, and all kinds of purifiers, but still it was a damp, noisome hole in the ground that we disliked and dreaded most grievously, regarding it as a calamity almost.

One who is called good authority—one in whom we had implicit faith—had written of cellars and diseases that emanate therefrom: "And that cellars may be aired, and that constantly, let at least two opposite windows be open in the summer-time, with a current of air passing out at one of them," etc.

This sounds well on paper, really wise and old mannish, and careful, and just the kind of talk

that would make the Johns say to their wives, as they scanned them with an inventory expression in their pursed-out mouths and uplifted eye-brows: "There, now, mother, hear what Dr. Spook says about cellars; he knows. I knowed all along that our cellar ortn't to smell; and I wonder you didn't find it out yourself."

That was the sentence that threw us off the track when we were sniffing about and trying to learn the secret of having a cool cellar in midsummer. We aired ours valiantly. The thievish mould crept over the washing-machine, and the tubs, and the walls dripped, and an odor as of caves or old wells filled the air, and we quite despaired of making useful and healthful that great cavernous chamber which had cost almost one hundred dollars.

At that time we were buying our butter at the provision store in Pottsville, and one hot midday when the mercury was among the nineties, we asked Charlie how he managed to keep butter so well in his cellar. He said he never succeeded in doing so until that present summer.

"Why don't you think I never understood how to manage my cellar before; it was my own fault!" said he, looking really ashamed of himself.

We told him how ours was, and with a little twinkle of his eyes he asked if we ventilated it sufficiently.

"Think we do, too?" was the eager response. "Why we take the windows out in May, and never put them in till October or later, and we let the door stand open half the time, and we never keep any soap, or grease, or old unnecessary barrels or boxes in it; and, Charlie, that cellar, with all our watchfulness, just drips like an old cave and moulds terribly!"

At this Charlie took a goodly laugh, and then said: "Ah, that's it! The old story—too much ventilation. Go home and put in the windows, and close both doors, and never leave them open at all only an hour or so very early in the morning when the air is cool, or, all night, if the night is unusually cool. You may dissolve a half pound of copperas, in hot water, and scatter it around over the ground and in the corners, but be sure that you do not allow a window out, nor a door open in the day time, after the cool freshness of the morning is gone."

And then Charlie told us the philosophy of it, and we wondered why we did not think, and observe, and find out for ourself. Since then we have cold butter in midsummer, the pat or slice of butter retaining its shape perfectly while on the table. This is very gratifying.

Sometimes in exceedingly warm weather we have been troubled about milk souring when we wanted plenty of cream for puddings, berries or sauces, but we have succeeded finally in overcoming this difficulty. We have several pint and quart flasks and bottles with new, tightly-fitting corks. In the morning we skim the night's milk, and with a funnel pour it into a bottle, cork close and sink it in a large jar of fresh, cold water, make it go down to the bottom of the jar, and this will save until it is used. The morning's milk can be skimmed in the evening and kept the same way. Special care must be taken in keeping the bottles and corks perfectly sweet, and pure, and free from taint. Those who keep but one cow will find this a very good plan.

One of the lessons that women are very slow to learn is this one of keeping cellars cool. Just as soon as we found it out we sent a note to Sister Jones, and told her to tell Sister Fisher, and keep on telling all the farmers' wives until they all knew of it. The first time we met Sister Jones, she said: "I got your note, but, lawful suz! who can mind it! I never thought to open our'n till most noon, sometimes, and then I'd forgit to shet it at

night, and so I just quit tryin'." Another woman said she'd "never knowed any other way than the way granny used to do—ventilate all summer, an' take the consequences." Yes, well, some people would as lief use a spoon for a butter-knife, but the deacon's family are glad to learn a better way than the unseemly, provoking one that is the result of over-much ventilation, and the foul cellar in consequence.
PIPERY POTTS.

Record of Christian Charity.

THE PHILADELPHIA HOME FOR INFANTS.

A GAIN we call the attention of our readers to this important charity, one appealing most forcibly to the sympathies of all. We are pleased to record the continued success of the institution, and speak in most favorable terms of the noble work it has accomplished.

The principal event of this year has been the dedication of the new building, corner of Westminster Avenue and Markoe Street, West Philadelphia.

So, at last, in the words of Mrs. Franklin Bacon, the honored president, "the dear little babies have a home of their own."

The history of their removal is briefly this. Mr. Thomas W. Price, a prominent architect of this city, whose heart has always gone out in love toward little children, and who has, for several years been interested in, and a contributor to the Home, gave the first and chief aid toward the possession of a building by the donation of a piece of ground. Upon the condition that the house be erected within the year, and a certain sum of money be subscribed toward it, the managers were offered a lot one hundred by hundred and twenty-five feet, in a desirable location in West Philadelphia. Through their untiring energy, they were enabled to fulfill these requirements, and by the last of June, the new building was commenced. It is now finished and occupied. All who have seen it, unite in extolling its neat, substantial appearance, and its perfect adaptability to its purposes. The house is of brick, with stone trimmings, built at the moderate cost of fifteen thousand dollars. The Home, however, is not yet entirely free from debt, and so commends itself as a most proper object for substantial aid.

A contribution of one hundred dollars will support a child through an entire year. We spoke before of the "Memorial Crib," endowed in this manner by Mr. and Mrs. John Struthers, in the name of their little daughter, Alice. Are there not others who will thus perpetuate the memory of the dead, or, better, express hearty thanks for the prosperity of the living?

The past year has been one of general good health among the little ones. They spent the hot months at the Summer Home at Ocean Park, and received the usual benefit from their sojourn at the sea-shore. Fifty children were admitted during the year; thirteen deaths have occurred, and eight of the little ones have been adopted.

Among the valuable gifts from friends of the institution, we mention the bequest of a house, by

Mr. George Johnson; and a legacy of one thousand dollars, from Mary Hoopes, of West Chester.

Before closing, we would like to speak a word on behalf of the nurses. As the babies require their entire attention, they are kept more closely than ordinary servants. On their account, the managers feel the need of a suitable library—they have a book-case, but nothing in it. Gratefully would be acknowledged the gift of any books for this purpose.

We strongly urge upon all who are able, to visit the Home. Those who do so can scarce fail to become deeply interested. The Lancaster Avenue and the Race and Vine Streets cars pass within two squares.

Mrs. Franklin Bacon, No. 1933 Chestnut Street, is president of The Philadelphia Home for Infants; Mrs. John Mustin, No. 3908 Spruce Street, vice-president; Mrs. Enoch Remick, No. 924 N. Second Street, recording secretary; Miss Lucy T. Price, No. 1809 Mt. Vernon Street, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. Philip G. McCollin, No. 3033 Chestnut Street, treasurer. There is a board of managers composed of thirty ladies, an advisory committee, of six gentlemen, and a board of physicians, of four. Any contributions may be sent to Mr. Clarence H. Clark, No. 35 S. Third Street.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

A NOTHER organized body of the friends of the poor, the innocent and the helpless, is the "Pennsylvania Society to Protect Children from Cruelty." It aims to interpose the shield of its authority between the persecutors of childhood and their defenseless victims—to regulate the perverted power of the strong over the weak.

Though this society has existed only three years, it has already been instrumental of good in upwards of thirteen hundred cases. Its work has been of a varied character, dealing with neglect, starvation, desertion, beating, sending little ones out to beg, compelling them to work beyond their strength, and the like. While the managers feel it a delicate matter to interfere between parent and child, master and apprentice, and so have given every case an impartial and thorough hearing, they have still never overlooked the object for which the society was founded—the protection of the suffering. Among the most interesting features to be noted in a visit to the office, is an assortment of whips, clubs, straps and other instruments

of torture, taken from brutal parents and guardians, and a collection of photographs of abused children.

The Temporary Home, under the immediate control of the society, is designed to provide a shelter for a few weeks to the little beneficiaries, until otherwise disposed of. The many other Homes of the city have aided its work materially by the intelligent co-operation of their respective managers in receiving those in need.

Perhaps the most efficient work of all accomplished by the society consists in its inspiring a terror of the law in the breast of those otherwise fearless in the abuse of their power. The publicity given by the association and the press to every case may well serve as a warning. Besides, it has helped to create an enlightened public sentiment respecting the positive rights of children. The society preaches a most forcible temperance sermon, as, in the words of the secretary, "at least ninety per cent. of the cruelty and neglect of children are distinctly traceable to liquor."

From the many interesting cases given in the society's Report, we copy the following:

No. 1050. *July 21st.*—A complaint is received that Mrs. D. cruelly beats her step-son, seven years of age. She has been known to whip him with a leather strap at least a dozen times a day. The neighbors fear the child will be rendered an idiot by the constant abuse he is receiving. They also inform that the father of the boy is either ignorant of such cruelty or will not believe the reports which are circulated. A letter was addressed to the father calling his attention to the complaint which we had received, intimating that if this cruelty were continued he would be held responsible for it. From subsequent developments, it was shown that the letter was intercepted by the wife, and fresh fuel added to her passion. She was accordingly arrested and fined for the offense, and held to bail for her future good treatment of the poor child. The father also promised to give personal attention to see that there was no future abuse.

No. 1270. *November 6th.*—Complaint reaches us of the abuse and neglect of several small children by their parents. Both of them are hard drinkers. They have been under the eye of our agent for some time past. The children themselves, and the neighbors likewise, evidently are concealing, through fear, much that is known to them. Finally, however, one of the sons, encouraged by offers of protection, calls at the office and reveals a state of affairs which is appalling. Only a few days since, the woman removed the shoes from the feet of the youngest boy, five years of age; pawned them for drink. Maddened with this, she inflicts a severe blow upon the child's face, by which his eye is severely cut; he is thrown down and kicked. At another time she took the babe by its heels and held its face near a hot fire; and when remonstrated with on account of such cruelty, she threatened to "dash its brains out." The husband is equally hard and unfeeling. Several of the children were unmercifully beaten with a "herder's whip," a villainous-looking weapon, until blood was brought from each of them. This instrument is now in the possession of the society. These people were arrested and convicted of the charges preferred against them, and sent to the House of Correction. The two youngest children were placed in the custody of

the society, one of whom was committed to St. John's Orphan Asylum. The infant was placed in St. Vincent's Home for Children.

No. 1253. *October 25th.*—T. J. C., one of the officers of the collector of this port, states a case of hardship and cruel exposure of a small boy, aged thirteen years, who was sent aloft on an English ship lying at the wharf; he was very thinly clad, with bare arms and no shoes or stockings. He was sent aloft to unfurl the sails; the weather was quite cold, wind blowing, and the sheets frozen. The poor little fellow was so thoroughly benumbed as to be unfit to execute the task; neither could he descend without serious danger of falling. His cries attracted the attention of men on the neighboring vessels and on the wharf. A man was sent aloft to assist him in his descent. By this time quite a crowd gathered on the wharf to protest against such hardship and cruel exposure. The case was represented to the acting British consul of this port, before whom the mate of this vessel, under whose orders the boy was acting, was summoned. A thorough examination was had on three successive hearings. The result was, the mate was reprimanded, and the testimony forwarded to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, for a committee of that body to take such action as they may deem proper. The boy was furnished with warm clothing by the consul, and taken in charge by him, to be returned to Liverpool.

No. 1066. *July 25th.*—Information of a reliable character is received of the utter neglect of four small children by a drunken mother. They are left without any one to care for them. One of her children was recently run over and killed. She recovered about two hundred dollars damages for this accident, the whole of which was immediately squandered in drink. Upon investigation, there were no beds in the house; the children lay upon straw sprinkled over the floor; the woman was beastly intoxicated, the whole family covered with vermin and dirt. The woman was arrested and placed in the House of Correction for ninety days, and the children removed to the Children's Asylum.

No. 905. *May 5th.*—Kate S., a domestic employed in one of the Philadelphia Homes for Children, brings to our notice a case of unreasonable and cruel corporal punishment of an orphan child fourteen years of age, by the superintendent of the institution. She was an eye-witness of the occurrence, which she characterized as "pitiable to behold," and "outrageously cruel." An officer was promptly dispatched to investigate what appeared to be, on the face, a case of more than usual importance. There was also one feature in it which added an unusual and somewhat peculiar interest to it, viz., that the presidency of this Society and that of this "Home" were filled by the same individual. The facts of the case were rigidly investigated at the Institution, and the person of the child examined. There had been no exaggeration of the story. She was immediately brought to the office of the Society, when fifty distinct cuts of the rattan used on her were counted; the back, neck and arms all bore evidence of a severe flagellation. The only offense alleged was a disobedience of some trivial order of the superintendent (Rev. Charles F. Kuhnle by name), which, when examined into, showed that the poor child had been removed from the task given her by the superin-

tendent, to perform some other service ordered by the matron, at which she was engaged when she was unexpectedly attacked and overwhelmed by his cruel blows. He was at once arrested. He admitted the offense; said he was in anger, and had no excuse to offer, and was prepared to accept any order of court; said the whipping was excessive. His only plea was that he had been provoked by the unruly conduct of the children. He was fined by the committing magistrate and permitted to depart.

This last case brings to mind the work of the similar society in New York, especially in bringing to light the inhumanities of the Rev. Cowley toward the poor orphans in the "Shepherd's Fold." In the case of Cowley, the evidence shows a man in the charge of a number of helpless, and,

for all practical purposes, friendless children, whom he habitually allowed to suffer from hunger, vermin and insufficient clothing. His punishments were frequent and severe, and it does not appear that pleasure of any sort formed an element in the daily life of the children intrusted to him; and but for the successful intervention of the New York Society, his so-called "Fold" might have continued in existence for years to come.

The office of the Philadelphia Society is at No. 1406 Chestnut Street, and it may be visited at any time. Hon. Daniel M. Fox, No. 508 Walnut Street, is president; Mr. Benjamin J. Crew, No. 1406 Chestnut Street, secretary; Mr. Henry M. Laing, No. 30 N. Tenth Street, treasurer. The board of managers consists of thirty-one gentlemen and fifteen ladies.

Art at Home.

HOUSE decorations, like fashions in dress, vary with each season, and it would be impossible for most of us to follow every new freak in the matter of room ornamentation; nor would it be desirable; rather let us as far as possible make our apartments a reflex in a degree of our own individuality. Our parlor should be a room to live and be happy in, just as much as any other part of the house, but we could be neither happy nor comfortable in many of the drawing-rooms of to-day; those dark, gloomy boxes where the sun is never permitted to enter, lest the carpet fade; past whose closed doors the children glide noiselessly, as if the ghost of propriety kept guard over the stiff-backed chairs, and across whose threshold they are never permitted to step, except when mamma has company. It is a great mistake to keep the best we have for the transient guest, leaving the dear ones of our own household to take what is left.

Throw open your parlor windows, let in the sunshine; make it the brightest spot in all the house, from whose sunny atmosphere the little ones are only banished when they are naughty. Much can be done to beautify these home-rooms with very little trouble, and if care is taken to select materials for curtains and draperies that do not fade, the rooms will look the same from year to year. Curtains and draperies taken down in the spring and carefully packed away in camphor, will be ready for use again in the fall, and look fresh and new.

Discard by all means the muslin curtains; they soon grow soiled and flimay, and never look so well after being laundried. In their place put curtains made of canton flannel; they will not soil, and will last for many seasons. Behind the clock on the mantelpiece, put a row of Japanese fans; they are rich and bright in color, and can be bought for a few cents apiece. You will be surprised to find how effective they are.

Old brass candlesticks, such as have been handed down to us from our grandmothers, make very pretty mantel ornaments.

In the narrow strip of passage which we dignify with the name of hall, there is little room for furniture. A good strong table (oak or walnut) and chair should be placed in the front entry. The hat-rack may be put as far out of sight as possible

in the back hall. The table will hold the hats, and the servant should relieve a caller of his coat before announcing him.

The following we clip from *The Art-Interchange*:

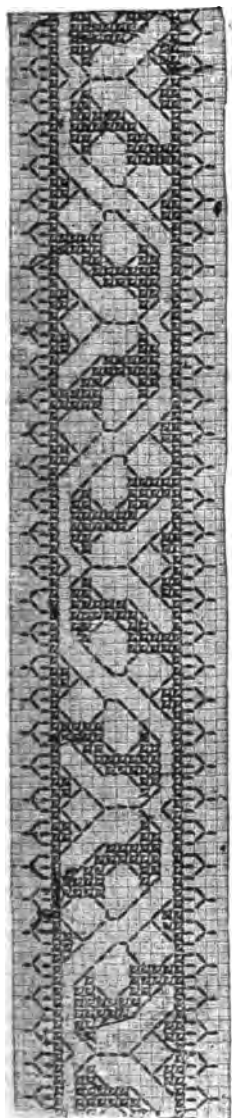
COVER FOR AN UPRIGHT PIANO.—No piece of needlework nowadays is more in fashion than a scarf or cover for the almost universal upright piano. This may be made of peacock-blue, diagonal serge, bordered with old-gold satin upon which peacock eyes are worked, the whole finished by a band of old-gold plush, fringed with tufts of combed-out crewels in the two shades. A piano-scarf of linen crash has been made, worked with a design of poppies springing from a border of maroon plush. Below this border, the ends of the scarf are finished with an inserting of Russian lace, another strip of the maroon plush, and a wide edging of the Russian lace.

RUST PREVENTIVE.—To preserve bright grates or fire-irons from rust, make a strong paste of fresh lime and water, and with a fine brush smear it as thickly as possible all over the polished surface requiring preservation. By this simple means all the grates and fire-irons in an empty house may be kept for months free from harm without further care or attention.

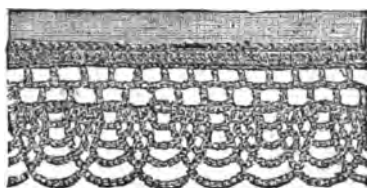
PERSONS who see the embroidery from the Royal Art School for the first time are usually astonished to find that the daisies are all crimson-tipped, seeming to think that Englishmen imitate Americans in calling a chrysanthemum a daisy. Burns's poem is forgotten, and the ladies almost insist on the substitution of the brown-centred, white-petaled field flower for the prim little garden blossom with its delicate blush and pretty primness.

CURTAINS.—Some very pretty and cheap curtains are made of canton flannel. The flannel can be bought for twelve cents a yard, and requires two widths for each side of the window. This in crimson-banded at top and bottom, with a strip of bright-flowered cretonne, gives a very rich effect. Better quality, double-faced canton flannel can be bought for seventy-five cents a yard. It is very wide, and will require but one width for each side of the window. These curtains, finished at the top with rods and rings, make as handsome, and often much more artistic curtains, than those made of more expensive material. This flannel comes in all colors.

Fancy Needlework.



BORDER: CROSS AND ITALIAN STITCH.



CROCHET EDGING.



PIN-TRAY.



SHEATH FOR KNITTING-PINS.



COMB-CASE.—
Fig. 2.



WORK-CASE.



STRIPES FOR COMB-CASE.—
Fig. 1.

COMB-CASE ORNAMENTED WITH EMBROIDERY. This little case is composed of two pieces of cardboard cut to the shape shown in No. 1. These are covered with silk, embroidered with satin stitch. Dark blue silk is used for the cover and gold color for the embroidery. The two pieces are neatly buttonholed together at the edges.

WORK-CASE.—This case is composed of Java canvas embroidered with three stripes in cording stitch with two shades of crewel. Cut a piece of canvas eight inches in breadth and fifteen inches in length; on this work the stripes, and line it with blue cashmere; shape one end as shown in the illustration. For the sides cut two circles of

canvas four and a half inches in diameter, line them, and sew the edges of the outside round them, leaving an opening at the top of two and a half inches; this will leave the shaped end of the outside to fold over. Sew a taurillon lace about an inch and a half wide round the edge, and fasten the case with a button at the top.

PIN-TRAY.—This tray is composed of five sections of card-board, each measuring one and a third inches at the bottom, and two and three-quarter inches at the widest part. They are cut to a point as shown in the illustration. The bottom is a pentagon measuring one and three-quarter inches at each side. The outside is covered with crimson satin, ornamented with cross-stitch design; the inside is lined with gold-colored silk with a narrow, cross stitch border. The satin and silk are neatly seamed together over the card-board. The pieces are joined together at the sides. Small gold beads are sewn at the edge, and large ones at the points, and at the top and bottom of each joint.

BORDER: CROSS AND ITALIAN STITCH.—This design is suitable as a border for doilya, table-covers, etc.; it is worked in cross and Italian stitch, with ingrain cotton or marking flosselle.

CROCHET EDGING.—Make a chain the length required:

- 1st Row. One treble into each stitch.
- 2d Row. One treble into a stitch, three chain, pass over three stitches, and repeat.
- 3d Row. One treble into second of three chain of last row, three chain, one treble into the top of last treble, one treble into the centre of next three chain, * three chain, one single into the first of three chain, repeat from * three times more. Repeat from the beginning of the row.
- 4th Row. One double separated by four chain under each of the loops of three chain of last row, two chain. Repeat.
- 5th Row. One double separated by five chain under each four chain of last row, five chain. Repeat.
- 6th Row. One double separated by five chain under each five chain of last row, seven chain. Repeat.
- 7th Row. One double under the five chain of last row, eight chain. Repeat.

SHEATH FOR KNITTING-PINS.—This little article is easily made, and will form a useful addition to the work-basket. Take two oakgalls, pierce a hole through each, making it large enough to hold the points of four pins; through these holes pass a white silk elastic, measuring about six inches, fasten at each end under a bow of ribbon, and tie another bow of ribbon in the centre of the elastic.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

DRESSY costumes for street wear during the spring and early summer are made with a fancifully-cut surtout, or redingote, as it is also called, and a full, short skirt bordered with a thick, heavy ruche, or else a cluster of narrow pleatings. The fancy for Directoire styles has brought this undraped toilet into fashion, and it has also contributed the exaggerated revers collar and pockets which belong to the Directoire costumes. Brocade is chosen for the long coat, and either plain satin, silk of heavy quality, satin de Lyon, or velvet for the skirt. Single-breasted coats have the wide notched Directoire collar set on, while those with double breast have it cut as part of the coat. The skirt has four straight breadths, and a single gored breadth, which is in front. Black suits of this order are faced with satin, in any of the new shades, red, cream-color or heliotrope. The seams of the coat are left open below the waist-line to show the bright lining. Sometimes the skirt is trimmed to match, but is more frequently left plain. Fifteen yards of material will be found sufficient for one of these suits. In costumes of this order, next to black combined with any gay color, the favorite mode is to use cream, old-gold or red, with various shades of dark green.

Ladies who object to surtout suits because they are not used in the house, as many short dresses now are, have brocaded skirted coats of medium length, with plain silk or satin de Lyon skirts trimmed with brocade like the coat. Lengthwise trimmings of brocade are considered most effective,

such as an entire front breadth cut out in forked tongues at the lower edge, and made to rest there at the foot upon two or three fine knife-pleatings. A brocade panel revers on each side gore, showing facings of satin its whole length, is another design. In short, the fancy seems to be for folds of contrasting material, combined with abirring.

Turbans for spring are either hats or bonnets, according as strings are worn or not. They are worn farther back on the head than formerly. New turbans have the crown of chip or braid, with a puff of satin encircling it for a brim. Others are bordered with India muslin, in white, cream or the new heliotrope colors, combined with Languedoc lace and yellow flowers, such as jonquils and tea rose-buds. Black chip turbans will be trimmed with black grenadine, with velvet polka dots, relieved by a long, gold-headed pin.

There are bonnets composed entirely of black Spanish lace; cottage bonnets, edged with lace drooping over the hair; white bonnets with pearl, opal and gilt ornaments; gilt and silver laces, and laces in Turkey red colors; old creamy cashmere laces may be dyed red to trim calico or madras suits. Handkerchiefs of red or cream-colored twilled silk, embroidered, are used as crowns of Tuscan straw bonnets, and red or yellow plumes complete the trimming. New material for veils is net, dotted with yellow beads. Flowers will be used mostly on small bonnets, while feathers will appear on large ones.

New parasols exhibit every caprice in color. The materials are of changeable and foulard silks, and they are often trimmed with black and white Spanish lace, chenille and curled fringes. The

ribs, instead of being gilded as last year, are painted red, and show inside the lining, which, itself, is often red or yellow. Fanciful parasols are decorated with bows of ribbon, or a bunch of

artificial flowers on one gore, or are hand-painted. The handles are variously adorned with bugs, bees, beetles, etc., ornaments of enamel, or china, or painted carvings.

Literary and Personal.

CANON FARRAR, the distinguished author and clergyman, is a man under forty-five years of age, of florid complexion and sanguine temperament. He is compactly built and under the medium height. He has a good voice, but reads like an untrained school-boy. As a preacher, the canon is somewhat verbose, but full of fascinating imagery. His delivery is earnest, rather rapid, sometimes vehement, but he makes no gestures.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON said lately: "My ancestry is made up of ministers; in my family the Bible is seen oftener than any other book in the hands of my wife and daughter. I think these facts tell my whole story. If you wish to call me a Christian theist, you have my authority to do so, and you must not leave out the word Christian, for to leave out that is to leave out everything."

TENNYSON is said to be worth a million dollars. A correspondent, who has lately seen him, says: "Nobody would suspect him for a poet now. His face is strong, and his eyes have a certain brightness, but he is seamed, rather than wrinkled, from forehead to chin; he appears to be puffy; he is partially bald; he stoops and shuffles; dresses ordinarily and carelessly, and has a generally rustic mien and denotement."

A WRITER in *The Argosy* gives the true history, from letters written from St. Petersburg in 1805, of the heroine of Mme. Cottet's "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia," which had a world-wide fame years ago. The young woman who actually walked from Siberia to St. Petersburg to beg the emperor to pardon her father, banished by his predecessor, was Pauline Lunnova. The emperor pardoned her father and pensioned Pauline, but her constitution was broken by fatigue and exposure, and she died at twenty-five, after having been honored to the utmost degree by the grandees of the capital. She was amiable, sensible and modest.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe* gives a pleasant picture of Vinnie Ream's (Mrs. Hoxie's) home at the corner of Seventeenth

and K Streets: "When the bewitching little sculptor married, society wondered whether she would cast away her mallet and break up her molding-sticks or cling still to her art. It was considered impossible for her to fill the two rôles of housekeeper and modeler; but she has triumphantly carried one with the other, and merged the two. Her marriage with Lieutenant Hoxie has proved one of the happiest and most harmonious unions, and her last and greatest work, the statue of Farragut, has just gone from her hands. On Wednesday afternoons the artist is at home to her callers, and up-stairs and down-stairs the little lady flies, showing, explaining to and delighting them with the mysteries and trophies of her art. On Sunday evenings, Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie are at home for their friends to come and chat around their fireplace and enjoy with them the comforts and beauties of their new house. In her parlors white statues glow in the rosy twilight of her crimson curtains; Sappho, calm and pensive, scroll and stylus in hand, stands in one corner, and the West, an emblematic figure of a young girl, springs forward with the star of empire on her brow, and the broken arrows of her past cast behind her. Two laughing baby heads, in marble, are on the high oak chimney-piece; the hands of Mrs. Fremont and her daughter, one holding a pen, the other a rose, are on the table, and everywhere are scattered, like treasures, queer conceits and curios. A sketch of Doré's, with a pretty little dedication from him in his autograph, hangs on one side, and a portrait of Mrs. Hoxie, by Healy, smiles from the opposite wall. Queer brasses, bits of alabaster carving from Pisa, inlaid wood from Sorrento, a carved *priedieu* and silver lamps and censers from some dismantled convent, a golden harp that once belonged to an ancient family of France, with chubby cherubs kicking their heels at the top of the elaborate post, all add to the attractiveness of these rooms. In the studio below, all sorts of clayey and half-formed images are shrouded in damp cloths. A bust of General Custer attracts the most attention."

Notes and Comments.

The Power of a Good Example.

RIGHT precept and good example are both powerful. But with the greater number of people, too many of whom are only children of a larger growth, example has more influence than precept. Many bad social customs prevail, in spite of all right precept to the contrary, and continue to prevail until some one who holds a position of influence breaks through them and sets an example of reform, which is quickly followed

by numbers who were not independent enough to take the initiative themselves. A notable instance of this good example in a high place, is that set by Mrs. Hayes at the presidential mansion. A correspondent of one of our papers pleasantly refers, in the following extract, to the new order of things now prevailing there:

"On the avenue leading up to the White House, at Washington, there is a restaurant where liquor is sold. A sign is thrust out greeting the approaching visitor to the president, with the warn-

ing, 'Your last chance!' As he returns from the White House, he is met by the words on the reverse side, 'Your first chance again!'

"There is no end to the jokes Mrs. Hayes's strict temperance principles have called forth at Washington; but they are good-humored jokes, and the change which her example has wrought astonishes old habitués of that city. When she went into the White House, it was, of all mansions in the national capital, the one where liquor—good liquor and plenty of it—was considered an essential thing. Since the mansion was first built, the table had always been supplied with wine.

"When Mrs. Hayes declared pleasantly that she would not offer it to her guests, society stood aghast. 'The national honor was concerned.' A flood of remonstrance and ridicule followed. The subject was even broached in cabinet councils. Nevertheless, on her own table it has not appeared, nor is it ever offered in the White House.

"What is the consequence? Her conduct has reinforced the temperance movement, and has helped to make temperance fashionable. In Washington, New York and Philadelphia, on last New Year's Day, liquor was rarely seen in the houses of the best people. In such houses, too, it is now seldom offered at evening balls or parties, where only young men are invited.

"Mr. Augustus Sala comments on the singularly temperate habits of many of the fashionable Americans. 'A glass of ice-water is usually the only drink with which they wash down their dinners,' he says. 'I actually am afraid to call for a glass of beer while dining at my hotel, lest I may be regarded as a drunkard.'

"Few women have the influence of Mrs. Hayes, but every woman in her own town and village can control social opinion to some extent, and by banishing liquor from her own table and house can help to rid our country of its worst curse."

Everybody's Friend.

A WRITER in one of the daily papers gives a slight sketch of one of our social pests, whom he calls "Everybody's Friend." The portrait is so well drawn that every reader will recognize it.

"The friend of everybody drops in for a call; she talks about people instead of affairs, and all that she says is so guarded, tender, appreciative and sympathetic that it seems Heaven must have overlooked this creature so fitted for a celestial home. She knows every one's failings, to be sure, and describes them with critical accuracy; but quickly after the reluctant fault-finding comes such extreme praise, such unstinted admiration, that who can doubt that the visitor is everybody's devoted friend? Somehow, when she has gone, the residuum of her conversation wears a peculiar aspect. Why it is that the evil that people say lives after them, while the good hustles out of the parlor with the relator's skirts, is more than any one can explain; but the truth remains, and no one knows it better than the discreet visitor. The praise that has been spoken dissipates in thin air, and all the dreadful hints about flirtations, ignorance and vulgarity remain fixed and immovable. But by this time everybody's friend has forgotten the entire story; she is probably in the reception-room of the subject of her late romance, and

rhapsodizing over her late entertainer. The progress of civilization has made it unsafe to such people, or even to cut out their tongues; yet to allow them to run at large is worse than throw wide open the prison doors at Sing Sing. Perhaps an obstinate defense along the whole of all persons traduced in the slightest would have a repressive effect, and force the noxious beings to confine themselves to their own society—which would be as severe a punishment as any one could wish them."

Sorosia.

"JENNIE JUNE"—Mrs. D. G. Croly—recently given an interesting account of the formation of this ladies' club, and the origin of its name. In 1868 the New York Press gave Charles Dickens a great dinner, to which several hundred gentlemen were invited, but ladies. Mrs. Croly wanted to go to the dinner and wrote to the committee for a ticket. Mr. Croly, James Parton and John Russell Young were members of the committee, and when the quest of Mrs. Croly, backed by those of "Fanny Fern" (Mrs. Parton) and Mrs. C. H. Wilcox, was presented, it was, after much discussion, determined that if a good-sized delegation of women journalists asked for tickets they would be admitted. It was then too late for Mrs. Croly to gather together a sufficient number of her friends. An indignation meeting was held at the house of Alice and Phoebe Cary. Later, a meeting was held at which Miss Kate Field, Mrs. Anna Lynn Botta and Mrs. Henry M. Field were present. Some simple rules were drawn up, and the meeting adjourned to Delmonico's. At the next meeting, Mrs. Celia Burleigh, "Aunt Fanny" Barrow, Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, the poet's wife, and other well-known ladies, were present, but Miss Field, Mrs. Botta and "Fanny Fern" refused to have anything more to do with the association. Names were then suggested. Phoebe Cary suggested "Sphinx," Kate Field wanted "The Woman's League" and somebody else wanted "Eus Stocking." Mrs. Croly spent a night looking through the dictionary, and, finally, thinking of the Latin Soror, a sister, she took up a botanical dictionary and found Sorosia, a cluster of flowers on a fruiting tree. This name was accepted. At the next meeting, Miss Kate Field asked for a reconsideration, and her name, "The Woman's League," was adopted; but at a subsequent meeting this name was almost unanimously rejected, and Miss Field withdrew, and has not since associated with the Sorosians. The name Sorosia is slightly vague and obscure, but as the ladies did not precisely know what their object was, they adopted it as being as good as any. Next came the appointment of a president, when Alice Cary was elected. After her death, Mrs. Croly was elected for a year; then Mrs. Willbourn was elected, served five years, and since then Mrs. Croly has been president. As to the aim of Sorosia, Mrs. Croly says: "Sorosia is not mixed up with the woman's rights question, but it is a social centre where women of intellectual tastes and literary tendencies can exchange thoughts. It has never had a public scandal of any kind; it is strong and thrifty, and I am sure that its influence is felt by all the better class of women in the city to be decidedly wholesome."

1874 70r
JUNE,

1880.

ASTOR, LEE

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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A LAY SERMON FOR BRIDAL COUPLES.

"So live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting." EPIS.

IT was a very lovely and impressive scene, the marriage ceremony at which I was recently present in the little village church of —. White lilies and other pure and lovely flowers adorned and perfumed the sanctuary. The organist played his sweetest strains as the bridal couple advanced up the chancel, the young man looking so strong, and firm, and noble, so well fitted to protect and cherish the maiden by his side whose golden hair gleamed through her bridal veil like a star through a soft, white cloud, and whose mingled feelings of agitation and of shy, tremulous happiness

"Made April of her tender face."

None could look on the scene without interest and emotion. To the young, it seemed a sweet prophecy of a time when their lives, too, would be blended with another "dearer life in life," and thereby be rounded and completed. To older persons, it brought memories which were to many of them the tenderest and most exquisite of their lives, whilst it is to be feared that to some it brought sad, and perhaps even bitter thoughts. At all events, it touched some vital chord with all.

As the service neared its close, and the clergyman uttered those beautiful and impressive words, "The Lord mercifully with His favor look upon you, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting," it almost seemed to me as if an angel spoke, so sweet and solemn were the words, so noble and heavenly the sentiment they conveyed. They struck the right key-note to the end and aim of marriage, which was not intended as a state of "dual selfishness," its sole aim for each partner to minister to the ease, comfort and gratification of the other. No; husband and wife were intended, above all, to assist each other in living the truer, and higher, and better life, in performing wider and nobler uses than either would be capa-

ble of doing without the other. They were intended to

"Walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end."

To help each other to attain the highest degree of spiritual perfection and the greatest measure of usefulness possible to either. And they are capable of effecting all this for each other, because each one is the complement and fulfilment of the other's being; hence the influences they can bring to bear on each other are incomparably fuller, stronger, more searching and more interior than would be possible in the case of any two human beings differently circumstanced toward each other. The tenderest parent and child, the most loving brother and sister, the most intimate friends could not possibly so help and minister to each other, so influence and modify each other's life and nature as a husband and wife could do.

Marriage is altogether holy and divine in its origin, descending from God, and originating in the union of His divine love and wisdom. Man, in whom reason is the predominant principle, represents truth or wisdom, whilst woman, whose nature is more tender and emotional, represents love or goodness, the two together forming one full and complete life, and affording, when joined together by God in goodness and in truth, such a plane for the descent of "spiritual benediction and grace" as can be found in no other condition or relation of human life.

It is a truth that the world at large is not yet fitted to receive, and would perhaps scoff at, that the state of one's love and happiness in marriage is determined by the state of one's religion, that in proportion as any one is principled in the knowledge and love of God, and performs His service, he is capable of entering into a true marriage, which corresponds to and involves the spiritual marriage of goodness and truth in the soul.

A man and woman, when they enter into the marriage state, should have not only a mutual love, but a common one—the love of God—to draw them together to a divine and everlasting centre. No love is strong, and deep, and steadfast without this

centre. Adelaide Proctor expresses this idea with great beauty and purity, in a poem entitled "Because."

"It is not because your heart is mine—

Mine only,

Mine alone;

It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely

For your own;

Not because the earth is fairer and the skies

Spread above you

Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes

That I love you!

* * * * *

"But because this human love, though true and sweet—

Yours and mine—

Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,

More divine;

That it leads our hearts to rest at last in Heaven,

Far above you,

Do I take you as a gift that God has given—

And I love you."

A newly-married couple do not realize in the glory and freshness of their early love and happiness that each one of them is merely human and very imperfect, having weaknesses and defects which the other must be patient with and assist in removing. As time goes on, it is inevitable that traits unnoted during courtship and the honeymoon should come to light. I do not refer to any startling or direful developments, but only to the dawning on each married partner of the fact that the other one is neither an angel nor a demi-god or goddess. This process of character coming to the light may seem to be an undesirable and unpleasant one, but it is not hurtful where the marriage is built on a solid foundation. Indeed, it is essential to the assimilation of two natures, for this cannot take place so long as they may abide merely on the surface, no matter how smooth and pleasant that may be, but must be accomplished by a descent into the depths of life and character beneath. But where the husband and wife have a real love for each other, grounded in a higher love, this will but lead to a fuller and deeper union between them, and enable them to taste the sweetness and sacredness of married love ripened and tested, the rich and mellow fruition of their early season of blossoming. It is like it is in the course of our regeneration. In the early stages of our spiritual life, we are so filled with high aspirations and bright visions of truth, that we do not realize that we have not yet attained to a serene and abiding spiritual peace and elevation. This can come only by self-abnegation, self-repression and much patient and faithful striving. The same may be said of the blending of two souls and lives into one lovely whole. This can be accomplished only by earnest and patient effort to put away evil and conform themselves to the order and spirit of Heaven.

We do not idly drift into any great good, but we attain it by "rowing hard against the stream" of hostile influences within and without. God put Adam into the Garden of Eden "to dress and to keep it." (Gen. i, 15). Its order, beauty and fertility were to depend on Adam's care and exertions. So it is with the garden of our souls and lives, so it is when we enter into the marriage state. We must dress and keep the garden diligently and faithfully. We must cherish its tender and exquisite blossoms, and they will gladden and uplift our hearts with their loveliness and fragrance. We must tend its noble trees which God created "pleasant to the sight and good for food," and they will give us shade from the sultry glare of life, and yield us rich and abundant fruitage. We will find weeds and briars ready to spring up in the Eden of marriage, as in every other condition of life. Perhaps we will find them more so, for as the love, and happiness, and uses of marriage are greater and more exalted than those belonging to any other condition or relation of human life, so are the snares and temptations attending it perhaps proportionally greater, for evil spirits assail with peculiar violence whatever is most holy.

I will not speak of the things that turn marriage into a tragedy. This would lend too sombre a hue to my pages. I wish merely to say a few words about some of the things that shut out the sunshine and blight the flowers of married love and life, or, indeed, of any phase of love and life. There is a line by Tennyson which ought to be used as a motto, especially by married couples, emblazoned in letters of gold, and hung up constantly in their sight. This line contains a lesson and a warning essential to the preservation of the sweetness of love and life. It runs thus:

"Love is hurt with jar and fret."

There is nothing that impairs the sweetness, lowers the standard and chills the atmosphere of love like "jar and fret." The great trials, cares and temptations of life need not have this effect. If met in the right spirit, these do but render love closer, stronger and deeper. But "jar and fret!" How ignoble they are! How utterly unlovely! How they "keep our hearts out of tune with Heaven!" I do not refer to vulgar strife and altercations which are not apt to occur between persons of decorum and refinement. I mean little clashings, little speeches of impatience or fault-finding, little acts of petulance. It is mournful to think that a man and woman who each once prized the lightest heart-throb of the other beyond all earthly treasures, and who still love each other in the main, should sometimes come gradually (and, doubtless, unconsciously) to inflict little stings on each other as time goes on, care and responsibility increase, and the hurry and turmoil of life press on them. Each one would probably be

willing to give his or her life for the other, on a great emergency, and yet they cannot or do not restrain the hasty, impatient word, or the habit of fretting and complaining, whereby the sunshine of daily life is so overshadowed. If they wish to have "sweetness and light" in their lives and in their home, they *must* watch against and repress the first tendency to be impatient, fault-finding, complaining or reproachful. Love will survive and triumph over care, sorrow, separation and death itself, but "jar and fret" eat into it like a canker-worm into the heart of an exquisite rose.

Repose and serenity are the atmosphere native to love, for love is of heavenly origin, and "the tranquility of peace" is an essential element of Heaven. The "sweet influences" from above cannot flow down freely where such hostile elements as "jar and fret" impede them. Let husbands and wives lay this to heart, and strive to put away "jar and fret," and every other evil, from their hearts and lives, "that they may so live together in this life, that in the world to come they may have life everlasting."

MARY W. EARLY.

RUTH.

I GREET thee, woman of the past!
I stretch my hands adown the years,
And, fondly gazing through my tears,
Behold my sister—mine at last.

Come close—for thou immortal art—
Come close, that we in gentle speech
Confide experience, each to each,
And walk on sweetly, heart to heart.

Thou loved and lost, as I have done,
Thou "clave" to her who gave him birth,
And sure of love's eternal worth,
Vowed union till thy race be run.

"Thy people," truly they are mine,
O my Naomi, hearken me!
For his dear sake I cling to thee,
And deem thy favor more than wine.

Hear Ruth revived in my poor wail,
"Entreat me not," "entreat me not,"
Scarce can I bear my heavy lot,
Unless this eager plea avail.

"Whither thou goest," lonely soul!
Permit my tender feet to roam;
Grant me a nook within thy home,
Let me lie near thee at the goal.

Ruth, sister Ruth! the mother yields;
Thank God! our fate is still alike,
The hour, new hour! doth clearly strike,
Henceforth I glean among his fields.

"Kiz."

TWO SPARROWS.

I MET them in the Park, these morsels of humanity, these birds with the immortal wings, who nestled for a season under the eaves of my affection, then flitted to other scenes, other loves. My companions had scattered this way and that, some mansion and some river-ward, whilst I, keeping nominal guard over lunch-box, books and baskets, communed with my own thoughts.

The day was May's loveliest. A blue wedge of sky, a golden wedge of water, cleft the shimmering leaves above and below the breezy point I occupied. Across the blue floated tiny clouds, like whitest roses blowing south, across the gold shot boats and oarman.

"An instant seen, and instant gone."

Unless one's mood is passive there's no really quiet nook in all the Park's length and breadth. Mine chanced to be unusually so that afternoon. Footsteps passing or loitering, snatches of conversation, ripples and trills of laughter, did not disturb me in the least, or, what is stranger still, since human nature is one of my profoundest studies, failed to awaken the slightest degree of interest. I am not aware what depths of thought were being fathomed, or how many cloud-castles reared their turrets, when two children, a girl and a boy, came whispering and tiptoeing around. At first I paid no heed to them. They were one with innumerable things creeping, flying, or walking around me; only part of the flash, whirl and stir of life on earth or in air, to which I was content to sit and gaze at, or listen to, dreamily.

I'm not prepared to say from what deep soundings of thought I emerged, or how many aerial stairs I descended when the third-time charm of a question, repeated in a little chirping voice, brought me to my right senses.

"Doin' ome soon, 'ady?"

The light on the water was creeping toward summer's sunset in the golden west, that bit of sky was bluer, the leaves darkening, the girls would be back shortly, yes, I expected to start for home soon.

"Dot anysing to eat in 'at basket?" was the next question.

"Yes, I have biscuit, and I shouldn't wonder if I had cake."

There's no accounting for children's moods. A sudden shyness fell on the pretty pair. The girl looking down, pushing her bare toes in the velvety grass, the boy pulling his straw hat over his face and flashing upon me, through a split in the crown, two of the bonniest, brownest eyes I ever met.

It was evident they lived in the immediate vicinity and belonged among the poorer classes. Yet their general neatness, an innate charm of

manner, together with that exquisite refinement of feature and expression, bore witness to natures reaching up and out beyond life's dull level. Seeking something they have not known, never to find it perhaps.

The little creatures were hungry. Doubtless there were more mouths to fill at home than food wherewith to fill them. Dipping into my basket I brought up two cookies with currant-jelly eyes, and held them out. This brought sister and brother to my side with a bound. The rapture of anticipation-making sunshine in the shady pools of their eyes, the girl's cheeks catching the color of wild roses, the boy's crinkling and rippling with dimples. They seemed to take it as a matter of course that I meant to give them all there was left, and so I did. Then off they scampered, two tiny figures with bare, glimmering feet, all bathed in the glow of the westerling sun one moment, lost in leafy distance the next.

June's rose-chain was slipping off, withering and falling away under July's scorching breath, before I visited the Park again. Our party had discussed the propriety of returning home, having spent the entire day there, but previous to packing up, stood watching the sunset sky.

A purple cloud-fleet moored in a golden sea, violet surf breaking on an upper shore of blue and amber, dashes of red from an under world of color, such was the wondrous picture on which I gazed when a little, liquid voice, addressed me.

"'Ady."

I had longed to see them, these small creatures, these human sparrows that had brushed my bounty with their wings, then taken flight. Yes, I had actually yearned after them, yet scarce expected ever to meet them again. Now, here they stood beside me, white clover-bells around the little brown hats, golden touches on cheek and hair.

"I think I know what you want," I exclaimed, catching a tangle of brown curls on either head and making believe to pull them. "You're after cookies with the red eyes."

"Did you give us cookies with red eyes?" asked the girl, demurely.

"They may forget the giver, but they don't forget the cakes," I remarked, with an amused glance at my companions, still, I must confess, a trifle disappointed. "I did," I replied, answering the child.

"And the pie?"

My enthusiasm was at its lowest ebb. Evidently some one else had emptied their lunch-basket for these young gormands.

"No," I answered, confessing my short-comings, "not the pie."

"Have you had supper?" asked the girl, flashing a glance at me, then, as before, casting down her eyes and pushing her pink toes in the lush grass.

"Yes, we've had our at-the-Park supper."

"Dot any lef?" chirped the boy.

"See here, girls," I said, "these children don't look like professional beggars, let's go home with them and see what this means."

"Agreed," and "agreed," chorused the girls, yet no sooner were we fairly started under the children's ready lead, than their countenances lengthened. They became the prey of all sorts of anxieties. However, passing beyond Park limits, and walking a short distance, we overtook our guides, who trotted steadily ahead all the way, and had now stepped before an open door. The house was one of a long, melancholy row, and the girls looked dubious until Minnie caught sight of a sign on an adjoining shutter.

"Here's Mrs. Blyck's, layer out of the dead, I know her well, suppose we go in and find out if the folks in the next house are respectable."

There were several families.

Mrs. Blyck said: "It's considered stylish to rent out along here. There's five in with me."

She knew little or nothing about the people next door, excepting this, which piece of information she delivered with great dignity and emphasis.

"The lady as owns this house owns the row. She's respectable herself, and takes particular care as none but respectable people rent the houses, and none but respectable families git in with them. That's all I know. My business is lookin' after the dead, not the livin'."

We left Mrs. Blyck's "dismal den," ready to scream with merriment, but sobered down on discovering our juvenile escort had disappeared.

"I'm not to be baffled," I exclaimed, "I'm going to ring the bell."

A shabby-genteel girl answered my summons with a scowl on her pretty face.

"Two children came in here a moment ago," I said, in my most agreeable tone and manner, hoping to see her countenance relax. "Will you please tell me what part of the house their parents occupy?"

After a prolonged stare, she replied: "Second floor back."

Up we went, followed by the sullen, brooding eyes.

In a plainly furnished room we found our little elves in company with a fresh-cheeked, English girl, some eighteen or twenty years of age. I knew there was an open path through that genial nature and healthy life, when in answer to Minnie's profuse apologies for our intrusion, she replied: "Don't trouble, I'm used to young ladies. I live out. There's six where I'm serving now. Maybe you know the Newtons and 'ave 'eard of me. I'm Maria Molesworth."

"I'm not acquainted with the Newtons, Mrs. Molesworth."

"Bless you, Miss," she said, interrupting me,

"I'm not married. These are not my children."

Her extreme frankness, coupled with a modest grace and ease of deportment, rendered it impossible for us to explain the object of our visit to our own credit or satisfaction.

She helped us out, however, this yellow-haired, pleasant-voiced, English girl.

"Go to the window on the stairs and look out, my dearies," she said to the children. "They told me you 'ad come 'ome with them," she continued, after they pattered out, then ran on with their history as though we had a fair title to hear not only that, but no inconsiderable portion of her own also.

Before Viola had quite measured her second year, and while Victor was in his sixth month, their mother died. Immediately following this event Mr. Verdier went to his native France to see after some property he had a real or fancied claim to, leaving the little ones entirely dependent on Maria for their support.

"I 'ear from 'im," she assured us, the color deepening on her pink cheeks, "but 'e 'as nothing to send me. And now," she said, tears welling up into the blue eyes, "I'll tell you 'ow my babies 'appen to be running around like beggars. If I could 'elp it by working my fingers off, I would. If their father ever finds it out 'e 'll never forgive me, never."

Victor Verdier's ears would have tingled uncomfortably had this been a time to speak our minds. As it was not, we spared those aristocratic members by remaining silent.

"'Aving to sleep at 'ome and be 'ere some, I don't get 'igh wages; still, with the things Mrs. Newton gives me to make over, and 'elp from the societies in winter, I've managed to get along this three years. When it's pleasant, I send the children to the Park with a bite of something to eat. Or," here a painful flush crossed her features, "I used to; and that did them till I got back at night. This May I met with a loss. I come 'ome one evening to find my rent raised, and the money laid by to pay it stolen out of my drawer. While I was crying and wondering where my babies would get their supper, they came in, Viola 'ogging a bag of crackers and sandwiches, Victor with 'is 'at full of cakes. A lady at the Park 'ad asked would they like to take them 'ome, and sure enough the infants were real glad, 'aving only 'ad a wee bite of a dinner. They brought enough for our supper and breakfast, too; and next morning as I tied on my bonnet, wondering what I'd do for my dearies that day, a flock of sparrows we often fed settled in the yard below, and began picking up the crumbs. Then I remembered there was something in the Bible about them, and was moved to 'unt it up. 'Ere it is; I wrote it on a card and pinned it to the wall."

Stepping to where it hung, she read slowly: "'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.'"

Then, turning toward us, her fair English face eloquent with feeling, she continued: "Don't you see? I put these things together—getting the food, the coming of the birds and Scripture—and this is the thought that was brought to me: my babies were of more value than many sparrows. If that chattering little flock could come into our garden and eat our crumbe without any sense of shame, couldn't I send my song-birds to the Park, trusting the good Lord to feed and watch over them? Couldn't I do this and not feel I was disgracing them or their father? I reasoned this way, too. Many a person don't want to take 'ome what's left. The lady that gave the cakes and sandwiches didn't. So I instructed the little ones particularly, being careful not to put the idea of begging into their 'eads; and from what they tell me, I believe they took it all in. You're the first that ever come inquiring after them, and you can't think how frightened I was, till you, Miss," this to me, "kissed them both, and you," to Minnie, "shook your 'ead and called them 'Precious little runaways.'"

Rest assured, we did all in our power to comfort and encourage the solitary creature—she being the only member of her family in this country—and left, promising to call again. My interest in each individual member of this small household was so intense, I refused to lend countenance to any picnic party not having Strawberry Mansion in view. As a matter of course, I met Vi and Vic frequently, and came to consider my day's enjoyment incomplete unless I accompanied them home and had a chat with Ira, as they called her.

It was my good fortune speedily to win a warm place in her affections, and one day, when we were quite alone, she opened a page in her life which filled me with vague forebodings. Having previously shown me Mr. Verdier's photograph, she now confessed their engagement. This revelation sent a chill to my heart. There was an instinctive feeling that the original of that cold, proud, handsome portrait would never marry this serving-girl, sensible and modest though she was. The engagement was merely a convenience; she was sacrificing herself in vain.

Event followed event rapidly. Autumn was just beginning to touch the leaves, and lay sere colors over the landscape, when I learned that Mr. Verdier had come into undisputed possession of his property, had been on and taken the children away with him, leaving Ira the image of despair.

"'E said I might look for 'im this winter, and to get ready. But why didn't 'e take me now?" she wailed. "Oh, why didn't 'e take me now?"

As you know, I served in his rich wife's father's family, and when she was turned off for marrying 'im, I, only a slip of a girl, left 'ome for love of them, and 'elped them to get a living. I've done all I could for 'im and the babies ever since the mother died. And now to take them and leave me! It's 'ard! Oh, it's 'ard!"

He had said she might look, and to get ready. It required no far-reaching vision to see that she might watch, prepare in vain. With a great longing in my own heart after the birds flown to sunny France, I nevertheless did all I could to cheer Ira without holding out any false hope. We cried together over a picture Mr. Verdier had taken especially for her, kissed the bright, speaking little faces and parted.

One month later, a letter from a girl-friend in Paris informed me that she was married to Victor Verdier, one of the richest and handsomest men in all that gay city—a widower, with two interesting, American-born children, Viola and Victor. What could I do but wait awhile, and keep silent before Ira?

One week after the reception of this news, I met her on the street.

"I was coming to your 'ouse to say good-bye," she said. "I sail for 'ome to-morrow."

I asked no questions. I knew she knew all. I promised to see her off, and did so. Just as she bade me adieu, she slipped into my hands a letter bearing a foreign postmark, and the tiny card containing the Bible verses she had copied.

"That," meaning the letter, "will tell you," she said, her eyes fixed on me with a strange, glassy stare, her very lips white. "'E thinks money can pay a servant girl for her love as well as for her labor. I took it, Miss; I wouldn't shadow 'is path by letting on, so I took it."

I was about to speak, but she motioned me to silence.

"You loved my babies, didn't you?" she asked, searching my face with eager, appealing gaze.

"Dearly."

"Promise me, then, promise me, that if you ever meet 'im you'll be kind for their sakes and mine."

I was silent.

"Good-bye," she gasped.

How could I add one pang to that loving, tortured heart?

"I promise. I'll be kind."

A grateful look, a lingering pressure of the hand, then a hurrying figure with veiled face, and Ira, too, was gone.

After eighteen months of married life, my friend, Luliet Verdier, paid a flying visit to this country in company with her husband and step-children. He was even handsomer than his picture; but it was a cold, proud, repellant sort of face—a face to

"Win the eye, but not the mind."

My gay young friend seemed contented with her lot, however, and declared herself perfectly happy.

Their lives being spent in a whirl of excitement, there was no opportunity for either to weary of the other, and probably no time to spare in disputes, had they been ever so disposed to disagree.

Viola and Victor were in charge of a French nurse, a bright, innocent creature, to whom they were devoted, and who seemed equally absorbed in them. With their pretty, Parisian accents, little cajoling ways, and simple yet charming costumes, I found them as lovable, as attractive as ever. Time had apparently erased every memory of Ira, of me, the Park and their bird-like lives under the waving branches. I was content to have it so, resigned also to part with them again, perhaps forever, knowing their young heads were serenely sheltered from life's storms.

Ira had already written three times. Shortly after the Verdiere's departure, I received a fourth letter, containing a piece of news for which a former had prepared me.

"He has a little property," so ran this bit of information, "and is an honest, industrious, God-fearing man. He's been disappointed, too, he tells me, and says if we can't love one another like other folks, we can bear one another's burdens, and there's happiness in that."

I turned involuntarily to the little card she had given me, and which I had slipped under the glass of a picture in my room. Its "Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows," seemed to reach out after Ira, and rest like a benediction on the yellow hair. Under blue, English skies that poor unnested heart found tenderness, shelter, home.

MADGE CARROL.

BE WHAT YOU SEEM.—There is a class of men who acquire a good deal of prominence in the community—they are much talked about, and their names are often seen in print—yet, when you get at the real opinion entertained of them by those who know them best, you find they are but little respected. The reason is because they are not really true men. They affect to take a deep interest in reform movements, and to be largely occupied in philanthropic enterprises; but in truth they are hollow-hearted popularity-seekers, caring little for anybody but themselves. Such men cannot be truly happy, for they cannot experience any feeling of satisfaction with themselves. And indeed it is with himself that every man should keep account. He should make it his own study to be true, and real, and sincere. Even if he could obtain the respect of others without deserving it, he could not obtain his own. Be what you seem is a manly rule of life, worthy of every young man's adoption.

SKETCHES OF CHARMINGFARE.

COME, dear Louise, drop books and work, and come with me. This is a fine day for sight-seeing, and you are not familiar with the highways and byways of this our beloved town of Charmingfare.

Ah, the sky and the sunshine are so bright, and this warm south wind, with its balmy softness, tells us too truly that winter has fled and summer will soon be here.

Which way shall we turn Whither shall we go? There are so many points of interest to be visited, we cannot possibly get through with them all to-day.

You wish to see the spot where I once taught school? Very well, that was the road I wished to take, for it brings us to "Rocky Hill," which is as fine a place for sight-seeing as any hereabouts. There it is in the distance, that lofty eminence, from whose summit can be seen one of the finest landscapes in all New England, extending over a distance of more than forty miles, and stretching away to the eastward to the blue Atlantic, which is plainly visible upon a clear day.

An hour's hard trudging has at last brought us to the base of the hill. Here we will leave the solitary, winding country road, go through this gap in the moss-covered stone wall, and begin to ascend the hill. Very laborious our path is; but the view from the top will more than repay us. Patience has crowned our difficulties with success at last, and here we are upon the very summit.

What a scene lies before us! The blue Massachusetts, the beautiful lake, whose name is suggestive of its Indian origin, hangs like a mirror amid the surrounding hills and forests. Westward rise the lofty summits of the Uncanoonucs, and there, where the sky and earth bend into one, we can just discern Wachusett, and the hoary head of Mount Tom. Eastward, among the hundred hills that lie between us and the horizon, are nestled the pretty towns and villages of old Rockingham.

And now let us turn to the nearer view. Not many rods from where we now stand was the first house which was built in Charmingfare. One hundred and thirty-five years ago, that lone settler built here his cabin in the dense, untried wilderness. In later years, I suppose a framed house was built upon the same spot, for within my recollection the walls were still standing. And here, a little way down the hill, is the old school-house, "low-roofed and red."

Kind friend, have you ever been a country school-teacher, teaching school in the winter and "boarding round?" If you have been, you know the charm that lies in these old-time memories. How the bright-eyed boys and girls used to bring their dinners and red-cheeked Baldwin apples to school, and warm them upon the little box-stove

up in the corner. Beautiful and brave lads and lassies, who were not afraid of the piercing cold and the winter's snow, that they might obtain such education as the "district school" afforded. But they are all scattered now, and the old, old story is told again—"some are married and some are dead."

But perhaps my long soliloquy has grown irksome to you, dear Louise, so we will pass on to another point in our rambles.

Yonder, do you see at the foot of the hill among the reeds and rushes that low-lying pond? Once it is said, that its waters swept over a wide extent of ground, and the canoe of the Indian hunter shot across its smooth and glassy surface.

Of this place, the romantic story is told of the Indian maiden, who, with her white lover, perished in its depths, preferring death rather than life as the bride of the young chief, to whom her father had promised her. An arrow from the hand of his rival pierced the heart of the pale face, and, as the waters clasped his sinking form, Wahnita, with a wild cry, plunged into the depths, and sank to rise no more.

Many are the traditions of those of the olden time, told of the spirit of the Indian maiden, which, it is said, haunted these green shores, and of the phantom canoe which on bright moonlight nights had been seen speeding across the lake. Very superstitious, no doubt, were some of these early settlers; yet, when the story is told, the incidents are sufficiently mournful to throw a veil of romance over the spot.

EMILY SANBORN.

SPRING FLOWERS.

UP through the wrinkled and naked earth,
Tenderly sweet, tenderly fair,
Crocuses blossom, snowdrops peep,
Shyly, modestly, everywhere;
Pale and purple violets creep,
Filling with too much sweet the air;
Blue-bells nod, and daffodils stare;
Under the moss the hyacinths sleep,
And dream not of sorrow or care,
Waiting, waiting for summer's birth.

Deep in each dell and mossy vale,
Lifts up the orchis her curious crown,
Lovingly peeps the primrose pale
At the cowslips, golden, orange and brown;
The hedges are whitening for May,
Where the fragrant, vagrant dog-rose blushes,
And winter has passed away.
When the bindweed peers through the bushes!
All nature is smiling to-day,
As the breath of the spring-time flushes.

Sunday Magazine.

STAFFA AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

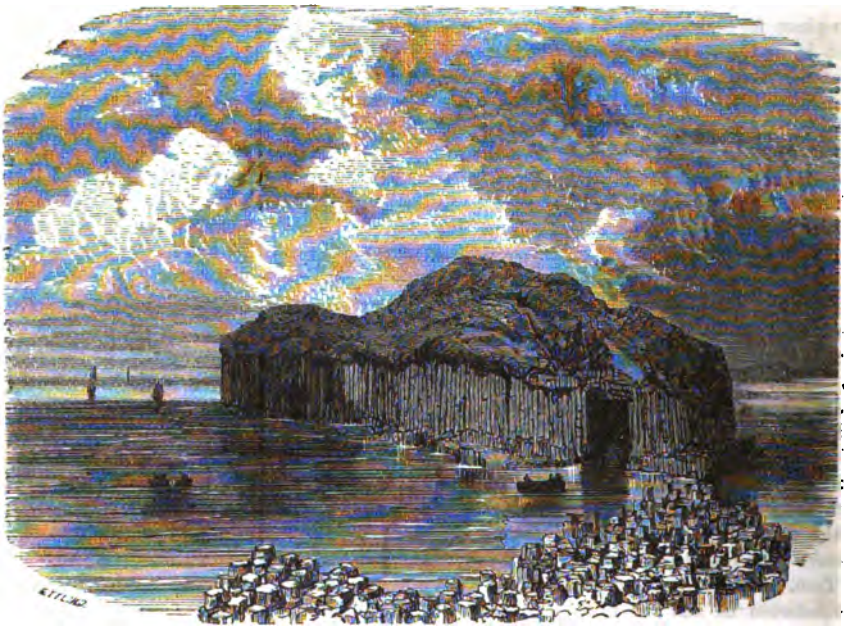
ALL of our readers, we presume, have heard of this marvel of nature, in the Isle of Staffa, which lies in the Atlantic Ocean, on the north-west coast of Scotland. But comparatively few, we think, are aware how small the island itself is. In fact, the cave is everything, as a reference to one of our engravings will show. To use the words of a recent tourist, "Staffa's island is but a little bit of grass and soil, just enough to cover respectably the basaltic ribs of its great wonder."

This grand cleft in the primeval rock, is, indeed, a natural Gothic cathedral, with its innumerable pillars, its vaulted roof and its solemn lights of purple and gold reflected from the water. The

line its walls for a considerable distance inward. So, it may yet be, in the remote future, that, little by little, Staffa will have become undermined, to crumble away and leave only the tops of a thousand shattered pillars to mark the place where of old existed one of earth's great wonders.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* in a recent letter from Iona, gives the following interesting account of a visit to Fingal's Cave:

"On Thursday, when the winds were calmed and the angry ocean had quieted down to comparative reason, we hired a fisherman's sail-boat, and with a pair of small but sinewy Gaelic seamen at the oars, pulled off for a cruise among the neighboring islands to explore the classic seas of school-boy legend and memory. Our morning's destination was Staffa, with its wondrous columnar



STAFFA.

curious basaltic columns are pentagonal and hexagonal in form, and present the effect of being multiplied indefinitely. The floor of the cave is a flood of roaring waves, surging always in tones more deep and solemn than thunder. This wonderful cavern is two hundred and twenty-two feet long, forty-two feet wide and sixty-six feet in height.

The whole island was formed by volcanic action at the bottom of the sea, and the lava, crystalized into columns, was uplifted bodily, in some great convulsion, with little appreciable disturbance. The cave, however, was most probably formed, during the lapse of ages, by the action of the waves. Hundreds of broken columns, whose shafts have sunk beneath the restless waters, rise above them, about the entrance of the cavern, and

formation; our hope that we might be able to enter with our little boat the surging portal of the grand nave of Fingal's solemn cave. Every wave this morning was created with associations and story. Behind, the campanile of Iona, with Oronsay and Colonsay, twin islets of saints and medieval miracles and sacred tradition; ahead, the frowning masses of Mull, the famous stronghold of the Lords of the Isles, and "Alva dark" and the broader lands of the Lords of Ulvin.

'Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter,'

saw the shores of the tragic escapade and sailed over the spot where the "waters wild" went over the fated lovers.

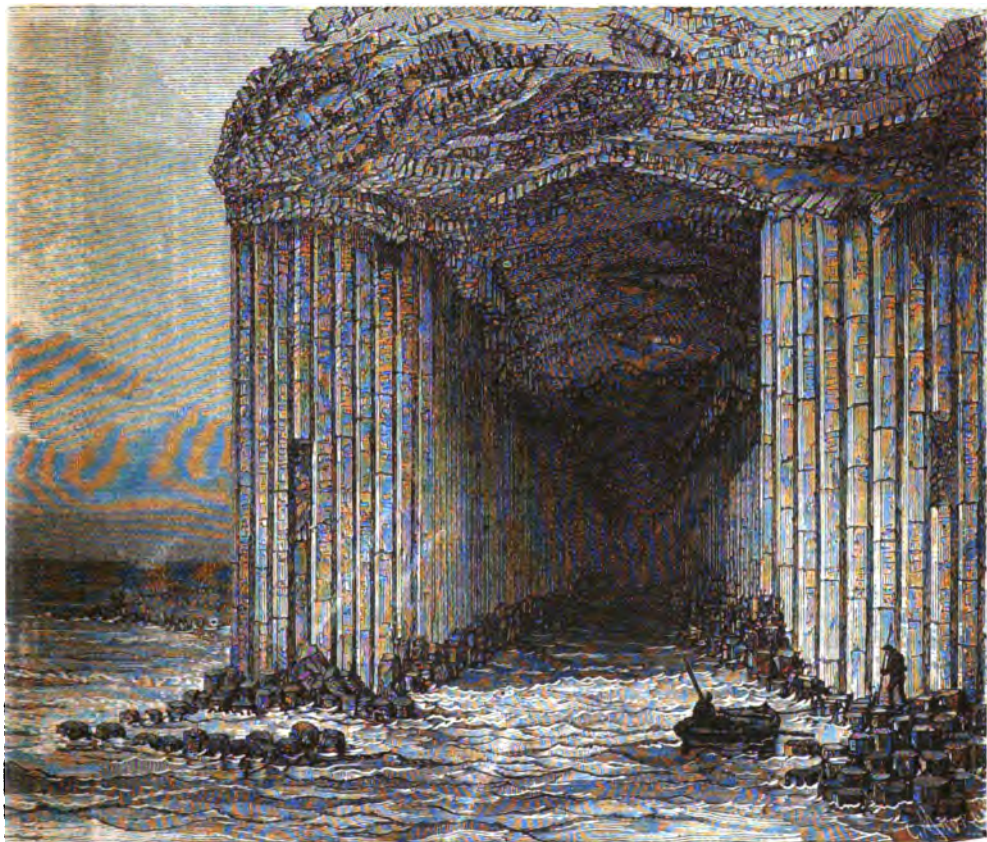
"Fingal's Cave, with its strange basaltic columns,

its curiously ecclesiastical effect of Gothic roof, pillared nave and choir of thundering surges, with its dim religious lights of green, and purple, and gold reflected from the waves below, is a most impressive and unique sight, but it hardly deserves its relative rank among the wonders of the world gotten from our crude geographies written at a time when the modern world was unexplored, when America, and Australia, and Africa, and the great table-lands of India and Central Asia were unknown.

"This picturesquely imposing cavern is a great

great cathedral, arched in the foundation rock. Into this grand church the waves, with a noise far below the range of any human organ, grander and deeper, surge forever forward and backward, singing unto each other in eternal antiphone.

"Staffa's island is but a little bit of grass and soil, just enough to respectably cover the basaltic ribs of its great wonder. You can climb to the top of it and get a grand view of the entrance of the cave from over head. You can climb around the side over hundreds of broken pillars washed down during the ages by the ceaseless violence of



FINGAL'S CAVE.

cleft in the primeval rock, two hundred and twenty-two feet long, forty-two feet wide at the entrance, and in height sixty-six feet at mean tide. The bottom is always a flood of roaring water. The sides are nearly parallel, and rise up perpendicularly, closing away up in a vaulted roof. They are not plain walls, however, but solid masses of pentagonal and hexagonal columns of wonderful symmetry, and many of them monoliths. They present the effect of innumerable corridors of columns—aisles and aisles of them. As a picture, the cave most resembles the mighty nave of some

the waves, and enter the cavern, finding your way from one rude pedestal to another, along the edge of the columnar wall until you reach about where the altar would be in a church, and here the spot where the thunderous surges break against the massive rock foundation of the island with a noise mightier than that of the waves and wind, deep resounding bass echoes that never die away.

"Unfortunately, the condition of the waters was such that the Gælic fishermen would not attempt to put their boats in, and we had to be content with this kind of view of the cave, landing on the

rear of the island and clambering around over the slippery bases denuded of their shafts.

"This rude Gaelic land of the Argyllshire coast and the Hebrides is known as part of the Highlands of Scotland, although, of course, it is on the level of the sea. Highland is now an ethnologi-

When, as I keep with open eyes

Pain's vigil through the night,

The many twinkling stars arise,

Each little lamp of light

Would seem to say, "We watch with you

While mortals sleep the great world through."



ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE.

cal rather than a topographical distinction. The people here, too, rude and meagre as is their life, have all the fierce spirit of freedom and the strong self-respect of the clans of the hills. They prove their blood. The only man, woman or child in all Europe who ever refused a gratuity at my hands was a little Highland boy, of Iona, and I put it on record to the credit of his land. One who has traveled in Europe will know how much it means."

MY SKY.

PRISONED within four walls I lie,
Chained to my couch by pain;
Naught see I of the fair blue sky,
Save, through my window-pane,
One tiny patch; a dainty bit,
So small my hands can cover it.

This is the whole great sky to me,
My only firmament,
My window, through which heaven I see,
My curtain of God's tent,
Which arches high the world above,
An emblem of protecting love.

Sometimes across my waking dreams

The fair moon sails in view;

Her face a gentle woman's seems,

Of tender mien, and true.

"Take comfort," said the lips so mild,

"Thy Father sends thee rest, my child."

And then I sleep, and waking, find

My sky is all transformed;

The gray of night is silver-lined

With rays of sunlight warmed;

It seems a window stained blue

With Heaven's own glory shining through.

Ah, each life can its sunshine find,

Its fragments of the sky;

God sends to every willing mind

An answer to the cry,

"Oh, give us light! That we may know
The right from wrong, and friend from foe."

Dear friends, who suffer in the dark,

And groping walk at night,

Search for the tiny, precious spark,

The little rays of light,

Which, entering in, shall make of life

A constant victory over strife. A. W. S.

HOUSEKEEPING TEN YEARS.

IT is said that the life of the humblest individual, were it faithfully recorded, would be interesting biography; especially is this true of that much-maligned class known as servants. We are so engrossed with our own cares, disappointments, failures and dilemmas, that we are apt to forget their side of shield has a different color from our own.

Mrs. Whitney has given us some ideal pictures of New England "help" in the characters of Loclarion Grapp, Emery Ann and others, who talk philosophy and work—almost miracles in cooking, dusting, polishing and general household duties; but the trouble is, they never migrate beyond the Mississippi, hence we have never been permitted to make their acquaintance.

Oh, halcyon days of early housekeeping! when the bride goeth forth as a warrior armed for battle, and with conscious pride and strength manages, economically, the details of a modest home. The literal, matter-of-fact, young Mrs. Jardine. But after a time cares increase, and—though blessed cares—none the less exacting, or relentless in the responsibility they involve.

Lavinie was the first innovation in our domestic province, and she bade fair to rule with a stout if not skillful hand. She was a tall brunette, angular and obstinate, and had never been out to service except among country families near her own home. Her cooking was after the rural fashion, both as to quality and quantity. Such piles of vegetables and patent-leather pastry! Of course I explained that there were but two in our family, and these two were not in a state of perpetual hunger, in fact were not simply digesting-machines. She graciously informed me that she was known at home and 'mong neighbors as Viney, and if I wished her to heed my commands or requests, I must address her by this endearing pet-name.

The first Saturday after her arrival, my sewing-room doorway was suddenly darkened by the tall shadow of Viney, who coolly informed me that, as she had been away from her "folks" a whole week, she must that day go home on a visit. In vain I remonstrated. After dinner she took her departure, leaving the dishes and debris to be put to rights with trembling hands as best I might. She reappeared the next Monday, just as dinner was about ready, evidently not much improved by seeing her "folks," as she appeared taller and more taciturn than ever.

Ideas of equality and independence are so strenuously inculcated in many Western cities, that it is often difficult to obtain good help, so I concluded to make the best of matters and await further developments.

The next Saturday Viney repeated her undaunted information, and was gone before I had

hardly realized the magnitude of her presumption. She returned on Monday, looking more ominous and lugubrious than ever. Seeing her folks had not improved her spirits in the least. Clouds of calamity seemed to be constantly hovering around this dark-browed queen of the kettles. She refused to be interested, and moped in everything but appetite.

The third day her symptoms seemed to grow worse, and in sheer desperation I demanded an explanation. It came amidst sobs and blubbering exclamations. She was *home-sick*.

"Oh! oh! I don't like to stay away from home! I want to see ma! Ma said she knowed I wouldn't like the city, and I don't. They are going to have a taffy-pull to-night, and I'm going ho-m-e!"

Her voice sounded like the distant wail of an Irish wake. Dicken's Tilley Slowboy could not have outrivaled her. She made me so nervous that I was glad enough to grant her the desired permission to retire to the shades of country life.

For many weeks after, I was too ill to know aught of what was passing in the realm below stairs. When I again enjoyed the happy privilege of presiding over household affairs, I found there installed Nan, a very youthful, fair-faced German girl, whose worst fault was inexperience. She seemed gentle and willing; but it is so much easier to work with one's own hands than it is to endow others with requisite skill—if one could only command the strength. (*If Archimedes had been Hercules, the world might now be topsy-turvy instead of spinning around at regulation rates.*)

Nan remained with us about a year and a half in apparent contentment; but the parental influence of her own home—to which she was more or less subject—was not of the best character, and her associates were not wisely chosen. She began to grow restless under the least reproof or restraint, and wanted, not two or three, but *all* the evenings of the week, to spend with thoughtless, and too often reckless companions.

One evening she went away leaving her night-key on the table. This was all our warning. She never came back, and we soon after learned that she was working in a boarding-house where she received higher wages and more jolly fellowship.

Poor Nan! She took cold one wild, wet night in her rambles, and the fair face grew thinner, fairer, and, after a time, the blue eyes closed forever. The details of her death and interment were, to me, inexpressibly sad; that in two short years after leaving us, she should reach that last earthly haven—a mound in the churchyard.

Her place in our home was succeeded by a spinster of uncertain age, but not of uncertain temper. I am no coward, but must confess to a feeling of flight from the wrath of her eye. She was commonly known as Mag—a very Magdalene!

If the baby chanced for a moment to intrude in her domain, he was summarily ejected by process of shrieks and exclamations. The very house-dog looked shamed and woe-begone after having felt the burden of Mag's broomstick, and sullenly sought the garden to escape annihilation.

This reign of terror was brief, including but a fortnight, yet memory still preserves a faithful record of those fourteen days of peril. Like the valorous Miggs, her ears were as sharp as her temper. If a feather were endowed with motion and came down-stairs on tip-toe, Miggs would hear it; so Mag seemed a very telephone for interpretation of sound, especially any little item of intelligence not intended for her edification.

One evening C—— informed me, confidentially, that there was a bright, capable girl working in one of the restaurants down town; she was there but temporarily, and would much prefer a home in some private family. Mag scented danger in the air, and instantly there was a scene.

She was "niver after a changin'" places; when she went to a place she meant to stick there, and would not be ousted by any impident girrl with restaurant airs."

C—— made little attempt to pacify the irate damsel, but quietly told her that we had intended to give her the usual date of warning, and, accept it as she might, it was an established fact in our household that she must seek some more congenial situation.

After finding that resistance was vain, she took her departure in swift indignation.

That same evening came bright Nelly Durfee, like a ray of sunshine after storm; at least her presence seemed akin to sunshine, she was so cheery.

"And you are Mrs. Morton's Nelly?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," was the reply; "I lived there four years, and began to get tired of the sameness; I only went to the restaurant till I could find a better place."

Nelly proved a treasure. Willing, capable, experienced, under her deft management our domestic machinery seldom ran out of groove. She remained with us two years, but one fair holiday went forth a bride, and now three dear little children call her mamma. Though she has lost much of her beauty and gayety, she is always cheerful, and calls occasionally to let me know how "the boys" are doing.

Nelly's cousin was the next applicant for welcome and wages. Very different in manners, mood and temperament; affectionate, devotional, but at times singularly perverse. Faithful in her attendance at mass and vesper; a devout believer in every ordinance of her church. Never nocturnal storm swept over the summer heavens, that Annie's "bless candle" did not shine forth a

beacon light in the darkness, so great was her faith in its protection. Fortunate were it for me had she exhibited the same ardor in household affairs; but, remiss as she sometimes was, I preferred to tolerate or overlook small faults rather than accept a novice or risk a repetition of the merciless Viney.

Annie remained with us until the Centennial year, when her piety culminated in a decision that she would enter a nunnery. She was many weeks preparing for this solemn ceremony, and I went to see her once before her departure. She showed me a trunk full of nun's paraphernalia, and took evident pride in the sacrifice she was about to make. I often wonder, or imagine, how she looks in black robe and veil, a gentle *Sœur de Charité*.

Louisa came well-recommended. She was pleasant, gentle-mannered and faithful, and would, perhaps, have been with us yet had not ague ordered otherwise. Chill hands and fevered eyes could not but falter under burden of household routine. She had a kind mother to care for her and a comfortable home in the suburbs. I walked out there one summer day, and was much interested in the quaint picture the dear old lady looked among her herbs and flowers. Sage, rosemary, tuberoses and sweet marjoram; an acre or two of luscious Concord grapes; a deep, pure well, with old-fashioned curb and bucket; altogether, a view worth enjoying.

Bridget Bell Blodgett came from a home that we knew not of; but, concluding that her name was sufficient recommendation, and (principal reason) not being able to secure any one else, we installed her *chère d'affaires*. She was an excellent cook. Puddings, cakes and pastry flowered forth from her hands into marvelous lightness and beauty; but man lives not by bread alone, or even plum-puddings and dumplings, and Miss Blodgett lacked in so many other qualities that we were obliged to forego the pleasure of her presence. "Down town" was the cynosure of all her hopes and fancies. She would rush through her allotted tasks with a hurry and flurry that reminded one of that raid of the reindeers in Clement Moore's "Night Before Christmas."

"Now dash away, dash away, dash away all."

And for no other intent than a sight of the city streets and shops, or chance gossip with companions equally foolish and frivolous.

We have had for some time as amiable and faithful little German girl as ever served a household. The children love her, and listen to her legends with infinite delight. She remembers her voyage across the ocean, but has no regrets or longings for the *Faderland*.

The time I have sketched somewhat overreaches the limits of a decade, but it verifies what Carlyle has so often repeated, that there is in every human

life interesting points of history. As "biography is the essence of all history;" so each individual life admits of special analysis.

That all housekeepers—home-makers—should well consider the responsibility of their influence over the mind, taste and habits of those whom they employ, is a question not to be debated or averted.

"The smallest bark on life's tempestuous ocean
Will leave a track behind forever more;
The lightest wave of influence set in motion
Extends and widens to the eternal shore."

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE.

HOW little do people in luxuriant, eastern homes, surrounded by comfort and free from danger, realize the hardships and privations by which the wild western prairies are redeemed from their idle fertility and changed to vast tributaries to the nation's wealth and prosperity.

The following incidents, related to me by the brave, little woman herself, will convey some idea of the exciting scenes to which border life is exposed.

We were living in the White River country, in Colorado, where we located soon after our marriage, with the intention of making this region our home. The valley is walled in with low mountains from which flow pure, rapid streams, cutting deep gorges, such as the one in which the Indians were ambushed during the recent fight between the whites and Utes. The mountains abound with such animals as elk, deer, mink, panther, wildcat, antelope, bear, mountain-sheep and wolf, and to the last mentioned I owe the most exciting moments of my life.

Our cabin stood in the valley, about two miles from one of these deep gorges, through which flowed a rapid mountain-stream on its way to the river. We lived here in busy and contented seclusion, and although my husband was often away at work. I had my baby for company and managed to occupy my time cheerily. Upon one occasion, I had to carry in some wood during his absence, and taking my child, a strong, healthy boy, aged eleven months, I placed him upon the grass, about half way between the house and wood-pile, where he could watch me while I was thus engaged. At length I heard the baby making that cooing sound peculiar to babies when they are pleased, and upon looking around, what was my terror and astonishment to see a large, gray wolf standing within ten steps of my child, with black lips drawn back, displaying his horrid, grinning fangs. I instantly sprang toward him, but before I could reach the spot, the animal had seized my baby in his long, sharp teeth, and was making off

toward the hills with him. I snatched a sharp hatchet which happened to be sticking in a log close by, and quickly gave chase. He was soon out of my reach, and in spite of all my efforts he kept so; although his progress was very much impeded by the weight he carried. Try as I would, I could not get near enough to strike him, and I dared not throw the hatchet, not only through fear of hitting my babe, but if I should miss the animal I should lose time in recovering the weapon. Every now and then the wolf would drop the child upon the ground as if to take a better hold, but before I could come up he would be off again. I began to fear that his strength might outlast mine, and if he should turn and fight me, it was by no means certain to which the victory would be given, but with more than life at stake, I would have gladly undertaken it if he had given me a chance. On we went, over long stretches of even prairie, then up the lengthening hills, and rough, uneven places, straight toward the mountain-stream, and all this time the shrieks of the child seem driving me mad. The long, dreadful fangs were fastened in his shoulder, and the little feet dragged upon the ground over all that weary, toilsome track.

I had a hope that when he reached the stream that I could make him turn down toward where our nearest neighbor lived, and although it was at least two miles distant, it would be better than going entirely away from the settlement.

At length he paused upon the brink, and, turning his head, stood and looked at me until I was almost near enough to strike, then deliberately began to cross the stream upon a log. I followed closely, silently, breathlessly after. I could see the water seething and foaming through the chasm below, and hear its angry roar as it dashed over huge boulders far down its narrow banks, and knew that only the teeth of that savage beast kept my darling from being dashed upon these jagged points into the dark, whirling waters beneath.

Could I ever go back to the cabin alone and tell the father where to find the precious cherub which had brought so much of love and brightness to our wild border home?

In the midst of all this torturing suspense, the wolf reached the other side, and my darling's feet touched solid ground. With a strength given me by desperation, I sprang forward, and buried the hatchet deep in the side of the beast. The steel sank out of sight. I remember hearing a short, quick yelp, and of seeing him rolling over and over upon the ground, with the handle of the hatchet sticking in his side, while I clasped the baby in my arms; then the roar of the water grew fainter and fainter, until it seemed to recede in distance, and night to settle suddenly over the earth, and I knew no more.

At length I felt the dash of water upon my face, and seemed to hear a confused sound of voices

mingled with the roar of the torrent. I tried to open my eyes, but for a long time I could not.

"That was a fearful blow for such a woman to strike; he couldn't have lived many minutes after he got the wound," I heard some one say, and with another effort my eyes unclosed. I tried to speak, but my lips could utter no sound. A man was bathing my head, and several others were standing about me. It was a surveying party, who had observed the chase and came to my assistance.

"It's the baby she wants. Bring him here, John," said one, and a man came to my side holding my child in his arms. His shoulder had been bathed and bandaged, and, utterly exhausted, he was sleeping with his sunny head pillowed upon the kind frontiersman's breast.

"He's considerably scratched up, but it's only flesh wounds, and he'll be all right in a little time," said one of the men.

They helped me to my feet, but I could not walk. They made a litter of branches cut from the trees that border the streams, and carried me home.

My husband had returned, and was very much surprised and mystified at finding us gone; the more so as the door was open, and nothing to indicate our whereabouts. He said that he had fought with bears, been chased by panthers and wounded by Indians, but the most dreadful sensation that he had ever experienced was when he saw the men coming with the litter.

ISADORE ROGERS.

GRANDMA'S ADVICE.

THE house was tidied up for the day; the drafts of the cooking-stove closed to keep the fire in check, and, after arranging for dinner, I got out my sewing and settled myself in our cozy little sitting-room, where Grandmother Radcliffe (who was on a visit to me) sat composedly sewing carpet-strips.

"It is such a rainy day, grandma, I don't think we'll have any company, so we'll enjoy a quiet chat together."

"Well it will be a wonder if no one comes, for you do set a mighty store to company," said grandma, looking over her spectacles at me.

"I am fond of visitors when they are congenial," said I, "but don't think I have no resources within myself and am wholly dependent on company, for I keep myself too well employed with my domestic affairs for time to hang heavily on my hands, besides my music and reading—I'll never outgrow my fondness for books. I remember, before I was married, there were some houses I loved to visit more than others, and, stopping to consider why it was, came to the conclusion it was not the style they maintained, but the cheery

welcome they extended to their guests; so, when we commenced housekeeping, John and I talked it over, and this was how we decided to do. In the first place, I told him I didn't want him to be like some men I knew, afraid to invite a friend home for fear of incurring a wife's hot displeasure. No, he was to feel free to invite his friends; of course if *convenient* he could drop me a note, or let me know in some way, (and here let me say I found it worked well, for it made the dear fellow feel independent, to say nothing of loving our little home better), and many a time has he brought a bucket of oysters or paper of oranges, 'to help out,' he'd whisper, as he deposited them on the kitchen table—real thoughtful in him, for you know he is not naturally so.

"One day I was busy preserving, did not intend having a regular dinner, for the stove was pretty well filled up with kettles. I had just laid the table for two, when I heard steps and voices in the hall, and then they entered the sitting-room. 'What shall I do?' said I, glancing in dismay at the plain lunch. Just then John came in; he seemed to take in the situation at a glance, for he whispered: 'It's too bad, Annie, I forgot entirely you told me not to expect a dinner to-day. I met Johnson and asked him to come home with me. Isn't there something I can get you, or can't I help you?' That melted my heart, and I said: 'Never mind, I'll make out,' and so reassured, he went back to his friend with a light heart. Up went the other leaf of the table, and in a few minutes I had a nice cup of hot coffee. Fried ham and eggs, with plenty of fresh loaf-bread and butter, and a dish of my preserves, made a lunch not to be slighted even by hungry men. So I put on a clean apron, and stepping to the sitting-room door, gave Mr. Johnson a hearty welcome and bade him come in to lunch. I was rewarded that night, when John came home to tea; he said: 'Annie, Johnson enjoyed his dinner ("Lunch, my dear," interrupted I)—well, lunch very much, and I can't begin to tell you half the praises he bestowed on my little wife; and I know how he appreciated your hearty welcome, for once when I was out at his farm on business, he invited me to come in to dinner. I was too much absorbed at the time to notice with what hesitation he asked me; so I accepted, being rather hungry; but I couldn't fail to see what confusion it threw the whole family into. Dinner was delayed an hour or more, and, although it was quite a feast of good things, I saw that Madam Johnson was in no frame of mind or temper to enjoy it; and poor Johnson, I pitied him, for I knew by the looks and replies she gave him on the sly, he would catch it as soon as I left. For his sake I would like to have stuck by him till his wife's wrath was appeased, but for my own I felt like leaving when first opportunity offered. And now aren't you glad you entertained the poor, hen-

pecked fellow so gracefully,' laughed John, rising from the table.

"And I was, even if it was a little inconvenient at the time. I always cook everything as palatable as I know how, set my table as neatly for my own family as I would for company, then if friends come in unexpectedly I give them a hearty welcome as sauce to the whole. You know the Bible recommends hospitality, grandma."

"Yes," said grandma, "and that's 'the best guide to go by.' But let me give you a little advice; don't let yourself be imposed upon. I had just your ideas about such things when I was your age, and was as free as water about entertaining, but I found even in those dear, by-gone days, that there were some who would impose upon good nature—as it is termed—and here let me say that one of your constant visitors reminds me of one I used to have. I will not call any names, my dear, as I may be mistaken, and if so I hope to be forgiven. Well, my visitor's name was Clark," said grandma, wiping her spectacles and returning them to their case (a sign that she was in for a good talk). "This Mrs. Clark was an excellent piece of company; rather too full of chat when there were others around who liked to talk, too, but still, a good piece of company. I mind my first impressions of her as we sat around Deacon Wilber's tea-table, enjoying a good talk between the mouthfuls of hot biscuits, fried chicken and other good things. There was not a man at the table, and you know, my dear, how women do enjoy a talk to themselves when there is no men around to exclaim: 'How women do talk! Such tongues!' etc.

"From Mrs. Clark's manner and conversation I got the idea that she was the soul of hospitality. She was a new neighbor, and it was not long before we were the best of friends. It was a long time before I could see any faults in her; but at last it dawned upon me that I had never once been really invited to her home, though she had spent days and evenings with me time and again; and by and by I began to notice her manner of leaving-taking. She would commence like she was regretting so much the distance prevented my coming to see her (though I had never made it an objection, for indeed it was not one), and I was as able to walk to her house as she was to mine; but, in the midst of her regrets something would take off her attention and in the meanwhile she would say: 'Good-bye, good-bye, I must hurry or it will be dark ere I get home.' She would come at most unseasonable times, but was always so homey in her ways, I seemed to lose sight of her weakness for the time (for I came to look upon it as such).

"I made up my mind one day that I would go out and spend a long day with her. She received me very pleasantly, but I was not long in discover-

ing that she was not that pleasant body in her own house that she was in mine. She introduced several, to me, disagreeable topics, which left an uncomfortable feeling for days. Her work seemed to drive her, though she had a competent woman in the kitchen, and knew I was coming days before. Now, my child, you know I never want folks to lay aside their work to make company of me, but I felt several times maybe I had picked a wrong day for my *broad*, forgetting for the moment the times when Mrs. Clark had run in on me, when I was in the midst of house-cleaning or other work equally as important, and how cheerfully I had put it aside for fear she would think she was in the way. Well, when I turned my face homeward, I felt like humming, 'Home, Sweet Home' all the way."

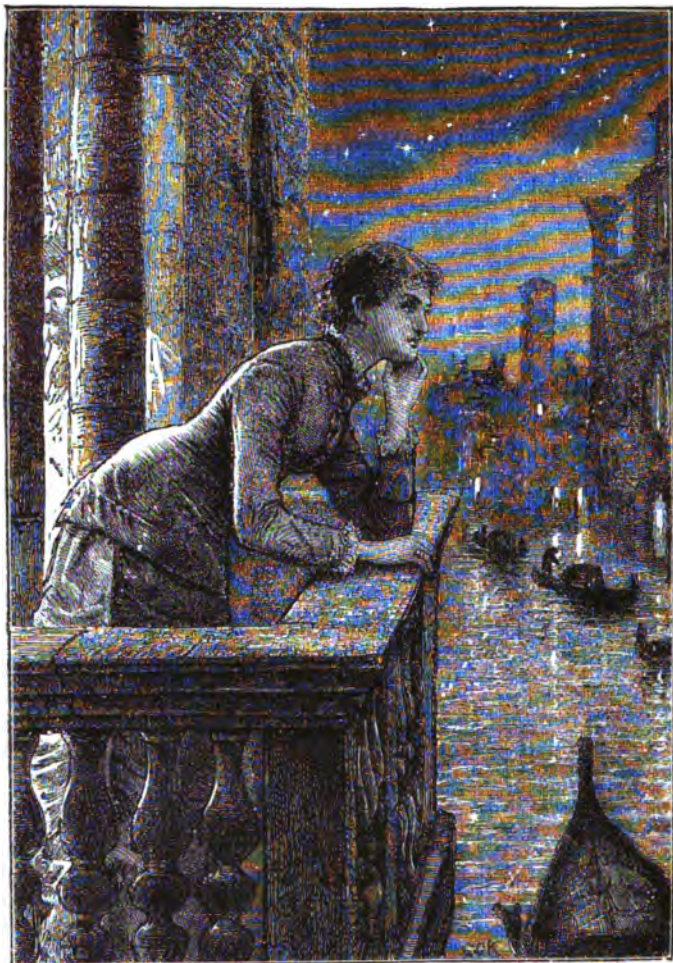
"And was that the ending of your friendship, grandma?" said I, laughing at the dear old lady's earnestness.

"Oh, no! she still continued to come and make herself at home and altogether charming, but I was cured of any desire to repeat the visit. Your grandfather and I used to talk it over; sometimes we'd come to the conclusion that it was the husband's fault; that he didn't approve of company; then we'd change our theory—for she would not care to visit and partake of the hospitality of others if that were the case. We could not think it was because she could not entertain as she was entertained, for she was in better circumstances, and many times when dropping in unexpectedly had partaken of a plain, boiled dinner with us. We at last came to the conclusion that she just didn't like to entertain, but liked exceedingly to be entertained. And now, my dear, as I said before, you have a friend who reminds me of Mrs. Clark, but I am glad to say there are not many Mrs. Clarks."

"I think I know who you refer to, grandma, but I will follow your example and mention no names," said I, folding up my work. "The rain has ceased, and here comes our Mrs. Clark (?) shall we call her so in future? and as I have dinner to prepare you will have to entertain her."

M.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN NORWAY.—One of the prettiest Christmas customs in Norway is the practice of giving on Christmas Day a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway or barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasant will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose; and what the birds do not eat on Christmas Day remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter. The caroling of the birds about these poles make a Norwegian Christmas marvelously pleasant.



TO THE EVENING STAR.

HOW sweet thy modest light to view,
 Fair Star, to love and lovers dear,
 While trembling on the falling dew,
 Like beauty shining through a tear!

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream,
 To mark that image trembling there,
 Thou seemst to smile with softer gleam,
 To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
 The moon thy timid beams outshine
 As far as thine each starry light—
 Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft, enchanting hours
 When twilight lingers on the plain,
 And whispers to the closing flowers
 That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that murmuring bland
 As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
 And bids the yielding heart expand
 In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair Star! though I be doomed to prove
 That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,
 Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,
 But sweeter to be loved again.

JOHN LEYDEN, (*Born 1775, Died 1811*).

CINDERELLA.

"YES, I am certainly Cinderella," she said to Jack. "All that I want is a fairy god-mother; but, being without one, I shall have to go to the ball in rags."

Jack looked down at the arch and yet half-wistful smile on Cinderella's face, as she stood opposite to him on the ugly school-room hearth-rug. His sober countenance brightened a little.

"Never mind, Marjorie," he said, as cheerily as he could; "there is time enough yet for that lady to put in an appearance."

"But she never comes in these days," she rejoined, with great seriousness. "I shall have to be content with my old black silk. And suppose I meet the prince! What do you think, Jack? Would the prince have fallen in love with Cinderella if she had had no magnificent ball-dress, and if she had been obliged to make the most of the one in which she used to sit and dream among the cinders?"

"I always think you look as well in an old dress as in a new one," averred Jack.

But Cinderella knew the value of dress far better than he; she shook her head in a melancholy manner.

"It's very good of you, Jack, to try to console me; but you don't quite understand. I'm tempted to wish they had never asked me."

Jack admitted to himself that he had been tempted to wish that a good many times. However, he wisely said nothing, but looked absently out of the window at the cold, gray sky and the leafless trees shivering in the bitter wind. It was not at all the sort of day on which one would regard anything in a rose-colored light; yet it must have been something more than the mere influence of the weather that had made Marjorie's face so unusually grave.

She was blithe enough generally, although she was somewhat like the Cinderella she called herself. She had for daily occupation the pleasant task of instructing half a dozen refractory little cousins, in return for board and lodging in her aunt's great, dreary house, and a salary which was almost nominal. If it had not been for Jack, she could not have helped being a little lonely, for her elder cousins evinced for her a very small degree of affection.

Marjorie and Jack were cousins. They had grown up together; and Jack was the only gentleman allowed to pay visits to her now that she held the post of governess to her aunt's children. He was only a struggling artist, and, as such, a "connection" ineligible for family recognition; but he was charitably allowed to be "Marjorie's cousin;" and, while no other gentleman expressed a wish for further acquaintance with their governess, the minds of the two Misses Lennard were at ease.

Indeed their supposed patronage of Jack represented to them some atonement for the seclusion in which they kept Marjorie.

But Marjorie had the presumption to be very happy without them. There was always Jack to tell her troubles to, and his sympathy was delightfully genuine.

"He is not in the least good-looking, and so odd and abrupt," the younger Miss Lennard had remarked on more than one occasion.

"Dreadfully poor, you know?" was the summary of the elder.

Marjorie cared for none of these comments.

On this particular afternoon in December an astonishing thing had been communicated to Jack. Marjorie's cousins had been looking forward with demonstrative rapture to a Christmas visit at the house of a distant relative, "a place"—in the words of the younger Miss Lennard—"where we shall meet everybody—positively everybody."

After that description, it appeared a little strange that she should have evinced so much amazement at the prospect of meeting Marjorie there.

"Cinderella's going to the ball, Jack—rags and all," said Marjorie, poking, with a significant determination, the school-room fire, without, however, succeeding in raising a blaze.

"You said the other day, when I asked you if you didn't wish to go with the girls, that you were quite resigned, and didn't care in the least. Why not feel resigned now about all the rest of it?" propounded Jack, with masculine argument.

"Don't you see that there are two kinds of resignation?" returned Cinderella. "One is easy, and the other— isn't. It was all very well for me to say I didn't care when I knew perfectly well I had no chance of going. But now, Jack—now," continued Marjorie, waxing eloquent, "don't you see that I should have found it easier to stay at home than to go and hear every one remark, 'What a shabby creature! Where can she have come from?'"

Jack had his own views on this subject, but he did not contradict.

"Never mind; no one will notice me," she went on, her face brightening again. "I don't intend to be melancholy. Perhaps I may meet the prince, as Cinderella did. There would be an end to ashes after that, an end to French verbs, and tormenting scales, and aggravating German sentences. But, seriously—not joking, Jack, you know—suppose Cinderella really should meet the prince?"

Jack did not appear to derive much satisfaction from this speculation. Perhaps it was because he was not thinking of the coming prince just then so much as of some lonely rooms of his own—rooms that for a long time had been peopled with fascinating spectres. Some of these phantoms sat in the empty chair by the fire during the long,

solitary, winter evenings; others smiled at him with tender, haunting eyes, as he smoked in the twilight, sitting by the open window dreaming.

"Well, sir," said Marjorie, laying a little awakening hand on his arm, "you haven't given me an answer yet. Am I to meet the prince or not?"

"I trust, if you do, Marjorie," he answered, gravely, "that he will be of the right sort."

She could not understand his unusual seriousness; he was not in the least like Jack this afternoon, she thought. They had always been so happy together, although they were both poor and hard-working, and of no importance whatever in the social world—as Jack had said once or twice, with the slightest tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Don't you like me to go?" she asked, looking at him frankly.

"Do you think I don't like you to be happy?" he returned, somewhat indirectly. "If you meet the prince, Cinderella, you must tell me."

"Why, of course, Jack; I tell you everything!" said Marjorie, with sisterly, unembarrassed affection.

Jack relapsed into silence, and, looking out of the window again, observed that one of the trees possessed a remarkably-forked branch, and that there were exactly three masses of gray cloud lying low on the horizon. Having satisfactorily noted these interesting facts, he looked round again.

"Are you going down to Linley with the others?" he asked, marking with an artist's eye the coquettish knot of blue ribbon in Marjorie's chestnut hair.

"Did Cinderella go to the ball with her sisters? Jack, Jack, I'm afraid it's a long time since you were in the nursery!"

"You're right there, Marjorie," he answered, looking with a sudden accession of tragic gloom at the smoky fire. "I'm beginning to feel awfully aged. I shall be an old fellow soon. And you—you're only a child."

"Why, what's the matter, Jack?" asked Marjorie, from whom his baleful gaze at the smouldering coals had evoked heartless mirth. "I thought you and I had registered a vow of cheerfulness," she continued, clasping, in a comforting, sisterly fashion, that seemed to produce only a disturbing effect this afternoon, both hands on the arm of his coat.

"It's nothing to laugh at," he said, ruefully. "If Cinderella should go off with the prince, what becomes of—"

"The only true friend she ever had? Suppose he doesn't trouble his head about that until the prince really makes his appearance? And I think that's indefinite enough. But your remark reminds me that I am as selfish as I can be. I have

given no thought to you, left all by yourself in those lonely rooms of yours without any one to—tease you. You won't care to come here, I know, when I'm away. Jack, I shall stay."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," answered Jack, discourteously. "What a ridiculous idea! Lonely!" he continued, assuming an appearance of extraordinary cheerfulness. "As if I were so dependent on a fellow-creature! I shall have plenty of time for my picture, and shall be as gay as—a turtle. Why, it will be the quietest Christmas I shall have had for years!" he concluded, boldly, with an air of conviction, appearing to urge this last point strongly on some person or persons invisible.

"I didn't know before that turtles were distinguished for gayety," said Marjorie, half-laughing, yet strangely inclined to cry, and divided in her own mind between a suspicion that Jack would really be very lonely indeed and a not altogether agreeable impression that he was showing a good deal of pleasure at the prospect of being without her.

"Oh, yes, always! Didn't you know it? Good-bye for the present. I shall see you off, of course, next week—the turtle, I mean," answered Jack, in growing confusion.

Before Marjorie could at all comprehend what he was talking about, he had vanished. There was clearly something singular about him. Cinderella puzzled over it for ten minutes, and then, with a little sigh, sat down to a pile of French exercises. When the early winter twilight began to deepen, it found her sitting idly by the fire, surrounded, to her dreaming eyes, by some of the brightest visions that were ever conjured up from the shadows of that dreary school-room.

"She'll look awfully pretty in it if I send it," Jack was soliloquizing, as he paced to and fro in the chilly dusk; "and some lucky fellow, with more money than he knows what to do with, will be sure to fall in love with her; and then—that will be the end of it. Never mind, she shall have it! What a selfish, stupid old simpleton I am!"

"O Jack, why did you do it! How could you think of such a thing? It was all my fault. Why did I talk such nonsense about a fairy godmother? I know you can't afford it, and now it's bought and can't be returned; and I shall have to wear it, or I know you will be hurt!"

These disjointed exclamations were apparently addressed to a simple but very pretty ball-dress which was lying in snowy whiteness over the back of a chair. Marjorie would have liked to rejoice over it, and, as it was, delightful visions were vaguely suggested by its very presence; but at first an overwhelming sense of remorse at the sacrifice Jack must have made filled her mind.

She was alone in her room; so she knelt on the

hearth-rug, in an undignified manner, and addressed further lamentations to the ruddy fire glowing cheerfully within the grate. Why had Jack done it? And why had she been such a goose as to wish nonsensical things before him? And why—oh, why, if determined to send something, had he not been content with a piece of plain muslin, which she could have made up herself, instead of buying a dress like that?

At this point she gave another look at it; and, sincerely sorry though she was that Jack had bought it, she found it impossible to resist forming the opinion that it was the very prettiest she had ever seen. And it was trimmed with blue, her favorite color! How thoughtful of Jack to get just that shade! And she would look nice in it; no one could help looking well in such a dress as that. Thus by degrees the lamentations died away, and Cinderella was lost in absorbed delight over her first ball-dress.

But Cinderella was not at all aware of the full extent of her charms; and a few hours later, when, arrayed in her fairy gift, and seeing in the mirror the reflection of her bright eyes and chestnut braids, simple-minded Marjorie was lost in admiration, she wished that Jack could see how pretty she looked in his present; but it was as well that that wish was not gratified, for it would only have given him an additional heartache.

Lights, flowers and brilliant colors, and a great number of people moving about in an atmosphere of enchantment, bewildered Marjorie at first with an intoxication of pleasure. Then she gradually became accustomed to it all, and realized the delightful fact that she was one of the prettiest girls present. All the marked glances—and they were not few—that she received from her two fair cousins could not depress her, or indeed trouble her in the slightest degree.

Marjorie knew that she was looking remarkably pretty in her new attire, and determined to enjoy herself that evening, if she never should again. She forgot that there were in the world such things as French verbs and German exercises. It was her hour, and she was happy.

But the two Misses Lennard, her cousins, were greatly wounded by this levity. It pained them. It made them pity the unfortunate girl, whose ignorance of the usages of society could alone excuse her, and whose head was evidently turned by foolish compliments.

She was actually dancing again! They were not dancing this time. Oh, no! They did not think it looked well for them to be dancing every time. The gentlemen in the room evidently coincided with them in that view.

Marjorie joined them at the conclusion of her dance. She was glowing with happy excitement, and a pretty color bloomed in her cheeks. Enjoy-

ing herself so completely, she felt a desire to be on friendly terms with every one.

"Isn't it a delightful evening?" she asked, innocently enough.

"You appear to think so," her Cousin Sophia returned. "But, Marjorie, as you really know nothing of society, I think it is only kind to tell you that there are many people here who, if you are not more careful, will stigmatize your conduct as extremely unladylike. You have no repose of manner. At this moment you have an unbecomingly flushed appearance, and your hair is quite rough."

"I have been dancing," said Marjorie, by no means disposed to receive her cousin's rebuke with the meekness expected. "It is easy to look cool and unruffled when one sits still."

This was an insult not to be endured.

"I shall not be allowed to sit still long when—when the remainder of the guests have arrived," Miss Lennard returned, in a tone of great significance. "I do not care to dance much at present."

What this was intended to convey, Marjorie well understood, for her cousin had been constantly alluding, since a visit to Linley in the summer, to some one whose name she modestly withheld, but whose matrimonial eligibility and attentions to her had been frequently discoursed upon.

"Ah, Sophia has often been here!" said Marjorie to herself, as she turned away. "She need not envy me my hour of pleasure; for, after it is over, I shall have to return to the ashes and find all my happiness there."

Another hour passed away, and at the end of that time a wonderful change came to the Cinderella of the evening. The prince had made his appearance, clad, not in royal robes, but in irreproachable evening-dress, and endowed with such fascination of manner that all such slight accessories as robes or crown were rendered entirely unnecessary.

Her two cousins had also made a discovery. Passing to another part of the room, they had suddenly encountered Captain Lygard, the missing cavalier; but beside him was "that artful, flirting Marjorie," pretending to smile at something he was saying. Oh, it was disgraceful—disgraceful! Miss Lennard blushed for her. That, at all events, accounted for the heated appearance of Cinderella's elder cousin. They had evidently been dancing, and he was conducting her to a seat. Now he was asking for another dance, and Marjorie was coolly referring to her card to see if she had one to spare—as if it could possibly be full at that hour of the evening! Had not Miss Lennard and her sister a dozen dances ready to be bestowed on Captain Lygard?

Cinderella had met the prince. That was what Marjorie dared not say even to herself, but every-

thing whispered it; and his very glance seemed to convey, "Yes, I am he! I am the one whom you had given up all thought of meeting!"

The prince was about thirty or thirty-two, a gentleman who had seen a good deal of the world, and fully valued his own excellent position in it. There was something, he thought, extremely winsome about this pretty chestnut-haired girl. He had never liked any one so well before.

It was of no use for Miss Lennard to look unutterable things at her recreant adorer. He found himself, as the hours sped by, more and more charmed by this niece of Mrs. Lennard, whom he wondered he had not met before.

It was utterly useless to attempt to waken Marjorie to a sense of propriety. Her cousins despaired of her. But how happy Cinderella was, and what a magical rose-hued world she had entered! What would Jack say, if he could know that the prince had come already? Jack, taking a long, solitary walk in the winter evening, in a vain endeavor to chase away his feeling of loneliness and give the shadow haunting his quiet rooms time to disperse, would have grimly remarked that it was just as he had expected.

Captain Lygard wondered if he were falling in love with the pretty little fairy. He had never much believed in anything of that sort; yet nevertheless he found himself making tender little speeches, the words of which seemed to rise involuntarily to his lips. And Marjorie, after she had heard a few of them, began to be troubled by the remembrance that, after all, she had no place in this new, delightful world; and a doubt oppressed her—would not the prince regard her differently if he knew all, and was it not her duty to undeceive him?

"You were not with your cousins, I believe, when they were paying a visit here in the summer?" said Captain Lygard.

"No, I was not," she answered; and then bravely: "I am only Cinderella at the ball, and the ashes I must return to consist of spelling-books and French verbs. I have six pupils."

The prince was a good deal amused by Marjorie's honest little statement, and his amusement prevented him from fully comprehending what it meant. "I wonder if this innocence is genuine?" was indeed his first thought; and then he came to the conclusion that it was.

Marjorie could find no change in his manner. Oh, yes, he was the prince, and Cinderella's shabby dress could make no difference to him! He was above such considerations; they were nothing to him.

So at the ball that night there was at least one of the guests almost perfectly happy. And, when Captain Lygard spoke of the organization of skating-parties and other equally novel delights, Cinderella, like the romantic little person she was,

interpreted the future from the present, and saw her brightest dreams completely realized.

It was not at twelve o'clock at night that Cinderella returned from the ball, but very comfortably by a midday train. The first thing she saw on her arrival in the familiar station was Jack's kind, plain face and eager glance. He came forward quickly, divided between pleasure at seeing her again and a miserable apprehension of some as yet unknown change which should alter everything and end the old, frank relations forever.

Marjorie's bright face and blithe greeting by no means reassured him. Surely Cinderella must have felt some shade of melancholy when she left behind her the lighted windows glowing with the warmth and color within, and her fairy dress fell into rags around her!

He said nothing, however, until they were standing together by the school-room fire, where she was endeavoring to warm first one chilly foot and then the other; and then he did not know how to begin.

"So you have had a jolly time of it?" he inquired for the third time, regarding with sudden interest the tip of Marjorie's boot, which was resting on the fender.

"There is no word for it, Jack!" Cinderella returned, enthusiastically. "I never enjoyed myself so much in my life." And then a rosy color stole into her cheeks, and she also began to take an interest in her boot.

"Marjorie," her companion said, abruptly, dismissing all further circumlocutory thoughts, "did you meet the prince?"

"Yes, Jack," she answered, in a low voice; and, raising her eyes for a moment, they met his frankly. Then she regarded her boot again, and her color deepened more and more under Jack's gaze, the pain in which she did not see.

"You're very happy, then, I suppose?" he asked at last, in a tone intended to express cheerfulness, but which had the unromantic effect of giving Marjorie the idea that he had a very bad cold.

"Of course I am, my dear boy," she answered, gayly. "And I want you to like the prince—for my sake at all events, if not for his own. He is the prince exactly, even in looks."

"Oh!" ejaculated Jack. His conciseness might have been due to the fact that he did not possess much himself in the way of good looks.

"He is coming soon," continued Marjorie. "Hasn't it all turned out like a romance? When I joked about Cinderella, I never thought it was going to come true in this way. Wait until you know him; you've no idea what he's like, Jack!"

"Oh, yes, I have!" answered Jack, rather shortly.

"Have you been lonely?" said Marjorie, noticing his manner. "I'm sure you must have been.

Come now, tell the whole truth, and say that you missed me."

"I felt a bit lonely on Christmas Day; it rained, you know."

"Ah, yes, so it did!" said Marjorie, rather absently, the mention of that day having brought various happy recollections to her. "Jack," she went on, suddenly returning to her usual earnestness, "you had my letter?"

"I was very glad to hear from you; but I wanted no thanks," answered Jack, rather brusquely.

"I did not thank you half enough. How good of you it was!"

Jack was looking oddly perturbed, and Marjorie paused, somewhat puzzled.

"I wore it on the first evening I met the prince. Perhaps it was the dress that he fell in love with; I shouldn't wonder. Why, what's the matter? Must you really go? I haven't told you anything yet."

Marjorie, from the window, watched Jack walking rapidly away. He was not going to his rooms; it was business, no doubt. Cinderella fell into a reverie, one which had no reference to Jack, and from which she did not wake until aroused by the entrance of one of her pupils.

The wintry days went on, but Cinderella no longer felt lonely. Miss Lennard might make remarks—as indeed she did—referring significantly to "ridiculous infatuation" and "artful behavior." This did not trouble Marjorie in the least, and Jack, coming in one foggy afternoon, thought he had never seen her so pretty or so blithe. Jack came but seldom now, and lay under the accusation of not looking like himself. He had been working hard at his picture, he said lightly. Marjorie's eyes were strangely blinded just then, or she must have divined the secret he strove so hard to keep.

"I'm afraid the old days are come to an end," he once went so far as to say. "You'll forget all about me by and by, Marjorie."

"What nonsense!" replied Cinderella, promptly. "You always were an old goose, Jack!"

This was an assertion not easily answered; and Jack smiled a little, said good-bye, and returned to his rooms, where, in his small studio, he sat up half the night, working with an energy bordering on fierceness, and which he scarcely understood himself.

And so Cinderella waited for the prince, having many tender speeches of his to remember as she took chilly walks with her six pupils, and corrected the usual pile of exercises in the long evenings. There was a good deal of dreaming over those exercises now—happy dreaming, although time was passing quickly, and the expected visitor had not made his appearance.

One afternoon, however, as Marjorie was explaining rather wearily a lesson in geography—

the children had been unusually troublesome that day, and the close air of the school-room had given her a headache—a loud knock was heard at the door. It was not in any way to be distinguished from other knocks, of which a good many were heard in the course of the day; so how should Cinderella know that her prince had come to visit her? Cinderella did not know, and went on with her task of explanation to her noisy pupils.

The prince, on asking for "Miss Lennard," had the pleasure of meeting Sophia again, and of noting the alighting tone in which she pronounced the words, "O Marjorie!" when her cousin was referred to. She was kind enough to lay aside conventionalities, and, without warning, conducted him straight to the school-room door.

The prince was somewhat amazed at this unceremonious introduction into Babel. It was chilly there; the fire was, as usual, smoky, and the children, equally as usual, were noisy. Marjorie, in her plain, dark dress, explaining the customs of the Chinese, was not, in his eyes, the brilliant Cinderella of the ball-room. The commonplace little scene gave Captain Lygard something like a shock. She was a pretty little thing, but he had no idea of marrying a Cinderella, although he had been infinitely amused by Marjorie's assumption of the name. For almost the first time in his life he was awkward and uncomfortable. When the children, all curiosity and repressed giggles, had departed, he was absolutely at a loss for words.

Marjorie, with womanly instinct, recognized the position; and, although a choking feeling of misery and bitterness lay heavy at her heart, she stood, erect and dignified, in her plain school-dress, waiting for him to speak—a model of composure.

For some reason he could not recommence the pleasant conversation carried on at Linley. The constraint was too apparent. Not that Captain Lygard meditated uttering a syllable which should express the change he felt. No; he had said to Marjorie what he had never said to any other woman, and the fact remained. How pretty she looked, even in that poor dress! What a pity that she could not change places with Lady Anne Burton, or the heiress, Miss Liston, whose want of beauty was a decided drawback!

They talked, in a curiously constrained manner, of commonplace things. Marjorie endured it for a time; and then a resolute determination made her heart throb wildly. She would put the love of the prince to the test, and end this constraint. She had a great deal of pride, and it was up in arms at that moment.

"Captain Lygard," she said, speaking in a perfectly calm manner, "do you not think that you and I have made a mistake?"

"A mistake!" he repeated; and then, compre-

hending what she meant, he felt a great deal of admiration for her spirit.

"Do you not think it possible that some words you said to me one day at Linley may have been premature?"

"If you wish to consider the matter in that light, I can only bow to your decision," he answered, a flush rising to his face, but his look of relief failing to escape Marjorie's eyes. "Shall I say, 'Good-afternoon,' Miss Lennard? It grows dark rapidly in these January days."

He was gone, without another word. And so her rose-hued romance was ended in a few, brief moments. Cinderella, having sent away the prince, lay down among the ashes, or rather on the hard, school-room sofa, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The prince was gone, and indeed had proved himself to be no prince after all; but she had loved him, she thought; and the awakening was cruel.

The twilight was creeping on—the wintry twilight, so gloomy and sad; and amid a confusion of lesson-books and slates the poor child wept for her vanished happiness as she had little thought that morning she would weep. This was the end of her dream! Oh, how sorrowful and wretched it all was!

"What is the matter?" asked Jack, apprehensively, regarding from the door the dusky figure lying on the sofa, weeping woefully.

Marjorie was startled and vexed. What could Jack—who was only an outsider—know about the magic world whose gates had just been shut upon her? Jack had never been in love. And how provoking of him to come just then!

"What is the matter?" repeated Jack, pausing this time midway between Marjorie and the door.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence!" answered Marjorie, recklessly. "You can go away again."

"Go away! What for?" asked Jack, bewildered and cast down. "Have I offended you?"

"Certainly not. How could you offend me?" returned Cinderella, in a tone worthy of her Cousin Sophia. She had lifted her head now; and Jack could discern a pair of very bright eyes and a ruffled head of hair.

"What is all this about?" he said, very resolutely this time. "Has Mrs. Lennard—"

"I have said once that it's nothing of any importance. And I think it's getting late. You'd better go; they'll want you," returned poor Marjorie, longing to be left alone with her trouble.

"Want me!" echoed Jack, in amazement, and with a little bitterness. "There's nobody in the world to want me, Marjorie, if you don't. Come, tell me what it is, Cinderella. Has the prince—"

"O Jack, Jack," sobbed Cinderella, "I am so miserable!"

This was his own case; but he had not expected to hear such a confession from her.

"Has he not written?" he asked, in a low voice, taking Marjorie's hot, trembling hands.

"Yes, he came—and I sent him away—and it's a great deal better so," she answered, with fresh tears. "O Jack, how stupid I am! I don't care a bit!"

"Don't care?" repeated Jack, stupefied.

"Not in the least—at least, not much. I mean it's a great deal better, when a man's not the prince, and not a prince at all, to know that he isn't. And I would do it again."

And Jack understood.

"You don't look like yourself," Jack remarked to Marjorie one summer evening, as they stood together at the open window.

Looking up, she met his anxious eyes, and flushed a little.

"I'm all right, Jack," she answered—"only tired."

"I've brought you some flowers. You like roses, I know," he said, tendering a bunch of crimson roses which he had been holding absent-mindedly in his hand.

"Oh, thank you! How kind you are!" exclaimed Marjorie, taking the flowers with delight. "What beautiful roses! They look as if they had just been gathered and brought in."

A sudden sense of Jack's constant, unselfish kindness smote her, almost for the first time, and she looked at the flowers. How good he was! There was nobody quite like him.

Jack did not feel easy that evening after he had returned to his rooms, leaving Marjorie with his pile of exercises.

What made her look so pale? Did she care for that—that—Jack swallowed the notion with a gulp of tea, which had grown cold while he was speculating.

"Why, what's the matter, Marjorie?" he asked the next day, as he entered the school-room. "You look like a ghost."

"It is only a headache. I'm rather tired," Cinderella answered, with her usual smile of vivacity.

It was a long while after that before Jack saw her again. "Low fever," the doctor said—"no danger." Danger or no danger, Jack was in a state of miserable suspense. He haunted the house in an aimless manner, and considerably increased the acidity of Miss Lennard's temper. He sat up late at night, endeavoring to work, but he never succeeded in doing anything. In fact, as Miss Sophia justly remarked, he behaved like an idiot.

The illness came to an end at last; and one day Marjorie returned to the school-room, in which a unwontedly bright fire was burning, and, wrapped

up in a large, check shawl of her aunt's, of the ugliest conceivable pattern, waited for a visit from Jack. When Jack came, laden with autumn flowers, he thought he had never seen her look so charming—although this thought with Jack was not novel; and, had he been called upon, he would have testified to his belief that the shawl was the prettiest and most becoming article of feminine apparel he had ever seen.

By the time November came, Marjorie was quite herself again. One morning, returning from the execution of various commissions for her aunt, she became aware that some one was endeavoring to overtake her. She knew it was Jack; but yet she did not slacken her pace or wait for him; on the contrary, she walked a little faster. A few months before she would not have thought of behaving in this way. It might have arisen from some change in her feelings toward him. But he overtook her. She was fully aware he would.

"Why, Marjorie, what a pace!" was his unromantic greeting. "I'll walk with you as far as the white gate."

They walked on together, chatting of commonplace things, and, turning a corner, came face to face with a gentleman. Jack took no special notice of him, except to remark that he was good-looking and well dressed, and was quite unprepared for the intimation that followed.

"Jack," said his companion a minute or two afterward, "that was Captain Lygard."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Jack, with a sudden sinking of the heart. He glanced down at Marjorie's face; he could see only the profile, but there was no sign of mental disturbance.

Cinderella had a visitor that day. He asked for "Miss Marjorie Lennard," and was not shown into the school-room this time. Could poor Jack have known who it was, he would have felt considerably perturbed, and would have paced his studio still more restlessly. But, if he could have looked into the drawing-room where Cinderella was receiving her visitor, his mind would have been easier. He would have seen a little figure, very dignified in aspect, standing in the shadow of the window-curtains, and a gentleman, who had once been a prince, pleading earnestly for the return of his title, but pleading in vain.

"It is quite useless to talk in this way, Captain Lygard," Jack would have heard Marjorie say. "It can never be the same again."

"You loved me," the visitor urged reproachfully. "I behaved ill, I know, and I have been sufficiently punished. But you loved me."

"I did say so, after you had taken pains to assure me of your 'devoted affection,'" Marjorie said, quietly.

"I imagined, after that, that I did not love you," Captain Lygard admitted. "But I know now that I did. I shall never care for any one else."

"In my case, then, it is just the reverse. I imagined that I did love you, and I know now that I never did; you yourself put an end to it before it was too late."

"Marjorie," he urged, passionately, "do not be so cruel! I cannot leave you! You do not know how much I love you!"

"I am very sorry that you do," she answered. "It can never again be as it was."

"You have not taken long to forget," he broke forth, bitterly.

"Had you not changed, I should never have forgotten," Marjorie said, steadily. "But I do not regret now that it was so."

"You do not regret?"

"Not in the least. It is a great deal better as it is. Captain Lygard, I must not stay away longer from my pupils. We part friends, do we not?" she asked, holding out her hand, with a frank, pleasant smile that had no mockery in it.

He took the proffered hand, and said no more.

A few minutes afterward Cinderella's visitor departed, looking agitated and pale as he walked away. Cinderella, too, shed a few tears over her sewing that evening.

But, when Jack came, a day or two later, he noticed that she looked brighter and happier than he had seen her look for months—indeed she appeared to have returned to her old, blithe, sunshiny ways.

What could be the reason? he wondered. He grew quite desponding over a possible solution of the problem. Surely the prince—but no, that was impossible! And yet had they not encountered him—and who knew what had brought him there?

But Marjorie said nothing.

—
Another Christmas came. The air was keen and frosty. The ice was thick on lake and pond, and skaters were rejoicing. Holly-branches jeweled thick with scarlet berries, silver-threaded sprays of mistletoe, laurel and trailing ivy were almost everywhere. The reflection of bright, leaping fires shone ruddily from the windows.

Of course Marjorie's aunt and cousins would wish her a "merry Christmas," quite oblivious of its irony, coming from them. She was prepared to reply as usual. But she knew well that the only one from whom she would receive a true Christmas greeting was Jack.

"I hope you'll have a happy Christmas," said Jack as gayly as he could, as they stood together, on the afternoon before that day, by the school-room fire.

Marjorie had just fastened a glowing cluster of berries in her hair, and was looking far more cheerful than any one else in the house, although there was no one but Jack to welcome, with her, the happy time.

"And a happy one to you, Jack!" she answered, brightly, holding out her two hands, which he took in a strong clasp that had more assurance in it of trustworthy affection than any speeches. They had wished each other a "happy Christmas" for many years now, and the world had not succeeded in depressing them yet.

The remembrance of the same time last year was in Jack's thoughts, and it made him very quiet. It was in Marjorie's also; but there was only a tender, resolute, little smile on her face as she looked at the fire.

"We are very happy, Jack, are we not, although we can't keep Christmas in the way some people do?" she said, gayly.

Jack looked at the fender a little peculiarly. "Home" was a delightful word—if "happiness" could only mean that! Ah, well, he was not unhappy! Marjorie had not taken flight, as he had feared she would. So he gave his assent rather soberly.

But alone in his rooms it did not seem remarkably cheerful. He stared absently at the unattractive walls, and could think only of one face—a girl's, arch and smiling, crowned by a coronet of chestnut braids and a coral-studded spray of holly. Nothing else appeared to have much interest for him.

They had parted so much as usual on Christmas Eve that no thought of change entered Marjorie's head as she sat by the fire a few days after, knitting pleasant, girlish fancies into a pair of woolen cuffs. She heard a familiar step, and glanced up brightly as Jack came in. Poor Jack, he was lonelier than she, for he had no one to speak to!

Jack was looking strangely grave; and, instead of taking a seat, he came forward and rested one arm on the mantelpiece, gazing down with compressed lips on the pretty picture Marjorie made, her busy hands at work, her chestnut head a little bent.

"I think I am going away," he said at last, abruptly.

Marjorie involuntarily dropped her work and echoed the announcement.

"Yes, I have had an appointment abroad offered to me—an appointment of a certain sort," he added, with bitterness.

"A good one?" asked Marjorie, rather to fill up the pause which followed than for any other reason.

"No—a wretched thing," he answered, with a curious sort of satisfaction in saying it—"not worth going for. It's in India."

Marjorie offered no comment.

"I shall go though. It is a thousand times better than staying here. I've made up my mind on that point. What do you say to it, Marjorie?"

What could Marjorie say? Had he not just announced that his mind was made up?

"Oh, yes—certainly," she answered, wondering what made the fire grow so bright—it seemed to be whirling about, too—"I should go if I were you! There are tigers there and all that kind of thing, I believe. It will be very nice."

Jack stared blankly at this. The only inference he could draw from her words was too inhuman. Did she hope he would be eaten?

"Nice!" he repeated. "It will be wretched!" "I think—yes, I've dropped a stitch!" said Marjorie, going hastily to the window.

So this was all she cared about it! Well, of course he understood why. Yet still it was cruelly hard, poor Jack thought, laying no blame upon himself for his extraordinary abruptness.

"If I die of fever, will you care one iota?" he asked, bitterly.

"Yes, Jack, I—I think so."

"Think so!" repeated Jack, appealing to the wall.

There was another pause.

"At least you might have let me know something about it," he burst forth. "I never knew till yesterday that he came back again. Of course that accounts for the alteration in you. Sophia said you had a letter from him only yesterday morning—she knew the hand."

"Jack," said Marjorie, bursting into tears and coming over to him, "what do you mean? What have I been doing that is wrong?"

Jack, driven to despair by this distress, immediately called himself an idiot; but that did not altogether explain how matters stood.

"Look here, Marjorie," he said, becoming straightforward at last, "didn't Lygard come to see you in November?"

"Yes, and I sent him away," wept Cinderella.

"You did? You didn't accept him?"

"Of course not. Why should I? How unkind you are!"

"Then he didn't write to you?" he asked, taking her hands, a look of infinite relief passing over his face.

"Yes, he wrote, asking me to think it over again."

"And you won't?"

"Won't! O Jack, you are a goose!"

"True," acquiesced Jack, seriously, "I am, Marjorie. I sha'n't go to India. Are you glad?"

"Sometimes—perhaps, I mean," said Cinderella. She was very much confused by the ardent manner in which Jack was clasping her hands.

"I'm awfully poor, Marjorie, I know; but, if you could care for me a little—"

"I—couldn't, because"—Jack was the image of despair—"because I care a great deal!"

There was a pause here, during which the fire went out.

Jack," said Marjorie, by and by, "don't you

want to know why I have been so much happier lately?"

It happened that Jack did wish to be informed. "I felt sure I had ceased to care for the prince—he wasn't the prince though; but I couldn't feel quite certain until I saw him again. And I knew then that he was nothing to me, and somebody else was—something."

Jack called himself opprobrious names again. Marjorie did not seem to mind it, although she might have objected to others calling them.

"There's no prince in the matter now," he said, very tenderly, a vague regret in his voice.

"Don't tell untruths, Jack!" returned Cinderella, with sudden spirit. "I found him months ago, when I was ill."

Jack beamed upon the world at large, and was at a loss for words.

"I've sold my picture," he announced, presently. "I was coming to tell you, when a letter arrived offering me that appointment, which is not worth leaving England for; and I met Sophia."

"Oh!" said Marjorie, comprehensively.

"We shall be poor enough still, my dearest," continued Jack. "But I'm beginning to get on a little now."

"Well, we always have been poor," said Marjorie—as if that were an argument for cheerfulness. "Never mind; we love each other, Jack. When the prince sent for Cinderella, I don't think she was very miserable."

"But am I a prince?" Jack began to argue conscientiously.

Marjorie's answer, which might have served to foster despotism, was opportunely interrupted by the entrance of Miss Sophia.

"Imagine those two fancying themselves in love!" said Cinderella's cousin, a little later, to her mother and sister. "They have known each other ever since they were children, and are both ridiculously poor!"

But then Cinderella's relatives had been in the habit of making remarks of that kind, and would no doubt continue to make them to the end.

To GIRLS.—Be cheerful, but not gigglers; be serious, but not dull; be communicative, but not forward; be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into good company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

PRECOCITY OF MUSICIANS.

BEFORE he was eight years of age, Mendelssohn excited the wonder of his teachers by the accuracy of his ear, the strength of his memory, and above all by his incredible facility in playing music at sight. Meyerbeer at the tender age of six played at a concert, and three years later was one of the best pianists at Berlin; while the genius of Beethoven showed itself so early that his musical education was commenced by his father, at the age of five. When two years younger than this, Samuel Wesley the musician could play extempore music on the organ; and the distinguished German musical composer, Robert Schumann, also showed at a very early age a strong passion for music, and remarkable talents both for playing and composing. Though he lost the use of his right hand at the very outset of his studies, he worked on with a giant's strength, struggling against all obstacles "with uncompromising devotion to what he conceived to be the highest interests of art."

Something of the same early development of musical abilities displayed itself in the case of Cipriani Potter, distinguished as a composer and pianist; and Henrietta Sontag, a famous singer of her time, trod the boards when a child, and was prima-donna of the Berlin stage and the idol of the capital before she was eighteen. The great vocalist who has passed from our midst, Madame Tietjens, is also said to have given indications of promising musical talents from earliest infancy. Before she could speak, she would hum the opening notes of Auber's opera "*Fra Diavolo*." When a toddling child, she used to create great amusement by her efforts to sing and play, and was quite content to be allowed to wander amongst the instruments of a neighboring piano-forte manufacturer's warehouse and make music after her own fashion—music which was recognized by one at least of those who heard it as more than the strumming of a child.

A rarity even in these go-ahead days was a concert given not very long since by a pianist of five and a half years old; and therefore Mademoiselle Jeanne Douste's *matinée* at the Langham Hall had powerful attractions for those interested in musical affairs. Little Jeanne Douste, a marvel of precocity, plays with all the steadiness and confidence of a practiced professional, and is free from the drawbacks which generally mark the performances of juvenile prodigies. The child-pianist's rendering of the works of composers like Haydn and Mozart is said to have been truly remarkable alike for unwavering accuracy and apparent ease of manipulation. Whether the extraordinary promise evinced by this child will be substantiated in the future, time alone can show; at present, however, her powers are wonderful, her practical skill and artistic taste being far in advance of her years.

BITTIBAT FARM.

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

CHAPTER VII.

"In winter, when the rain rained cauld,
 And frost and snow on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill,
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es wae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 'Get up, gude man! save Crummie's life!'"

Old Song.

MOTHER, Melicent and Leonice were busy in the flooded and frozen chambers. The cows came around the corner of the chicken-yard with doubtful and trembling steps, Frosty ahead, with her wealy nose high in air, and her deep, jetty dew-lap quivering like sheeny satin. Frosty was a wonderfully beautiful animal, dappled black and white in the "points," in a rare way, suggestive of frost-work tracery. Back of her came Desdemona, meek-browed and slow-paced, looking back and lowing, low and mother-like, to the snow-white heifer, Fleda, for whom she still felt maternal solicitude.

Mamma saw them turn vaguely and troublously just toward the kitchen door, and then toward the chicken-yard, to which sloped a well-worn path ending in four stone-steps, and barred with a gate. She saw Frosty suddenly slide directly toward the gate; saw her draw her feet together deer-like, and with a spasmodic, almost *super-bovine* effort, leap clean over the gate. She shrieked, and the girls turned in time to see Frosty flying through the air with distended nostrils and black forelegs bent sharply under her, while Desdemona, trembling in every joint, with fore-feet firmly set, pressed closely back against her little daughter.

The dining-room door was flung violently open. Milly, pale-faced, stood in the kitchen, screamed: "Frosty has broken her neck!" and fell flat down.

Her sisters sprang over her prostrate form to question the mother. Leonice was crying and wringing her hands. The mother said: "No, she landed safely!" pointed out of the dining-room window, and sank into a chair, faint and trembling.

Scarce waiting to wrap themselves in shawls, the women rushed to the rescue of their pets. Genie seized Desdemona by the horns and gently led her from the dangerous slope. Always accustomed to the girls' hands upon their heads, the cows were quieted at once. Desdemona stood still by the pasture-bars where Genie left her, going to the aid of Rachel, who held Frosty where she stood. The animal's situation was very precarious. She had landed on a sandy ridge, one oasis of bare ground from which a glacial surface sloped away on all sides. The only way to get her out of the yard was by a long, alippery slope, at the foot

of which a panel of fence lay upon the barn-cellar, and which the rushing water of the previous night had converted into a glassy river, terminating in a glassy lake, which filled the barn-yard.

"How long can you hold her?" cried Leonice, jumping up and down in her excitement.

"Till she begins to slip, and then we shall both go."

"Well, keep between her and the bars, anyway. Never mind if you are smashed!"

"Cover the whole way with ashes," said the mother.

All went to work. What slow work! Fill a pan at the bin, walk carefully around, holding by the fence lest one should catch a fall on the dreadful path, step slowly down the icy steps to deposit the little pile of ashes which make so small a spot in the glaring whiteness. So slow! While the tense muscles of the little Jersey and of the maiden holding her are already trembling from over-exertion.

"Pave the whole way with shingles!" suggested the mother, flinging an armful from the window that overlooked the yard.

There were near two bundles left over from the work for which John James had made a carpenter's calculation, and which the girls had done with woman's economy. In a single minute ready hands had spread them thickly over the quart-like road. With reassuring words Rachel coaxed her charge to step out. At first cautiously, and then with glad and grateful reassurance, Frosty walked beside her mistress, still held by the horns, for the shingles often slipped beneath their feet. By the bars, on a comparatively level place, they waited, while the girls pounded out the frozen rails and strewn the length of the barn-yard with ashes.

So the cows were got to the top of the hill; but how could they be got down after water? Rachel declared it would be impossible. Leonice said it looked to her very easy—quite as easy as rolling off a log. Indeed, she knew not what would prevent them all going down the hill together if they stood there much longer.

So the creatures were got into the barn, Donna harnessed to the wood-sled, and Milly and Genevieve started with axes and barrels for water, while Rachel went her way to the store. She did not think of skating, which she could very easily have done by the long valley-road; but, being sure-footed and agile, she got over the hills very easily in her rubbers. She dined with Aunt Leonice, and remained in the store till half-past eight, then started for home by her usual short cut over the hills.

Now it had continued freezing all day, and though the surface of the earth was like polished steel in the morning, it was like that steel trebly tempered at night. Rachel, very keen with hunger

and cold, sped nimbly up the first hill, at the foot of which stood the store, and from whose door a comparatively rough path had been worn by well-shod horses. But at the top she was obliged to turn off the main road and traverse an entirely unbroken way.

She was up and over the fences almost on a run, and across the crest of the hill, and then—in a flash her feet had slid from under her, she had struck her whole length on the ground, and was spinning down a blind declivity, while stars reeled in the heavens above her, and more stars than ever twinkled overhead danced in her brain. She never knew whether she lost consciousness entirely, or whether it was on the instant that her body stopped still in the valley the thought came to her, "I shall become helpless if I lie here on the ice;" and she sat up at once. She believed she had been long unconscious.

She sat up, scrambled to her feet. Her head reeled giddily, and she knelt for a moment to gain strength. Got upon her feet again, and again knelt down. She could not stand. This was not so much from the shock which she still felt in head and back, as from a strange confusion of brain, occasioned by thousands of millions of lights twinkling, and gleaming, and coruscating from every point of the ice-field in which she stood. She could not tell the spot where she had landed. Naught was recognizable. The appearance was as if she sat in the depth of a cup from which arose abrupt, precipitous sides of diamond-crusted silica. She knew this appearance was entirely illusive; that the hills on either side were gentle declivities; that between them lay a valley which in an almost imperceptible slope wound along to her own garden gate. Yet she dared not turn to the right nor the left, but must go straight on; she knew not whither, over ground which she could not see for the lights dancing close to her face.

She scrambled forward and upward on hands and knees, often slipping back. Sitting thus on her feet, a mighty horror would possess all her soul. Suppose that her back was irremediably injured! Suppose she was to be, for the remainder of her life, a helpless weight hanging upon the already heavily-laden hands of her sisters! Then she would cry: "Not that, O Lord! I can bear anything but that! I cannot be helpless!" And again: "Yet, with Thy help, I can bear even that."

Half-way up the hillside, a feeling of utter despair overcame her. This hill climbed had yet to be descended, and another higher one ascended before she reached her home. She could never accomplish it—never! And she sat down upon the bare ice. One freezes to death in a very little while sitting upon the ice. This extremity of despair was not, however, the movement of death, but of life. It was the full awakening of Rachel's

brain, which up to this moment had remained partially stunned. Now, all at once, she realized her torpidity and imminent danger. She renewed her climbing with zeal, and was soon standing on the hill's brow. Below her was a wider, deeper valley, bisected by the line fence which separated her father's portion of Bittibat from Aunt Rachel's. The bars were down, and could she but see the fence she might steer her swift descent so as to clear them.

It was a cloudless, frosty evening. All the lamps of heaven were alight; every object on the home-farm ought to have been clearly visible at this distance, yet could she not see, through that mazy, crystalline radiance, even so far as the division-fence.

Suddenly the farm-call came—oh, so sweetly!—to her ear. They had wondered at her long absence, and were signaling to her. She gave the answering cry, was joyfully replied to, and with renewed courage tucked in her skirts and started on her rapid slide. It was more than rapid, it was instantaneous! She saw the fence before her. She had missed the bars. The lower rail was visible above the ice. She threw herself back, set her heels, and hoped they would catch in the rail. Vain hope! They struck, bounded over. Like a stone from a sling, she shot between the rails, tearing her garments and wounding her most sorely.

Again the farm-call overhead. Edny asked: "Are you down there, Rachel?"

He evidently leaned on the fence edging their own hilltop. She could not see him. The luminous earth outdazzled the glory-filled heavens.

"I believe now," said Rachel, "what chemistry teaches—that the crossing of two rays of light produces darkness."

"Look out!" called Edny, "I'm going to throw down the hay-hook."

"Bless the boy!" thought Rachel, "he ought to be made president of these distracted States, he is so good at helping people out of difficulties."

Thus provided with an Alpine stock, Rachel soon surmounted the last hill. Yet she persists that she cares nothing about Mont Blanc.

Rachel supped, was bathed and dosed with arnica, and put to bed.

All the week the Bittibat family kept closely at home. After the morning chores, both indoors and out, were done, and the great daily task of getting the cows to water performed, they were all too lame and sore to take an unnecessary step. Washing could not be done, spool-cotton ran low, the piano was frozen up, there were no apples to peel, no yarn to knit, and the milk could not be got to Middleman's. Still, the whole family made a great pretense of work to keep anxious thought in abeyance.

Grandma fashioned slippers out of the blue

brocaded border of an ancient family carriage, fleece-lined, and solid with braided lists. Mother made dainty mittens from a long-accumulated hoard of Jersey vestings—scraps which a friend in the city trade annually forwarded to Bittibat for use at Christmas-time. Melicent ripped, and cut, and pinned together summer dresses which should be sewed when the days of spool-cotton again dawned upon Bittibat. Genie made cheese of the extra milk. Edny invented a jelly-strainer, pumpkin-sifter and pie-crust roller, which, for obvious reasons, could not be tested, but which looked as if it would *not* work. Leonice refurbished the wardrobe of her paper-dolls, and Rachel lay and read aloud. And the whole family sang in their inmost hearts:

"Employment, employment!

Oh, that is enjoyment!

There's nothing like something to do!"

Though Leonice, contented with dolls, changed it to:

"Spare ribs and oysters!

Oh, but they're glorious!

There's nothing like something to eat!"

She did not dare utter the lines aloud; that would have been treason. No one dared think, much less say, that continual porridge and potatoes was wearisome, nor remark that the dishes were emptied upon the first round, and they rose from what was often a literal *meal* in a state that would have given Dio Lewis raptures. Every individual of them was as sharp-set as when she had sat down.

"Poverty makes us value our neighbors," said Milly that night, when Edny returned with a bag of beans which Mrs. Middleman had thrust upon him, with the lame apology that her folks had had so many this winter they were about tired of them.

"And makes us value money, too," added Genevieve, carefully calculating how much forty cents would purchase.

The next morning, after a breakfast of baked apples and milk, Edny carried Rachel to the store, bought half a bushel of corn-meal, to be equally divided among the family, the hens and the horse, and had Donna's calks sharpened. The girls went for a load of water and did the two weeks' washing. Life began to flow again with its ancient eventfulness.

But the stream soon stagnated. That slight roughness occasioned by the "Scotch mist" soon froze off the ice. Rachel "felt her back" very sensibly as she slid across smooth fields, the plaything of the wind, in a way entirely new to her usually steady feet; and did not ask Uncle Jeffers to renew the compact as he paid her on Wednesday for her last completed week. She hoped he would offer to keep her on. An offer she would have accepted gladly, in spite of an inward voice which

said: "You must rest now if you would not be helpless hereafter." But he did not, and Rachel was compelled to rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh, poortith cauld! And waefu' want!"

THE hens had not laid since Thanksgiving. Father managed better than this, he had eggs all winter. Rachel's one dollar fifty had lasted out two weeks; but where could any more come from in the weeks that were to follow? The long weeks ere lifting of the ice blockade would permit the carting of wood.

Genevieve had once proposed to Edny, in a shy corner, that he should try to sell some, as money was sadly needed, and he had replied that it would kill a horse to take a sled-load of wood down one of those glair side-hills. So they must just sit still and all wait for that. How dreadful it was to be poor! And, more dreadful still, have nothing to do! Nothing to do but sit still and wait!

Genie, on whom the whole care of household expenses devolved, hunted vainly for eggs every day, and dreamed of eggs quite as vainly every night. Sometimes she would find them by bushels, in most wonderful places. Eggs of all shapes, colors and sizes. Eggs bearing so slight resemblance to anything ever before seen under that name, that she was seized with an overmastering fear lest Mr. Middleman would not receive them as such, would not buy the heavy bucketful of ovals that she was tugging down an interminable railroad-track. And, overcome with terrible apprehension, would awake, to find that it was all a dream, and the sun was shining in the morning.

Grandma said the hens must be coaxed to lay with green food, and advised sowing oats in boxes behind the kitchen stove; which as soon as the blades were an inch high were carried out for the hens to nip off and scratch up. One bright, February day, when water was dripping from the icicles on the southern eaves, mamma aired her budding carnations in the bay of a cellar-window. A troop of hens came skating across the yard and ate them down to the roots.

"And they've had three boxes of oats, too!" shrieked Genie, rushing at the culprits with Polly's switch, and driving them back in a cackling crowd.

Half a dozen biddies were clattering over a barrel of earth in one corner of the hen-house. What, eggs! Could it be? They squallied and flew at her approach, and one broke a pane in the low, south window in her anxiety for escape.

Never mind that! Here were eggs! Five of them! Genevieve picked up an old pan and began ransacking hen-house and corn-house, barn and stable, wherever a hen could squeeze herself

Sixteen eggs rewarded her search. Oh, for two more. Only two more! Eggs did not sell by the piece now. Even fractions of dozens were necessary. One and a half dozens would bring thirty cents. Thirty cents! How much that represented! She had never realized before its numerous possibilities. Twelve cents should go for sugar. They were all so hungry for something sweet. Genevieve actually contemplated, for one instant, the rash possibility of candy. "One pound of sugar and—is that an egg I see before me?" In the downy depths of a box full of feathers it reposed, a ball of gleaming whiteness. Genie knelt on a board carelessly laid across the box and set her pan on one end. Her attitude suggested prayer, and so urgent seemed her necessity, that it required a violent effort to keep back the petition that she might find a second egg miraculously hidden among the feathers. But there was no other. She looked around almost in despair. An overturned basket met her eye. Up sprang Genie! Down went the eggs! Over went the board atop; every one was smashed! The shock was so great that Genevieve reeled, tottered. For one instant her mind was blank, stupefied beyond all feeling of pain; on the next she had regained her calmness, the calmness of utter defeat. The eggs were entirely demolished. The yolks could not even be gathered for food from that dirty floor. Well, what of it? She was no worse off than before the eggs were found. She returned to the kitchen. Mother was lamenting over her lost blossoms. What a trivial matter, compared with that greater loss of which Genie could not speak; the loss of thirty cents. Rachel was just concluding a ludicrous story, and the gale of laughter which greeted the climax swept even lamenting mamma into its vortex. How silly, how stupid! How could Rachel sit there, hugging her knees and telling stories, when there was nothing in the house for the next meal? She went to the closet and began rummaging, that her face might not dim their sunshine. Polly was shrieking for food from her high perch.

"Oh, hush your noise!" cried Genie, impatiently. "Say, girls, let's sell Poll; she's nothing but an expense and a nuisance to us, and ever so many want to buy her."

"Yes," said Rachel, quickly, "Gove Sparkler asked if she was for sale one day last summer. He said he had been trying to find a really wise bird, and would give fifteen dollars for her. I'll go right over to-night and see him."

Genie's cheeks brightened like forests in autumn, but Milly's grew pallid like pasture lands, which are turned all faint and worn by the same touch that dyes the trees so gloriously. She could as soon think of selling one of her sisters.

"Had we not better sell the piano, too?" asked the mother, with dreadful sarcasm. After a

moment's hush and apprehensive silence, she said: "Girls, I want never to hear this subject mentioned again. We must be poor indeed, if we cannot keep a single pet. And, Rachel, I should think that your *pride*, if not your sense of propriety, would prevent you going again to Govenour for *charity*. He has done us one great favor; do not demand another immediately."

"Why, mother, I thought the favor was all on our side. I didn't like to offer Polly to any one else, when he had expressly asked to purchase her."

"Offer? Do you intend to go around peddling the poor thing in a basket, or will you put up posters in the post-office and depot? That *would* look like poverty!"

"Well, mother, we *are* poor," said Rachel, boldly.

There was a dead silence. Polly groaned ominously; Rachel smiled; Milly took the bird from her perch; Polly croaked and cuddled her glossy head in the girl's neck.

"A parrot," said the mother, "is everywhere considered a sign of aristocracy. You will always observe that in stories of the nobility a parrot figures largely, is often handed down as an heirloom in the family. It always gives me great pleasure to display Polly to visitors or hear her chattering in another room, it seems a fitting adjunct of an old place and ancient family. I have often pleased myself with the thought of handing a parrot down from generation to generation as an inalienable portion of Bittibat."

"Thank you, dear! Thank you, dear!" screamed Polly, as Milly set her back on the perch, immediately adding: "Polly wants a cracker! Aach! Aach! Polly wants a cracker! Aach!"

Poor Genie! A cold and desolating wind was blowing from mountain heights all through her pleasant places. Every bright hue of hope and anticipation had faded from her cheeks.

"Stop your noise, you hateful bird!" she cried.

"I wish you were dead!"

"Whew!" said Polly, "Wheew!"

Genie, who felt that she must cry, lighted the splint in the lantern lamp and took a pan, "to go look over the apples." Poll shrieked at the mention of apples, and Genevieve slammed the door to with violence nearly sufficient to knock the offender from her perch. Polly snapped her beak and tore chips from her roost viciously.

"I cannot think what has come over Genevieve," remarked the mother. "She has always seemed so fond of Poll. Why do you suppose she wants to get rid of her?"

"She does not look well," said grandma, "perhaps she is feeling sick."

"She is hungry, I guess," said Rachel, uttering this treason boldly, for she was actually craving the wasted food at the bottom of the gray bird's

perch. "When I am hungry that shriek of Polly's drives me nearly wild, for it tells me she is hungry, too, poor thing!"

"I am never hungry," said the mother, wonderingly. And how happy were her daughters to hear her say it. Rachel inwardly made a memorandum: Tell Genie that she has managed so well on her scanty supplies that mamma has never been hungry. "Are you girls often hungry?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mother, when we work so hard out of doors. You exercise no more than a canary in its cage, and I verily believe could live upon as little; but Genie works like a farm-boy, and—"

Rachel stopped. Why should she add, what she alone had noticed, that Genie stinted herself to supply the rest, and often made the excuse that she had already eaten so as to remain from the table. It would grieve them all to know of this, and result in no good. She arose quickly and left the room.

They had sold, at Christmas-time, all their last year's pop-corn, save three ears for each Sunday till April came in. Rachel thought: "I will pop some of our corn, and parch an ear of sweet-corn, too, if it can be spared from the seed. Never mind if it is not Sunday, the child must not go hungry."

On a hook in the cellar-rafters Genevieve had hung her smoky lantern. Such a pitiful pretense as this was; coming down to look over the apples! There was scarce a score on the shelves, and these, with a keg of pickles and "powdering-tub" of brine which had forgotten that it ever knew beef, were all that represented the overflowing barrel, box and bin of past years. She recalled the stormy, snow-darkened afternoons when she had come down with father to look over the apples; she remembered the faint, fruity smell and warm, cozy feel of the cellar then; the ring of yellow light with paly rays reaching into darkness; she heard the rolling of apples on heaped-up shelves, and their dull thud as they fell into the basket, striking sometimes on its edge; she heard her father eating apples and uttering irresponsible monosyllables in answer to Milly's ceaseless prattle; she thought of herself as a contented little child seated on a huge pumpkin, thumbing the mellow greening from which father had cut all the "specks," and remembered how Milly always climbed on the shelves "to help," and how once in her zeal she had set her fluffy curls afire, and father had extinguished the blaze with his rough hands.

"Just like Milly, still," thought Genevieve, "trying to help and making a bother. As she has done now; ripped up all those good, whole, summer dresses, and nobody can tell when they will go together again. And there's Challie sick, and mother has no sense at all about money,"

and as the woeful present burst athwart the saddening pictures already looming in her brain, Genie sat down upon the pickle-tub and wept the delicious, easily-flowing tears of self-compassion and manufactured misery.

Downstairs came Rachel.

"Say, Genie, wouldn't you like to parch some sweet-corn? I'm starving for something sweet. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take those wearisome coats, that have been lying around for the last three months, up to Bronson Brown's, and ask him if he don't think it's about time to settle."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry him!" said Genie, "he'll settle when he can."

The Boston firms had sent their money at Christmas.

"Well, Genie, I'll tell you something else. I've been planning a story all the time I've been lying there reading. It's real good. The only thing that bothers me is where he proposes. There is no sense in making him kneel, nobody does that nowadays, but what they do I can't imagine—there's an apple." And Rachel, rummaging behind a press full of self-sealing jars, crocks and bottles—all empty now—brought out three russets.

Up jumped Genie and began hunting in dark corners. Between them they found that fatal number, seventeen, quite as many apples as were on the shelves. Then Genie told about the eggs. Rachel looked up brightly, "all sort of smiley round the lips, and teary round the lashea."

"I call that an egggregious eggsample of Total Depravity in Inanimate Things," said she. "But you should not shed a weep over the breaking of egg-shells, it is all they are made for, and I think I'll put the scene into my story. Lady Luzanna shall be kneeling on the board when Sir Ranulf proposes. In her fright she will jump up and break all the eggs, and exclaim: 'Do you consider that eggssamplary conduct, milord?' But I'm glad the hens have begun laying."

"Genie," called Melicent, from overhead, "have you any milk to spare?"

"Bushels! Who wants it?"

"A milkman, from Megotockonec."

"There, Genie, you see," said Rachel, "Providence could not keep your eggs from breaking, if you must needs upset them, but He could send you money in another way."

The Megotockonec milkman, first of all, wanted to taste the milk. Satisfied with its flavor, he asked for all they could spare not twenty-four hours old, and bargained to come for it on alternate days with Mr. Middleman; and more, he gave them nine cents a quart. Then he explained that he supplied certain city families, and with Jersey milk only, but that his cows had shrunk fearfully in their milk, and he had been quite troubled about supplying all required, until he had heard

that Jerseys were kept at Bittibat, and so drove over.

"They are not pure Jerseys," said Rachel.

"Still I am satisfied with their milk," said he.

"Rachel, why did you tell him our cows were not pure bred?" asked Genevieve, as the door closed on the Megotockonec milkman. "Suppose that he had refused to take our milk in consequence?"

"If his knowing that he was not getting pure Jersey milk would hinder him from buying it, he certainly *ought* to have known it," said Rachel. "I will never obtain money under false pretenses. And you must not, Genevieve."

CHAPTER IX.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" BIBLE.

THAT was a glad day when Edny took his first load of wood to Captain Tubbs. The captain had agreed on ten dollars for a cord and a half, and Edny was all Saturday drawing it. Rachel sat down and made out a list of necessities to be procured with that ten dollars, to which every one contributed her mite. William of Normandy could not have felt a more exultant pleasure in parceling out England to his victorious lords, than did Rachel in apportioning that allayer of earthly cares among her necessitous family.

She and Leonice, as the only ones who had passable boots, would go over to the village that very evening, after tea, and do some shopping. What pleasure was contained in the words!

Edny drove up to the door, flushed, triumphant, happy, a barrel on the wood-sled.

"There," said he, "I got Donna calked, and paid for the last time she was sharpened, and bought a barrel of flour. What do you think?"

"Oh, my goodness, gracious, sakes alive!" screamed Genevieve, in an agony of superlative. "How in the wide world do you suppose that I can make bread without another thing under the sun but flour? There is not even a single grain of salt in the whole house!"

"And what shall I do for boots?" wailed Milly. "Don't you know, Edny, that I am suffering to death for boots?"

"And the spool-cotton?" said mamma.

"And kerosene?" said grandmother.

"And sugar?" said Rachel.

"Well, for my part, I'm glad!" exclaimed Leonice; "for now I can make some paste. My paper-dolls are perfectly wretched because I have not been able to trim their dresses. I shall just make some paste and go to work as soon as ever you get that barrel unheaded, Mr. Throgmorton."

"And I'll make finger-breads for supper," said Rachel; "and if anybody wants anything better than finger-breads and milk, she can leave my

boarding-house. I am glad you have settled with the blacksmith, Edny; and Mr. Sawyer's bill must be next time. We must pay our debts first of anything."

"If there is any next time," murmured Genie, lugubriously.

"Oh, I can sell another load on Monday," said Edny, "if you girls will have it loaded up, so I can take it after school."

"How fortunate that I am dressed for company!" said Rachel that evening, when Mr. Decoye's cutter came jingling down the lane.

"Mrs. Decoye is the luckiest woman!" exclaimed Melicent. "She never comes but we are dressed up and the parlor in order. Now, if it had been Aunt Rachel, how we should have looked!"

Ere the bells had stopped before their front door, the smoldering parlor fire had been blown into a blaze, the kerosene lamp on the centre-table lighted and Genevieve was frantically inquiring if mother's best spencer was not done up.

Mr. and Mrs. Decoye and Adrianna Hobart were the guests who had invaded a household so long neglected by all save immediate relatives, that their presence had quite the excitement of an evening party. Mother, for a week after, regretted she had had no cake to offer them. Though Milly induced Edny to pop a basketful of corn; and as Adrianna Hobart, who sat next the table, never stopped eating while a white particle remained in the bottom of the basket, she must have enjoyed it—probably better than cake.

Of course the hardness of the times, and greater hardness of the winter, were all the topics of conversation. The number of men who had failed, of cows that had died, and of old persons who had broken their limbs, the scarcity of water, the depth of frost and accidents and incidents of the fearful ice-embargo, formed a bill of entertainment that could not fail in interest. Mr. Decoye, from his high position as principal grocer of Quarly and vicinage, had a wide scope of vision.

"And, O Mrs. Throgmorton!" cried Mrs. Decoye, "my husband has been telling me the dreadfulest thing! I declare, I feel heart-broken and sickened of the world!"

Mias Hobart, her heart being too full of woe and her mouth of pop-corn to utter a syllable, only groaned.

The affair so appallingly heralded, and which the three related with many corrections, interjections and moral reflections upon the part of each, was briefly this: An indigent Southern lady with thirteen children, whom the tide of war had stranded on their shores, had been the recipient of five dollars from the Ladies' S. S. on the previous day.

"And this very morning," cried Mrs. D., "she came directly down to my husband's store, and—

wait, Mr. D.—and what do you think—wait, Adrianna!—what do you think she bought?”

“A pair of five-dollar bronze boots!” said Milly. Which, not being in the line of Sealer & Decoye, caused great laughter.

“Well, if she was owing you anything I hope she paid it!” exclaimed Genevieve, with devout emphasis.

“Her grocery bills are paid by the town,” said Mr. D., laughing at Genie’s earnestness.

“Yes, Genevieve Throgmorton!” cried the grocer’s lady, “her grocery bills are paid by the town! So, of course, she must have enough to eat—wait, Adrianna!”

“But it can’t be very good,” said Rachel. “She must get the cheapest of everything, and poor at that, to satisfy the selectmen. I hope she got something nice. White sugar, perhaps.”

“White sugar! I should think so!”

“And butter and eggs!” added Adrianna.

“And raisins!” said Mrs. D.

“And currants!” said Adrianna.

“And spices of all sorts,” said Mrs. D.

“Citron!” said Adrianna.

“Almonds!” said Mrs. D.

“And she made a cake!” said Adrianna.

“She made a cake,” said Mrs. D. “You let me tell her, Adrianna.”

“She spent two dollars and ninety-two cents!” said Mr. D. “I told my wife when I went home at noon—”

“And, I declare, I felt so bad,” interrupted Mrs. D., “that I could not rest till I had seen the end of the matter. So I went over about three o’clock, and it was just as I expected. The whole house smelling of fruit-cake.”

“And her children without shoes to their feet!” added Adrianna.

“And she living on the town!” said Mr. D.

“Mother,” said the girls, as soon as their visitors had left, “won’t you make a splendid fruit-cake with the very next money Edny gets? My mouth fairly waters for it, and we are not living on the town. How those children must have enjoyed it!”

Gayly and gladly the days rolled on. Melicent and Genevieve felled, and sawed, and split, and piled their cord a day between them, and sometimes more, as they got to understanding the work and could bring their brains to aid their muscles. Rachel did the housework, and machined together the summer dresses which mother and grandma finished off, and could get no time to work upon her story.

“I don’t believe authoresses ever do house-work,” said she. “And I would rather do house-work. I think it is more necessary. Or, if it’s not necessary, it must be done.”

One day in early April, while the snow still lay deep on the upland pasture where their cows ought

to have been cropping early grasses, where saxifrage should have lifted its hardy stars toward scarlet-tasseled maples, while ice still barred the silent brook beneath bare pussy willow boughs, came a man to Bittibat—Rufus South’ard, from Curtis’s Nose, a straggling fishing-hamlet, dotted hap-hazard over the promontory which backed on Megotockonec, and divided allegiance between that town and Quarly.

“Miss Rachel,” said the fisherman, as she opened the door, “you’re the very one I’ve come a crusin’ after. Wife says that your folks have had the scarlet fever, and you’re a master-hand at nussin’.”

“Have you got the scarlet fever at your house?” asked Rachel.

“Wal, no. But ’tis over on the P’int of the Nose. Big Peter’s wife and the small craft are lyin’ by; and what betwixt dread of the fever and the way Big Peter’s carried sail—I won’t say nothin’ again’ the woman. If they warn’t spliced accordin’ to—”

“Do tell me what you want, Mr. South’ard! Sal and Tissie are sick, and nobody is willing to nurse them; is that it?”

“That’s it straight out and out. But what I say is this—suppose a poor fellow is under the weather, if he don’t run across my bows I don’t know as I’ve any call to run him down and sink him.”

“Certainly not.”

“And it does go mightily again’ me to let Sal and the small craft slip their cables without no mortal woman nigh to bear a hand, jest because the man hain’t always carried sail accordin’ to Gunter. I hain’t anything against him, he’s always treated me ship-shape. But I can’t make wife see what I’m steerin’ for.”

“You don’t mean to say that the women on the Nose would let Sal and Tissie die—alone!”

“Yes, they would, every man-Jack of ’em. The doctor says they can’t wear out the night without a woman at the wheel. But there ain’t one on the Nose that’ll stir for love or money. So we made up a pu’s—”

“Don’t stand there talking any longer!” exclaimed Rachel. “Come in and sit down while I run up-stairs to get my things,” and away she rushed without heeding the fisherman’s last words.

Mother and grandma gave advice and prescriptions, and put up medicines, which Rachel carefully heeded while she hastily “rigged for the y’yage,” as Mr. South’ard would have expressed it, and bidding Bittibat “good-bye for a week,” was off on her errand of mercy in less than fifteen minutes from Mr. South’ard’s appearance.

Far out on the extreme Point, among rocks crusted with frozen spray, hidden from the mainland by a huge boulder, larger than itself, but open to the sea-blast on three sides, stood Big Peter’s cottage—wide, low, solidly built; dreary and for-

bidding without, but within clean, bright, warm and well-furnished, with the thousand-and-one quaint articles of use and ornament that whalemen and bankers carve on their long voyages, and fruiterers bring from the Levant, with more substantial salvage from wrecked merchantmen. There were three rooms opening together. A cracked and rusty stove, red-hot, warmed the kitchen, into which Rachel first entered. Beyond were the rooms in which her patients lay. The larger, where the child slept, had a drift-wood fire blazing on its stone hearth, agreeably warming and ventilating both hers and the mother's room adjoining. There was another room on this floor, some above and a large cellar below. But into these Rachel never peeped. What she saw gave a very disagreeable impression. No honest fisherman, who did not own his market-boat, could have had so much of comfort in his dwelling as Big Peter's hinted at—only hinted at—one felt that more was hidden than displayed.

There was an ugly story about a peddler who disappeared from this same house. Some said that the peddler was one of a gang of smugglers whose booty Peter hid, and that he was killed in a quarrel about the receiver's wage. And others said that the supposed peddler was a government detective hunting after suspected smugglers. Be that as it may, a man with a pack on his back went in at Big Peter's door, and was never seen again living or dead.

Peter disappeared for years, leaving a woman with a babe upon her breast alone in this dismal place. This woman, Sal, was half of gypsy or of Indian blood, and people said had no legal right to the name of wife or the blessedness of motherhood. When she went to find her husband none knew of it. The point house was found empty one day, and soon earned the reputation of being haunted. Again one day it was discovered to be inhabited. Big Peter, with wife and child, were back again, as mysteriously as they had gone.

CHAPTER X.

"Have faith! Though clouds obscure thy sight,
And tempests bar thy way;
Trust thou in Him, so shall thy night
Soon end in glorious day." SCHILLER.

"GOOD-EVENING, ma'am!" said the sallow, shrunken, half-breed woman, lying on a neat, well-furnished bed. "I hope you'll excuse my not sitting you a cheer, and also for not rising up; I know it seems unmannerly when you have done me the great honor of calling on us, but you see all these things on my stummick keeps me down."

The woman's voice was high and querulous with an affectation of sly sweetness, that frequently degenerated into a disagreeable whine. Rachel could but hope that it would become pleasanter

when she regained her senses. All night she maintained that peevish, apologetic strain. She was excessively sorry to make Rachel the trouble of putting mustard on her stomach, and hot water at her feet. It was altogether too great an honor to have such a lady bathe her face and hands. She said: "After you, ma'am," when Rachel offered her medicine.

The child lay in coma, and Rachel, alarmed at her condition, longed to spend the time working over her that she was obliged to give to the mother, who, in spite of her apologies, demanded constant attention. Whenever she excused herself to go to Tissie, the Indian woman drewled out: "Poor thing, she don't know no better. She's never had no schooling;" or else "Tissie's a lazy thing, to let you do so much waiting upon her."

After midnight Big Peter appeared, and told her he had got supper for her in the kitchen. The woman at once insisted most profusely and strenuously that she should go eat. Big Peter offered to sit with his wife, but Rachel shook her head at him, and told Sal she could not think of leaving her. Then Sal promised not to call upon her till she came back from supper. When she came back Sal was asleep. Thankful that her ruse had succeeded, Rachel went to work upon Tissie, and for an hour or two did all that lay in her power, aided by Big Peter's strong hands, to arouse the child from her death-like stupor, and was at last rewarded by the advance of more natural slumber.

The whole house was still. Big Peter slept on a shake-down in the kitchen. Rachel sat by an open window far removed from Tissie's bed, with the draft of the huge fire-place between. A slow wind moaned among the rocks, touching her forehead with sly fingers. The solemn sea intoned its never-ending dirge around the headland.

"Is it never still?" questioned wearied Rachel. "Will it never be still? Can it never rest? And to what end is this eternal labor, only to keep itself clean. Rest is stagnation, death, decay. Work without ceasing is God's holy command. 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.'" Rachel leaned her chin on her interlocked fingers and looked up into the night's infinite spaces. "So help me to do all my work in the six days allotted me, that I may inherit thy Sabbath of rest, O Lord my God," thought Rachel, and the lapping breadth of ocean sung a wondrous hymn of peace and restfulness.

"There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching, summer heat,
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet.
So we lift our trustful eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God."

A man, black against the snow, loomed up before her, approaching silently, stealthily. A man! Her fearful situation—alone in a haunted house; alone on a desolate headland, a murderer and two dying ones her sole companions; alone, in the night, with a desert of rock, a wilderness of ocean to still a shriek for help and hide a lifeless body; all alone, and she was such a slight, powerless thing!

All this burst upon her, widening and deepening in terror with every second of the man's quick, cautious, noiseless approach. She heard Big Peter's stentorian breathing through the half-opened kitchen door. She heard her heart throbbing in her ears.

"Good-mornin', Miss Rachel, how are ye makin' sail?" said the man, in a hoarse whisper.

"Mr. South'ard! O Mr. South'ard, is that you?"

"Yes, marm! 'Tis this old schooner! Wife she couldn't sleep with thinkin' of you left alone here with this ere crew, and nothin' would do but I must cruise over and see how you was carryin' sail."

"But she didn't get you up in the middle of the night for that, did she?"

"Bless your heart! 'Tis mornin', broad daylight, only the sun ain't up yit; but the tide is, and it's always day when the tide serves down on the Nose."

Before Rufus South'ard left, Rachel became aware by the broadening light and freshening breeze that it was really day, although, as he said: "The sun was consid'able behind the lighter, but she was makin' way fast, and would soon heave in sight."

"'Tis sunrise, ain't it?" called the peevish, affected voice of Sal. Rachel was not naturally patient. Sal's voice vexed her, it required a violent effort to bring perfect quiet and sweetness into soul, and face, and tone in her quick walk to the bedside.

"Lift me up and let me look at it."

Rachel was really grateful that she made no apology for the request, and saw with pleasure that the woman was in her right mind.

"It looks as if it smelt good!" said Sal, as Rachel lifted her up till she could see the wet snow pierced with rocks casting long, blue-black shadows, "the yellow, tide foam," the steel-gray ocean and steel-gray sky barred from zenith to antipodes with level lines of rose.

Rachel opened the window, and fixed it with a stick. The world was very still. The great heart-beats of old ocean throbbed through its silences.

"The' ain't nothing smells so pretty as this," murmured Sal. "There's never nothing smells so pretty as the early morning, just before the sun gets up. Did you ever hear tell of that little fellow? I can't think of nothing, or I could tell

you His name. Like enough you've read about Him. They called him the Infant—that's it, I've got it. The Infant Jesus. Queer how I could have forgot the name. Did you ever hear about His traveling along with His mother, and stopping under the palm-trees? 'Twas a mighty pooty country they was in, where there wa'n't never any winter. They traveled along all day by the edge of the Red Sea. They was going down into Egypt, for there was a dretful, cruel king that wanted to kill her Baby. They got up in the night and went along under the stars. Joseph led the beast and Mary rid on it with the Baby cuddled up in her shawl."

Rachel's heart throbbed high and fast. How true it is that there never lived a human being into whose every grief Jesus did not enter, and having borne them all, put them also under His feet. He, too, had fled for His life beside the mysterious sea, with the hunted felon. He, too, had slept under the watchful stars, all so safe, miles away from anybody. "Oh, what a God is Jesus!" cried Rachel's heart, overwhelmed with gratitude and love. "A God upon whose head a price has been set."

"Do you know that the Infant Jesus was God Himself?" she asked aloud.

"Yes, I know it, but I can't think of Him so. I know He's off in Heaven, somewhere now, but 'tain't easy to think of Him so. In the morning, when the morning star is shining, I've seen it shining big and clear when the sea was just like glass, and the star threw a long wake down into the bay, and not another star was to be seen, nor the sun, nor the moon, only the morning star shining down, down into the bay, and I say that's Jesus. That's the Infant Jesus up in the sky."

"Did you know that Jesus was called 'the bright and morning star' in the Bible?" asked Rachel, astonished at the coincidence.

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, the Bible is the book that tells about Jesus, and it calls him the bright and morning star."

"No, I didn't know that. Well then I'm right, ain't I? That is Jesus. I knew it must be. I knew there couldn't be nothing else so pretty."

"Dear, dear," thought Rachel, "I'm a very poor missionary. But oh, what a good missionary that was who gave this woman her beautiful thought! I wonder if he knew at the time what a deathless seed he had planted in her breast, and imagined that in years to come, when her husband was a murderer and herself a wandering beggar the little seed would sprout and grow in her heart. How good it would be if we could always see the end of our work!"

"Ain't it beautiful, though," continued Indian Sal, raising herself with feverish strength, "to think of 'em agoing down into Egypt? I can

see the Infant asleep there, cuddled up under whatever sort of bushes there is grows down in Judee. They had cedars, though; I'm glad of that," and she sank back heavily. "I can think of cedars, and I know just how the pretty Infant smiled in His sleep, and how Mary hung her shawl over the cedar branches to keep the firelight off, and how the spring sparkled, and the smoke riz up among the black tops to the trees."

"Oh, what a God is the Christian's God!" thought Rachel. "God also of the wandering Indian woman! Was it for her, and such as her, that Thou wentest down into Egypt, in fulfillment of ancient prophecy?" and infinite thoughts, beyond the power of mortal language to express, arose in Rachel's soul.*

CHAPTER XI.

"Let patience have her perfect work."

BIBLE.

NEARLY two weeks had Rachel continued with the outlaw's family; though she became more and more convinced that Big Peter possessed a secret means of wealth which it was politic not to inquire into, many things about the family endeared them to her. Rachel's strong love of use made her feel a warm affection toward any who expressed a need of her. Indian Sal had a sweet and gentle desire of ingratiating herself with her better taught neighbors, toward whom she looked with great reverence, and when Rachel discovered that it was this desire, and her anxiety not to give offense which occasioned her rasping, drawling whine the girl had patience with it, and in time overlooked it, or else the woman herself left it off.

Big Peter's gratitude was surprising to Rachel, who had always been stuffed with the ingratitude of the lower classes. Not indeed at home. Her father and mother always said, do all the good you can and never mind about the gratitude. But often and often had she heard benevolent ladies weep and lament over the ingratitude of the poor, the thanklessness of their labors. Big Peter evidently harbored the impression that she had never heard any ill of him; and his laborious efforts to be always consistent and upright in conversation with her, assured Rachel that he might, with time and patience, by Christian treatment, be won to a better mode of life.

Tissie was morose and shy. But when her mother explained that she was hunted like a wild beast from the hamlet, that the children tore her books and broke her slate unreprieved when she

was sent to school, and the women on Curtis's Nose would not let her speak to their young ones, Rachel conquered her dislike to the little savage's moods, and in time conquered the moods.

As her patients were able to be left alone, she took every day a walk to the hamlet. With most of the fisher's wives she had a speaking acquaintance, and it was her earnest desire to awaken in them a sense of their responsibility in regard to Big Peter's Tissie.

Rachel was naturally impetuous. All that she had acquired of self-government, of the slow preparation, first, of the ground, before a seed can be sown, and afterward the quiet, hopeful waiting for the blade, the ear, and in due time the full corn in the ear, came from her mother's constant precept and example. Mrs. Throgmorton, like her mother before her, was too perfect a lady ever to harbor resentment or show a ruffled temper. While from her father Rachel inherited a strong, abiding, all-enduring faith. And the trial of faith inevitably worketh patience.

Now it would have been the most natural thing in the world for Rachel to have exclaimed, impetuously, as she flung herself down in Mrs. Southard's kitchen: "I think you women on the Nose have treated Big Peter's family shamefully! You keep them down and tread them under your feet, tread them into the mire! I cannot endure to think of the way poor Tissie's abused and what will become of her, growing up so ignorant and willful, with her wild, gipsy beauty. If she goes astray who is to blame for it but you women of Curtis's Nose. She has been put into your hands, her soul has! What will you do with it? There is sin and sorrow enough in the world, any one may see it! But what can prevent its always increasing and rolling on, a great flood-tide of crime and wretchedness, growing deeper and more dreadful in every foot of its advance, until sin shall be the rule and virtue the exception, if all well-taught, Christian men and women do not do what they can—every individual man and woman of them—to raise and help their fellow-beings. Big Peter's Tissie has been put into your hands, you women of Curtis's Nose, she has been put into your hands, and God will certainly require her soul of you in the last day!"

All this and much more rolled through Rachel's brain as she talked to the fisher-women about their poultry, the hard times, the teething baby and snow-filled harbor. With every word they spoke she was getting a clearer insight into their lives, getting nearer the heart of them. With her own ready sympathy proving how grateful is the sympathy of those more favored of fortune, and leading them, by carefully-pondered words, to see that Sal and Tissie were craving and would be grateful for just such sympathy from them. Slowly, very slowly, was the idea taking root in these women's

*The incident of Indian Sal is real. Her sentiments having been expressed by the wife of an outlaw on the Western prairies, whom the writer nursed under similar circumstances.

brains, that they owed anything to Big Peter's family; that they were in great measure responsible for Tissie's present conduct and future behavior; that it would be far safer to help her make a decent wife for a fisherman, by and by, than to leave her, isolated, a dangerous rock, with beckoning eyes, to wreck their boys some day. She talked with the men, breasting the wild sou'-wester, close-buttoned in Big Peter's pea-jacket. She talked with them about the smacks, fitted for the George's, and frozen into the harbor for months, now at sea in this squally weather; about the drifting ice and their frozen scenes, and profitless labors in the arctic waters of the bay. And she talked with them of Big Peter. None of the men ever said an ill word of Indian Sal or the child, but Peter was a "reg'lar rascal," and they "hated him like pison."

One afternoon Rachel was surprised by a call from two neighbor women, who pulled out their knitting in a very friendly way, and at the end of a visit which they took special pains to make agreeable to her convalescent patients, took their departure with kindly assurances that they would look in every day, remarking: "I suppose you'll be going home to-morrow, Miss Throgmorton. That's full two weeks, and *all we calculated for.*"

The next day Rufus South'ard's sleigh appeared with one of those women, who had "come to set awhile." And when, in Bittibat dining-room, the fisherman paid her eight dollars, did Rachel first understand that she had been regularly hired by the combined purses of Curtis's Nose to nurse Sal and Tissie.

Besides the eight dollars which necessity forced Rachel to accept, though her pride bitterly rebelled, she had earned the golden opinion of Dr. Magnus of Megotackonec. (That was another ounce which weighed against Big Peter, that he should have had to his sick family a physician whose enormous charges put him quite beyond the reach of all who had to count their pennies.) Dr. Magnus bestowed unstinted praise on the young woman who had actually saved the lives of his patients, and asked her to enroll as one of his regular nurses. Rachel was delighted with the idea. Here was certain employment and good pay. Dr. Magnus's nurses got ten dollars the week.

When the subject was mentioned at home, her mother seriously and earnestly objected. A sick-nurse never moved in the first circles. No MacCallum More had ever regarded one as his equal, and never could. Rachel MacCallum More Throgmorton a sick-nurse! Shades of departed grandeur forbid!

"Perhaps the doctor will never think of it again," said Rachel, and so dismissed the matter.

Subjects of far greater moment had arisen during her absence. Bronson Brown had himself

come for the coats, and had paid every cent he owed them, with the remark that they were the only ones among his many creditors who had showed any faith in his good intentions. Said he: "When I am trusted, I always aim to fulfill my obligations. That is a point of honor with me. But a person who suspects my integrity touches a sensitive point—touches my honor! And I don't care if he never receives a penny of my indebtedness. I feel just that way about it. A person who doubts my integrity I never forgive!" And the implacable Bronson Brown disappeared, not only from Bittibat but also from Quarry.

"And we are the only persons in town whom he did pay," concluded Genie; "and that just because Milly said she would trust him."

"And because you would not let me dun him, child," said Rachel.

"Well," replied Genie, "it just makes me so mad to be dunned, I don't care whether the bill is ever paid or not."

Another subject was more painful. The hay was entirely out. Edny had been everywhere except to Uncle Jeffers and Gove Sparkler's, but could not get a wisp. Uncle Gardiner had given them an armful that night, when he learned their creatures had been without hay for thirty-six hours, just enough to "keep their end," but would sell none, as he had not enough to last the month out. Stock was dying everywhere, and Uncle Gardiner had advised them to sell their cows to the butcher.

"He said we had done well to keep them so long, but they were in very good condition to kill for milch cows, and would bring us in something. John James sold his cow this morning. We've only got money enough for one half ton of bailed hay, and Uncle Gardiner says the bailed hay is only bitter weeds with stones in the middle."

"I didn't mind Edny's going to Uncle Gardiner so long as he had the money in his hand," said Genevieve. "That wasn't asking for his help, was it, Challie?"

"No," said Rachel, whose thoughts had been flying like swallows during this narration. "Have you been to Lewis White's?"

"No!" exclaimed a chorus of astonished voices. "Well, he has a large farm, and keeps no sort of cattle. I'm going there to-morrow morning."

That night Rachel knelt by her bedside and prayed: "Dear Father in Heaven, help me to trust Thy mercy and wisdom, even though we lose our cows." And lying down, greatly refreshed, after that simple petition, she asked herself what she should do without a God to rely on.

As for the rest of the household, they sought their pillows with contented hearts and smiling lips. Rachel had got home.

(To be continued.)

SAINT ROBERT.

GRACE GREENWOOD somewhere tells this characteristic story:

Robert Anderson, of old Glasgow, Scotland, so far from believing in Woman's Rights, held woman mainly responsible for all the wrongs that have ever afflicted the world and the race. He held that, in fully nine cases out of ten, women were wrong, in arguments, accounts, dates and quotations. Yet he admitted that, on the whole, they were well-meaning creatures, and useful in their humble way and narrow sphere.

Happily for him, he had a meek, loving, patient, little wife, who yielded every point without a struggle, and never contended for the last word.

Once upon a time, this little woman fell ill of some inexplicable malady. It may be that always being in the wrong, and never having the last word, did it. At all events, she fell ill, and for many months "physicians were in vain."

One evening, as her husband came to her bedside to ask after her condition in his bluff, hearty way, she answered, feebly: "I don't think I am any better, Mr. Anderson. I am still so nervous and wakeful. It seems to me if I could only sleep, I could get well without medicine."

"I think it very likely you might, Marianne," replied her lord. "There's nothing like sleep:

'Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,'

as Shakespeare says."

It may have been the desperation and perverseness of sickness, but poor Mrs. Anderson certainly did an unprecedented thing—question her husband's literary accuracy in the matter of a quotation.

"I think, dear," she said, "that Shakespeare didn't say just that about sleep."

"Why, Marianne, what do you mean? I can put my finger on the very passage in 'Macbeth.'"

"Well, dear, I may be mistaken. I wish you would look for it."

So the family 'Shakespeare' was brought, and Robert Anderson set to work.

"I can't find it in 'Macbeth,'" he said, at last. "It must be in 'Henry IV;' the old king says it."

Play after play was looked through in vain. Then the "Concordance" was consulted, with like ill success.

"Ah! by Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke!" exclaimed Robert Anderson, glancing at the title-page. "I might have known better than to expect system and completeness in a woman's book. She has overlooked the passage."

"I think you will find it in Young's 'Night Thoughts,'" said the meek, little woman at last.

"Nonsense, child! the passage is Shakespeare's, and I'll find it yet. Besides, I've no copy of

Young, and no time to waste in useless search. As though I did not know the true Shakespearean ring!

'Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.'

Young, indeed!"

The next morning poor Marianne, who had passed a more than usually restless night, astonished her kind, old doctor by begging him to procure for her a copy of Young's 'Night Thoughts.' Perhaps, being a Homœopath, he thought it might bring her sleep; so sent his boy around with the volume, labeled: "*Medicamen soporiferum*. To be taken immediately."

On his return from business that afternoon, Robert Anderson found his venerable mother sitting by the bedside of his wife, attired in a rustling, black silk gown, and knitting and rocking vigorously; but in spite of all, he noticed that his Marianne looked better. She held an open volume of Young's 'Night Thoughts' in her thin, white hand, and as he bent over her, she pointed with a little flush of triumph to the apostrophe to Sleep.

He took the book, and raising his eye-glass, carefully perused the passage. Then he critically examined the title-page to make sure that it was a regular, authorized edition of Dr. Young. Then he flung it down with a look that almost terrified the poor invalid. Something in her pale, wistful face appealed to his manly magnanimity. He grew red, his bosom swelled, but he brought it out: "Marianne, you are right—for once."

Saying this, he rushed from the apartment.

"Well, I am sure Robert is very good to grant so much as that, Marianne," said Mrs. Anderson the elder, slightly bridling.

"Good! He's a saint on earth, and I am not worthy of him," sobbed Mrs. Anderson the younger, with her face buried in her pillow.

It was observed, however, that from that hour she got better.

A SOURCE OF HOME-DISCOMFORT.—Much of the ill-humor and many of the dissensions that often creep into homes are due directly or indirectly to improper, ill-cooked food. It is highly essential that a wife should understand how all work should be done, even though she may never need to toil herself. Every housewife should be a mother-superior over her own realm, having her whole house under her personal supervision, when, with due care and economy, be she mistress or maid-of-all-work, she will have the sublime satisfaction of knowing that, whatever reverses may come, she is prepared to do her part in the emergencies of the hour.

NOTHING but a good life can fit a man for a better one.

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.*

A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVI.

LENOX DARE had been a month at Briarswild before Robert Beresford joined her. The Mavises were the only people to whom she confided her engagement. Even they did not learn it until she had been with them more than a fortnight.

It was, of course, an immense surprise. To Ben it was not certainly an unmixed joy. But he expressed his real feeling when he said, looking at Lenox with his deep, quiet gaze: "I cannot believe, Lenox, there is a man in the world worthy to be your husband. If there is, I shall be glad that you have found him."

"O Ben, how your praise shames me!" answered Lenox, grateful tears filling her eyes. "I am no more worthy of it than I am to be Robert Beresford's wife."

But when it came to talking of him, she was shy as a young girl about speaking of her lover. Mrs. Mavis, on the *qui vive* with curiosity, and interest, and a woman's romance, did her best to draw her friend out, with very indifferent results.

Lenox would not praise the man whose wife she had promised to be—would only describe his appearance in such general terms as would have suited thousands of men.

"I give it up from this time, Lenox," Mrs. Mavis broke out one day, after her questions had met with particularly vague replies. "You are the most aggravating woman for an engaged one."

"Wait and see for yourself, Dorrice dear," answered Lenox, in a half-pleading voice, yet through which Mrs. Mavis fancied she detected a little throb of triumph.

The evening following that talk, Robert Beresford was at Briarswild.

Two days afterward, his host and hostess learned how their guest and Lenox had first met in Cherry Hollows Glen. She related the whole story as they sat together in the twilight after tea. When she had finished, there was a long silence. Mavis broke it at last.

"Why did you never tell me—never my mother—all this, Lenox?" he asked.

There was something restrained in his voice. It might be amazement. It sounded almost like sternness or reproach.

"I do not know, Ben," answered Lenox, in the tone of one who tries to solve some riddle to herself. "I always meant to speak, but the right time did not come. I never told anybody but Uncle Tom, and not him until we had known each other for years."

"It is all more romantic than any novel I ever read," said Dorrice, who had drunk in every word with her baby sleeping in her arms, bringing back to Beresford the face of one of those lovely, golden-haired, tender-eyed Madonnas which had smiled on him so often in the picture galleries of his youth.

The next day, when the two men were walking over the grounds together, Beresford suddenly spoke to his companion: "I never knew until yesterday how Lenox had come to you—what she owes to you! Ah, Mavis, your glance at the first went straight to the mark, while mine—what a blind ass I was that day in the Glen! How little I deserve what has come to me!"

The eyes of the two men met. Something in his host's struck Beresford. In a moment a thought, a suspicion, flashed across him. Then he heard Ben's voice answering quietly: "It is not surprising you saw no farther, Beresford. Had I been in your place that day, I should not have behaved as well as you did."

Before Beresford came to Briarswild, Ben Mavis had not been prejudiced in his favor. The news of Lenox's engagement had, for many reasons, been a shock to the man who had been more than a brother to her. But his deepest feeling had been anxiety for Lenox's future. He feared lest her heart and imagination had idealized some nature shallow and commonplace at bottom. He knew how many a woman had wrecked her life in this way—knew how terrible for Lenox Dare would be the awaking from her illusions when marriage had settled her fate. He knew, too, that with her clear instincts, her high moral sense, the awaking from any illusion was sooner or later inevitable.

But it was impossible for men like Robert Beresford and Ben Mavis to be thrown together without soon recognizing each other's quality. In less than two days after his guest's arrival, Mavis had come to the conclusion that a character so noble, a soul so many-sided and rarely endowed, had never crossed his threshold. As for Mrs. Mavis—I suppose no woman could know Robert Beresford without loving him.

The day after the two men had their talk, Beresford said to Lenox: "Mavis is a noble fellow. You and he knew each other so long—you were thrown so constantly together, the wonder is—"

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted Lenox. "Such a thought never crossed the mind of either of us. Ben always felt for me what only the tenderest brother could feel for his young sister; and I—it has struck me now for the first time as a little singular that I never had any young girl's romantic fancies. But I had, dim and vague, in my soul, an *ideal*—"

She paused a moment, and then she turned to him with a new light in her face.

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"It must have been because I had seen you, Robert," she said. "I did not know it; but, ignorant and foolish as I was, you had shown me a standard—you had given me a glimpse of something manly, and tender, and noble which I never found again. I see it all now. It was you that saved me from anything but the most surface fancy when I was at Hampton Beach. What have I been unconsciously owing you all this time!"

Beresford listened with grateful surprise; but all the time he could not forget the look which had struck him in Mavis's eyes. The suspicion which awoke in him at that time has never died out, though he has never again spoken of it, even to Lenox.

In that happy home of her girlhood, her sparkling spirits, her native gayety broke out unrestrained and infectious. Even Robert Beresford had some new surprise and delight in her playful moods.

His visit had fallen in the loveliest autumn weather. He and Lenox passed much of their time out-doors, visiting her old haunts and living over the past of both. She had learned through Jack Leith a good deal of Beresford's artistic promise. Her own instincts had taught her in their early acquaintance that he had not the business temperament, but he himself never alluded to the subject until he came to Briarswild.

One day he told her what had decided him to enter into business; he set before her every motive which had influenced him at the time he made his choice. It was her right to know now.

Lenox sat very still after he had spoken. They could hear in the next room Dorrice crooning to her sleeping boy. At last Lenox spoke in the low-keyed, decided voice which, with her, was a sign of repressed feeling: "There are few things in the world I would not rather face than poverty. I see how it cripples, hampers, half-spoils so many lives. My tastes, my habits, may have made a coward of me. But," and the beautiful head bridled, and the soul of the woman shone in her eyes and thrilled through her voice, "I think I could bear cold and hunger—I think I could work my fingers to the bone, before the man I loved should sell his birthright. If he did that to shelter me in ease and luxury, the whole world seem only—Kean's mess of pottage."

When he heard her say that, when he saw how she looked saying it, Robert Beresford knew that, had Lenox Dare been his wife, he should never have gone into business.

"Thank Heaven, you will have no tests of that sort," he said, replying to her speech.

Was she speaking to him or to herself: "One of these days—in a little while—you must go back to that old easel, Robert?"

"After all these wasted years, Lenox?" he murmured, sadly.

She turned and faced him then, with her steady, shining eyes.

"It is not too late! It shall not be!" she said.

Were her words inspired? As he listened, as he gazed on her, he half-believed it. Would the old visions, the morning beauty, come back again?—the sense of power—the joy of achievement! Could the presence, the faith, the tenderness of this woman, work miracles—call up from the grave of years and breathe life into that dear dead gift of his youth?

The day that Robert Beresford left Briarswild, Lenox and Ben Mavis had one of their old evening walks together.

"I am satisfied with your choice," he said. "You and Robert Beresford must have been intended for each other in the original constitution of things."

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the late November, when the last smile of the Indian Summer lingered pensively on the hill-sides and among the valleys, Robert Beresford and Lenox Dare were married. They had the quietest of weddings in the gray cottage. Only a few people were present—the Mavises, the Leiths and some old friends of the Aphorps.

Lenox went at once to her husband's home. She did not, however, give up her own. Before their marriage, they had decided to occupy the two homes. These stood in opposite directions, nearly equidistant from Boston. The cottage that dreamed by the sea seemed to fitly supplement the stately inland mansion that faced the northern hills.

Of homes like these, of a life like theirs, there is little to write. The deepest joy of such a marriage must be still, like that of the old friendship, its perfect companionship. To this could come no change—no satiety. It was one of the eternal things.

Something of a fair, gracious presence that had vanished seemed still, in Lenox's thought, to haunt the beautiful home, the wide old rooms of which she was mistress. She would not have had it otherwise.

In the large and generous nature of this woman, there was no room for any of those retrospections and associations of which a smaller soul might have been conscious. It was the aim of Lenox Dare to keep always tender and vivid in the memory of her husband the love of his youth. Had he failed himself there she would have felt that he failed her also.

The love that had come to her—the best gift of God—was, in its tenderness and opulence, a daily surprise to her. But, after all, her deepest joy would always be less in love bestowed than in the divine joy of loving.

There was one relation, however, which, at the out-

set, she found it impossible to realize that she had assumed with her marriage to Robert Beresford.

His son was still with his aunt in Germany, but he was to return home in the early spring. I cannot imagine the position of stepmother would at first seem altogether agreeable to any woman. But it was in the nature of Lenox Dare to see the ideal side of all relations and characters where her own heart was concerned.

She thought about Philip—she entered more or less into his feelings, into his first recoil when he learned what she was—into the pain with which he would hear that a stranger had taken his mother's place in his home—in his father's heart. In a little while there grew up in her soul a yearning pity and love for the boy.

Meanwhile the northern winter went on its way of cold, and storm, and sleet. Robert Beresford was keeping his promise to his wife, and settling up his business as fast as its varied complications admitted. The two listened to the raging of the winds around their inland home, to the roll of the sea in the gray cottage by the beach.

They came and went in the oddest ways, sometimes staying for a single day—sometimes for a week. Donald Brae and his wife were always on the lookout for them, always had the rooms ready, the hearth-fires bright.

Sometimes as they sat together, reading, or talking, or dropping into those silences more silvery than any speech, Beresford would look at his wife, and say: "What a woman you are!"

And Lenox would laugh gayly, and answer: "That remark is dreadfully ambiguous!"

But his tone and look were anything but that.

Once she said to him, with a little quiver in her voice: "We are so happy here, Robert, that I am half-afraid. It seems as though such still, perfect gladness had no right in a world so full of pain and sorrow. What have I done to be so happy! Uncle Tom's dying prophecy has come true!"

"Yes; I needed you, Lenox," he answered. "The perpetual wonder is that I have you!" he added in a moment, with the humility of the highest love.

"The wonder with me is of a precisely opposite kind," replied Lenox. "But sometimes, Robert, it does all seem a good deal like what Emerson calls 'the comfortable ending of a novel.' Here we are—with our two homes, with more money than we want, and—oh, I could go on endlessly, but the sum of it all would be—with each other!"

And then for a little while there was silence.

Lenox was the first to break it.

"Sometimes a little fear creeps across me, when I think of the future. The fear does not stay long, but it always brings a little chill and shadow with it."

"What is the fear, Lenox?"

"That we—that I must grow old in a little while!"

"Old!" he repeated, with a quiet, amused sort of smile. "Do you really imagine you could ever do that to me, Lenox?"

She thought of the swift, sure-footed years, how they stole from all human things the grace of youth, the glow of beauty, and she answered, doubtfully: "It is not for myself I care—not even for the fading, the wrinkles, the gray hairs that must come; but the beauty your eyes have found in me has grown precious—sacred for your sake. How will you feel to see my youth going?"

Again his grave, tender smile shone on her. Then he said: "When a woman's soul has become the best part of her beauty—when a man can say to her that she has satisfied his heart and his intellect, and awakened his imagination, that woman need never be afraid of growing old under his eyes."

And again there was a little silence. This time the man broke it.

"How often," he said, "I go back in my thoughts to the road which led me that morning from the hospital over the hills. I shall be going back over it all my life. When I am an old man I shall say of it:

"To think how little I dreamed it led
To an age so blest that by its side
Youth seems the waste instead!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the early spring Philip Beresford crossed the sea. The boy thought his father the most splendid man in the world. His second marriage had been a severe shock to Philip. He could remember his own mother perfectly. He had never forgotten that day when she lay there white and still in the ravine, and he sat by her side and watched the curious, whispering crowd around them.

Philip's Aunt Edith, kindly and commonplace, had, by her indiscreet comments, augmented her nephew's repugnance to his father's marriage. She had gossiped endlessly about it in the boy's hearing. "Bob," she insisted, "was, with all his genius, just the soft-hearted fellow to be taken in by an artful, ambitious woman. He always fancied people finer and better than they were. Poor Philip would find his home a totally different place now a stepmother held the reins! Of course she would get around his father by hook or by crook—second wives always did that—and have everything her own way!"

Talk of this sort had been persistently dinned into the boy's ears the winter before he sailed for home.

Meanwhile Beresford wrote very sparingly about his wife. He entered thoroughly into

Philip's feeling at this time, and knew the only satisfactory way of meeting that would be to let the boy judge for himself. He understood his sister well enough to imagine all she would say.

Beresford went to New York to meet his son. Overjoyed as Philip was to see his father again, a shadow lay all the while on his young heart. He remembered his aunt's talk; he dreaded the first meeting with the strange woman who would be in his mother's place.

He waited for his father to speak of her, but the man never alluded to his wife. They were in the cars, on their way home, when Philip suddenly drew up to his father, and asked under his breath: "Papa, is—*is she* there?"

"Yes, my dear boy, *she* is there. She will be very glad to see you."

This was the sole allusion to Lenox during the journey. Beresford read his boy's heart as though it had been an open book. He pitied him so keenly that the silence, which, in the end he knew would prove wisest for all, cost him a great effort.

They reached home just at gloaming. Lenox met them in the hall. She wore that evening a black velvet dress. There was not a hint of color about her. Her uncle and her husband fancied that black or white suited her better than anything else; and her own tastes always inclined her to simple forms and natural tints in her toilet.

Philip Beresford is a boy still, but to his dying day he will never forget the graceful vision—the tall, slender woman with the great, dark eyes who met him on the threshold. There was a little tremulousness about the mouth—a flush on the cheeks, which her husband knew was, with her, the sign of inward excitement.

The woman and the boy stood silent a moment gazing on each other. Lenox saw the slight, lithe figure, the brown, clustering hair, the young, delicate face, where the mother's violet eyes shone clear over all the strong likeness to the father. As she looked down on him all the meaning and sacredness of the relation in which they two stood to each other grew clear to her. A great tenderness toward this boy—the gift of his dead mother to her heart and life—suddenly came over her.

Then she heard his father saying: "This is my wife, Philip, Mrs. Beresford."

He had never consulted Lenox about the name which she would bear to his son. But he was certain what would best suit her.

She leaned forward now. Had she yielded to her feeling she would have drawn the boy to her heart, but she was not impulsive on the surface. She took the boy's hand between her soft palms, and her voice was quite steady, when she said: "I am very glad to see you, Philip. I hope we shall be—a great deal to each other!"

And Philip, still staring at her, answered, with

the courtesy of speech and manner which were his inheritance: "I hope we shall be, Mrs. Beresford."

If the words as you read them sound strange and cold, you must bear in mind the sort of people they were—the three naturally proud and reticent when it came to any expression of their deepest feelings.

Lenox understood perfectly. Her husband would not claim from his son at the first anything beyond the respect and courtesy due the woman who had taken his mother's place. Other feelings might come with longer acquaintance and deeper knowledge, but at the beginning it was impossible she could be more to the boy than her husband had called her—his father's wife!

For the next hour Philip did not remove his curious, pleased eyes from Mrs. Beresford, while she talked with him about his voyage, and about the plans his father had made for his coming home.

When the two were alone together, Philip turned to his father, and said, very earnestly: "Papa, she is not at all like—like what I expected."

"No, I did not suppose she would be, Philip," he replied, and that was all that was ever said between them on the subject.

Philip Beresford was a boy—not quite twelve years old, more or less spoiled by everybody. He had a generous heart, a high temper, a boy's love of loud sports and fun, a boy's crude notions and headstrong will. He made a breeze of fresh, young life in the great house. Lenox thoroughly enjoyed it. She had never been thrown much with boys, and this one was a source of perpetual interest and amusement to her. She entered with zest into his varied boy-life. Her interest and sympathy in his young plans and pleasures never flagged. In a little while Beresford thought that the wish they had expressed on their first meeting had come true—his wife and his boy were "a great deal to each other!"

Philip, of course, found Joe Hatch installed at the house. He and the younger boy soon became the best of comrades. Beresford did not adopt Joe. He kept his promise to the father—he meant to see that Joe came up an honest man. He would give him the chance to develop whatever native faculty he possessed. That would be better than bringing him up as a gentleman's son.

Joe had, from the beginning, an immense admiration for Lenox. He had learned with delight from Beresford that she was coming to be mistress of the grand house. It was not in her nature or her husband's to forget that they owed their first meeting to Joe Hatch.

Sometimes when Lenox looked at Philip and thought of that new fountain of mother-love which had opened in her heart toward the boy,

she would exclaim, half-involuntarily: "O Philip, you are such a comfort to me!"

And Philip would look in her tender eyes, with his grave, boyish ones, and think to himself: "I wonder what I have done to make her say that!"

But those who saw them together—saw how he would sit and watch her with grave, pleased eyes—how he liked to be by her side; how he would follow her from room to room to tell her what had happened—whatever filled for the moment with light or shadow his young horizon—those never doubted that Philip Beresford loved his father's wife!

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was a June morning again. Once more Lenox Dare stood among her tulip-beds and looked over their sea of gorgeous bloom. She had come down two days before with her husband and Philip to stay a week by the sea. Lenox's memory went back suddenly to a year ago, when she had stood in the same place with the darkness and ache at her heart. She remembered Jessie Dawes; she remembered how the dawn had arisen on the night of her loneliness and grief, how the supreme joy of her life had come when she believed that all her joys had vanished.

She had learned much through her own bliss. She had come to feel, in a deeper, clearer sense than ever before, that it was God's will that His creatures should be happy—that He must have meant that from the beginning; and that what He meant, must be,

"At last—far off—at last—to all."

She turned at length from her flower-beds and went on through the grounds. In one corner of these was a little rustic arbor, roofed over with green vines. They made a dim, shady nook in the hottest noonday. When Lenox came here, she caught sight of a small brown head on the low seat. She went inside, and found Philip stretched at full length, and fast asleep. The shadows of the vines trembled on his delicate, young face, and over his damp, brown curls. Lenox drew a low seat to his side, sat down and watched the sleeping boy, shading his eyes from a stray sunbeam or two. At length Philip stirred, opened his eyes, and saw, in the shadowy stillness, the beautiful face that bent over him.

"Why, Mrs. Beresford," he exclaimed, "how did you come here?"

"I was out in the grounds, and happened to be passing this way, when I caught sight of a little brown head lying on the bench. I came in softly, and have been watching you—ten minutes, perhaps. What made you go to sleep, Philip?"

"It does look a good deal like a two-year old, napping at this time of day! I didn't know I

was tired; but when I passed here, it looked so cool and still, I just stopped in and dropped off in a flash. Papa and I had the jolliest swim this morning."

"Swim!"

"Yes. Papa proposed it when we were on our way to the depot. I know the notion struck him when we came in sight of the bay. We went down on the rocks, found some bathing-suits, and in two minutes we plunged in. We had glorious fun for the next quarter of an hour, tumbling about in the great waves. Papa missed the next train, but the fun more than paid for that."

"I am glad you had the fun. It was just like your father to start off in that way. One is never quite sure of what he may do the next minute."

"Papa is splendid on a lark! But," continued Philip, his voice growing grave, "he is a dreadful muff when it comes to letting me have any fun on my own hook."

"What does that mean, Philip?"

"Some of the fellows are going off on a tramp to-morrow to Blue Hill. It will be just the jolliest lark. I asked papa about my going, but he didn't look encouraging. He doesn't realize that I am almost twelve years old." Here Philip rose from his seat, and straightened his slender figure. "He has the most absurd notions about my being unable to take care of myself. It isn't pleasant."

"I can imagine not—altogether."

"The idea," continued Philip, in a half-indignant, half-aggrieved tone, "of not trusting a fellow as far as Blue Hill who has tramped half over Switzerland with his cousins! I believe papa does not know I have grown a day older since I left home. A fellow at twelve doesn't like to be treated like a milksop!"

"Well, Philip, I will talk over Blue Hill with your father to-night."

Philip hurried at that. "I am sure to go now," he said. "Papa will never refuse anything you ask him."

"I am afraid that is hardly a compliment to him," said Mrs. Beresford, gayly.

But a moment after she grew silent, gazing at Philip, until there was a tender shining in her eyes. At last she laid her hand softly on his curls. It was rather unusual for her to do that.

"I like to see my little boy happy!" she said, with a soft thrill in her voice.

Philip looked up. He saw the tender shining in the dark eyes. They seemed to draw his heart toward them.

"Dear, beautiful mamma!" he murmured.

It was an involuntary exclamation. He had made it a good many times before—in his thoughts. He was not aware that he had spoken until he saw the look in Lenox's face. Then he flushed like a girl.

"Philip," she said, in low, tremulous tones, and

with a slight, deprecating gesture, "I have no right to that name. It belongs to the dead."

But when he heard her say that, he broke out again: "Yes you have—the best right in the world! I don't like that other name. It sounds so—so formal—just what everybody else calls you?"

"It never sounds so to me when you speak it, Philip. You—your father's boy—give it a meaning no one else can. And, in any case, I care very little for names. Something which lies back of them is of real value to me."

"What is that?" asked Philip.

"It is my boy's love."

"Of course you have that," he answered, moved out of his usual shyness. "But why shouldn't you have the name, too?"

"What have I done to deserve it?"

"Everything. You have been from the first so kind, so good to me. I do not believe any boy ever found such a one before."

As she listened, she felt the mighty drawing of her mother's tenderness. She clasped her hands on the boy's shoulder, as long ago she had clasped them on Uncle Tom's.

"Philip," she said, solemnly, "I cannot tell what you have been to me—what a new blessedness I have found in loving you. How often I have looked at you, and thought of the mother whose gift you have been to me. She had to die in the midst of her youth and happiness to leave me papa. How shall I thank her sometime—somewhere—for leaving me you?"

He was still a moment, thinking his boy's thoughts. Then he broke out again: "I am so glad it was you, instead of somebody else. Mamma! mamma!"

He said over the sweet name half to himself, as though he loved the sound; and then he looked up archly in her eyes.

"I may call you that—may I not?" he said, drawing closer to her.

"Certainly, Philip, if you prefer that—if your heart, unsatisfied with any other, gives that to me. I shall wear the dearer name proudly, but I never want it simply because I am your father's wife."

"That is just how I do give it to you—from my heart."

When she heard him say that, she leaned forward, and the woman—not given to light caresses—and the shy boy kissed each other for the first time.

They sat still a little while, and then Philip spoke again: "Mamma, I do not believe you are like other women."

"Why, Philip?"

"I don't believe that many would feel toward me, think of me, as you do. Aunt Edith said that—"

"Step-mothers," suggested Lenox understand-

ing the boy's sudden pause, and looking into his eyes with a smile. "You and I do not care for words."

"Yes—step-mothers were horrid things. Do you know," he continued, remorsefully, "I didn't like you at all before I saw you. I dreaded the thought of coming home to find you here."

"But your feeling, it appears, has undergone a change. Perhaps Aunt Edith's would also when she came to know me."

"Of course it would. But that would not alter the truth about other women, you see."

"Philip," said Lenox, with a great seriousness in voice and face, "I cannot conceive how any woman could marry a man, as I have done your father, without remembering often and tenderly that other woman who had to leave him, to go away from all the sweetness of love and home into the darkness and silence of the grave. Her own pride and happiness—however great these might be—would be sure to remind her at times of all that another had to leave."

"I don't believe most of them would think of it in that way," said Philip, grave as a judge.

"The way she would think of it must depend largely, of course, upon the sort of woman she was. But the relations would be the same if she had married for any reason but the best one—married a man for his money, his home." She paused there a moment before she added: "I could not condemn her in that last case, knowing, as I do, what a hard, unkindly world it is to the women who have to struggle through it unaided and alone. But I am getting quite beyond your depth, Philip."

"There is one thing more, though," said Philip, holding to the subject with a persistency which proved how his young heart and brain were interested; "the children themselves might be horrid things, you know—selfish, and rude, and hateful. Do you think the woman could love that kind very much?"

Lenox had to suppress a laugh.

"It would be very hard certainly for her to do it. She would be a very rare woman who could always keep in mind whatever was fine and tender in her relation toward such children. But I thank God every day of my life, Philip, that you are your father's boy as well as your mother's gift to me."

That night at the table, Philip's father heard the boy for the first time call Lenox by the name they had agreed on. He gave no sign, however, by word or look, that he observed it.

But hours later, when Philip came to say good-night, he drew the boy to his heart and held him there, with a look and tone of unusual tenderness.

When they were alone together, Lenox said to her husband: "You heard what Philip called me to-night?"

"Yes, I heard, Lenox. I knew something had gone before that."

"Yes, there had."

She sat very still; she heard outside the soft sound of the summer winds among the leaves—the far-off voices of the waves on the beach.

At last Beresford leaned over and laid his hand on his wife's.

"Tell me, Lenox," he said.

And she told him, word for word, all that had passed between Philip and herself that day in the vine-draped arbor. When she had done, Beresford said to her in that peculiar tone which she had come to know was the sign with him of deep and manifold feeling: "What a woman you are, Lenox, my wife!"

And this time Lenox did not laugh and tell him there was a dreadful ambiguity in his remark.

CHAPTER XX.

THE autumn days had come again—days which have a divine tenderness, a deeper gladness, a more perfect loveliness, than all the fresh charm of the budding May, than all the bloom and pomp of the midsummer. Of the whole year's, these were Lenox Dare's favorite days. She often thought of what some author has said of them: "Then a wind blows from the region of stories!"

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were at their inland home now. In the twilight they walked together through their grounds.

They came at last to the grassy knoll on which stood the great horsechestnut, with its trunk of mighty girth and its far-spreading branches. It was close to the place where Beresford had first caught sight of Joe Hatch. The two stood still—the tall and noble man, the slender and beautiful woman—and looked off from that height on the panorama spread before them. They saw the green, far-reaching intervals, the meandering of the Charles, the distant spires and dark roofs of Boston, the gilded dome of the State House, the gray shimmering of the "noble island-spangled harbor," the whole glowing in the rosy enchantments of sunset.

The two gazed for awhile in silence. Then Beresford said: "I must go over to Jack Leith's to-morrow. The absurd fellow insists he must have another study of my head before we start for Briarswild."

Lenox glanced up at the fine head that towered over her. She at least did not wonder that Jack Leith and many other artists wanted to make a study of it.

In two days they were to start for Briarswild. It had been agreed on all sides that once a year they should visit the home of Lenox's girlhood. For the remainder of their lives they would be content with their inland home and their gray rookery by the sea.

While they were talking, they suddenly heard the thud of swift feet, the panting of breaths, and the next moment Philip and Joe Hatch rushed up a terrace on the right and threw themselves on the turf, breathless with fun and laughter.

The two had been having a race together. They talked about it in loud glee, and about the way Philip's bicycle had come in ahead in the match with the boys that afternoon on the old turnpike.

The loud, merry voices suddenly ceased. In a minute or two Philip asked: "What ails you, Joe?"

"What was I doing, Philip?" asked Joe, rousing from a brown study. The last year had made a wonderful improvement in his whole speech and bearing.

"Nothing—that's just it. You've been as grave as an owl for the last three minutes."

Joe drew a long breath. Then he answered in an undertone: "I was a thinking what the boy in our class said to-day. He's a big boy. He said it on the play-ground. The others heard him."

"What did he say, Joe?"

"He said cubs that belonged to tramps shouldn't take on airs. They'd better take to the road, and to their old trade of beggin' and robbing hen-roosts."

Philip was on his feet in an instant. His cheeks were on fire; his eyes blazed; he clinched his fists.

"Did he dare to say that?" he cried. "The great hulking coward! I wish I had been there! I'd have gone in—I'd have fetched him one blow that would have laid him flat for awhile!"

The boy's slender figure seemed to expand and grow tall, as it towered over Joe's thick-set, short one.

"I tried to go at him," answered Joe; "but some of the others held me back. They said I was too little to fight him."

Philip laid his hand on Joe's shoulder. He was almost four years the older.

"Joe," he said, "if anybody calls you names, he will find out he must reckon with me."

Joe looked up with immense admiration in the flushed, young face. Then he added in a moment: "But what he called me was true, you know!" His lip quivered. He had been learning many things since that morning he first stood in Miss Dare's library.

"Joe," said Philip, very tenderly, "it can't make any difference to me—it never will!"

"Are you sure, Philip, when you get to be a man? I couldn't help it all, you know," he added, in a way that was indescribably pathetic.

"Do you think I could ever be such a weak as to mind that?" exclaimed Philip, his cheeks blazing again. "Oh, don't I ache to fight it out with the bully who insulted you on the play-ground!"

Lenox turned to her husband with kindling eyes.

"There spoke my boy's father!" she whispered.

"There spoke his father's temper!" answered Beresford, half-proudly, half-tenderly. "Poor Phil! He will have many a hard tussle with that yet."

There was a little silence betwixt the boys. In a few moments Philip spoke again: "Joe, you know I shall go to Briarswild with papa and mamma?"

"Yes."

"When I am gone you may ride my bicycle every day."

"Your bicycle—every day—Philip," replied Joe, in a slow way, as though he found it hard to realize the words.

"Yes; just as though it were your own!"

Joe gave a yell; then turned a somersault on the turf. That was a slight relief from a burden of bliss almost too great for the small soul and body to bear—a bliss that quite swallowed up all the talk on the play-ground that day.

A little later, restless as two healthy young animals, the two had gone in search of Robert and the gray squirrels he had brought in from the woods that morning.

In less than half an hour Philip returned by himself. As he went up to the house he caught sight of the pair under the horsechestnut. He supposed they had just come out. He joined them at once.

"Mamma," he said, "are we really going to Briarswild, day after to-morrow?"

"If nothing happens, Philip."

"You promised me I should ride Dainty after we got there."

"As often as you like. Dainty is an old veteran now, but I think she can carry you over the hills almost as fleetly as she carried me fifteen years ago."

"You won't be a heavy weight for any quadruped's back, Phil!" said Beresford, with a laugh, as he looked on the boy's slight, lithe figure.

When Philip disappeared, his father said to Lenox: "The dews are beginning to fall. We had better go in," and he gave her his arm.

In the growing twilight they went up toward the house. It was far too lovely to go in-doors, and they sat down in the rocking-chairs on the piazza.

The glory of the sunset, the stillness and beauty of the falling night, the talk between the boys on the lawn had stirred the hearts of the man and woman. After a little while, Lenox turned to her husband, and said, with an unusual solemn tenderness in her voice: "There have been times in my life when death seemed the pleasantest, the most welcome thing in the world to me! Now it is the only thing I dread, because when that comes we must leave each other!"

"When you remember that, Lenox," Beresford answered, "remember also the

'Other lights, in other worlds, God willing!'

Do you suppose we shall have all—have the *best* of each other, even, in this world?"

There was no need of answering that.

They sat a long while without speaking. The twilight faded. The stars followed one another into the far blue, until the whole sky was alive with their beauty. Lenox began to feel something in the silence. She waited for her husband to speak. At last he leaned forward.

"Lenox, my wife!" he said.

"Yes, Robert."

"I think I am going to paint a picture that—that you will not be ashamed of."

"Robert!"

That was all she said.

But he saw her eyes, dilated with joy and triumph, shining on him through the brown darkness; and he knew why her speech failed her.

"After all, it will be *your* picture," he said.

"I never should have done it without you!"

But she did not ask him what the picture would be, and he did not tell her.

It was like her, in an hour like this, to think of others. When she spoke it was of them, rather than of herself.

"There are so many lives, burdened, harassed, incomplete—so many darkened by poverty, saddened by disappointment, so many hearts that ache with loneliness and silence, and hope deferred that my own lot seems almost a reproach to me. I ask myself what *I* have done to deserve such bliss!"

"There is not a day of my life, Lenox," answered her husband, "that I do not ask myself the same question!"

"And yet," she resumed, in a moment, "there is one word I should like to send to all these hearts that ache—to all these burdened, darkened lives! I should like to whisper it to all who are haunted by ghosts of Might-Have-Beens, to all who, bound together have learned too late their mistake—send it to all for whom the days are heavy, the night-watches long and weary! And if this word, and my speaking it, could bring to all these some fresh courage, and patience, and hope, I think I could go out from the happiness of this perfect hour—go away—even from you, Robert—into the darkness and silence of the grave, and trust God for our next meeting!"

"What should the word be, Lenox?"

"Wait!"

Robert Beresford was silent a moment. Then he rose. He laid his hand on his wife's shoulder. The look of his noblest mood was on his face, as his gaze went off to the far summer stars.

"I see," he said. "And the longest waiting, the hardest, the most patient, shall seem, at the last, 'LIKE A DREAM WHEN ONE AWAKETH!'"

THE END.

Mother's Department.

WORTH MAKING A MAN OF.

"MAMMA, don't you think I am worth making a man of, when I am all the time busy about something?" asked little Paul, looking up from the block-house he was building.

How the question thrilled me, and how great seemed my responsibility! Laying aside my book, I took him into my lap and talked long and earnestly with him, the while my heart was uplifted in silent prayer that God might guide and strengthen me, and teach me ever to work in the best way. Without His help, I felt I should not dare attempt so mighty a work.

"Worth making a man of!" How truly the little one had spoken! "Out of the mouth of babes proceedeth wisdom," thought I, and all day long I pondered the words in my heart, thinking, not alone of him, but of each little soul sent from Paradise to bless and brighten our earth-life. There is none among them all but is worth making a man of. This is the birthright of each one, even of the least, and no parent should take it from them. Pure and spotless they come to us, asking, by their very innocence and dependence, that we make men of them; but, oh, how often we fail! How often we give them only a "mess of pottage," and what bitter sorrow comes back to us! We sow the wind but to reap the whirlwind, and then, in unthinking ignorance, wonder why it is so, and dare to murmur against God for what we ourselves have done.

Far, far too lightly are the duties and responsibilities of parenthood assumed. All too seldom do we wait to think of what the inheritance—physical, mental or moral—of the child will be, or realize our own great work in the making or marring of a human life. Luck, chance, fate or God's work, we call it when, one after another, children come into the world, and, all absorbed in the care of the body, we let them stumble along, gathering what little they may of knowledge and goodness. If, in other years, they bring shame and sorrow upon us, we say again, "it is fate," or, "it is God," according to the bent of our mind, and do not see how much of it is our own work, do not realize how much of the shame and sorrow might have been averted had we ever striven as we ought to make men of them. It is a bitter wrong to the child to bring it into the world if one is not willing to do the very best in his or her power for its well-being, and to remember the soul has needs as urgent as the body's which we must meet and supply. It is for us to guide the little feet into paths of truth and uprightness, or to see them walking, step by step, down the dark ways of sin and wretchedness. What though we give the best years of our life, our strength and talent to the work? What though it involves the giving up of self, of ease and pleasure which, but for this high duty, we might have had? What though there are anxious days and sleepless nights? Is not that for which we work well worth every sacrifice and toil—well worth *all* that we can give? It is for manhood, for womanhood we are working. It is to see our children one day take their places in

the world's broad arena, with armor so firmly girded that the enemy's dart shall not prevail against them. Can we be too vigilant and watchful, when all around the feet of the young and innocent are spread snares and pitfalls to lure them to dishonor and death? The haunts of sin and iniquity are made alluring and attractive; vice wears the garb of virtue; fair flowers cover the quicksands; and so easy and gradual is the descent, that, almost before one is aware, the steps are tending downward, they are far below the line of virtue. Every step downward makes the next one easier to take and the return more difficult.

Because the restless mind and hands must have some employment, because, like little Paul, "they are all the time busy about something," it should be our earnest study to make that something such as shall leave no stain upon the pure soul. If some good work be not provided, mischief will surely follow.

The girls and boys of to-day are the men and women of the morrow, the fathers and mothers of coming generations. How are we fitting them for their important places and sacred trusts? Are we teaching them that there is honor and happiness only in pure living? Is our example such that it gives emphasis to our precepts, or are words and deeds at variance? Do we talk one thing and live another? Do we preach honesty and practice dishonesty? Do we teach truthfulness and live in deceit and hypocrisy? Are we trying to be in our daily walk and conversation just what we wish them to be? If not, how vain and idle are our teachings; for our *deeds* will be remembered long after our *words* are forgotten. If, in all honesty, we, by word and deed, do the best we can for our little ones, we may leave the result with God. He will see to it that we toil not in vain, and for the seed we sow will give an abundant harvest.

How often when a child is called to some peculiar work, the parents use every energy to fit him to meet the new duties nobly and well. They think nothing of self-denial then, but gladly endure privations and hardships that the child may win honor and renown. What if it be to the office of true manhood he is called? Is it such a common thing to be a man that no effort need be made to attain true excellence there? Many wear the garb of manhood, but few, comparatively, are really men. Does not much of the blame for this lie at the parents' door? Not all; for, though no words can measure the influence of the father or mother, the child has much to do for himself, and many things most potent for good or evil enter the life over which they have no control.

Teach the child that, whatever else of honor or greatness the years may bring, none can exceed or compare with true manliness. Though other offices may be given, this is high over all, and should permeate all, giving out light, warmth and gladness, calling new, glad life out of dark places, even as the sun's rays are to-day calling bright leaves and flowers from the dark world. Teach him so to train and educate himself that his strength shall not fail in the day of need. Teach him "to do justly, to love mercy and to walk

humbly with the Lord," wherever his way may tend. Teach him the beauty and sacredness of life everywhere, and that no future good comes through the neglect of present duty. Let him know that only by being true and manly in each to-day can the morrows be made bright and fruitful; that now holds ever the golden opportunity which, once passed, can never be recalled. Teach him that in the life here he is laying the foundation of life hereafter. Help him to build his house upon the rock.

O mothers! let some of the useless things, some of the ruffling, tucking and braiding, some of the fashionable calls and gatherings, some of the latest novels go, while you make men of your sons. What though your neighbor's boy be dressed a

little finer than yours? That is of no consequence; but it is of great consequence whether her boy be purer or better than yours. No matter if you cannot tell him who was at the last party at Mrs. Shoddy's, or the names and characteristics of the heroes and heroines in Mrs. Southworth's new fiction, so you can tell him of the real heroes and heroines in life's battle, of the Washingtons and Lincolns, who made noble presidents only because they were noble men. Imbue them with the spirit of that noble sentiment from the lips of one to whom, despite his faults and errors, the world is much indebted: "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion;" for this is the religion of the Father, and there is safety only as we follow Him. EARNEST.

The Home Circle.

TEA-TABLE TALK.

"EXTREMES are evils," we used to write in the old-time copy-book. And it is a motto worthy to be remembered, both by old and young housekeepers.

"I will tell you what she will have for tea," said a lady who loved good eating, to her companion, as they were going to spend a social afternoon with a lady of my acquaintance. "Stale bread and butter, tea, dry cookies and one kind of preserves! See if I am not right," she added.

It is but fair to state that the visitors were happily disappointed. Delicate biscuit, cake, two kinds of preserves, etc.—quite proving her a false prophet.

But if one should strive to avoid the thoughtless sameness which might invite criticism, not the less is the foolish ambition which oftener sins in the other extreme to be guarded against.

I have more than once sat down to a table where the superabundance of dishes were positively embarrassing. I recall now one occasion where four kinds of cake, as many varieties of preserved fruit, two or three kinds of pie, pickles, cheese, together with more substantial accessories, made up a repast, which, although good in each separate detail, one had need of the digestion of an ostrich to escape from harm, especially at so late an hour in the day as the five o'clock country tea, after a hearty dinner at noon, as the custom is.

There are some essentials which no good housekeeper ever neglects. Given a spotless cloth, clear glass, shining knives and spoons, and it will not matter how cheap the "tea-set," how simple the viands. Nay, too great a profusion is in the worst of taste. It argues a dearth of other means of entertainment, as well as shows a disposition to vulgar ostentation.

Do we not all recall, with unfading delight, the days marked with a white stone (alas, they are so few!), when we sat at tables where such sweet, simple hospitality was dispensed we quite forgot to note the cheer? Perchance 'twas only bread and "water from the spring," but we supped on nectar and ambrosia! The hostess may have been clad in a simple print, tasteful and clean; the host had donned his linen coat in honor of our presence,

but we scarcely saw but that one wore broadcloth and the other silk and laces. What did they say? Nothing very profound. But in what a kindly spirit was each word spoken! How flavored was the food with the graciousness of that true politeness which envieth not, revileth not, "in honor prefereth one another."

Emerson wisely tells us to let something besides the appointments of house or table, costly food and raiment, attract guests to enjoy your hospitality. Nor need those whom circumstances have deprived of the means of culture despair.

A little reading each day, if possible, will not only prove a rest, but, if wisely chosen and persevered in, it will not only cultivate a taste therefor, but one will amass a much larger amount of solid information than at first thought seems possible. And the genuine, eager desire for improvement will both *make* and *take* the time. Ah! there, my sisters, lies the secret. Household duties are engrossing enough in any case, but we must not allow them to absorb our very selves. We have a right to a portion of each day for self-improvement, and, if we are wise, will use it.

Nor should we forget those who are unable to return our hospitality. One always numbers those among her acquaintances who are scarcely ever met in society, because they are debarred from returning the entertainment. Do not forget them. A seat at your table, care and trouble forgotten for one brief hour, may do more than you imagine to lighten their load.

The poor widow, the dependent old maid, the tired seamstress, not to mention others, are in all communities. And oftentimes it happens that, having seen "better days," or by natural gift of intellect, these neglected sisters are the peers, possibly superiors, of their favored entertainers.

To give one a happy hour is a priceless gift, and can never be lost. "But some people are so disagreeable," you say. True! There are people who are so confirmed in ill-nature or vulgarity, that their very presence is an annoyance. I could not ask you to bring such people into your family circle. "You cannot touch pitch without defilement." And one hour of envious, malicious gossip, or coarse, vulgar talk, may create a taste in your young son or daughter which it will require

the work of months to eradicate. It is a good rule to shun such people, unless, indeed, you can do them more good than they can do you harm!

But to return to our tea-table. A celebrated painter, when asked with what he mixed his paints to produce certain effects, replied laconically: "Brains!" And so I would say to all young housekeepers. Your food will be neither palatable nor wholesome unless mixed with "brains." Your table, laden with the costliest service, filled with the richest food, will fail to please a refined and cultured taste, unless you have given intelligent care, taste and thought to make the meal something *more than food to be eaten*.

And be not over-solicitous to please only the transient guest. Surely the dear ones of your own household, to whom you are the life of home, deserve as much from your hands as a passing stranger, who may forget you in an hour.

Labor, which preserves or increases the health of your family, brings its own reward, and should never be despised. Let your tea-table be a refined circle, to which your family and guests alike will gather, not only for bodily sustenance but for a feast of the soul.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Daintiest robes that fingers can fashion,
Shimmer, and sheen, and filmiest lace,
Draped and adorned with ribbon and blossom,
Marvels of beauty, brightness and grace.

Rooms in the attic—airs purer perchance,
Yet she thinks of the winter with dread;
Even stray sunbeams won't warm her fingers,
Sewing and sewing, earning her bread.

Rooms in the cellar—warmer and cheaper;
What though the damp may whiten her face!
Ever anon she stirreth the cradle—
Better the damp for weaving the lace.

Attic or cellar—sewing on ever,
Stitches keep time to throbs of her heart;
Seams are but measures of fancies unwritten,
Dreams of a life she cannot have part.

Daintiest robes that money can purchase,
Shimmer, and sheen, and filmiest lace,
Wearing the robe, in time to the music
Airily dancing, joy in her face.

Halls all aglow with fashion and splendor,
Eagerly drinking wine of delight,
Merrily list'ning music and pleasure,
Hearing no "voice of wolves in the night!"

Into those halls can sorrow be welcome?
Will the bright banquet ever lose zest?
Lavish the cheer—wealth barreth the entrance;
Can death unbidden e'er come as a guest?

Only the difference 'tween toil and leisure,
Tables well-spread and poverty's fare,
Strange if life weareth two different faces!
Saddest of masks when tables are bare!

Maker and wearer, widely asunder,
Laces and silks such magic possess!
Once in their lives on common ground meeting,
Only this difference—*owning the dress!*

MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

WHAT CHATTY THINKS.

IN March a poor woman wrote such a kind, good letter to me, or to us, I told the girls, a letter that appealed to my sympathy, though the dear writer never thought of such a thing. We presume that hundreds of women would say the same words if they ever talked through their fingers with their pens. Oh, we just put our heads together and planned, and how we did pity them!

The woman's letter is on the desk before us now, she says:

"DEAR AUNT CHATTY: Can't you or your girls tell me what I need in the way of a wrap? In the place where I live nobody wears a shawl hardly, and though I am not very proud, I don't like to go round in an old one, when the other women, in jackets, and coats, and wraps, do look so fresh, and neat, and bright, and that seems to make my poor old shawl cling all the closer to my shoulders and waist. I am very thin, and you know a shawl on a thin, gaunt woman is positively ugly, and gives her such a hang-dog look when she don't feel that way at all. I could not afford a coat last winter, they cost so much, and then they would not be serviceable either, only in the very coldest weather. A neighbor, Dr. Delameter's wife, offers to sell hers to me for ten dollars, but I don't want it and I cannot spare the money. Well, what do you wear yourself, auntie, tell me; I am sure what you wear would suit me. Some woman in Arthur—I don't remember who she was now—fairly moaned out once: 'Oh, I wish clothes grew on bushes or vines so we could work and raise them like we do fruits and berries!' No wonder some of us poor working women never appear well, never look our best, how can we? The last sacque I had was made by a poor widow who needed some cloth for her children and wanted to do some sewing to pay for it. I was very busy, and asked her if she could fit and make sacques and basques. She said she could. The goods was beautiful, black with a raised dot in it. Well, that sacque fits around the neck, and from there it begins to flare out, and we have a great deal of fun over 'the sailor' as we call it. I wear it for the same reason that the man took his medicine, 'because it costed money.' I don't know as I could better the cut of it if I were to undertake it. But I feel very green and foolish in it, especially when I am in the company of well-dressed women. I do suppose though that I am awkward and ungraceful, and perhaps would not appear well in pretty clothes if I had them. Don't answer me through the magazine; I cannot wait so long for it, and then I would be ashamed to get into the papers with my droll, complaining request. What would all those nice ladies think of me, a great lunny of a woman writing to you for such information when I ought to know that much myself!

"Lovingly yours, ———"

We answered her immediately, but for fear other women are in the same quandary we will not hesitate to reply aloud through the magazine; some one may be glad of our suggestions; who knows?

To begin, we think the prevailing styles for all kinds of wraps were never so beautiful, and convenient, and so accommodating to everybody's

means, as they are at this time. Why, a woman can devise something becoming out of whatever material she may happen to have in her house! We were never more surprised at any little bit of handiwork than we were the other day when the music teacher called to see us. She boarded with us when she was a student, and she never comes to Mill-wood without staying a night with us. She said, as she held up a pretty cashmere dolman: "Do you remember the cashmere sacque that I wore here, trimmed with lace about the bottom and the sleeves? Well, this is the same sacque under a new name."

Then she told us how it came about. She is poor and has to manage closely to make a living and appear well, and when the sacque became a little old-fashioned, she studied and studied how to plan a newer, and better, and more modern wrap out of it, and finally she wrought out the problem. She looked about in magazines, and fashion-plates, and shop windows until she saw a style that suited her means. She sent off to the city and ordered a pattern she liked, ripped the sleeves out of the sacque, bought a piece of goods to match, and made a dolman with no fitting or cutting away. The wings were made of the new cloth, set on outside, the usual way, and the arm pieces left just as they were when the sleeves were ripped out. It was lined throughout with muslin to make it set well. The good lace trimming was used in planning some pretty adornment for her neck. The dolman was trimmed with bands of lustrous black silk, and made one of the most beautiful articles of apparel in Blanche's wardrobe. We said then that we would make a note of this successful device, just for the benefit of the HOME girls.

Our own best wrap is almost like this one. It is made the same style, pretty nearly, of the best quality of black cashmere, lined and trimmed with brocaded silk about three inches in width, a collar of the same. In buying this kind of cashmere hold it up to the light, and look across it lest you get a shade of blue-black, which in time will not look so well. Not much goods is required in making this wrap; about four yards single width, and two yards double width. Passementerie is the prettiest trimming. Esther failed to get the kind she wanted, but she made a charming substitute by purchasing a narrower quality, and placing the two straight edges together. Old fine shawls will cut to a good advantage in working them up into dolmans, and though we would not encourage wastefulness or undue extravagance, we think, with the woman, that a fine, soft shawl does give the wearer a slinking, "poor-whitey" appearance. They fall so closely, and fit the outlines of the form so beggarly, that one looks very woe-begone in them.

It does not pay for one in very moderate circumstances to invest much in a coat or cloak. Unless they are very good, and well-made, and well-fitting, they do not look well. Two of my girls got new coats last winter, but they were no make-believes, they showed honestly what they were—a good quality of damassee cloth at one dollar a yard. I had worked enough with my dear husband to know how to fit and make such wear, so that they did not cost the girls much. They were trimmed with silk stitched on, pockets and cuffs trimmed the same way. A cape made in the dolman fashion

of a few years ago is very pretty if handsomely trimmed, say with a band of silk set on a little above the edge, another band down the back ending where the bow is placed, fringe or gimp; or, if the fringe is not very wide, the gimp set at the edge of it will give it an appearance of greater width, and quite a look of elegance. You would be surprised at this necessary and dressy article of wear when finished by the hands of an ingenious, skillful, "handy" woman. Try it; look up an old shawl—cashmere, thibet or any of the old kinds; or, take the best back breadths of a fine old black dress; look up all the odds and ends in your "box of black things," bits of choice silk, scraps of ribbon, gimp, bead trimming, gimp buttons, cord, tassels, chenille, valour, and put them into the hands of, not the woman who can "cook a meal out of nothing," but the other woman, she who can "make something out of nothing." Blessed are they among women; we wish their number was multiplied by thousands! We speak from experience. A little mouse of a milliner once got into our box of black things—everything fine goes into that box—and with a very trifling expense she contrived a dolman that delighted us, and for years made us appear genteel and dressed up, even if it was worn over a dotted cambric or a brown-and-white gingham wrapper.

The women in the country and country villages expend too much on the things "like other women wear." We forget that because a garment of one fashion is most charming on the little wren of a music teacher, that it would not become us, plump, and dumpy, and dimpled; or tall, and graceful, and willowy; or thin, and yellow, and stoop-shouldered. What a mistake we make! Because somebody says delicate blue is becoming to a blonde, it does not mean that the rage for blue should sweep over our land as it has done, and every girl forthwith call herself a blonde and wear a blue bow behind in her braid, another back of her ear, another above her forehead, and a bow of it at her throat, and a hint of it running daintily in and out of the ruche about her neck.

Our eyes tired of it only yesterday at a concert. Thin girls, with dubious complexions, whitish eyebrows, whitish eyelashes and the fine hair on the temples, the little fluffy fringe that framed in the face, the color of tow, dead tow—and all, old and young, grave and gay, wore that trying shade of blue. How we did long to see one of them wearing black velvet instead, with a mingling of beautiful rose-pink! How it would have lighted up the tallowy, no-color of face, hair, eyebrows and lashes, the dead, dreary, flaxey braids and frizzes, and the curls that lay as dead as the last year's leaves in the woodland hollows. A bright color would have carried animation with it.

An ulster made of linen or ladies' flannel is useful and in good taste, and can be worn frequently when any other wrap would not be in place. The latter goods, of any shade desired, can be obtained at the large wholesale stores in our cities, and can be safely sent by mail, or express, if preferred. We find it really easier and better to send to these large stores for samples, then select and have goods forwarded, than to buy a substitute for something that we don't want, and are not suited with. It saves time, and travel, and worry, and the annoyance of impertinent clerks, and snobs, and giggling shop-girls.

A city lady of culture would be regarded as exceedingly plain in her attire in some country neighborhoods. She would not expend one-tenth the thought on it that her country cousin would on hers.

We did not feel over-much flattered one time when we sent to an aunt in the city for a hat. We wanted a pretty one and a good one, plain and yet in good taste. Our fingers could hardly wait to slip the cord off the box when it came. We opened it, hoping and yet fearing. It was a guy of a hat, the shape of nothing in the heavens or on the earth—a mass of bows, and loops, and feathers, and flowers, and fringes, and dangles; and no less than nine distinct and glaring colors—blue beside yellow, green mingled with violet, brick-red with scarlet, pink with carmine, and black with brown. It threw the face into prominence, and the jutting point of trimming in front made the nose assume undue proportions, while the ears fairly drew away from the head. We returned it with regrets and compliments, and our aunt in reply said our neighbor, Mrs. —, helped her select it. Her own choice was one all black, with a jet ornament; but the neighbor said they didn't wear black out in the country where she lived only when some of their kin died.

We could have shaken our kind neighbor for her interference; but we let it pass, and when Esther went home she brought us a fine black straw of her own selection, and trimmed it under our supervision.

But how we wander from the woman's letter! The blessed girl! She feels awkward, does she? Nonsense! Don't ever, ever think of such a thing. It is not so. If a woman keeps the thought before her all the time that she is awkward, too tall, ungainly, that her gait is unseemly, or any of these things, in time she will become so. If she wears something about her to cover her arms and give her hands something to do, if she carries a bouquet, fan, parasol, book, or anything, endeavoring to make herself feel unconscious, she will never arrive at that point. It is a habit that must not be fostered, or met half way, or yielded to. It can be overcome like any other bad habit. Observe how the best bred lady of your acquaintance departs herself; see how she places her feet when she sits down, how she carries her hands, how she greets her friends, how she enters and leaves a room, how she conducts herself in church, how she behaves at a lecture or concert, especially when you are quite sure that the performance does not accord with her ideas of propriety. You will learn more in this way, quietly and unobserved, too, than from any other avenue that could be open to you, save that of mingling in the society of the educated and the cultured. Books are good, but they do not teach us in a way that will help us much, though they are our friends.

We hold that if the heart is right, if we act from good and kind motives, loving our race and glad to do good to all, leading correct, and pure, and upright, active Christian lives, we cannot be awkward, or very homely or unlovely. We must be somewhat graceful, in some way beautiful, and attractive, and winsome, and people must love and respect us. It cannot be otherwise. It is a contradiction. The face, the one window for the out-looking soul, must wear something beautiful—eyes, or mouth, or glowing countenance; or a serene ex-

pression that has a language understood; or a sweet peace that settles down upon the white brow and temples; or, lastly, the soft, kind, tender, musical voice. So we would vote down the idea of awkwardness in a good woman or a good man.

We hope we've said something that will suggest to the woman the kind of a wrap she wants; and yet, as an old lady said when we gave her a recipe for ginger-cakes, "it's a heap easier writ than understood." We wish her dolman would suit her as well as ours pleases us; and if we were not a thousand miles to the eastward from her, we would be glad to fit hers for her, and take our pay in hearing her husband say: "My eyes, Melinda, what a pretty woman you are!"

She spoke of her hands not suiting the make of any kid glove that she had ever tried to wear. Lisle thread gloves are in good taste at nearly all times. Girls are so slow to learn this. They will persist in wearing all colors of kid gloves, morning, noon and night, on all occasions, even in the cars, where the coal-dust settles like grime on the window-sills, and is caught up by wearing-apparel, which it damages beyond repair.

But the average American woman is slow to learn; she is dull in seeing that which is so plain that he who runneth may read. For best occasions, if her hands don't incline to wear kid, silk gloves will be found an admirable substitute; they yield with every motion, and settle neatly to the shape of the hands. Silk lace of the proper color can be fulled slightly and put about the wrists of such gloves.

CHATTY BROOKS.

"ONE SHALL BE TAKEN."

WE all remember the little talk we had with Lichen in early spring. How she told us about her birds, then, in imagination, took us visiting, and finally, before kissing us good-bye, sang a stanza or two from one of the dearest of dear old hymns—"Jerusalem the Golden."

This was in March. That stormy, young month blustered out soon after. April with rain-wet cheeks and fruity breath stepped in, then came May, June. There was no rift in the season's chain. Violets peeped from under their hooded leaves, pink and white blossom-clouds hung on the orchard boughs, red roses blushed in yellow sunshine, sculptured lilies drooped beneath evening dews, waters murmured, soft rains refreshed the earth, the birds came back to last year's nests and reared their broods anew, while up and down the wide earth there was no dimness on its beauty, no chord of all its harmonies silent. No, there has been no rift in the season's chain. Nature never has occasion to lament a loss. Counting her fragrant rosary she finds no broken link through all its golden length. Only over frail humanity is chanted the sad refrain:

"Ye are changed, ye are changed! and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year."

Out of the glare of the midday sun into our shady parlor I would ask you to come, dear members of the "Home Circle." There is something I want to tell you, and if my little talk proves less cheery than Lichen's, you will find it, at the close, pointing up the same bright way—toward Jerusalem the Golden.

Here where my pink and white, and purple and

crimson fuchsia-bells droop in the darksome coolness, and where vine-shadows flicker over the floor, I would have you gather around me and listen to a story so common—oh, so common! Your eyes will become dewy because you will recognize it as your story, too. If not already told on your life-page you know that soon or late it is to be written there. It begins with and ends with: "One shall be taken."

Last October we were called as a family to mourn the death of our dear Lottie. Our sweet sister, whose loving influence was felt through all our lives, and whose gentle presence and active goodness were so a part of them, we miss her in every way, and at every turn. After a long and painful illness, meekly, cheerfully borne, she found rest in the arms of that Saviour whom she had come to love and trust so entirely. Borne on the wings of prayer her pure spirit entered the Pearly Gate to go out no more forever.

All through the spring and summer of '79 our sister lingered, apparently gathering strength and healing from the budding and blossoming of her favorite flowers. She returned refreshed and invigorated from her short rides, and one bright day even went so far as to walk around the garden without experiencing any great fatigue. Our hopes for her ultimate recovery were short-lived, however. She faded with the fading of the flowers. The book of her earthly existence closed with the falling leaves.

Toward the close of one of autumn's sweetest days we laid in the grave the

"Worn-out fetter that the soul
Had broken and thrown away."

Dead leaves rustled under foot, night's shadows were creeping around us, but in the west burned the pure crimsons and ambers of a cloudless sunset sky, while above this sea of color swung the young moon's silver bow, and glittered one star, seeming just ready to drop with its weight of glory.

In compliance with her dying request,

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,"

was sung over her grave. As the tender, pathetic words floated out on the evening air, they seemed but the echo of our hearts—not hers. Temptation and danger lurked along our path, for her life's taper had burned out; she slept sweetly on the breast of her Saviour, to wake in His arms on that morning whose sun shall no more go down.

You all remember how there came to three of the disciples one blessed hour when they saw the brightness of the upper glory, and walked with the Master and with angels. These radiant beings departed, the darkness and chill of night descended, Jesus alone was with them. This is an experience with which many of us are familiar. The voice out of the cloud calls those whom we would fain detain; the rapt face, the bright form vanishes, but blessed are we if we see Jesus near. He will not leave any comfortless.

Some one has said that as we walk the street we do not feel very far from one who is just on the other side of him whose arm is linked with ours. So, continues this eloquent thinker, as we go through the world, mourning friends, there is only One between us and the beloved, and that One is Christ.

"Nor murmur we to-day

That He who gave should claim His own again;
Long from her native Heaven she could not stay.

The servant goes—the Master will remain."

"One shall be taken." Yes, such loss is the common lot. Yet none who are left bending under the cares and responsibilities of life—alone at the grinding—need feel solitary. Our Saviour has said: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Even unto the end! Then, the "place prepared." The "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast."

MADGE CARROL.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 49.

"Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing affection;

For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mind."

TUPPER.

I COME to-day to lay a flower upon the shrine of friendship. What earthly altar more pure to carry our gifts to? What feeling of the affections gives more lasting and satisfactory pleasure? Love has its pains and fears, its changes from bliss to torture. Family affection is natural, and a matter of course, because we are bound by ties of blood; yet *sometimes*, between those who are linked in this way, there is so little that is congenial, or so much that is antagonistic, that the bond is broken, and they are severed more widely than strangers.

But true friendship, built upon mutual merit and congeniality, is a warm and steady flame, that burns without consuming, and gives some of the purest happiness earth can know. To feel that one is drawn to us, simply by the qualities they see in us to love or admire, or by kindred tastes or sympathies; and then to find them gathering us closely into their heart, giving us of its best treasures, while we give the same in return; cheering and strengthening us with their companionship, brightening our lives in the many little ways by which such affection shows itself, perhaps giving us needed counsel in some extremity, or standing by us in some great crisis—this is pure, heart-warming happiness. Some of the greatest examples of strong affection recorded in the annals of time, are friendships which have existed between souls united in such a manner. As long ago as the days of the Hebrew kings, it is said in the Bible that Jonathan loved David "with a love passing that of women." What wondrous love must that have been, which could have surpassed, or even equaled the depth of devotion which some women give, wholly, self-abnegatingly, almost adoringly.

In later times, the friendship of Damon and Pythias made them so notable that the world quotes them yet as examples. And many other examples we have of its power and beauty among

both men and women. I have had the good fortune, or I might say, blessing, during the past winter, of forming two of the most delightful friendships of my life, with two of the loveliest of women. They came to spend the cold weather in this milder climate than their own, and boarded in our near neighborhood. The acquaintanceship made soon after their arrival, quickly ripened into warm affection, in our almost daily meetings. One was so tender and motherly in her ways, it was a pleasure just to sit beside her and see the love-light in her eyes, and feel the warm pressure of her hand. The other, so sweet and bright in her playful moods, and so warmly affectionate with all she loved. Two sisters, of whom it was hard to tell which one was most to be admired; and who won friends wherever they went. Their lives have been filled with varied experience, and their blessings and trials have yielded rich fruit to beautify their later years. They told me many pleasant stories of the outer world where they have traveled. One of them has spent several winters in the Bermudas, and she told me much of that delightful clime, the beauty of its scenery, its almost tropical verdure, its handsome villas and gay cosmopolitan society. It was she who gave me the little sprig of cedar from Lebanon, which I placed in my wreath—brought to her by a young friend, who, with her husband, spent some of the first months after their marriage in traveling through that land of sacred story. Together they stood upon the brow of Olivet, and looked into the garden of Gethsemane, and sat in the cottages of Bethany, talking over the old story of the two sisters who once entertained the Divine Guest there. They paused on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and gazed across those waters whose tumult was once hushed by the utterance of three words from Omnipotent lips. They walked the streets of Nazareth, over the ground which was trod by those sacred feet, from the period of infancy to that of manhood, and wondered sadly at the forlorn and desolate aspect of many of those spots which are hallowed to us as the scenes of our great Master's work and life on earth. They gathered little mementos here and there—leaves and flowers, pebbles and bits of rock, to treasure in memory of these places, and to bring to their

friends. The branch of cedar from which the bit I have was broken, was given them by a pilgrim whom they met with—a sort of religious devotee, who lived among the mountains of Lebanon, and made a yearly pilgrimage to Jerusalem at the season of the crucifixion.

In such talks as these, many an hour of the winter days was spent, while fingers were busy with knitting and crochet-needles. Sometimes, when the skies were dark, and a cold mist was falling, and the day looked long and gloomy in prospect, these friends would come in unexpectedly, and brighten every one with their cheeriness.

But the winter days passed, the early spring flew rapidly after, and other friends and places called these dear companions away from us, and when May brought warmer airs over all the land, they went back to their far, northern homes, leaving such a vacant spot, which can be only partly filled with the sweet memories of their visit, because of the pain which comes with the thought that I will probably never see them again. Yet there is a bright hope even then; that in the life to come, where those that are congenial must meet in happy re-union, those friendships will be renewed and perfected. Pollock speaks beautifully on this subject where he fancies the ancient bard of earth, transferred to Heaven, and relating to others there his remembrance of earthly friendships, and the pleasure of seeing them continued in the heavenly sphere:

"Nor unremembered is the hour when friends
Met; friends but few on earth, and therefore dear;
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;
Yet always sought.

Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day. And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.

* * * * *
"And many friendships in the days of Time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still."

LICHEN.

Art at Home.

ART IN THE NURSERY.—We would most earnestly call the attention of our readers to the subject of art in the nursery. Putting aside toys and books for the present, there is still much scope for pictures on the walls. Children study such things much more than some people suppose. They remember them long afterward; and many a child looks back to the picture which hung over his bed years and years after other and better pictures might have been expected to drive it out of his head. The importance of supplying children with examples of good art cannot be insisted upon too much. Their taste may be warped by some piece of poor design, or some gaudy, inharmonious coloring. It would be much better to tack on the walls some good wood-cuts or engraving, copies of pictures that will always be famous though the

painter shall have long since ceased to hold his brush. It will indeed be well for us to decorate the walls of the nursery and school-room with prints whose teachings will not have to be unlearned if possible in after-life.

BED-ROOM DECORATION.—We would suggest a few hints on bed-room decoration, quite within the scope of ordinary means, and cut the following from the *Art Interchange*, which will cover the ground most satisfactorily:

A beautiful cou terpane may be made by embroidering groups of flowers in crewels upon squares of linen, then joining them by an insertion of coarse linen lace between each square. The border of the lace insertion should be finished with a narrow band of the linen, worked with some run-

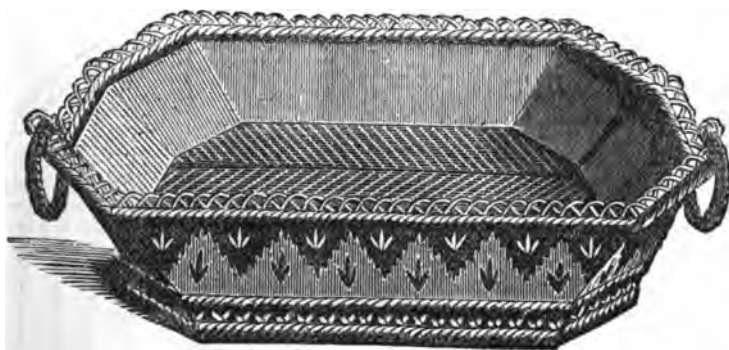
ning vine pattern, and edged with lace. Pillow-“ahams” to match may have a single square of embroidered linen in the centre, the rest made with alternate bands of linen, and with lace insertions. A pretty and convenient little dressing-table may be made by covering a pine table with pink silesia, and putting over that a flounce of fine cheese-cloth worked with sprays of wild roses in pink crewel, and edged with linen lace. The little mahogany dressing-glasses with two drawers underneath, and with brass mountings, seem especially suitable for use in this connection. These may be set upon a linen strip, or scarf, crossing the dressing-table, and fringed, hem-stitched into squares, and ornamented with detached roses with leaves and buds, embroidered like the flounce. Hanging tent-wise above the mirror is a drapery of cheese-cloth, lined with pink, embroidered with rose-wreaths and edged with lace. Supplement this with a dainty pin-cushion, a pair of brass dragon candlesticks, holding pink candles, a pair of ivory brushes, and the other appurtenances of toilet use you have, at small expense, an inviting object in your room. Chintz or *crêtonne*, attainable nowadays in simple flat tints of color subordinated to geometrical grouping in design, is a valuable adjunct to economically-inclined house-keepers. Curtains are often made of a single width of the *crêtonne*, edged with a narrow box-plaiting of the same, draped in folds to hang unlooped on either side of the window frame. The valance at the top is a mere band of *crêtonne*, lined with stiff material, and bordered with box-plaitings. Drapery like this can be put up by expert fingers with no more important aid than that afforded by a step-ladder and a few tacks. Under it should be hung sash curtains of small-patterned muslin, leno or madras. With a lounge covered in the same material, a few odd tables

and chairs, some book and mantel-shelves to contain pet books, a shaker rocking-chair, the perfection of homely ease, a few photo-gravures in frames of gilded oak, the bed-room may be made as attractive, in its way, as the more costly apartments below stairs. The new American wall-papers are excellent in design, at so small a cost that one can hardly resist giving the key-note to a room by using one of them. The washstand also invites domestic ingenuity to try its skill in adornment. The “splash” curtain used behind it to protect the wall may be worked in colored washing-cottons upon linen in a variety of designs, and a young lady has recently painted a complete toilet set on ivory-tinted ware, with patterns of seaweed, grass and shells.

A PRETTY SCREEN.—No modern drawing or sitting-room is considered furnished without at least one screen. It can be moved about to preserve from draughts, it makes a cozy corner on cold days when the room seems too large to be pleasant. A very pretty screen can be made with a three-leaved clotheshorse covered neatly with heavy wall-paper of a good design, and finished with a dado. A handsome one can be made by covering this framework with a coarse canvas fastened strongly with tacks, the canvas to be covered with paper; so much for the foundation of our screen. The woodwork will be hidden by bands of stamped leather sold in strips of two or three inches wide, and very cheap. This will be fastened on by fancy brass-headed nails. On one side we will have Japanese papers, figures and flowers, etc., on a black ground, and on the other side some *crêtonne*.

TO DARKEN MAHOGANY.—If mahogany, or other wood, is required to be of a dark color, cold drawn linseed oil should be used.

Fancy Needlework.



OCTAGON WICKER-BASKET.

AN OCTAGON WICKER-BASKET WORKED WITH CREWELS.—The upper sides of the basket are worked in points in marking stitch with bronze-colored wool, and small leaves in long stitch of yellow floss-silk. A similar pattern of three leaves worked with bright blue wool on each point

of the wicker. The whole of the basket is lined with blue silk, leaving the open wicker edge free. A double row of cord is sewn round the bottom, and between it is a band of bronze worked with vandykes of yellow silk. Another cord of bronze point covers the upper edge.

A USEFUL SACHEL.—Materials: Deep red plush, red silk for lining, old gold-colored ribbon, pale blue and gold-colored twist and hand-strap of red morocco, with gilt buckles.

Take a width of deep red plush, about three-quarters of a yard long. Tack on a band of olive-green satin ribbon down the centre, and another band of ribbon round the border of the velvet, leaving a suitable space all round. The centre band should not extend beyond the outer ribbon. On each side of the ribbon is a fine cord of a paler shade, spotted with gold-colored silk. The ribbon is crossed with pale blue cord in lozenges, fastened with an embroidered spot of gold silk. The outer edges of the ribbon are worked with points of blue cord, with a trefoil at each point. The bag is lined with red satin, and quilted and wadded. It is then doubled into three, and stitched up to form a pocket, leaving the third part to fold over. A handsome cord of the various colors finishes off the edges.



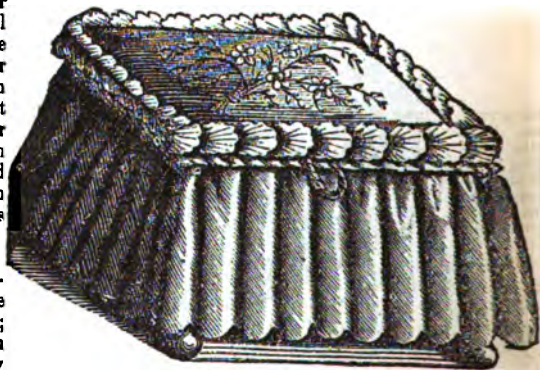
A USEFUL SACHEL.

TRAVELING-BASKET.—A cheap plaited straw basket may be made exceedingly pretty by the addition of a trimming composed of eight pointed scollops, cut out of any piece of colored *beige* or light cloth. The size round the top must be ascertained, and divided into eight parts, which will give the width required for each scallop. These scollops can be braided with bright, contrasting colors. The pattern should be traced on tissue paper, and tacked on the cloth: the braiding is then an easy matter and the paper can be pulled away when the work is finished. The scollops should have a narrow band of black, or some dark suitable shade of cloth or velvet, sewn round the edge, leaving the same width of cloth beyond, worked with a braid on each edge, and pattern of cross stitching in netting silk. After attaching the scollops to the basket, a full ruche of satin ribbon is fastened round the top with a cord formed of twisted braids or wool. The tassels are made of wool with knitted silk tops. The handles of the basket are better made of string, as they are stronger than straw, and can be easily covered with ribbon, or strips of cloth, and recovered when shabby. Strings of the same ribbon as the ruche are stitched on at the handles and tied across the basket.



TRAVELING-BASKET.

JEWEL-BOX.—The box is made of cardboard. Cut the board into six pieces, five inches in length and three inches in depth; cover them with blue or any colored satin to match the toilet. The inside is slightly wadded. Sew four parts together, and add another for the bottom of the box; the sixth part forms the lid, the outside of which is covered with a pattern embroidered on canvas, and well wadded. The edge is trimmed with ribbon leaves and a thick cord to match. A frill of satin



JEWEL-BOX.

ribbon is neatly sewn on the upper edges of the box, and hangs loose at the bottom. The box is mounted on four gilt balls.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

IN addition to the surtout costumes, mentioned in our last number, Dame Fashion gives models for tea-gowns and pilgrimage-suits. The former of these consists of a pleated round skirt, or perhaps a slight demi-train worn with a long gown which is nearly straight. The fronts are loose, without darts, and fall open from the throat, disclosing the dress beneath. The back has short English side forms fitted as closely as a basque, is quite smooth over the tournure, and the middle back forms end in large loops with sash ends. The straight front and sides fit as smoothly as possible, and meet just under the loops of the back, falling open thence. The underdress may be of a dark red or blue cashmere, skirt and basque, and the long gown of gay brocaded silk, trimmed with collar, cuffs, pockets and facings to match the cashmere. The gown is tied at the throat with a bunch of ribbon of a contrasting color—red, if the cashmere, trimmings, etc., be blue. A band of brocade like the gown, four inches wide is around the kilt skirt.

The pilgrimage-suit, with long gown and hood, is intended for yachting and traveling. This has a long, straight overdress, with a loose front, like a tea-gown, tied instead of buttoned, made of navy-blue serge, or else bottle-green cashmere, lined throughout with red Surah silk. A square collar of doubled Surah, a monk's hood lined with the bright Surah, and square cuffs of the silk, doubled and turned over at the top, brighten this garment. The skirt is a serge kilt, and the waist is a sailor-like blouse of red Surah, which shows plainly as the gown slopes away from the throat. A square

collar in sailor shape is on the blouse, while the hood is on the overdress.

Dresses generally, however, vary little. It is very easy to remodel old dresses by making use of the novelty goods for trimming and combination—that is, the figured and brocaded fabrics. Whole cloth suits are severely plain. Coat basques, and long-waisted, tight-fitting jackets, are frequently made of a material entirely different from the skirt, which last, however, may be decorated with folds, or pleatings of the same stuff as the bodice. White and ecru muslins trimmed with embroidery are much liked.

Handkerchief suits still retain popularity, as also the unbleached muslin or cheese-cloth costumes, trimmed with Madras cloths or red calicoes. Soft flannel, called *beige de santé*, makes useful everyday suits. A new fancy for grenadine dresses is to make them up over red or yellow silk, instead of black, as formerly. Such dresses are ornamented with clusters of red and yellow roses.

Handsome fringes and jet ornaments are used upon handsome black costumes. These last usually have some touches of color—red, yellow, or both together, being the favorites. Black and creamy Spanish lace will be worn more than ever.

Hats become more and more eccentric, turned up in front or at the side, or even at the back, in which latter case they come down like a thatched roof over the brow. The English gypsy hat is in great favor for young ladies. It has a scoop front, and is similarly rounded in the back, where it rolls over slightly; the sides are quite close to the head. Turbans with wide, rolled brims, and crowns sloping almost to a point, are new, but the popular shape has the soft crown of the material of the costume laid in many folds.

Notes and Comments.

One Day in Seven.

The primal idea of Sunday never grew out of a man's brain. No human intelligence ever devised the plan of forcing men to stop short at stated times in their plowing, buying, cobbling and all the million ways of earning food and clothes, to ask themselves, "What is the meaning of it all? Where did I come from before I began this work? Where am I going? What am I to do when the journey is over?"

New York Tribune.

NO man who has intelligence enough to think above the natural and sensual degrees of his life, can have any doubt in regard to the true meaning and value of the one day in seven which is given to freedom from labor and the care of providing for the needs of the body. Men may differ in their views as to the right observance of this one day; but there is no really sane man who would not regard its abolition as among the greatest of calamities that could befall society.

But the question as to how it shall be observed—the cessation from labor being accorded—must be

determined by each individual for himself, and each must be left free to spend Sunday as he pleases, so that he does not violate the law, disturb public order or interfere with his neighbor's rights or privileges. Any attempt of one class of persons to enforce their peculiar method of keeping Sunday upon another class that holds a different view in regard to the manner of spending this day, has its origin in bigotry, and is wrong and oppressive. The law goes no further than to require of the people that they shall abstain from their ordinary business on Sunday—that labor and traffic shall cease on that day. But as to how this day of enforced idleness shall be spent it says not a word—leaving every one free to get the most good out of it that he can, according to his condition, opinions, needs and feelings. Those who seek for the highest good, make it a day of religious instruction and worship; but there are many, and these constitute at the present time the larger part of every community, who take

but little, if any interest in spiritual things, and who will not keep the day with any religious observance. And yet Sunday is for these also, and if they find in it only mental and physical recreation, after the toil of a week, it has given them from its ample store of blessings for every degree of life, the best they will take.

Everything that hurts the neighbor, and everything that is irreverent or blasphemous, is as wrong for Sunday as for week days—and all violations of divine law rest just here. Now, a moment's reflection will make it clear to any unprejudiced mind, that a walk in the country on Sunday does no wrong to the neighbor, and has in it nothing irreverent or blasphemous. And there are minds so constituted, that a truer worship may be offered up in the great temple of nature than in a house built by human hands. What is true of a walk in the country, is just as true in regard to visiting a library or picture gallery, and spending some of the hours assigned to rest and recreation among books or works of art. The hard-working mechanic, the closely employed clerk or merchant, who does not feel inclined to go to church, would be far more profitably and innocently employed if taste and inclination led him to a library or a picture gallery, than if he were to lie stupidly in bed, or were drawn into vicious associations, as so many are in their efforts to kill time. In what lies the difference, before God, of spending one or more hours on Sunday in a library at home, or in spending an equal portion of time in a public library? Do Christian men and women never look on Sunday at the pictures which adorn the walls of their houses, or show them with pride and pleasure to their friends?

Let the over-zealous Sabbatarian, who is so ready to abridge the freedom of others in their use of Sunday, look a little more closely into the ways in which Christian people themselves spend the larger part of each day of rest. Are all the hours given to pious service, or spiritual instruction? Is there no use of the library? No enjoyment of pictures at home or in the houses of friends? No cultivation of a taste for the beautiful? No healthful walks, or pleasant, social visiting? No sports with children, or cheerful intercourse with friends? Can he give a reason that any man of sound judgment will accept, or that clearly satisfies even himself, why these things may innocently be done by professing Christians, and yet sin lie at the door of him who, having no books or pictures of his own, seeks a public library or picture gallery in which to spend a portion of Sunday?

The volunteer keepers of other men's consciences are a considerable class in every community. As might be supposed, they are, as a rule, too much absorbed in the work of keeping others in the external, narrow way which they call the way to Heaven, to give as much heed as might be prudent to their own steps. They lay great stress on mere observance, and denounce and condemn those who do not agree with them, with a zeal that is often without knowledge. Too many of them are only self-deceiving Pharisees, who make a parade of religion on Sunday, but who are not distinguished for justice and sincerity in their business life and common dealings with their fellow-men.

But there is a truer and nobler type of Christian men and women, who are steadily growing in

numbers and gaining in influence. They are not of the holier-than-thou class; and do not regard themselves as special favorites of God because of any profession, or union with any body calling itself a church. They are worshipping Christians; worshipping as well in their observance of the golden rule in business, and home, and social life, as in the congregation of the people on Sunday. With them religion is life, and the life of religion to do good.

Christian men and women of this class are beginning to understand more and more clearly the true meaning of our Lord's word: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;" and to see that whatever is good for a man in any of the degrees of his life, is right to be done on the Lord's day. If there are those who will not, or who cannot for lack of the spiritual culture to do so, appropriate to themselves the higher blessings and privileges which this day of freedom from the care of providing for the body gives them the opportunity to accept and enjoy, shall we deny to them the blessings and privileges of every lower degree? If they will not go to church, because the church does not offer them what they desire, shall we shut them out of the library, the picture gallery, the Park and the garden; when we know that the gates to vice and crime stand open on every side?

You cannot draw men toward the church by dealing with them in this way; but you may, and usually do by such a course push them farther away from it than they would otherwise stand. The ground of a healthy and cheerful mind, which needs a healthy body to rest upon, is far more favorable to the germination of heavenly seed and the growth of love to God and the neighbor, than the ground of a sour, gloomy and discontented spirit; whatever helps to promote the former and dispel the latter, is good to be done on Sunday. It is good, therefore, for those who have been confined in workshops, and stores, and close rooms, and amid depressing and nerve-exhausting conditions all the week, to get out into the open air in some part of the day on Sunday. To seek if they can, the woods and fields, and to obtain all possible and orderly mental and bodily recreation. What this shall be, each one must be left free to determine for himself, so that he does not wrong or disturb others; and true Christian charity will endeavor to enlarge these means of Sunday recreation instead of seeking to abridge them. Let them be sanctified to use—higher or lower use as the case may be—and the blessing of God will be upon them.

To keep holy the Sabbath is to keep the heart free from evil, and to consecrate the day to the service of others. What the character of that service shall be will depend entirely upon the condition and special needs of those we seek to benefit. If we cannot draw them into our churches, let us do the best for them that we can outside of the churches. If they do not care for spiritual things, let us meet them on the natural plane of life, and do for them there the best that is possible. There is no evil in innocent enjoyment; no more evil for Sunday than for a week day. Give the people full liberty in innocent things, and you will the more easily implant in them spiritual things; for these can only take root in the ground of freedom and innocence.

Viola and the Miniature.

SHAKESPEARE, in "Twelfth Night," gives us merely a suggestion of this beautiful picture. Viola, while disguised as a page, and serving the noble duke, Orsino, whom she loves devotedly, is herself, in her supposed character, loved by the fair countess, Olivia, to whom Orsino is paying court. The duke, having sent his pretended page with a message to the lady, the latter presses her portrait into Viola's hand with these words:

"Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow."

We can imagine the young girl's confused feeling, as in solitude she contemplates the representation of the lovely lady's face. No doubt a deep sympathy predominates, for Viola as well as Olivia cherishes a secret, hopeless passion. And no doubt, also, in later years, Viola prized Olivia's portrait as that of a beloved sister—for, of course, all ends well. As our readers are aware, Viola's brother Sebastian is so like herself in her masculine attire, that Olivia marries him without discovering her mistake; whereupon Orsino, finding himself baffled, and learning Viola's identity, rewards her for her faithfulness by making her his wife. Olivia and Viola greet each other as sisters, and all are happy.

Atlantic City.

OUR Ocean Suburb will present many new attractions this season, and an unusually large influx of visitors may be anticipated. During the winter and spring, a number of hotels and boarding-cottages were kept open, some of which were well filled with invalids and health-seekers who find the air of Atlantic City particularly genial and bracing. There is a dryness in the atmosphere not found at any other sea-side resort, except Newport, and physicians generally give it the preference when they desire sea air for their patients. The railroad facilities are much increased; but the public will still find the old reliable Camden & Atlantic Road the safest and speediest line of transit to the shore.

Publishers' Department.

HAY FEVER.

This affection is known by other names: "Rose Cold," "Hay Asthma," etc. But a large majority of the cases begin in August, and entirely independent of the presence of hay or roses. The most appropriate name, perhaps, is Annual Catarrh. And yet some cases, in some of their stages, present marked symptoms of Asthma.

It is needless to say that this affection has baffled every kind of medical treatment. It is very properly styled an "*opprobrium medendi*." We have experience, however, to warrant us in saying that almost every case of it may be cured. But it is of little use to expect that an attack can be stopped, if the treatment be delayed until it is fully established.

So far, in our administration of Compound Oxygen, we have had but a few cases of Hay Fever; but in each of these cases relief has been

prompt. The disease occurring but once a year, and being of comparatively short duration, persons affected therewith have not sought our treatment in the same proportion as those suffering from chronic affections of a more permanent character.

But we are satisfied that "Hay Fever" will yield as surely to the action of Compound Oxygen as any other nervous or catarrhal disease. But the treatment, to be surely successful, should be commenced long enough before the expected invasion of the disease for the patient to have taken one full two months' supply of Compound Oxygen. Then a new supply should be on hand within the first ten days of the attack, to be promptly used if the attack make its appearance. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which contains an account of the discovery of this new remedy for chronic diseases, and a record of remarkable cases and cures, sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, Philadelphia, Pa.

RESULTS OF VIVISECTION.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

From the New York Tribune.

A series of highly interesting experiments with dogs has been lately made by Professor Mott, and in the *Scientific American* of February 7th a detailed account is given. The disclosures are so unpleasant and startling, coming home as they do to every one, that we believe they should be given the greatest publicity. The effort Dr. Mott is making to purify our articles of kitchen use should receive the support of every thinking man and woman. There has been too much indifference on this subject—an indifference that has resulted in Americans earning the title of "a race of dyspeptics." Poison, year after year, is introduced into the stomach with a criminal disregard to consequences that is appalling. If every purveyor of domestic supplies will carefully consider the result of Dr. Mott's experiments, as detailed in the *Scientific American*, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of these evils will be corrected.

Dr. Mott says: "The introduction of alum in flour, for various purposes, has been a trick of the baker for the past one hundred years. Fortunately for society, its introduction is limited now to a few unscrupulous bakers. In England, France and Germany, it is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to use alum in any connection with articles of food. It should be so in America."

The Royal Baking Powder Company, of this city, a long-established corporation, celebrated for the absolute purity of their goods, some time ago commenced a vigorous warfare against many of their competitors who were indulging in hurtful adulteration. The contest excited great interest in scientific circles, in which Prof. Angell, Dr. Mott and other leading lights took a very prominent part. The experiments of Dr. Mott are a result of this discussion, and go to prove conclusively that the most dangerous adulteration that a community has to guard against is alum in baking-powders. In his paper, the doctor says: "It was with difficulty I found a suitable place to conduct the experiments so that the animals would not disturb the neighborhood; but, through the courtesy of the Commissioners of the Dock Department, I secured a shed on the premises, foot of Sixteenth Street and East River. This shed I had com-

pletely remodeled into a suitable house, having the dimensions of about 16x14x12 feet. Sixteen stalls were made inside, having the dimensions of 3½x2x2½ feet. The bottom of each compartment was covered with straw, making a pleasant bed for the dogs. I then secured sixteen dogs from the Pound, which were all carefully examined to see if they were in a perfect state of health. None but the strong, healthy dogs were selected. The breed, age, food, color and weight of every dog was carefully noted. Each dog was then confined to a stall and securely chained, and they all received a number from one to sixteen. I commenced my experiments on the 9th of September, and finished December 3d. My assistant was with the dogs from morning until night, and never left the animals without first securely bolting and locking the dog-house. No stranger was allowed to enter the house unaccompanied either by myself or my assistant, and the dogs never received a mouthful of food or anything else from any one except from my assistant or myself. I will now detail the result of my experiments:

"Dog No. 1.—Breed of dog, coach. Age, one year. Health, perfect. Food, bread and crackers. Color, spotted black and white. Weight, thirty-five pounds.

"To this dog, on the morning of the 9th of September, was given eight biscuits at 8:10 o'clock. The biscuits were made by myself as follows: One quart sifted flour, twenty teaspoons alum baking-powder, two cups water, one tablespoon butter; twenty-two biscuits made, weighing twenty-seven ounces; time of baking, twenty minutes.

"At 11:30, just three hours and twenty minutes, the dog was taken very sick, vomiting profusely; his vim and brightness of eye had departed, and he trembled considerably in his limbs."

Experiments were then made upon three dogs with biscuits containing only ten teaspoonfuls of alum baking-powder. The result indicated that some animals are more liable to yield to the effects of poisonous substances than others are. When, on the other hand, three other dogs were fed with biscuits made with pure cream of tartar baking-powder, no ill effects were experienced. They ate and ate with an evident relish, day after day, and even whined for more.

It was next necessary to discover what effect alum has on the solvent power of the gastric juice. In order to obtain some pure gastric juice, a curious device was resorted to. Dr. Mott sent several dogs to Prof. Arnold, Medical Department of the University of New York, who inserted a small metallic tube directly through the skin and into the stomach of each one of them. When the dogs were in a perfectly healthy condition, Prof. Arnold sent to Dr. Mott some gastric juice, which was produced by tickling the lining of the stomach of the dogs with a feather or glass rod, which caused the gastric juice to flow out of the tube into a receptacle placed underneath the dog to receive it.

Dr. Mott, aided by Prof. Schedler, then began some experiments with the four samples of gastric juice which he had received from Prof. Arnold, to discover the effect of the gastric juice in which alum had been dissolved upon fibrine, a white, very easily digested substance, having a basis of coagulated blood. The fibrine was imperfectly digested, and the experiments were very important, as showing that alum can check the digestion

of so easily digested a substance as fibrine. They indicated, therefore, how dangerous it is to introduce these two salts into our stomachs, if we do not wish to excite indigestion and dyspepsia. Further experiments showed that the digestive power of the gastric juice is entirely destroyed by alum, so far as its power of dissolving the more indigestible substances, like the boiled white of an egg, is concerned.

Dr. Mott then determined to learn whether alumina could be found in the various organs of the body if a dog was fed with hydrate of alumina. He found a considerable quantity of the stuff in the blood, liver, kidneys and heart.

The doctor goes on to describe the different symptoms exhibited by these dogs, as they passed through almost every phase of animal agony until they were left in a complete state of physical prostration. To those especially interested in the details of this subject, the article in the *Scientific American* supplement will give most complete information, and we will spare the sympathetic reader the account of the sufferings of these dumb brutes.

Dr. Mott's conclusions, after making these experiments, are of vital interest to every one who either makes or eats bread, and therefore concern all.

"These experiments," said he recently, while speaking before the American Chemical Society, "clearly demonstrate that the salts left in the biscuit when a cream of tartar baking-powder is used are perfectly harmless, but when an alum baking-powder is used are very dangerous; for in every case where dogs were fed on biscuits made with such powders the dogs were made very sick, causing them to vomit profusely, lose all energy and show weakness in their limbs."

It is a clear and triumphant corroboration of the assertions of the Royal Baking Powder Company, that entitles them to the gratitude and support of the community they are endeavoring to protect. As they claim, and Dr. Mott has shown, bread made of alum is totally unfit for human or animal food. 'Tis true in the bread of domestic consumption there may not be as large a proportion of baking-powders as was in the bread used by Dr. Mott, and that accounts for the fact that the symptoms in the reader are not so well defined as they were in the experiments in question. How many there are of our immediate friends suffering from this evil, scientific investigation will alone reveal; but many a lingering and suffering invalid, with no defined idea of his trouble, can easily trace it to its source by stopping the use of alum powders, substituting some brand like the Royal Baking Powder, whose manufacturers have a competent chemist in their exclusive employ, who rigidly analyzes every ingredient before its incorporation into their powder. The old cry of "honesty being the best policy" may be worn threadbare, but its truth will hold forever; and while adulterations and short weights abound, it is a pleasure to see at least one in the trade strenuously endeavoring to give full weights and pure goods.

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ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



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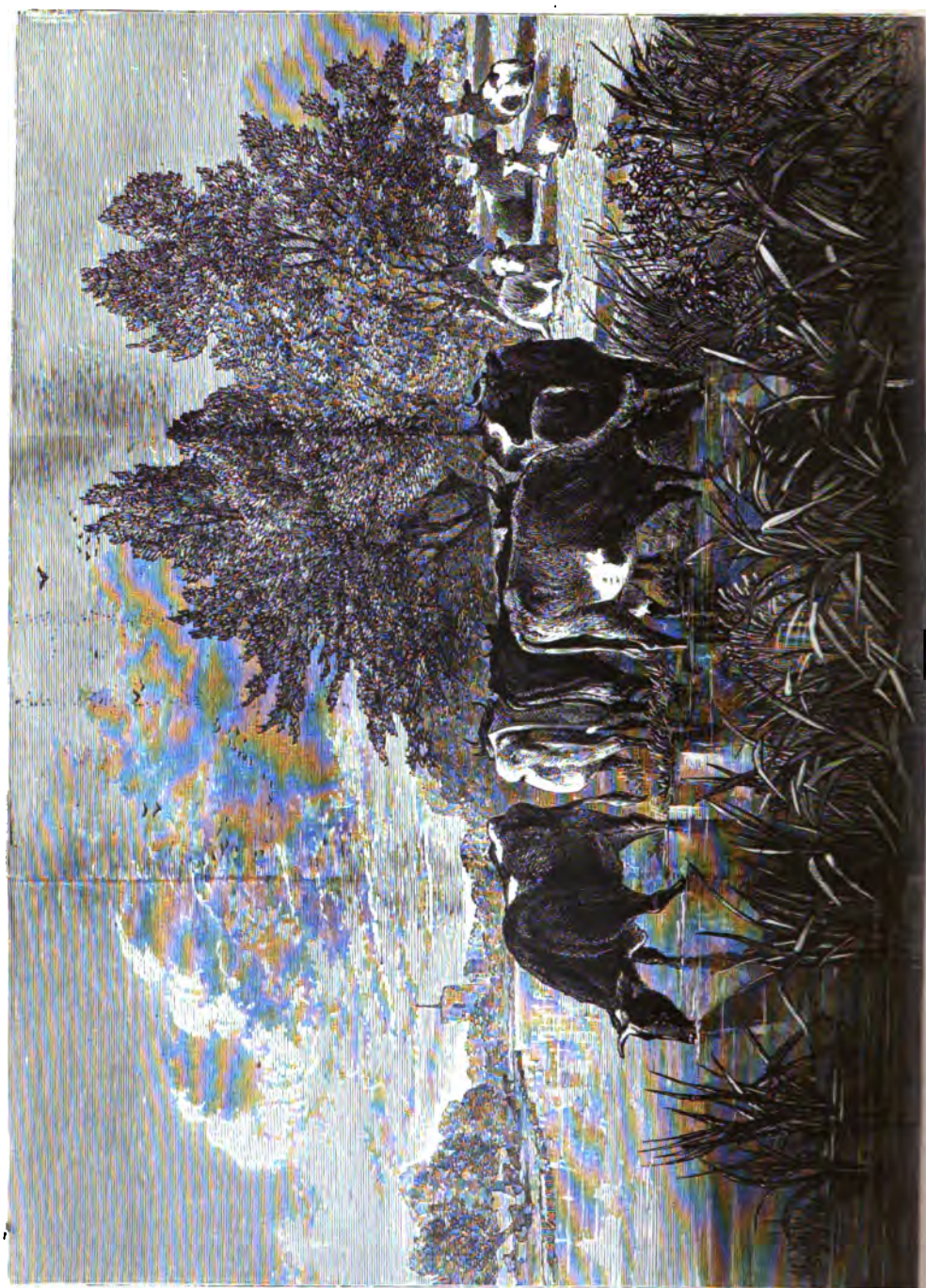
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THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER SERAPIS.

POZZUOLI.

AMONG the most flourishing of ancient Italian cities was Puteoli, now called Pozzuoli, situate on the seashore, about six miles west of Naples. It is supposed to have been of Greek origin, being one of the great ports for merchantships from Tyre long before the building of Rome. Later, Hannibal's soldiers found its riches among their chief sources of temptation. Even as late as St. Paul's day, it was still one of the principal centres of trade in the world. All ancient descriptions unite in picturing it as a scene of flourishing pleasure and opulence. The many ruins visible to-day attest its former magnificence.

Among these last are an extensive mole, built to protect the harbor; many vestiges of roads, covered with crumbling tombs; an amphitheatre, one of the largest of its kind; the upper part of a

temple of Neptune; a temple of Diana, consisting of a bathing-hall; the villa Licastro, called the temple of Antinous, from the famous statue discovered there; and ruins believed to be those of Cicero's villa. But the most renowned object of all is the Serapium, or temple of Jupiter Serapis, which has supplied the museum of Naples with some of its choicest treasures, and has given occasion for most curious observations upon the changes in the coast-level, made by earthquakes and volcanic action.

It was, in fact, these last causes which reduced the town from its ancient grandeur to its present insignificance. Great convulsions in the twelfth and sixteenth centuries changed its extensive wharves and splendid structures to heaps of ruins. The modern town is dingy and dilapidated, the streets being narrow, irregular, ill-paved and many of them very steep. The public buildings are of

little interest, except when, as in the case of the cathedral, they are transformed pagan temples. The large and safe harbor, which once swarmed with foreign ships from Egypt, from Phœnicia, and, indeed from all the world, is now so filled up as to be frequented only by small fishing-craft. The ancient resort of Roman fashion and splendor is chiefly noted, in a commercial sense, for its limited manufacture of soap and of a fine, red cement, called *pozzolana*, from the volcanic earth.

About one mile north-east of Pozzuoli, is the Solfatara, the crater of a semi-extinct volcano. Aluminous springs in the vicinity have been celebrated from early antiquity. The famous lakes, Lucrinus and Avernus, are within a short walking distance. Indeed, it may be said, that no corner of the earth offers a wider field for united artistic, historical and scientific study than does this beautiful region, which, blooming, as it were, over volcanic fires, has witnessed such marvellous vicissitudes.

WHAT A CHILD'S KISS COULD DO.

IN a prison at New Bedford, Massachusetts, there now is a man who is called Jim, and who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last spring he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for a rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, but was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He kept his own counsel, and while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party began climbing the stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him: "Jim, won't you help this little girl up the stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held her arms out to him, and said: "If you will, I guess I'll kiss you."

His scowl vanished in an instant and he lifted the child up as tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs, she said: "Now you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble.

THAT BUTTON.

I AWOKE late that morning, for, drawing my old-fashioned watch from beneath the pillow, I found that it was a quarter to seven. I ought to have been up and dressed at six. But it was a rainy spring morning, and the dim, gray light had deceived me into thinking it earlier than it was. I bounced out of bed, and hurriedly began dressing. My spouse, Bessie, aroused by my energetic movements, also crept out, rubbing her sleepy, brown eyes.

"How late is it?" she inquired, lazily.

"Quarter to seven."

"My sakes! And not a bit of breakfast ready yet! And you said you had to go to L—— on the half-past seven train!"

"Yes, hang it!"

Bessie opened her eyes wide at this, and said reprovingly: "Cadwallader! What language for a deacon!"

Now I leave it to any man if it isn't provoking to have your wife allude to your position as an officer in the church every time she sees the "old Adam" rising in you! Bessie always did this. Upon this occasion, I replied to her reproof with the words: "Well, I want to know if it isn't aggravating to have my suspender button come off just now when I'm in such a hurry!" and with a rueful face I held it up. Bessie looked injured.

"Cadwallader, why will you pull and haul at everything in such a wild, reckless fashion? You ought to have cast-iron clothes! I sewed that identical button on last Friday night—sewed it on with good, stout linen thread, too! Now I suppose I'll have to leave everything and go to work at it again—when I'm in such a hurry! Dear, dear!"

Now just here is where the fuss began. If I had held my tongue at the close of Bessie's remarks, all would have been well. Since that time I have reflected, and have come to the conclusion that it was trying to a woman in a hurry to have to sit down and sew on a button which she had securely fastened only three days before. And then, too, I have learned that Bessie had a toothache that morning, and it is no wonder that she didn't feel in the best of humor. But, as I've already said, if I had only held my tongue all would have been well. Yet, sad to relate, the "unruly member" got the better of me, and I said angrily: "How strange it is, Elizabeth, that you always grumble at doing the most trifling thing for me since we are married. I wonder why it is that women change so? It is the fickleness and falseness of the sex, I presume."

"Men change, too!" Bessie retorted, with spirit. "Before marriage they are all devotion. Nothing is then too good for their lady-love; but after the knot is tied a woman is a slave, fettered for life,

obliged to heed the slightest behest of her lord and master—and *always* cheerfully!"

"Very well, Elizabeth," I said, with injured dignity. "If asking you to sew on a button is treating you like a 'fettered slave,' then, here, I'll do it!" and I drew the thread and needle from her hands. She resisted slightly; but I insisted upon taking it, and in the bitter struggle I accidentally pricked her finger.

When I saw the tiny drop of blood on her hand, my conscience smote me, and I was about to clasp her to my breast with a request for love and pardon. But Bessie was angry now, and, refusing my advances, she burst into tears and rushed from the room.

So I was left alone to sew on that button. I had never done such a thing before, except once in my boyhood when I was away at boarding-school. I believe I succeeded better on that occasion than on the present, for I must say that now I made the most bungling work of it. At first I placed the button on the garment, pushed the needle through it and drew out the long thread.

"Easy enough!" I said, much relieved; but, alas! I had forgotten to put a knot at the end of the thread, and consequently the button rolled on the floor—rolled away under the washstand. It was a cool spring morning, and flying around in the airy costume of one single garment was anything but agreeable.

I got down on my knees and tried to reach the button, but it had rolled back against the wall, and I was obliged to go out into the hall and get my cane, in order to poke it out.

Securing the button, I again attempted to sew it on my pantaloons, this time taking the precaution to make a knot at the end of my thread. It was a good-sized knot, too—as large as a full-grown pea. The first stitch was a success. The knot held the button on, and I endeavored to pass the needle through from the under side of the cloth. I poked away, and it was a long time before I could find a hole in the button for the needle to pass through; but when I did find it I knew it. Becoming desperate, I gave a fierce plunge, whereupon the needle passed through not only the cloth and the hole of the button, but also through the fleshy part of my thumb, causing me to cry out lustily and to execute a short war-dance. With blood-stained thumb I finished my sewing, and then hastily covered my shivering limbs with their proper encasements.

By this time, as the sympathetic reader, if he be a man, may imagine I was in no good humor, and was disposed to treat my better half rather coldly.

"I will show her that I can act in a dignified manner as becoming the head of the establishment!" I said, pompously, but mentally, as I strode into the dining-room.

Bessie was seated at the head of the table. Her

cheeks were flushed, and something like moisture glistened on her long, brown eyelashes, yet her manner was cold and distant. She had a nice breakfast ready, and I wondered how the little woman could have had time to prepare the golden-brown omelet, juicy steak and creamy coffee. I felt like praising her for her celerity, but this wouldn't be carrying out the course of action I had planned, so I refrained.

O reader, our conduct at this particular morning repast was wonderfully polite! It was: "Will you take coffee, Mr. Bruce?" "Shall I help you to a bit of the steak, madam?" "Thanks!" and so on, like two fools as we were.

Bessie ate but very little. And just here let me say that there is one thing I have always observed; it is this—domestic brawls never seem to interfere with a man's appetite, for he hacks away at his beefsteak, spears his potatoes with as much interest and energy as if the face opposite him were wreathed with smiles. I am speaking of mankind generally. Occasionally a man may be found who sips his coffee with a melancholy air. But what woman can make a good square meal when her heart is aching? She only sips and nibbles, crumbles her bread and drops briny tears into her coffee-cup. At least Bessie does.

Breakfast over, I hurry on my great-coat and hasten to the door, half expecting my wife to follow with her usual parting kiss; but she does not, and so with a gruff "good-bye" I leave the house.

(Bessie has since told me that after I left she rushed frantically to the door and called my name as I hurried down the street. I did not hear her, but she thought I did, and, indignant at my not heeding her, she went into the house madder than ever.)

That evening, when I descended from the car and was hurrying along homeward, a feminine voice called out: "Cally, O Cally!" I knew directly who it was that called me, for nobody ever addressed me by the name of "Cally" except Leonore Glidden, and turning around, I beheld her hurrying after me with brisk steps. A little woman with vividly-colored complexion, great black eyes, and short hair falling in dusky masses around her soft, baby-like face. She was the wife of my Cousin Harry. Years before, some folks said that she would have been mine for the asking; but I'm sure I don't know; and please set it down to my credit that I'm not one of those conceited fellows who always think a woman is crazy after them.

But Leonore wasn't my style at all. I don't care one bit for your gay, dashing leaders of fashion; I prefer a quiet, modest woman, a "keeper at home," like my little Bess.

Cousin Harry Glidden was in California; he had gone there the previous year. Folks talked

pretty hard about this. Some said that he wouldn't live with Leonore because of her gay conduct. Others said that she was so extravagant that he was obliged to go West and work like a dog to support her. He left his wife surrounded by luxuries, and with an old rheumatic aunt to chaperon her and observe the proprieties.

I hadn't seen Leonore for a long time, and, of course, returned her greetings courteously.

"Cally, I'm awful glad to see you!" she exclaimed, after shaking my hand. "I'm in such a pickle; and I thank my stars that I stumbled against you, for I was just on the verge of despair!"

"Why, what dire calamity has befallen you?" I inquired, laughing at her tragic distress.

"Well, my friend May Dent is to be married to-night. I'm on my way to the wedding. You know she lives at Holmcrest. There are two routes to go there from D—, our town, and this morning I went down to the depot intending to come through this way. Just as I was getting on the train, a telegram was handed me. I waited, of course, until I was seated before I opened and read it. It was from May, telling me to go by the other route, through Waverly, and adding that the carriage would be there to meet me. Here, you perceive, was a dilemma. It was no use to get out of the cars—in fact, I couldn't, for they had started. And here I am with no means of getting to Holmcrest, for the stage which daily passes the place has already gone. Now what shall I do, Cally?" imploringly.

"Go home and stay all night with us," I said, rather hesitatingly, for I knew Bessie didn't approve of Leonore, and I wondered how she would receive her.

But Leonore relieved my anxiety by saying decidedly: "No, I cannot do that, for May is to be married this evening, you know, and I *must* reach Holmcrest."

"Well, I'll look around and see if I can procure any conveyance. If I only had the pony I could get you there in short order," I said.

"O Cally, you're dreadfully kind!" said Leonore; and she added, laying her daintily-gloved hand on my arm: "It is only three miles out to Holmcrest, but it is getting late, and I'm awfully afraid of going with a strange driver—it is through those gloomy woods, you know. I have got my diamonds with me, beside a solid silver pitcher, a wedding present to May. Now, Cally, if you'll only go with me, I'd be tremendously grateful—and so would Harry. I'm sure your wife would order you to go if she knew what a horror I had of this lonely drive."

After a long search, I found a hack whose driver would take us out to Holmcrest. Just as I assisted Leonore, laughing and chattering, into the vehicle, I chanced to look behind me, and there, on the opposite corner, seated in our pony phaeton, was

my wife! Her face was pale and stern, her eyes sparkling with anger.

Even while I gazed, too surprised to say anything, she pulled on the reins for Dobbin to start, and, in spite of my violent gesticulations, she drove rapidly away in the direction of home.

"Why do you wave your hat and go through all those gymnastics?" inquired Leonore, bending her head with its cardinal red hat out of the hack window.

"I thought I saw an acquaintance; but I must have been mistaken," I replied, rather shortly, and too ashamed to let her know that it was Bessie.

The distance to Holmcrest was not great, but to me it seemed a thousand miles. I was so anxious to see my wife, and explain what doubtless seemed queer to her. No wonder that she was angry at seeing me ride off with another woman—right before her very eyes, too!

Leonore didn't observe my moodiness, but chattered like a magpie until we reached Holmcrest, where she alighted, almost overwhelming me with her thanks for my assistance.

As soon as possible I returned home. Entering the house, I passed at once to Bessie's room, where I found the little woman sitting alone. The room was dark with the fast-deepening twilight, and it was only by the glow of the cheery red coals in the grate that I perceived the slight, black-robed figure seated before them.

"What, pet, all alone! And in the dark, too?" I said, in what I strove hard to make jolly tones.

No answer, no movement, excepting the little white fingers quivered and clutched at one another.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" I said, tenderly, putting my arm around her.

"I hardly expected to see you at all," she replied, in a cold voice; continuing: "I went to the depot two or three hours ago to meet you and found you in much better company than mine. All I have to say, Cadwallader, is that if I were in your place I would pay some little attention to the proprieties. Miss Belinda Pepper saw you and—and she made such ugly remarks," and here Bessie broke down, weeping.

"Hang Miss Pepper!" I said, savagely. "If you'd listened or noticed my calls and gestures to you, and if you had come and gotten into the hack with Leonore and myself, no one's tongue could have wagged."

"You'll never see me in company with Leonore Glidden!" said Bessie, with a scornful sniff; and she added, beginning to weep afresh: "I never thought you'd like her better than you do me, oh!"

Bessie would listen to no explanation. Finally we began to quarrel—had a regular out-and-outer! I tell you, it was awful. Some pretty hard things were said, but it is of no use to put them down on

paper. We're both ashamed of our conduct and the cruel words written in our heart-book have been blotted out with the tears of repentance and forgiveness.

The end of the jangle came, when Bessie, in cold, determined tones, said: "Cadwallader, after what has happened, I cannot live with you. We must part. I will go to my mother."

"Very well," I returned, grimly.

"But there is one thing I should like," continued Bessie. "It is that no one will know concerning our domestic troubles. I can pretend to go on a visit to mother, and—and if it will not be too much bother, I think it would look better were you to accompany me there. If we go together there will be no talk."

"Just as you choose," I said, and then I left the room, for I felt like crying and was ashamed to show it.

Strange days were those that followed. Man and wife, living in the same house yet strangers to each other! That one week was the longest and the saddest of my life.

At its close, on Saturday morning, we started for Bessie's mother's. Bessie's three large trunks, crammed full, accompanied us. At the depot we met several acquaintances, with whom Bessie laughed and joked as if she were the personification of jollity. I admired her pluck, but could not imitate it, and, when questioned in regard to my sober face, I replied, with a grim emphasis: "*Tv-rhache!*" and I trust the recording angel will blot out the lie!

I was glad when the cars started and we could be our miserable selves again. After a few commonplace remarks, Bessie pulled her thick, brown veil over her eyes and leaned her head against the back of the seat as if she desired to rest. I drew out a newspaper and attempted to read, but the words and lines seemed all jumbled so that I could make neither head nor tail of them, and I gave up in despair, laid the paper aside and stared out of the window at the flying landscape.

We had gone but a third part of our journey, when, suddenly, it seemed as if the very roof of the train were being torn in pieces. In the midst of the terrible jar and crash, I found myself thrown headlong, and for a few minutes I lay unconscious. When I came to my senses, I found myself lying beside a shattered car, with people shrieking, engines tooting and all the other accompaniments of a railroad smash-up.

My first thought was of Bessie, and raising myself from the wooden splinters and bits of broken glass, I hurried along, scanning every prostrate form, fearing it might be that of my wife. At last I found her, lying pinioned between two car-seats. Her eyes were closed, her face white, and my heart was almost benumbed with terror when I beheld her death-like condition. Raising her

in my arms, I bore her to the hotel, for the accident had occurred just as we were passing out of the town of L—.

As soon as possible, I summoned a physician, and my relief may be imagined when, after a careful examination, he turned to me, saying: "There are no broken bones, and, I think, no internal injuries. The slight wound on the head has made her unconscious, but when she revives I would not remove her for a day or two. See! she is coming back to consciousness now. I will give her one of these powders—it will cause soothing slumber, and when she wakes in an hour or two she will be all right except being weak, and, as I said, unable to travel. Now I must go, sir, for there were two persons injured quite seriously, I believe. Good-day," and the doctor left.

I sat down by the bedside to think over the events which had occurred. My conscience smote me when I thought of the quarrel that Bessie and I had had and which was the cause of our journey and I shuddered as I thought of the load of remorse I would have had to bear had my wife been killed. And I made a solemn vow that as soon as possible I would beg her forgiveness. Then, too, I would entreat her to live with me again.

While I sat there, musing, my eyes fell upon my coat—it was covered with mud as were my pantaloons, and as I bent over to apply the clothes-brush, I felt something give way, and then there rolled upon the floor the identical suspender-button which had been the beginning of our quarrel. I smiled grimly as I took it up, feeling as though I would like to stamp on it. But that would not do, for necessity demanded its return to its proper place on my garment. I went to one of the trunks which had been sent up to our room. They had fortunately been found unharmed among the *débris* of the accident. They were considerably marred and battered, it is true, yet the contents were uninjured. Well, as I said, I went to one of the trunks, opened it and looked for Bessie's work-box, which I thought might be found in the tray of the trunk. Finding it, I looked in for thread and needle with which to sew on that refractory button, when—what did I behold! *A baby's sock!* of blue and white worsted, its companion unfinished with the ivory crochet-hook still in it! A little bewildered, I searched around in the trunk and came across a pile Lilliputian garments—tiny, linen shirts, dainty, flannel petticoats and embroidered gowns.

"What is Bessie doing with these!" I muttered, and then my heart gave a big jump, for the thought came into my head that perhaps the future wearer of this fairy-like wardrobe might belong to me—to Bessie and me! And then (and I'm not ashamed to confess it!) I cried like a baby myself to think how cross and ugly I had been to my poor, little wife. How I had not done that duty

which belongs to every man—the duty of lessening every care, overlooking all the foibles and comforting and helping the mother of his child.

I sat holding the little sock in my hand, gazing at it with a sort of an awe, when a slight rustling made me turn toward the bed. There sat Bessie! Her eyes were wide with astonishment. Then her face turned pale, then she flushed a pretty pink up to the roots of her soft, brown hair.

"What are you doing with those"—she broke off, with a little, hysterical sob, and hid her face in the pillows.

Well, I knelt by the bedside and in the spirit of sincere humility begged her to forgive all my past misdeeds—to forgive me for the sake of our little unborn child. And, if you'll believe it, Bessie lifted her head, and, smiling amid her tears, threw her arms around my neck and said that *she* was the only one to blame—and—and—well, the hour that followed was the happiest we ever spent, and at its close *Bessie sewed on that button!*

MRS. M. E. BRUSH.

EUROPEAN CATHEDRALS.

WE of America, susceptible as we are to the influence of the beautiful and the sublime in nature, the result of our dwelling in this loveliest of lands, can have only comparatively faint conceptions of artistic and architectural grandeur, such as may be gained by intelligent residents of Europe, the country most enriched by magnificent relics of an illustrious past. This fact will be more fully impressed upon the mind by an extended survey of the wonders of the most noted European cathedrals.

The Cathedral of Cologne is chiefly known as being still unfinished, though founded in 1248. It is said also that the devil furnished the original designs, and therefore it never can be completed—but the probabilities are now all the other way, as the crumbling foundations have been restored to solidity, and there is a good prospect of seeing the massive structure finished in a few months from this time. As regards the ill-favored architect, the tradition is that his satanic majesty offered to furnish a plan for the largest and grandest church in the world, on condition that he should have the first living being that crossed its threshold. His terms were accepted, and when the doorway was finished, the builders sent through it—a cat! Finding himself outwitted, the fiend pronounced upon the edifice, as we have said, the doom of perpetual incompleteness.

All this, however, has nothing to do with the architecture. It is one of the most magnificent specimens of the Gothic style, and is in the form of a cross, four hundred and forty-four feet long, two hundred and one feet wide (two hundred and

eighty-two feet in the transepts), and two hundred and one feet high. The central tower over the transept is three hundred and fifty-seven feet in height. The two main towers, when completed, will reach the great height of five hundred and eleven feet. The lofty interior, the rich, stained-glass windows (some ancient and some modern), and the fine proportions of the whole structure, impress one deeply. The exterior is, however, on account of its richness, as well as its vastness, more impressive than the interior. The main portal is no less than ninety-three feet high. The choir, which is separated from the nave by an iron screen, was completed in 1322. It is flanked by seven chapels, in which are a few paintings and several interesting monuments.

The original designs of the Cologne Cathedral are lost, and the real architect, as will be seen in its completion, was Zwirner, a master of Gothic art, celebrated throughout Europe, who died in 1861. The work is under the fostering care of the Emperor of Germany, who has already expended upon it nearly three millions of dollars, the greater part of which was from his private exchequer.

Another unfinished cathedral is that of Strasbourg, which still lacks completion in its south tower. This edifice stands upon the site of a church founded by Clovis about 510, and which was destroyed by lightning in 1007. The foundation of the present structure was laid by Bishop Werner, of Hapsburg, in 1015, and the interior was completed in 1275. Under Bishop Conrad, of Lichtenborg, in 1277, the construction of the façade was begun, by Erwin, of Steinbach, and after the latter's death, in 1318, the work was continued by his son John, who died in 1339. The spire of the north tower was completed by John Hültz in 1439, but, as we have intimated, the south tower remains unfinished to the present day. The construction of the edifice having been superintended by the ablest masters during four centuries, an opportunity is afforded to trace the rise and progress of Gothic architecture. The façade is the richest part of the whole structure. Its magnificent rose window is forty-two feet in diameter and its three portals, which are adorned with scenes from the history of the Creation and Redemption, are regarded as being among the finest Gothic works in existence. In niches are equestrian statues of Clovis, Dagobert and Rudolph, of Hapsburg (all dating from 1291), and of Louis XIV (erected in 1823). In 1793, several hundred statuettes were ruthlessly torn down and destroyed by the French revolutionists, and the beautiful spire only escaped the same fate from having been provided with a red republican cap, made of metal, as a protecting badge. The south portal of the church is adorned with sculptures by Sabina, the talented daughter of Erwin. The spire rises to the immense height of four hundred

and sixty-five feet. The church has been damaged many times by lightning, once by an earthquake, and in the memorable siege became a target for the Prussian guns, for the reason that the French maintained a post of observation on the elevated platform between the towers. Not only was the spire hit several times but the organ was pierced by a shell, and the stained-glass windows were almost entirely ruined. On the night of the 25th of August, 1870, the roof caught fire and a great portion of it tumbled in. For several years past workmen have been repairing the damage. On the 4th of September, two shells hit the crown of the spire, and on the 15th a shot entered the point below the cross, which was bent on one side, and caused to dangle from the iron bars of the lighting-conductor. Despite all its mishaps, the cathedral stands a stupendous monument of the grandeur of the human mind, both to plan and execute.

The cathedral at Milan is one that, at first view, disappoints. The façade, especially, is lacking in the height and impressive grandeur of those at Cologne and Strasbourg. And yet it fills you with wonder, as you gaze upon its countless pinnacles, turrets and statues; and the more you examine it, the more your wonder grows. It is a million-leaved rose of architecture. It is a mixture of the Gothic and Romanesque styles; the body of the structure is entirely covered with statues and richly-wrought sculpture, with needle-like spires of white marble rising up from every corner. But of the exquisite, airy look of the whole mass, although so solid and vast, it is impossible to convey an idea. It appears like some mighty fabric of frost-work painted by the cold in arctic winters. There is a unity of beauty about the whole which the eye takes in with a feeling of perfect and satisfied delight. The interior is rich, grand and harmonious beyond expectation; but it is not until you have mounted its roof and roamed through its forest of dazzling white turrets and statues, that you get anything like a correct idea of this miracle in marble. From the tower, three hundred and sixty feet above the pavement, the eye takes in a wonderful picture of extent and beauty. The exterior of this cathedral is decorated by one hundred and six Gothic turrets and four thousand five hundred marble statues; and the whole structure must have cost, at the lowest, more than a hundred million dollars.

But St. Peter's, at Rome, is undoubtedly the grandest temple ever reared by human hands. The approach to the building is of the most magnificent character. On either hand semicircular porticoes, supported by four rows of columns, inclose space enough between the two inner rows for the passage of two carriages abreast. The galleries and porticoes, together, are not unlike, in form, to sickles, of which the galleries

make the handles. All these structures are of the most colossal size. The porticoes are sixty-four feet high, and the holy army of saints which crown the entablature—nearly two hundred in number—are eleven feet high. But so harmonious are the proportions, that, when seen from the centre of the piazza, the whole effect is light, airy and graceful. The galleries and porticoes seem like all embracing arms of invitation extended by the church to the whole Christian world, summoning them to come and worship under the roof of this most majestic of temples. Standing in this grand court, with the great colonnades sweeping around, the fountains on either side sending up their showers of silver spray, the mighty Egyptian obelisk piercing the sky, and, beyond, the great front and dome of the cathedral, one must confess unmingled admiration.

The square ascends toward the church, and a magnificent flight of steps, the whole width of the façade, leads up to the doors. The façade itself is enormous in its proportions. It is three hundred and seventy-nine feet long, and one hundred and fifty-two feet high, surmounted by a balustrade and colossal statues of the Saviour and the apostles. The portico is two hundred and thirty-six feet long, forty-two wide, sixty-eight high, magnificently decorated with stucco, with equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Constantine in niches at the end. From the portico, we push aside the heavy leathern curtain, and stand in the great nave. Before us is a marble plain over six hundred feet long, and under the cross four hundred and seventeen feet wide! One hundred and fifty feet above, springs a glorious arch, dazzling with inlaid gold, and in the centre of the cross are four hundred feet of air between us and the top of the dome. The grand cupola *alone*, including the lantern and cross, is two hundred and eighty-five feet high, or sixty-five feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument; and the four immense pillars, on which it rests, are each one hundred and thirty-seven feet in circumference! Everything is in perfect order, as if just made. The whole surface taken in by the eye, shines with marble and gilding. But the first view gives no idea of the immense scale upon which everything is. The marble cherubs, in high relief on the columns, are six feet long. But even after walking about it and returning to it again and again, the dimensions remain a mystery. It covers nearly five acres of land.

But, after all, if we have no such riches as those briefly pointed out above, let us remember that the time has scarce yet come for us to have a national school of architecture. And even if we never have one, we may, perhaps, be happy in the possession of far higher grandeur than that, seen and perishable, which is exemplified in the works of human hands—the grandeur of true and eternal principles.

M. B. H.



SUMMER WOODS.

COME ye into the summer woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,
The honeysuckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant, "True
love,"

In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's nightshade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men—
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold,
For their sweet life of pleasantness
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little, gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill!

And dash about, and splash about,
The merry little things,
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrel drop
Down from their leafy tree—
The little squirrels with the old—
Great joy it was to me!

And down into the running brook
I've seen them nimbly go,
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their
heads,
As if in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto those little things,
"Tis merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there
Beneath the old wood-shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet, nor is there strife
'Mong them for mine and thine.
There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the green wood tree.

MARY HOWITT.

CAUGHT IN THE FOG.

"They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong tree grows."

THUS chanted bright little Lina Maywood as she ran down the steps of the "Hillside House," and across the bit of sand which intervened between it and the water, and stepped into a light rowboat, wherein her Aunt Lois and her sister Diana were already seated, and wherein Mr. Dale Mackentyre also stood, oars in hand, steadying the light craft while the ladies settled themselves to their satisfaction. Lina's young friend, Anna Brainard, from her seat upon the piazza, took up the theme and repeated:

"In twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more,
And every one said: 'How tall they have grown!
They have been to the lakes and the terrible zone,
And the land of the Chankly Bore.'"

"Do you row at all, Miss Maywood?" Mr. Mackentyre asked as he pulled lazily out into the river, and then fell in with the current which was setting outward toward the bay.

Diana looked down at her slender, kid-gloved hands and simpered, while Aunt Lois and Lina exchanged a quick glance of amusement, and then answered languidly: "No, I've never fancied I should like it. It must be frightfully hard work."

"Not to-day, for instance," replied the young man. "It is mere play now, when there's no wind." Then he added: "I'm not an experienced oarsman, as you may see, perhaps—in fact, I am something of a greenhorn about the water in most things, except as a swimmer; I am as good as the best at that; so, if I should be so awkward as to upset the boat, I should be sure to save you all without difficulty."

"Mercy! I hope your expertness as a swimmer will not be tested to-day," said Aunt Lois, looking a little concerned.

"Don't let my nonsense frighten you," returned

Dale, laughing. "I spoke of it to reassure you, because I know I handle the oars rather awkwardly, and lest, judging from that, you should regard me as more of a landlubber than I really



"The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker, and golden-crested wren."

am. I assure you, if I had not considered myself perfectly competent to take care of you, I should not have ventured to invite you to come."

"Of course," said Lina. "But if anything of



"They dash about, the merry little things."

the kind does happen, Mr. Mackentyre, please look after auntie and Diana, for I can take care of myself. I have learned to float upon the water and swim a little—you need not shake your head, Di, I can—and I mean to be able to swim like a duck before I go home. And I can take a turn at the oars, Mr. Mackentyre, if you get tired."

Diana readjusted the folds of her veil, spread her shawl across her lap to protect her flounces, and remarked that she saw no sense in Lina's making such a romp of herself. It was vulgar.

There had been an exciting time at Farmer Maywood's one morning, some few weeks previous to this, and the cause of the excitement was the receipt of a letter from the farmer's wealthy sister, saying that she was going to "Hillside," the new summer resort near the sea, for a month or two, and that she would take her two nieces at her own charge, if they could be spared from home during the busy season. "But remember, girls," she wrote, "there is no occasion for going to any expense for new dresses, any more than if you were to stay at home. It is not a fashionable place. People go there to rest, and recuperate, and grow better, soul and body, and not to exhibit their fine clothes and jewels."

"Be spared! Of course they could be spared!" Diana said, decisively; but Lina looked dubiously at her mother, the flush of pleasure fading from her face as she reflected how much of care, and worry, and hard work this treat to herself and sister would cost that tenderly loved and already overburdened being, and the result of her reflections was to declare, most emphatically and resolutely, that unless her father would consent to hire some woman to relieve her mother of the heavier work, she would never go one step with auntie—never! Horses couldn't drag her away!

It was not so difficult to persuade her father as she had anticipated, particularly as she took care to assure him over and over that she should not ask him for one penny for new dresses—Diana, though, took equal care to have him understand that *she* was not to be reckoned in this category—she had plenty, she said, and good ones enough; for, besides what her aunt had said, she had heard from others that dress was little regarded at places like "Hillside." Sometimes the ladies wore blue flannel, or even their bathing-suits all day.

An hour later, while Diana was up-stairs examining her wardrobe, deciding what would do to take with her, and what she must have new—for nothing was farther from her mind than the idea of heeding her aunt's advice; and while her mother was in the cellar working over butter, Lina was talking in confidential whispers to the pea-vines out in the hot, sunny garden, where she was pulling peas for dinner.

"Yes," she was saying, "Di may have all the new things she wants, for all I care. She does look sweet when she's dressed pretty; and who blames her for liking it? I shall be ever so proud of her, and so will auntie, I dare say. Well," after a few minutes' silent reflection, "I believe I'm glad I'm not a beauty. It's too much trouble. You have to study your dresses, and hats, and gloves, and ribbons, and wear only such as will agree with

your 'peculiar style,' you know. And you can't do this, nor that, nor the other thing, no matter how much you would like to, for fear of spoiling your hands or your complexion. And you're always afraid of getting too fat or too thin; and you're hurt if people don't admire you, and angry if they stare at you; and what with one thing and another, you're unhappy all the time."

And the pea-vines agreed with her, silence being taken as a sign of assent, which is allowable, I believe, the world over; but had they known that her assertions were based solely upon her observations of one individual only of the class under consideration—assertions, by the way, as unfair to the class as a whole as they were true of the one exponent of it—it is much to be doubted whether they would so readily have accepted them.

She was not deceived, though, in regarding her sister as a beauty. Nobody disputed that fact—least of all, Diana herself. *She* was conscious of it all through, as you might say, in every bone, and nerve, and fibre of her body. And being a beauty, she reasoned, what further demands had the world upon her? She was at liberty to be as useless as she pleased. Evidently she indorsed the sentiment that "Beauty is its own excuse for being," and she may have had scruples of conscience against offering any additional excuses, lest they should be regarded in the light of impertinences to her Maker. In addition to the advantage of being a beauty, she had spent a year at a fashionable boarding-school, though this, as the sequel proved, added rather to her self-esteem than her knowledge or usefulness.

Of Lina I will only say, that if she were not a beauty, as she the same as stated to the pea-vines, she was far from being a fright. No one with her brown eyes full of light and intelligence, her rosy cheeks, each with its fitting dimple, her perfect teeth and full red lips, could be the least approach to that, although, like her, they were somewhat brown and freckled, and their features like hers by no means regular. Beauty or not, her sunny temper and genuine unselfishness gave to her face a glow and a meaning infinitely more attractive than mere inane beauty.

But, such as they both were, they with their Aunt Lois had been established at the "Hillside House" some two weeks when my story opens, sniffing the delicious sea-breeze, and enjoying themselves to the full. At least this was true of Aunt Lois and Lina; of the elder sister I cannot speak so favorably. To Lina, the mere change, the release from the routine of housework, was a treat in itself. Added to which there was the boating, bathing and fishing, the rambles along the river banks and beside the sea, lovely sunset scenes and agreeable companionship making in all a sum total of pleasure such as she had never before enjoyed. With Diana the case was different. She

had no taste for these active amusements; nobody seemed to notice her pretty dresses much; and the only ones who appeared greatly struck by her beauty were a few adolescent youths, those with their papas and mammas, and with whom she felt it would be no distinction or pleasure to flirt. If only she could persuade Aunt Lois to take her to Long Branch for a week or two! There, she felt, she would be appreciated; but here it was little better than home. Yet she was useful in a certain way. She made a pretty picture sitting upon the broad piazza of the "Hillside House" in one of the comfortable lounging-chairs, her trailing skirts lying in graceful folds about her feet; her pale brown hair artistically puffed, and frizzed, and curled above and about her delicate, lily-like face; her fine eyes, with their long, sweeping lashes, cast down as their gaze rested upon the pages of some book—usually a sentimental love story—and so thought many a one, visitors and transient guests; and so thought Mr. Dale Mackentyre as he stepped ashore one day from the little steamer which twice daily stopped at the wharf in front of the "Hillside House" for the accommodation of travel to and from this new Mecca.

Mr. Mackentyre, of Chicago, was not notably handsome, but his face and figure were striking—"distinguished," Diana called it when describing him to her sister just before going down to tea, "with a certain air of wealth and high standing about him." What she said to herself was, that here was one for whom it would be worth her while to dress, and smile, and look sweet, and pensive, and melancholy, and interesting. For, her conversational powers being of a low order, these blandishments constituted nearly her whole stock of attractions. I say nearly, for, in addition, she could sing several very affecting sentimental songs in a sweet, pathetic voice.

In a place like "Hillside," where stiffness and Madam Grundyism are not in the ascendant, acquaintances are easily brought about, and ere many days Dale Mackentyre and Aunt Lois and her two nieces were on quite a friendly footing. So much so, at least, as to warrant him in begging the pleasure of taking them for a row on the river. Diana had glanced down at her silk and lace bounces, with the thought that a carriage ride would be much nicer, but had graciously accepted her part of the invitation. She was glad to notice, however, a mistiness in the atmosphere which softened the sun's rays, rendering the danger to her complexion much less.

"Why, Di, are you not going to change your dress?" asked Lina, as they were tying on their hats. "You surely will not take that beautiful silk into a boat, to be wetted in all probability!"

"Indeed I shall!" was the answer. "We shall only be out for a little while, I hope, and I have but just put it on. I'm not going to spend all my

time up here dressing. But you—are you going to wear that odious blue flannel? I declare, Lina, you make me ashamed of you! Do put on something decent."

"I'm like you," laughed Lina; "I can't spend all my time in dressing. It is a shame, I know, to wear it so much; but you see we girls have been out crabbing ever since dinner, and now, as soon as we get back, we are going to have a fire out on the sands, and the cook is going to lend us a kettle, and we're going to cook our crabs and ask our friends to the feast. So you see my blue flannel cannot be dispensed with yet. But it's no matter about me, you know; nobody notices me, or, at least, Mr. Mackentyre will not while you are present. But I do dread to see you take that new silk into a rowboat. They are never perfectly dry and clean, you know."

But Diana took her own way, and pleased herself, of course, as she always did.

"Where shall we go?" asked Mr. Mackentyre, idly dipping his oars in the water, and watching the shining drops fall back. "Shall we row over to Bon Haven for lilies, where everybody goes, or down stream toward the bay?"

"Down stream, please," said Aunt Lois. "The river broadens and sweeps inward after rounding that point, and there are lovely views along the shore. I suppose it is too far to go to that point of green meadows in the distance. That is at the mouth of the river, isn't it, Lina?"

"Yes," replied Lina, with animation. "Those are the 'Good Luck Meadows,' and the point is 'Good Luck Point,' called so because somebody, ever so long ago, had the good luck to escape drowning near there. You think we have funny names here in Jersey, Mr. Mackentyre? Yes, we do. There is a place back here a few miles called 'Double Trouble,' and another farther back called 'Long-a-Coming.' These are specimens. There's a little hamlet down the bay a few miles called 'Good Luck,' also, auntie, memorable for being the place where the Rev. John Murray preached the first Universalist sermon that was preached in this country over a hundred years ago. The circumstances attending his first visit there are very wonderful."

"Yes, I am familiar with the story," said her aunt; "but it had not occurred to me that we were in the neighborhood."

"Oh, it is five or six miles below here," replied Lina.

"Where do you pick up so much—gossip?" drawled Diana.

"Gossip?" retorted Lina. "It's history. You can read the whole account in the history of New Jersey."

They had passed the long, sandy point beyond which the river widened, and were following somewhat the course of the shore, far enough out,

however, to give them a good view inland over farms and orchards, gently rolling woodlands and quiet country seats. An hour passed thus pleasantly, and they were speaking of returning home to be in time for tea.

"There's a fog at sea," said Lina. "Don't you hear the fog-horns?"

"I've heard them at intervals ever since we came out," replied Mr. Mackentyre; "but I was not as wise as you; or at least I had not thought what they were."

"It's the ocean steamers," said Lina. "They blow those horns to let their whereabouts be known, as a guard against collisions."

"There goes a gun over there on the sea. What is that for?" smilingly asked Dale.

"That's to summon a pilot-boat," was the ready answer. "Some stranger to the coast is laying to off there, and signaling for a pilot. There, the fog is working over this way. You can see it. It's lucky you brought our shawls, auntie, for it will be damp if it catches us before we get back."

"It will probably not catch us," said Mr. Mackentyre. "There is no wind, and it will not move very fast."

But in this he was mistaken, for it did catch them in less than five minutes. It was like magic. The first they knew they were surrounded and shut in as it were—sea, sky and shore completely hidden, and water also, excepting for the space of perhaps a boat's length about them.

The women laughed as though it were a mere joke; but Dale did not, for, novice as he was in all that pertained to salt water, he saw at once that to steer a boat to any given point in a fog like this would be no joke at all. However, there was no need to frighten the ladies, and there was no occasion for any real anxiety himself, he thought; they were not far from the shore, and it would be easy enough to just pull close in and follow its course until it brought them back to their hotel. So with a few sweeps of one oar he swung the boat's head about, and then pulled vigorously for several minutes, until he momentarily expected to hear her grate upon the sands. But he listened in vain.

"We were farther out than I thought," he reasoned; "but I'll fetch it soon," and he pulled away, steering more up stream, as he thought.

Meantime, the three ladies were chatting unconcernedly.

"What is the name of that long, sandy point, Lina—the one we doubled as we came out, you know?" asked Aunt Lois.

"That is 'Long Point,'" was the prompt reply, "and the smaller one on the opposite side, so green, you know, where we often see cattle feeding, is called 'Little Meadows.' We go there to fish."

"By the way," said Dale, with affected careless-

ness, "we ought to be pretty near 'Long Point' now, oughtn't we?"

"Yes, I should think so," replied Lina, starting and looking about. "Let's see! Where are we? Why, my goodness!" and then she checked herself, for she had taken in the situation in a breath. She had never had any like experience, but she knew how difficult it was to steer a boat without some stationary object for a guide. Still she was more amused than alarmed, for she argued there could be no serious difficulty, only a delay, which, as it would be very unpleasant to her aunt and sister, she was sorry to have occur. The best way would be to keep them in ignorance of the situation, she thought, so she turned her exclamation of surprise into a laughing remark upon some trivial subject, and thus diverted their attention; but she sat alert, with her senses all awake, trying to detect something in their surroundings which would give her a clew to their whereabouts. "Listen!" said she. "See if we can hear voices or the oars of any other boat." They listened, but all seemed quiet. "We ought to have a fog-horn," she added, laughing. "Sing, Di, so that nobody will run us down and say they didn't know we were here."

Dale turned on his seat, for, as Lina sat the bow, of course she was behind him, while Aunt Lois and Diana in the stern were facing them both, and he and Lina exchanged meaning glances, smiling at what they both considered the oddity of their situation, for neither of them as yet looked upon it in more serious light, and then by a sort of mental telegraphy consulted as to what was best to do. Giving her head a little backward toss, Lina indicated that she would keep on, and accordingly he turned and again bent to the oars, while she and Diana sang one of their little songs.

"There comes the steamer from the 'Sea-side,'" said Aunt Lois at last. "Is it possible it is so late? Mercy!" looking at her watch, "it is past tea-time now. The steamer is late by a good half hour. How time does fly when we're out rowing!"

"Well, where are we—does anybody know?" said Diana, arousing herself. "We have been a long time in getting back, and not there yet, it seems."

Mr. Mackentyre and Lina both listened intently to the paddle-wheel of the steamer. If they were near where they ought to be, she would come quite close to them. Of course they could see nothing of her, and when they judged her to be about abreast of them, she seemed quite a distance off.

Presently Dale gave a quick glance over his shoulder at Lina, swept the boat's head clear around and began rowing again as for dear life. He had been going wrong probably all the time. Now, as long as he could keep within ear-shot of

the steamer's paddles, he would make as good time as he could, he thought.

Aunt Lois was growing nervous, and Diana looked pale, and tired, and cross, but Lina's spirits rose to the occasion. She kept up a constant chatter, baffling their inquiries, or answering them with an indefiniteness which would have been creditable to Captain Bunsby himself.

The sound of the steamer's paddles grew faint and fainter. Evidently they were a long way from the hotel yet.

"We shall hear the whistle when she stops at the wharf," thought Dale. "That will give me one more hint. But really this is beginning to look serious. If the fog doesn't lift at sunset, which I devoutly pray it may, we shall be in a worse fix than now."

After a little interval, the steamer's whistle broke the silence; but it seemed far away, and not at all in the direction he had supposed it would be. He was heading far out of his course again.

"Is it possible that the steamer has but just arrived at the Hillside?" queried Aunt Lois, with a perplexed look. "We must be a long way from there, then. Why, good gracious!" she ejaculated, looking all about with quick, anxious glances, "how can you tell *where* we are or which way to go? You can't, certainly, and are as likely to go wrong as right; and have been going wrong—right out into the bay, who knows!" and she gave strong signs of hysterics; while Diana sat the very picture of woe-begone, helpless terror.

So the cat was out now, Dale thought, and he was almost glad, for it gave him a chance to speak, and have the advantage of Lina's advice—he never thought the others could help him—so he acknowledged the truth of Aunt Lois's convictions, and sought to allay her fears and Diana's by every encouraging argument he could summon. Then turning to Lina, he asked: "Well, what do you advise, Miss Lina?"

"Hadrn't we better call a pilot?" she suggested, cheerfully.

"Lina, how can you joke?" said her aunt, reproachfully.

"Indeed I'm not joking," she replied. "I'm serious as anything. Mr. Mackentyre, don't you think you had better shout? Surely somebody, either afloat or ashore, will hear you. Where are all the fishing-boats and pleasure-yachts, I wonder! Sometimes the river is alive with them."

"There were not as many out to-day as usual," replied Mr. Mackentyre, "and the few that were have probably gone home before now; I saw several before the fog caught us; but, as you say, we cannot be out of hearing of everybody, so I will follow your suggestion."

"Halloo!" rang out across the water in stentorian accents.

They listened breathlessly for a response, but none came, though the shout was repeated twice.

"Singular, isn't it?" said he. "Well, I know of nothing better than to keep rowing. We'll reach land soon, no doubt. There's really no danger, but it's very unpleasant for you ladies, and I shall never forgive myself for bringing you here."

"Now I call that a very ungallant speech," said Lina. "You might just as well have said you were sorry you asked us to come. I wouldn't mind being here in the least, if only auntie and Di didn't care."

"How dark it is getting!" wailed Diana. "What if we should keep rowing round and round here all night!"

"That would be rather monotonous, not to say laborious for Mr. Mackentyre," said Lina; and then, after a few moments' silence, she began repeating in a low, impressive voice:

"Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the jumbies live,
Their heads were green, and their veils were blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve."

"Lina, you are too much!" interrupted Diana, almost crying.

Meantime Mr. Mackentyre continued to row with might and main, and the darkness gathered around them apace.

"You must let me relieve you at the oars now," said Lina, but Dale peremptorily refused and labored away in silence. At last, but not until it was quite dark, the boat brought up with a shock against a low bank. Lina being in the bow leaped ashore, and Dale quickly followed, keeping the painter of the boat in his hand. They found the ground boggy and wet, with high, coarse grass growing close to the water's edge.

"We must have crossed the river," said Lina, "for I've no knowledge of any meadows upon the Hillside side."

"Who knows but we are at those 'Little Meadows' you mentioned, Lina," said her aunt, "where we see the cattle feeding."

"I wish I could see a 'cattle' now," said Lina; "we might capture one for our supper. I'm fearfully hungry, and could relish a piece of roast ox, even without salt."

"Don't Lina! You're dreadful!" scolded Diana. "Nobody wants to hear your untimely jokes and witticisms, I'm sure you ought to have more consideration. Why don't you try to think of some way of getting back to the hotel instead of quoting 'Nonsense Rhymes' and making jokes."

"I would think with all my might," replied Lina, pleasantly, "if only I had a point to start from. But you see there's nothing to guide us—no wind, no stars, no current that can be distinguished, no anything. No, auntie, it isn't the

'Little Meadows,' for the grass seems taller and ranker, and if it were, we could hear voices from the Hillside, but maybe we are farther down the river and those are the 'Good Luck Meadows.' What do you think, Mr. Mackentyre?"

"I think I'll try shouting once more," said he, which he accordingly did, but with the same discouraging result as before.

"Can't you think of something else, please, Mr. Mackentyre," pleaded Diana, almost in a whimper. "It is so dreadful to think of being here, or out on the water all night."

"The best thing I can suggest," said he, "is to assume that we are upon the 'Good Luck Meadows.' Then if we keep close in, with the shore on our left, of course we shall in time reach a point opposite the Hillside, when we can venture to cross over."

This seemed their only plan to pursue, and they proceeded to put it into execution at once. The fog was so dense that unless they kept very close to the shore, they could not discern it at all, and this made rowing so difficult, that Dale shipped his oars, and taking one of them for a setting-pole, propelled the boat in that way. They made slow progress, for the shore was devious and they were constantly getting aground, and once or twice they went some distance inland, following small streams, tributaries of the river.

In all these difficulties Lina's help was invaluable. Indeed, Mr. Mackentyre told her that she was the head, while he was only the machine to do her bidding. Her spirits and good humor never flagged for a moment, and her quaint remarks and odd fancies more than once surprised Dale into a hearty burst of laughter, and Aunt Lois into a momentary forgetfulness of her unpleasant situation. Diana, on the contrary, sat silent and sullen, only uttering a feeble complaint now and then, as some fresh impediment was encountered; and thus they labored on for an hour or more, without any encouraging change in their prospects.

"'Far and few, far and few,'"

began Lina, but Diana sharply interrupted her with: "Lina Maywood! If you don't stop those endless rhymes, I shall go wild. You have no thought for anybody. Here auntie and I are just as uncomfortable as we can be, and Mr. Mackentyre is ready to drop with fatigue and hunger I am sure, and you can do nothing but joke, and laugh, and repeat silly rhymes."

"Now Di, you're ungenerous," replied Lina. "If you only knew what a burden of regrets I've been carrying for the last—well, never mind how long—we mustn't take account of time here—you'd not grudge me a little joke or two, I'm sure. Think how all my hard-earned crabs are gone long 'ere this and I shall never have so much as the shell of one."

"Hark!" whispered Dale. They all listened and heard voices faintly in the distance.

"The 'Hillside' at last," exclaimed Lina, exultingly.

"I'll hail them," said Dale. He did so and there came a faint "Halloo!" in reply.

He took his oars and struck out from shore with long, sweeping strokes, pausing every few minutes to exchange shouts with their unseen friends.

"I ought to do something," said Lina, "can't I do the shouting? I'd make a splendid fog-horn. We shall be there in a little while now," and then she added, in a threatening voice: "If those girls have eaten all those crabs—why, I pity them."

It seemed a long way, but at last a faint glimmer of light showed through the fog, and then a high-pitched, squealing voice called out from the murky space before them: "Hold hard there! Hold hard! Back, d'ye hear! You'll run into us. Ease off, and come along-side like a seaman. There, there! That's the way. Now you're here!" as Dale, obeying orders with sailor-like promptness brought his boat close along-side a little pleasure yacht, and within a dim circle of yellow light shod from a glass lantern in the hands of a short, thick-set, sandy-whiskered man standing upon its deck.

"Lost in the fog, eh?" he continued. "Come right aboard, ladies—room enough for ye, 'n' welcome. Strangers, stoppin' 't the Hillside, I reck'n. Yes? Got a leetle tew far from home 'n' the fog caught ye. Yes?"

"But where are we?" asked Dale.

"In the bay, a mile or tew above the mouth of the river, 'n' purty well over toward the beach," was the answer.

"Above the mouth of the river!" echoed the whole four, in astonishment.

"We thought we were upon the south side of the river, following the shore up. We didn't think there were any meadows upon the upper side," explained Mr. Mackentyre.

"Yes, there's a long stretch of medder 'long the upper side, ye'll see 'f ye take notice some-time," said their new friend. "Well, ye're all right enough now. You can stay with us all night er till the fog clears, 'n' then I'll take ye right up. Now, ladies," for by this time they were standing upon the bow of the yacht, where they had been assisted by two gentlemen, evidently passengers, who expressed much sympathy for their uncomfortable situation, "now, ladies, I'll show you into my little cabin. 'It's purty small, but there's good, comfortable seats, 'n' ye can lie down, 'pon a pinch."

As far as sitting or lying was concerned, they all felt it a relief to stand, but they followed him, and found his cabin, as he said, small indeed—a mere cuddy, set in the bottom of the boat, well forward, so as to leave quite a space back of it, or

in the stern, the end toward the stern being open, with a curtain of some heavy woolen stuff to draw across when desirable, the whole place scarcely high enough for them to stand upright, but with a carpet upon the floor and wide, cushioned seats at the sides.

There was no help for it—they must spend the night there. Diana threw herself upon one of the seats and burst into tears. Aunt Lois was scarcely less miserable, though she put as good a face upon the matter as she could.

Presently the captain came in, and from a small cupboard in the forward end brought a lunch-basket, saying: "I'll hev ye a nice hot cup of coffee ready in a few minutes, ladies. I hain't much in the way of eatables to offer ye, but here's bread, 'n' cold chicken, 'n' plenty of crackers. If ye'd come a leetle sooner you'd fared better, for we've had our supper. Ye see, we're caught out, too—meant tew've got home; but we didn't care much. The gentlemen came down for a day er tew's fishin', 'n' had as lievs stay aboard the boat as not."

The hot coffee and the food raised the spirits of the whole party wonderfully, and then the captain told two or three of his sea-yarns—for he had once followed the sea—and then as it was getting well on toward midnight, the ladies drew the heavy curtain and disposed themselves as comfortably as they could upon the cushioned seats, to await morning.

"Oh, that beautiful silk!" said Lina, looking ruefully at her sister's crumpled flounces.

"I wish you wouldn't mention it!" said Diana, pettishly. "For my part I've had enough of boats and water, and shall keep clear of them in future, if I ever get out of this scrape."

"If only you and auntie were comfortable, and it were not that we have driven Captain G—and his party out of this snug shelter, I shouldn't mind this at all," returned Lina, curling herself up in one corner of the seat like a contented kitten.

"Wasn't that coffee delicious?" was Aunt Lois's remark. "It was like a cool spring in a desert." And then silence settled down, broken only by an occasional low murmur of voices from the gentlemen outside, who had arranged the sail as an awning to protect them somewhat from the dampness, and were passing the night as best they might.

Next morning, the prospect was discouraging enough.

"Don't you be worried, ladies," said Captain G—. "I'll get ye up t' the Hillside 'fore noon. There'll a breeze come up arter awhile and scatter this fog."

They had coffee and crackers for breakfast. The supply of crackers was limited, which gave occasion for much merriment, Lina insisting that

they should be divided with the most scrupulous exactness, each one receiving his or her allotted share and no more.

About nine o'clock a fine breeze sprung up and in less than an hour thereafter they were alongside the little wharf at the Hillside.

Diana did go out both rowing and sailing many times after this, though she always went under protest, and solely because she did not choose to give Mr. Mackentyre up to the others. Still, her self-conceit was so great that she attributed his marked attentions to her party to his admiration of her own pretty self, unable to conceive it possible that Lina, with her sunburnt face and brown hands, was the real attraction. Nor was she undeceived, until after their return home, when letters addressed to her sister, and bearing the Chicago postmark, began to arrive at regular intervals, and gave her an inkling of the truth. Then she eased her mind by declaring that Lina was both sly and deceitful, and that Mr. Mackentyre was very much lacking in taste.

SUSAN B. LONG.

YOUNG MEN.—It should be the aim of young men to go into good society—we mean not the rich, nor the proud, nor the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent and the good. When you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to associate with them. It has broken down many a man to associate with the low and vulgar, where the ribald song was sung, and the indecent story told to excite laughter or influence the bad passions.

Lord Clarendon attributed success and happiness in life to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves. If you wish to be wise and respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, or in the ranks of profligates and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course, once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than, by accident, to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

LOVE makes communists of us all; and the seed of selfishness, of avarice, of greed, lies in the void made by the place where love should be and is not. And yet the true man and woman should have more than this merely personal love for one or two—for those of their own blood or long-time knowledge. We should feel for all who need our help, and give it freely to all. We should take to heart the solidarity of the human family, not caring only for our own and for none other. We can all help if and when we will.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LILY.

A WAY in the midst of a great forest, where the lofty trees waved their green branches, forming an avenue beneath, where the blue sky was only seen in tiny patches, and the sun sent its warm rays faintly, forming mottled shadows that danced like mimic birds upon the earth beneath, the King had His garden. The gay flowers bowed their graceful heads to the gentle breezes that passed through them, while a sparkling river sang them a soft lullaby as it glided on.

One lovely morning, the King, walking amid His flowers, beheld a tiny plant, springing from a mossy bed, and drawing nearer He leaned over and softly said: "My child, what is thy name? I have not seen thee here before. Each season my flowers have sprung up, budded and blossomed, but thou has not been among them."

The little flower raised on her delicate stem to answer.

"Sire, they call me Ebony, because I am so black," and a faint sigh ascended from her drooping head.

Then the King asked, tenderly: "What is it troubles thee?"

"Oh, my Sire, I sigh because I am so black, so very black! the breezes have whispered to me that beyond the mighty river there is a garden, more beautiful than this, and that all the fair flowers will be transplanted. But alas! no black blossom is ever seen, and I long to enter and grow there."

Then the King bent lower still over the trembling head of the flower at His feet.

"My poor child, what thou sayest is true. I have a garden over the river—a beautiful garden. Bright birds are ever singing, fountains ever playing and the flowers are all fair. Not only the black blossom is excluded, but those who do not love me well. When autumn comes, and the leaves above thee begin to turn sear, and the winds blow chill through these garden walks, I will come and gather the fair flowers that they may not become chilled by the frosts of winter. Bearing them in my bosom, I will transplant them where it is always summer—in the beautiful garden, near my home beyond the river. But alas! I fear none of them will be ready. See, they care for naught but their gaudy robes."

He gazed sadly over the gay flowers and a tear fell from His beautiful eye, and rested on the bent head of the flower; when, lo! she stood on a stately stem, fair and white, a delicate perfume filling the air around her. All unconscious of the change, she turned toward where the King had stood, but He was no longer there.

"How sad," she murmured, "that all these flowers should be caught by the cold frost. I cannot help them. How gladly would I change my

own robes if I could. I will, at least, tell them what the King has said, and perhaps they will learn to love Him who so pitied them."

She shook her white head in the breeze, and as the delicate perfume floated over them, they said: "List! what a snowy flower. Hear what she is saying." Then as they listened, she told them of the King and taught them to love Him.

At evening the Ebony stood with a sad heart, dreaming of the glorious garden and longing to be there with its loving owner. Suddenly she heard a gentle voice, and glancing upward beheld the King. No longer sad; His glorious face was radiant with a new joy. She bowed meekly before Him, but He exclaimed: "Lily, my pure one, behold thy work," and glancing around, she beheld her companions swaying lovingly to kiss His beautiful garments. With joy she would have fallen at His feet, but He clasped her to His bosom, and bore her to His beautiful garden, and with her the flowers she had taught to love Him.

Her children are blooming in the earthly gardens yet, and whenever we see them, we will think of the loving King and His beautiful home beyond the river.

The breezes whispered to me that the yellow drops that cap the stamens in her cup are reflections of the King's crown, and that the moss at her root also caught the reflection, for on sunshiny days a gleam of gold is observed on its delicate roots. Be that as it may, we know that the lily's fair face has glanced up into the face of the King of kings, and that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

EMMA WILMOT.

HEART'S-EASE.

'TIS only in the troubled shell
The pearl is born—
The stars that in the darkness shine
Fade out at morn.

Trials, like sands within the shell,
The soul that fret,
Change into something beautiful,
Nor leave regret.

Though with bowed head the cross be borne
From day to day;
The downcast eyes heart's-ease may see
Beside the way.

And glancing up, though skies are dark,
From window blue
In some reft cloud, an angel's face
Is looking through.

FANNY FALES.

FRANCIA.

FRANCIA stood in the middle of the small, untidy grass-plot, a tall, slight girl, with great, velvety-brown eyes looking out from beneath delicate, arched brows, a face sweet, and proud, and earnest, and a mass of wavy brown hair, with gleams and ripples of red gold where the blazing July sun caught it.

She held a common kitchen-knife in one hand and a garden-basket half filled with dandelion-roots in the other. Her dress of brown holland was tumbled and earth-stained, the small brown hands were ungloved, and the large straw hat that crowned the sunny hair and shaded the velvet eyes had seen hard service.

"I wonder what dandelions were invented for?" she was saying, in a tone of extreme discontent, with a disconsolate glance at the ill-kept lawn where the dandelions were somewhat numerous. "The daisies are bad enough—forward little upstarts; but the dandelions—"

No words could be found strong enough to express her disgust; so Miss Ruthven knelt down again on the grass, and betook herself to her task of exterminating the obnoxious weeds.

"I think, as fast as I get one rooted up, twenty come in its place," she said, thrusting her knife under a big root. "And the daisies—there are thousands and thousands of them!" with another disgusted glance around. "And Chaucer calls them 'stars of the morning,' and Burns 'wee modest crimson-tippit flowers!' I wish he were here; he might change his opinion about their modesty. Presuming little upstarts! How hot it is! I wish Harry would help me!"

And Francia looked across at the house, where, in the shade of the veranda, a young man lay at full length on the only seat that the garden boasted, smoking a cigar and reading a yellow-backed novel.

"Harry," she called, entreatingly, "will you not come and help me?"

The young man raised his face leisurely—it was a handsome one, with weakness and conceit in every line of it.

"My dear Francia, are you still worrying over those wretched dandelions? Come and sit in the shade. It is too hot to do anything else."

"If you would only help me, it would be done in an hour," she urged.

"An hour—in this broiling heat?" he rejoined, with a laugh. "Not for any consideration, my dear!"

"Do, Harry!" she entreated. "The garden is so shamefully untidy; and you are only wasting your time over a stupid novel."

"Do not take to lecturing, Francia," he replied, with lazy indifference. "It does not suit your style. You are too pretty to be a shrew."

Francia turned away with her lips curling.

"I might have known," she muttered, with a sigh, as she stooped down again upon the grass. "He is doing nothing with his life, and he does not care. We have no money to help him to a profession, and trade is beneath his dignity as a gentleman," digging her knife with desperate energy into an obstinate root. "I think a tinker may be a gentleman! What has trade to do with it? I know—" With an air of tragic energy Francia pulled up the root and threw it into her basket. "A gentleman!" she ejaculated, with fine scorn. "Oh, how I wish I was a man!"

"Do you?" exclaimed an amused voice behind her. "I cannot say that I echo the wish."

Francia sprang up, and turned round with sweet, startled eyes. A tall, broad-shouldered young man stood before her, with a smile on his brown, pleasant face and in his bright blue eyes.

"O Mr. Chichester, is that you?" was all Francia could find to say.

"Yes, it is I," he answered, smiling down at her. "What is the object of your ambition in wishing at this particular moment to be a man?"

Francia's eyes met his rather shyly.

"May one not wish for impossible things sometimes?" she said.

"No—nor attempt impossible tasks," he answered, with a glance from Francia's flushed face and stained hands to the dandelions in the basket. "How long have you been engaged in the pleasant and profitable occupation of rooting up dandelions, Miss Ruthven?"

"Oh, not long!" said Francia, avoiding the steady blue eyes. "But they are most provokingly fast in the ground; and I am sure the roots are a yard long. Look!" and she took a long, spiky root from the basket and held it up for his inspection.

"I see," he remarked, concisely.

"There is not much to show for one's pains, is there?" she went on, eying rather ruefully the very small corner of the grass-plot whence she had routed the enemy. "And after the dandelions there are the daisies," she concluded, soberly.

"Do you meditate an onslaught on the daisies as well? Ah, then I have discovered why you wished to be a man; and it is quite time I came to the rescue. No, I will not deprive you of that formidable weapon," with a critical glance at the old kitchen-knife which Francia was offering him. "I always carry my tools about with me." And, producing from his pocket a knife with a curved blade, the young fellow without more ado set to work on the objectionable dandelions.

A powerful ally he proved. In this new division of labor, Francia's share was simply to collect the weeds and carry them away in the basket. Presently Harry bestirred himself, and came up to watch the progress of extermination.

"What an appalling example of energy and determination you display to poor ordinary mortals!" he remarked, looking with lazy admiration at young Chichester's quick, alert movements.

"What a pity the energy and determination should all belong to the wrong person!" replied young Chichester, curtly.

"Ah, you mean that Francia has too much!" said Harry, with an air of wisdom.

"I meant nothing of the kind," replied the young fellow, coldly.

"And that I have too little," pursued Harry, with unmoved amiability.

"On the contrary, I should say you had none at all," was the emphatic retort.

"Oh!" uttered Harry, and retreated to his seat and his novel.

Francia and Carl Chichester went on with their work. In about an hour it was finished, the last basket of dandelions carried away and the grass-plot free of anything more obnoxious than the daisies.

"How very much better it looks!" said Francia, gazing with eyes of pride on the result of her labors. "In time, I imagine, we shall be quite respectable."

"No doubt," agreed Carl, encouragingly, but with rather a doubtful face; for the whole place, from the ivy-smothered, inconvenient cottage to the grass-grown walks and ill-kept grass-plot, spoke of a chronic state of poverty and incapability.

There never had been a time when Captain Ruthven—Francia's father, and the owner of Ivy Cottage—had not been in a state of destitution, according to his own showing. He was one of the most pleasant, most careless, most extravagant of men. He had started in life with a large fortune and innumerable friends; the friends still remained, but the fortune had dwindled down to two hundred pounds a year and Ivy Cottage, and, in these circumstances, an aspect of respectability was not easy of attainment.

"I think strawberries would be a very fitting reward for our unparalleled exertions," said young Chichester, as he put up his knife. "There are plenty of ripe ones in our orchard. Will you come and get some?"

Francia assented. Carl opened a small gate in the straggling hedge, and they passed out of the July glare into the shade of a fir wood, crossed a noisy brook on some stepping-stones, passing through another small gate, and found themselves under the friendly shadow of the gnarled hundred-year-old apple-trees of an orchard—an orchard where the sunshine, with many a freak of shadow and light, flickered and played among the leaves, where the old mossy trunks spread out broad and low, where the low humming of bees, the gentle ripple of a brook, filled the soft summer air with a

faint, dreamy melody. Carl found a seat for Francia on one of the twisted tree-trunks, and then threw himself on the mossy turf at her feet.

This orchard, the large garden beyond, and the picturesque old manor-house among the trees were all part and parcel of the Braclyn estate; and the Braclyn estate belonged to Carl's father. Ivy Cottage was the sole spot for miles round that did not call him landlord; and Ivy Cottage, Captain Ruthven, his son and his daughter were as thorns in the side of old Mr. Chichester. He was a man of the people, an engineer, clever and eccentric. His whole ambition was centred in Carl his son, and Carl bid fair to gratify his father, provided no adverse influence barred his way. To marry Lady Alicia Ponsonby, the daughter of the chief county magnate, and stand for the next election, were the first steps to fame and fortune; so the old man decided. Meanwhile Carl was lying at Francia Ruthven's feet; and Francia Ruthven's father owned the one small spot of land that broke the symmetry of the Braclyn estate.

"I thought I heard you mention strawberries, Mr. Chichester," said Francia, leaning her heated cheeks against the cool, mossy trunk, with an air of thorough contentment. "Are they a delusion?"

"Is not this better than strawberries?" asked Carl, leaning on one elbow to look up at her. She looked like a girl in a picture, with her delicate, spirited face, and the sunlight coming and going on her sunny hair. "Besides, I have something to tell you—something, I hope, you will think pleasant."

"Something pleasant?" she repeated, rather dubiously, as if pleasant things did not often come her way. "What is it?"

"The post of assistant manager to the new insurance office at Greyminster is vacant, and Harry can have it if he likes." He gave a furtive glance at her face. A look of distress, almost of shame, had clouded the mobile features. "It is only one hundred and fifty a year," the young fellow went on, with an assumption of carelessness—"nothing very magnificent; but it is quite an easy post; and" with a slight curl of his lips—"as it has nothing to do with buying and selling, perhaps Harry will not regard it as *infra dig*."

Francia did not speak for a minute. A hot flush had risen in her face.

"Mr. Chichester," she began at last, raising her eyes seriously to him, "how have you procured the offer of this post for Harry?"

"How suspicious you are!" he returned, laughing, but avoiding the questioning eyes. "I happened to hear that it was vacant, so I spoke up for Harry. If you will tell him about it, and ask him to walk up to the Hall this evening, I will initiate him into the preliminaries."

Carl spoke with the most matter-of-fact carelessness; but he did not apparently think it necessary

to inform Francia that it was his strong personal influence alone that had secured the offer of the appointment.

"It was very kind of you," she said, in a constrained voice. "I quite understand. No one but you would have uttered a word for him. I wish"—breaking out into sudden passion—"oh, how I wish I was a man!"

He raised himself from the grass and looked at her—a resolute determination in his brown face.

"Francia, are you too proud to accept even this small favor at my hands?"

"What is the use of my being proud?" she said, with bitter emphasis. "I am only a girl—I must accept favors with thankfulness; but, if I were a man—" She stopped short, her haughty little head thrown back, a flash of scorn in the dark, soft eyes, her slight figure drawn up proudly.

"You are exaggerating the whole affair," he answered, gravely. "I have simply used my influence for Harry, as I should for any other friend."

"Do not try to deceive me," she said, with a little tragic smile, "for it is of no use. I quite understand it all. Harry will accept the post gladly, and I—I will try to be thankful."

"You are thankful for small mercies, Francia," he returned, a little reproachfully. "I wish you were not so proud."

And then there was a long silence. A bee went humming drowsily over a straggling branch of honeysuckle, a shaft of vivid sunlight crossed Carl's pleasant, brown face, the ripple of the brook came like a soft lullaby. Gradually the distress and shame died out of the girl's face, the proud lips relaxed into soft curves once more, the beautiful eyes grew sweet and wistful. Young Chichester watched her intently.

"And I have to be thankful for small mercies where you are concerned, Francia," he said at last, with significance.

Francia raised herself with a start, and came out of dream-land.

"What have I done now?" she asked.

"It is a week to-day, and I have had no answer yet," the young fellow went on. "How much longer is my probation to last?"

"I do not know what you mean," raising a pair of sweet, mischievous eyes to his. "I thought I had answered you."

"In a way, you did," he replied. "You did not say 'No,' and you would not say 'Yes.'"

"Then I suppose I did not know my own mind," curling her lips.

"Do you now?"

"Yes."

"Then what is it to be?"

"No."

"Francia, you do not mean it!"

"Yes, I do," with an attempt at nonchalance,

which failed signally; for in another moment his arms were round her and his kisses on her lips.

"How dare you!" he cried, with an assumption of great wrath. "Do you think I shall take 'No' for an answer, when I know you love me? Ah, you little traitor, if I had not taken you unawares I believe you would never have confessed it!"

"No, I should not, Carl," she agreed, with a sober face, trying to slip away from his arm. "And it is not too late now."

"Yes, it is," drawing her still closer to him.

"I asked your father's consent this morning and my father's last night."

"And what did they say?" curiosity getting the better of her.

"Captain Ruthven said all that was kind and pleasant, as I knew he would, and my father—"

"Yes, and your father?" as he stopped short.

Carl laughed.

"My father remarked that he supposed I ought to have reached the age of reason and common-sense; but he insinuated gently that I had not." And the young man laughed again.

But Francia evidently considered it no laughing matter.

"Well?" she queried, with a sober face.

"Do not look so woe-begone, child," went on Carl, confidently. "He will come round in time, of course; and, if he does not, it cannot be helped. I must marry to please myself, not him."

A little resolute curve crept round Francia's lips.

"Carl, I will not enter any household where I am not welcome."

Carl took her two hands in his and looked down into the proud, sweet eyes.

"Sweetheart, do you think I will let you go?" he said, with determination equal to her own. "You were hard to win—your pride foiled me over and over again; and now do you imagine it is going to be the conqueror at last? No—a thousand times, no!"

"Carl, I will not marry you without your father's consent," she affirmed, with great resolution, trying with all her small strength to draw her hands from his—"I will not."

He stooped and kissed with passionate vehemence the willful lips.

"And I will not let you go!" he cried. "I hold you fast, sweetheart, and I swear you shall not go!"

"But, Carl, you must listen to reason."

"But, Francia, there is no reason in you—nothing but sheer perversity. I suppose you would turn me adrift at once if you could have your own way?"

She leaned her bright head against his coat-sleeve.

"It would be of no use if I did; for I suppose you would not go," she said, with a dubious smile.

"Certainly not," was the energetic response—"Francia," and the young fellow's face grew graver, "I do not wish to oppose my father any more than you do. He will not hold out long; he will give his consent in time; but, if he does not—well," with a determined clasp of the small brown hand, "then we have no alternative—we shall have to be married without it."

"No," was the answer, softly resolute—"no, Carl."

"Obstinacy, thy name is woman!" laughed Carl in reply, retaliating swiftly on the sweet, shy lips. "We shall see whose will is the stronger, Miss Ruthven. Now do you want some strawberries?"

Summer faded into autumn, autumn into winter. Another spring arrived, and then summer; and the golden sunshine again lay over all the land—over Mr. Chichester's fields, and woods, and houses, and lands, and over Captain Ruthven's dilapidated cottage and untidy garden.

It was evening; and Francia sat on the seat under the veranda, the slanting rays of the sun shining full on her delicate face and golden-tinted hair. Her white muslin dress fell around her in soft folds, the needles with which she was knitting glistened in the sunlight.

"Harry is very late again this evening," she said, half aloud, as a clock in the house struck eight. "I wonder what can be keeping him?"

Harry had obtained the appointment at the insurance office, and for a time had worked, or seemed to work, steadily. No complaints had been made by those in authority, and Francia had begun to allow herself a measure of hope on her brother's account. Not that the hundred and fifty pounds had benefited anybody but himself. He seemed to require every farthing of it for his own necessities. Once, when the state of the family exchequer was rather worse than usual, Francia had ventured a remonstrance, and had been told with complacency: "Don't preach; you do not understand business; a fellow must look like a gentleman."

"Surely it need not cost one hundred and fifty pounds a year to look like a gentleman," the girl had urged, gravely.

And Harry had turned it off with a jest, and the next day had brought her a costly, useless, lace parasol, with the remark not to accuse him of stinginess again.

Francia had thanked him quietly, but with a sense of utter desperation. Was Harry blind, or would he not understand?

The evening shadows lengthened, and still Francia knitted on. A little smile rose now and then to her lips, though the velvet eyes gazed somewhat wistfully across the lawn from which, a

year before, the dandelions had been so successfully eradicated. Francia's own special cares were not light, for the course of true love was running anything but smoothly. In all these months old Mr. Chichester had not relented one whit. He offered no open opposition; he simply ignored the whole affair. And Francia, who had her own creed of honor, kept tenaciously to her resolution. Carl argued, pleaded—it was of no avail. She would scarcely own herself engaged. Nothing should make her consent to a marriage in defiance of old Mr. Chichester; and all Carl's prayers could not move her from this one point.

For the last three months Carl had been away in Germany on some engineering business. He would be home in another week; and the smile on Francia's lips was for him.

After awhile she rose and went into the house. It was quiet and deserted; for Captain Ruthven was absent on a yachting expedition to the Mediterranean with some of his numerous friends. He might be home on the morrow; he might not arrive till Christmas. "You need not write; I don't care to be worried with letters, so I shall not give you any address," had been almost his last words to his daughter; and nothing had been heard of him since the Payche had left Cowes, three weeks before. Francia was not anxious. It was her father's way.

She went to the piano, and began to play in the twilight. Presently the maid brought in lights and closed the shutters.

"I have laid the supper in the dining-room," she said, as she drew the curtains across the windows.

"Very well," replied Francia. "Do not wait up. I will attend to Mr. Harry. Good-night."

The girl left the room, and the house sank into intense silence. Not a sound was heard save the sighing of the summer wind outside. Francia took up her knitting again. How slowly the hours passed! Half-past ten—eleven—twelve!

"I never knew him to be so late as this before," thought Francia, anxiously. "It must have been very important business to detain him so late as this."

During the last three months Harry had been very often detained till a late hour—"by important business," he said.

At half-past twelve a key turned in the door. After a minute's delay Harry entered the room. His face was ghastly, his eyes were wild, his whole figure was shaking as if he had an ague-fit.

"What is the matter?" cried Francia, starting up. "O Harry, what is the matter? What has happened?"

With a groan he threw himself into a chair and burst into a fit of womanish weeping.

Francia was beside him in a moment, kneeling down by the chair.

"Speak!" she cried, desperately. "What is it?"

His whole form shook with agitation, but he did not answer. She withdrew his hands from his face.

"Tell me the worst!" she cried, piteously. "Carl—is he dead?"

"Carl!" echoed Harry, pettishly, his grief ceasing suddenly. "Can you think of nothing but your own concerns? I know nothing about Carl."

"Then what is the matter?" she asked, calming herself with an effort. "Tell me the truth, Harry. Oh, be quick!"

"It is not so pleasant that you need be in a hurry to hear it," he said, sullenly, but with visible reluctance.

"Harry, you torture me!" she cried. "Tell me!"—and her eyes, fixed on his, seemed to force the words from his weak lips.

"Well, the fact is," he began, with an air of attempted bravado, "on Tuesday afternoon I received a check from old Mr. Chichester—insurance premium on a small floating policy, you know—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," cried Francia, for Harry had stopped short again, with averted eyes, and hands nervously fidgeting with the buttons on his coat.

"It was for eight pounds," went on Harry, Francia's eyes forcing the truth from him. "To-day I—I—. This afternoon the check—" He stammered incoherently and stopped again.

"Well?" queried Francia, impatiently.

He hesitated, laughed—a foolish, vacant laugh—and then blurted out, suddenly: "To-day the same check was changed at the banker's for eighty pounds!" Francia started to her feet.

"What do you mean?" she cried, desperately. "Who changed it?"

"Harrison the tailor," he replied, his reluctant lips scarcely forming the words.

"Well?"

"The—the forgery was discovered accidentally," he went on, "and steps are being taken to discover the—" He hesitated again, and then finished abruptly, "It is put into the hands of the police."

"Well?" queried Francia again, still without any suspicion of the truth.

"How stupid you are!" he cried, irritably. "Don't you understand? I must be off out of the country. There is not a moment to lose. I must catch the mail-train to Liverpool, and sail for America as quickly as possible!"

Francia stood as if turned to stone, her beautiful eyes staring wildly.

"I—I do not understand," she whispered, hoarsely. "Who did it?"

Harry burst into another fit of hysterical weeping.

"O Francia, help me!" he cried. "Help me to get away! I shall be put in prison! Oh, help me!"

Then Francia understood. For one minute a flood of anguish, shame, horror, contempt, swept over her soul; then she turned to Harry, calmly, even gently, with a face frozen into stillness.

"There is no time to be lost," she said. "It is now one o'clock, and the mail goes—goes"—turning suddenly dizzy as a remembrance of Carl swept over her—"goes at two," she concluded, steadily. "Come."

She led the way into the dining-room, and made her brother sit down and eat, while she went up to his room, found a small portmanteau, opened the drawers, and began to pack, with the same tearless, stony calm. In half an hour all was ready, the bag strapped, and the small sum of money she could call her own in Harry's hands.

Then she put her arms round his neck, and a great sob came from her.

"Good-bye, Harry," she said, hoarsely. "You will write to me soon?"

"Yes, yes. Good-bye, Francia," he cried, with the ready tears in his eyes. "There is no one like you. If I live, I will retrieve myself—I will indeed! Heaven bless you, Francia!"

In another moment he was gone.

About four o'clock the next day Francia sat in the small, shabby drawing-room at Ivy Cottage. The hot July sun was pouring in at the windows, making the shabbiness of the apartment painfully visible. The girl's whole face had altered terribly in the last twelve hours; the lovely eyes were full of dumb, wistful pain, the sweet mouth was pitifully sad and anxious.

Mr. Chichester sat opposite to her, a tall, stately man, with cold, courteous manners and a haughty, reserved face—a man to be trusted to the death, but the last man in the world to be moved by any considerations of a sentimental nature.

"I think there is nothing to be gained by beating about the bush, Miss Ruthven," he was saying, in a courteously calm tone. "I have come to make an offer to you. Will you hear it?"

Francia bowed her head.

"It is a painful subject," he continued; "but I have no choice in the matter. I presume your brother's flight is no mystery to you. Probably you may also know the reason of it?"

Francia bowed again; her lips seemed frozen into silence.

"He has forged my check for eighty pounds," went on Mr. Chichester. "His guilt is unquestionably proved. The police can lay their hands on him at a moment's notice—indeed they only wait a telegram from me to arrest him."

He paused and glanced keenly at her. Francia

had shivered once beneath the calm, cold words, but her face kept its steady immobility.

"He is on board the Connemara at Liverpool," continued Mr. Chichester, "which will sail to-morrow at noon. He will be arrested this evening, unless"—he stopped and glanced at Francia again—her eyes were fixed upon his with pitiable anxiety—"unless I stop all proceedings against him. And that I will do on one condition."

"What is that?" asked Francia, in a low, strained voice.

"That you release my son Carl from his engagement to you," was the concise and emphatic answer.

"Ah!" ejaculated Francia, sharply; and there was a long silence in the room.

Mr. Chichester fidgeted rather restlessly with his watch-chain. Francia's eyes, with a stained look of unutterable anguish, were fixed on the window. Outside the trees were fluttering in the breeze and the flowers flaunting in the gay sunshine.

After awhile Mr. Chichester spoke again.

"I think you will admit," he said, coldly, "that you can do no greater wrong to Carl than to persist in holding him to his word. It is not to be expected that he should ally himself to shame and ignominy. I think you would not be the one to—"

"Hush!" she said. "I know—I understand."

And again there was silence.

"Well," he said at last, "do you consent or not?"

Francia lifted her eyes to his. Ah, the pain, the misery in the soft velvet depths!

"Yes, I consent," she said, quietly. "What is it you wish me to do?"

"Will you copy this?" replied Mr. Chichester, taking a sheet of paper, on which was some writing, from his pocket.

Francia glanced over it. It was a short note, couched in formal language, in which she—Francia—gave her lover his dismissal, and, without assigning any cause, bade him a final adieu. The girl went to a side-table where writing-materials were kept, and sat down and copied the note in silence. Then she folded the letter, put it into an envelope, addressed it to Carl at Dresden, and gave it to Mr. Chichester, still without uttering a single word.

In equal silence he took out his pocket-book, produced the forged check, and handed it to Francia.

"You are a brave girl," he said, admiringly, the quiet endurance and courage Francia had shown touching him a thousand times more than any show of emotion would have done. "I wish, for your sake, there had been any other alternative. Good-bye."

He held out his hand; but Francia stepped

back, her eyes flashing, her small head raised haughtily.

"No," she said, with supreme scorn: "our bargain did not include any pretense of friendship, Mr. Chichester. A generous man would have disdained to drive a bargain with shame and misery."

"You are sarcastic, young lady," he returned, calmly. "I wish you good-day."

Harry Ruthven sat in his small cabin on board the Connemara, repentance and bitter remorse weighing him down. The shame and misery of the last two days had not been lost upon him.

There was a slight noise outside, then came a knock at the door, and Francia slowly entered.

"Harry!" she said, softly, for he had not raised his head. "Harry!"

"Francia!" he cried, starting up. "You here?"

"Yes; it is I. Are you very much surprised?" she replied, speaking with unnatural, feverish animation. "I am going with you to New York."

"What do you mean?" he asked, gazing blankly at her.

"Just what I say. I am going with you. I have taken my berth; it is over on the other side of the deck. We sail in an hour; so I was only just in time."

"You cannot go—you must not!" he cried. "Carl—"

"Carl and I have parted," she interrupted, with a little weary smile. "Hush—you must not speak of it! Do you know Mr. Chichester has stopped all further proceedings against you? It is very kind and generous of him, is it not?"—and the weary eyes looked scornful again.

Harry threw himself into a chair.

"It is my fault—my fault!" he groaned, bitterly.

"No, it is my own doing," she said. "Do I look very like a blighted being, Harry? I used to have such a contempt for blighted beings, you know"—with a little, desperate, mocking smile. "Carl will be angry at first; but he will come to see that it is the best thing for him—for him," she repeated, dreamily. "I could not have done it for myself alone, or even for you. It was for Carl himself."

"Francia, you must go back!" cried Harry, eagerly. "There is yet time"—and he took her hand, and would have led her from the cabin.

"No, no," she cried, resisting him; "I will not. I have cast in my lot with you. I will not go back. And see—it is too late now"—pointing through the small window—"we are off!" And, even as she spoke, the huge screw began to move, and the white, foaming waters to rush past. "I know you are glad to have me, though you give me such a scanty welcome," she said, with a forlorn attempt at gayety. "I believe you imagine I

shall be horribly seasick, and nothing but a nuisance to you."

A fortnight later the brother and sister stood together on the landing-stage at New York.

Francia stood in a dreamy reverie gazing far out to sea. Something had gone from the fair, beautiful face, some source of life or hope. A brilliant color burnt in her cheeks, her eyes shone like stars; but the strained, dumb, piteous wistfulness never left the latter for a moment.

Harry and she had arranged their plans. Harry was to try for a clerkship in an office; Francia would get some pupils for music, she hoped. They had very little money left, and the future was all very dark before them; but never for a moment did they dream of turning back.

"Will you wait here a moment, Francia?" said Harry, presently. "I must see after the luggage. They are just bringing it to land."

"Very well. I will stay here," she answered, and took up her station by a low post, gazing with absent, unseeing eyes on the throng of people surging to and fro.

In a minute or two one of the officers of the *Connemara* came up to her with a telegram in his hand.

"I think this is for you, Miss Ruthven?" he said, touching his cap.

Francia took the envelope mechanically, and read the address—

*Miss Ruthven,
On board the SS. "Connemara,"
New York.*

"Yes, it is for me," she said; and the man retired.

"Carl Chichester, Greyminster, to Francia Ruthven," read Francia from the thin slip of paper. "I came home and found you gone. I traced you to Liverpool. Telegraph to me from New York immediately. I shall sail by the first steamer afterward. Your letter was received; but of course there is some mistake."

The tears rushed to Francia's eyes as she read.

"Loyal and true," she murmured, brokenly. "I knew you would not fail me, Carl—I knew you would not doubt me! Ah, it is hard to give you up!"

She stood for some minutes with the telegram in her hand, her dark, pathetic eyes lighted up, a little wistful, tender smile on her lips; then Harry came up.

"The luggage is all right," he said, hurriedly. "I have engaged a conveyance. I wonder where we must go to?"

Francia started. The light faded from her face, her mouth revealed a grave determination. Without a word to Harry, she put the telegram into

her pocket, and turned a quiet, impassive face to him.

"I am ready," she said, gently.

He led the way to the vehicle, put her in, took his own place beside her, and in another minute they had left the quay, and were lost in the crowd that ever ebbs and flows in the great cities of the world—lost, as Francia meant they should be.

The telegram was never answered. With scrupulous honor Francia kept to her agreement with Mr. Chichester, not only in the word, but in the spirit. She had bartered away her love, her happiness, almost her life, for her brother's safety; and she meant to keep faith even to the bitter end. So Carl waited in vain day after day for an answer to his message. None came. The little strip of pink paper, with its tender words, was laid next Francia's heart; but Francia herself was lost in a strange, unknown world.

Three months later Carl landed in New York.

Never a doubt of Francia had crossed his mind. Neither her note, the unanswered telegram, nor her silence had destroyed his belief in her. He had waited in England week after week, hoping for some message or sign from her. At last he lost all patience, and started away without a word of warning to any one. Once in New York, he wasted no time in half measures. The police were set to work, and in a week Carl held Francia and her brother's address. It was late in the afternoon when he received it; but he could not defer his visit till the next day.

"No. 35 Abbott Street!" he called to the driver of the conveyance that he had hailed, his brown face eager with excitement. And the man drove off.

They passed from the broad, fashionable thoroughfares into the narrow streets of the poor, lined with the homes of the toilers and laborers of the great city.

In his impatience it seemed hours to Carl before the vehicle reached Abbott Street and drew up at its destination—No. 35. It was a poor, mean, little street, with shabby, small houses.

Carl jumped out, threw the driver some money, and then knocked at the door. There was no answer. He knocked again—still no response. Then—he could wait no longer—he opened the door and went in. The lower rooms were quite empty; the house seemed deserted. He made his way quickly up the narrow, carpetless stairs, and then paused on the landing at the top.

An open doorway was before him, and in it stood Harry Ruthven.

"Found at last!" cried Carl, in an eager, joyous voice. "Why did you hide yourself like this? Where is—"

Harry had come forward on recognizing the intruder; but no answering light was in his face—his hand was held up warningly.

"Hush," he whispered, before Carl could conclude, "hush! You are in time."

A great dread seized upon Carl as with quiet footsteps he followed Harry into the room.

It was a small, poor, meanly-furnished apartment. On a sofa drawn close to the window, to catch the last gleams of the setting sun, lay Francis, her face white as the pillow beneath her, her eyes shining like stars.

"I knew you would come," she whispered, faintly, "Carl, my best beloved!"

He uttered one strong cry, and then his arms were round her, her head was pillowed on his breast.

"The time has been so long," she murmured, "and so weary. Carl, I have yearned for you."

"Oh, why did you not write? Why did you not let me know?" he cried, his voice husky with anguish.

"I could not. I had promised, and I could not; but it broke my heart," she whispered, in fainter tones.

He clasped the wasted, fragile form more closely in his arms.

"My darling—oh, my darling," he cried, "you are not going from me?"

She raised her sweet, radiant eyes to his, with the gentle, grave smile he knew so well.

"Kiss me, Carl," she murmured. "I can rest now; and I am so tired—so tired."

He pressed his lips to hers in one long, passionate kiss that seemed as if it must snatch her back from the very gates of death.

When he lifted his head again, she was at rest; the white lids lying close over the beautiful eyes into which he had looked a moment before. But it was not the rest from which there comes no waking. A little while, and a soft tint of rose began to warm the ashen pallor of her lips and cheeks. Love had called her back to life!

A REMONSTRANCE.

YOU say you cannot understand
A woman's many moods,
Or why for weary days, perhaps,
About a slight she broods.
A harp with strings so delicate
You fail to comprehend,
And why so easily they break,
Yet are so hard to mend.

I grant you that a woman is
A riddle strange to read;
A mystery so hard to solve
That very few succeed.
She's like a combination lock
With most peculiar key;
Or union of oddities
The queerest there may be!

She is a phrase that contradicts
Itself from morn till night!
That men too clumsy are always
To understand aright.
Therefore they censure where she needs
The tenderest of praise;
Misunderstanding all the time
The meaning of her ways.

Then bringing forth their ten-inch rules,
They measure, with great care,
The limit wherein she may walk
And meek deportment bear;
But if she dares to question once
The wherefore or the why—
Behold them all indignant then
Off on a tangent fly!

Complaining that they cannot know
A woman's many moods,
Or why about a trifling thing
So tearfully she broods;
Not knowing that the key called *Love*
Will give the help they need,
Enabling them with clearer eyes
This riddle strange to read.

Yes, woman needs love's sunshine, for
Her truest, noblest, growth,
Affection's dew must ever bring
Her choicest sweetness forth;
You rob her of her life's intent
Whene'er you coldly try
To force her into blossoming
Beneath a cloudy sky.

Her freedom you deprive her of,
Then seek with crabbed rule
To regulate her daily life
As if she were a fool.
Her womanhood's a holy thing,
God's gift her life to crown;
You sin against it when you try
To crush and keep it down.

But if her way you reverence,
Your faithful slave she'll be;
A queen in self-forged fetters, naught
So sweetly fair as she.
Love's sceptre was her recompense
For Eden's bitter loss;
Surely you would not change again
Her crown into a cross.

RUTH ARGYLE.

CONFIDENCE and fear are almost one thing rather than two, when we speak of God. He that fears most trusts most. He that trusts most fears most. To none is death so little of a change as to those whose life has been one long confidence in God.

OUR TRAVELING CLUB.

No. 9.

LONDON—Continued.

"MISS ALICE," said Charlie Elmore, one evening after our president had called our club to order for the seventh time, and Mrs. Kent and Mrs. Elmore were still heard exchanging rapturous descriptions of "the most superb *Lilium Auratum*!" "Decidedly the loveliest gladiolus I ever beheld!" "Miss Alice, did you ever hear of Whittington and his cat?"

"I fancy I have," answered Miss Alice Fonsaine, with a twinkle of amusement in her bright eyes. "Dick Whittington, the forlorn little lad, who sat down on a mile-stone by the high road to rest, with his cat in his arms, and heard the bells merrily chiming:

'Turn again, turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London?'"

"Yes," exclaimed Charlie, clapping his hands, an unparliamentary demonstration for which George suppressed him at once. He arose, however, to the surface, and continued with glee: "We are going to Whittington's Library to-day!"

"That is rather a mistake," observed Dr. Kent. "We propose to visit Guildhall Library—the original collection of books made by Richard Whittington, 'a citizen of renown,' and a highly accomplished and liberal gentleman, and presented by him to the City of London, has long since disappeared; but his admirable idea was adopted by others, and to it we owe the splendid Gothic room with all its treasures of literature and art, which are absolutely free to any visitor who will write his or her name in the book provided for that purpose."

"I expect the room which Whittington purchased for the safe-keeping of his manuscript histories was very plain compared with Guildhall. The roof is of richly-moulded oak, and the arched ribs are emblazoned with the arms of the twelve city guilds and their gorgeous devices, and all the screens and recesses are of oak. There is much beautiful decoration in open stone-work, and over all fall the rich, mellow hues of the light through the stained glass windows, as full of color in glowing harmony as the tints of our autumnal forests. Nothing is more exquisite to me than this inflowing tide of warm and colored light on the dark wood and cold stone of an old English interior. Without its glow, the effect of the whole is too sombre and stern."

"I don't think 'our boys' will find many volumes which they would care to read here," observed Katherine, mischievously. "What do you say, Frederic, to a volume of charters written in Saxon-Latin and Norman-French, dating

from the beginning of William the Conqueror's reign?"

"No, thanks," said Frederic, hastily; "that would be even worse than Tacitus, Miss Alice," with a glance at his teacher.

"Then perhaps you would like this old French chronicle, also in Norman-French? It has lovely vignette pictures and miniatures, and is bound in vellum. There is another book in the same language on the penalties to be inflicted on bakers if they do not furnish their customers with good and wholesome bread. I think we had better examine the copies of Woaverman's paintings, which are in the lobby, or look over the autographs. There is a genuine one of Shakespeare's, one of Queen Elizabeth's, besides many others."

"I should like to go from Guildhall to another noble institution of learning—Christ's Hospital—where the blue coat boys have their school and home," said Mrs. Kent. "I have an English friend, whose brother, a free-hearted, high-spirited English lad, is now studying there, and I have always been greatly interested in her descriptions of his life."

"Henry Porterfield, mamma?" exclaimed Frederic. "I liked him so much when he was here in vacation. I should be glad to know all about his school. He is so fond of it, and he sees so many distinguished people there. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, the poor young French prince who was killed in Africa, and his mother, the Empress Eugenie, ever so many of the royal family in Russia, and the crown prince of Prussia. I remember he said the latter gave him 'a tip'—you know that is what an English school-boy calls a gift of money, Miss Alice—and he spent it all in raspberry jam."

"Can any of you direct us to 'Christ's Hospital?'" asked Dr. Kent, with a smile.

Harry Halstead, who was one of our best and most accurate members, was on his feet in an instant.

"It is in Newgate Street, sir, and there is a preparatory school at Hertford, where the boys are drilled in their first studies in English, and also in Latin and Greek grammar. They say that the discipline is quite severe here, but the boys are rather too young to begin 'fagging' or bullying, both of which English boys have to stand when they become regular 'blues.'"

"What is the costume?" asked Katherine. "Henry said it was hideous, and would never show me the picture of himself which was taken in it."

"It was the ordinary dress of children from the lower classes in the days of the Tudor kings," said Dr. Kent; "but it wears rather an antiquated and absurd air among our modern ways and scenes. It is in its genuine form a blue gown trimmed with silver buttons, bearing the Tudor

flower, and the name of the founder, Edward VI, in Latin, a red belt of leather, linen bands like a clergyman, knee-breeches of black velvet, and yellow worsted stockings. There was a tradition that 'caps, hats or bonnets' were forbidden, and that any scholar who wore them would be at once dismissed, which, if you remember the speech which the grammar master made to Samuel Taylor Coleridge when he cried from homesickness, you will know is a very terrible thing."

"What was it, papa?" asked little Rosemond, with an air of deepest interest.

"He was a very high-tempered man, and regarded it quite as an act of treason when any boy, so fortunate as to be numbered among the blue coats, regretted his home. 'Boy,' he said to little Coleridge, 'boy! the school is your father; boy! the school is your mother; boy! the school is your brother and your sister, and your first-cousin and your second-cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!'"

"What a disagreeable man he must have been!" remarked Mrs. Kent. "I am sure that Dickens's sketches of English school-masters cannot have been exaggerated after such a specimen from real life."

"The school, however, does seem to be conducted with a thoroughly kind and parental consideration for the interests of its scholars. The seniors have studies, each boy one for himself, and coosily-curtained beds, with complete liberty to go in and out of the hospital after school hours, and a full share in a comfortable parlor at the house of the head-master. At eighteen or nineteen years of age he is sent to the University at the hospital's expense, and when he starts for Oxford or Cambridge he is presented with twenty pounds for the purchase of books, ten pounds for clothes, and thirty pounds for fees and other contingent expenses. A very nice little beginning for a young student, is it not?"

"I think the grammar master was not so entirely mistaken in his remarks to Coleridge," I said. "But I suppose the school has had many changes made in it since its first founder, has it not? I think I remember that one of Charles II's few wise acts was bestowing an endowment on the blue coat school."

"He founded the mathematical school in 1673, and added various benefactions afterward to it, persuaded, it is said, to do so by the eloquence of Pepys, that prince of diary writers, who has left us such a vivid and lively book of the gossip of his time. He was the treasurer of the school, and interested himself warmly to obtain the royal favor for it."

"Henry Porterfield says that all the boys at this mathematical school have to go to sea for seven years. He was very anxious to belong to it himself. Each boy there, when he leaves for his

first voyage, receives a watch, his uniform, the books he will need as a sailor, mathematical instruments, a quadrant and a purse of fifteen sovereigns. Besides these, if he will come after his third voyage with good testimonials to his old head-master, he will get fifteen sovereigns more as a compliment to his services," said Frederic.

"I suppose Henry did not tell you quite as much about his teachers as he did about the boys?" I asked.

"No; except I remember his saying they were amongst the most learned men in England, very prominent classical scholars, etc. I think he talked most of all about his holidays."

"Very often their royal visitors, with some kindly remembrance of their own boyhood, and its unending enjoyment of frolic, obtain a holiday for them. Their 'feast days' are celebrated by an unusually liberal dinner, with the addition of some choice dishes, for the old-fashioned benefactors had a very kindly regard for the proverbial appetites of school-boys. They have their regular holidays once a month, and then they have complete freedom until the bell rings in the evening.

"Be the day short, or be the day long,
At last it ringeth to even song."

"The blue coat boys," said Harry Halstead, "beside all the usual pleasures of English school-boys, have a right to enter the Tower of London unquestioned and without payment. On Easter Tuesday they go in procession to see the lord mayor, who is to give them not only wine and corn, but guineas, half crowns and shillings (all bright and fresh from the mint), according to the rank of the boys in their studies or classes. How old Whittington would have beamed on the boys if they had gone to see him! I think he would have encouraged the little fellows amazingly, for he knew what hard times they sometimes have."

"Don't they ever visit the queen?" said Charlie.

"The mathematical boys go on the first drawing-room day, and they have luncheon at the palace, and receive eight guineas. They also eat supper in the great public hall on all the Thursdays in Lent. The room is a magnificent one, floored and paneled with dark oak, and adorned with the coats of arms and the devices of the benefactors of the school. There are handsome paintings, stained glass windows, great chandeliers hanging from the oaken rafters overhead, and long oaken seats, and tables with spotless linen tablecloths, and candlesticks wreathed with flowers. Some of the arrangements are very much like a church, for an organ stands in one of the galleries, and its swelling music pours forth in joyful praise before the meal begins; a large, carved oak pulpit also stands in the centre of the hall, from which the lessons are read by one of the older boys. But," remarked Dr. Kent, "when supper once

begins the boys pay little attention to armorial bearings or floral decorations. They are strictly practical, and have an eye only to the business of the moment."

"Dear little fellows!" said Katherine. "I don't wonder, for the stately gentleman who presides has to leave in time for *his dinner*, and the boy who is looking at the visitors who generally come in at this time, or at anything else, runs a risk of having no supper. The warden knocks on the table, and it is over, and they have to clear the table away; then a second and third knock, the anthem is sung and the blessing pronounced. Lastly, all the boys file out in procession, the very smallest in front with a candlestick, the matron, then the biggest with the basket on his shoulder, containing the fragments of bread; after him two and two, in pairs, the 'knife-boy,' the 'cloth-boy,' more candlestick-boys, then all the others. While the old organ music rises and swells, they approach the president's chair, halt, bow and retire, until the whole eight hundred have passed by. I suspect the gentleman who presides gets as weary of nodding eight hundred times to the boys as our president in the White House of shaking hands at his receptions."

"I suppose," said George, "as all the boys have left, it is time for visitors to depart also. Dr. Kent, where would you advise us to go to dine in London? Isn't the 'Cheshire Cheese' a famous house for mutton chops, etc.?"

"It has no end of traditions, and is very old, and largely frequented, but like most London dining-places is narrow, old and dingy, and as uncomfortable as possible. Nor do I like either the chops or the waiters who bring them. The newspaper men frequent it, but I decidedly prefer 'The Cock,' with its snug, warm parlor, and damask curtains, and immense fire-place. The waiters are both quiet and attentive, and we can have an admirable dinner here with the gentlemen of the law, who are its daily patrons."

"What shall we order?" asked Harry. "I suppose the bill of fare is not as unlimited as at an American hotel?"

"Oh, no; our only vegetable will be potatoes, but these are very fine, and our steaks and chops—or cold sirloin, if you prefer it—will be accompanied by the whitest of bread, and well-made salads, or pickled walnuts."

"The Albion is a name I often see mentioned," observed Mrs. Stacy. "Almost each place is frequented by a certain class of visitors; as the Albion is just across the way from the Drury Lane Theatre, the actors are continually there. It is as closely connected with the stage as the 'Cock' is with the law, or 'Dolly's Coffee-house' used to be with London publishers. By the way, you should see that. It is a fine specimen of an old English dining-place, with low ceilings and

heavy beams, projecting fire-places and wainscoted walls, broad staircases with solid oaken balusters, and heavy, high-polished mahogany furniture. The dining-room dates back to Queen Anne."

"If we could only leave London for a drive in the country," remarked Katherine, "I should infinitely prefer to dine in a country inn. I know these old places are very close, and dusty, and dark, and I don't especially care for rooms where Goldsmith ate, or Johnson ordered a steak."

"Very well," observed Mrs. Elmore, "we need not be hampered by distances when four fresh and spirited horses can be procured. I fancy the first grass in the meadow, the birds singing over the blossoming hedges, the soft wind bringing us a thousand mingled fragrances from field and garden, will amply repay us for our exertions."

"Then we shall also have the delight of sitting in a clean and light room, and having the windows open on a flower-plot, and perhaps long sprays of honeysuckles blown in by every wandering breeze. And our salads will be crisp and fresh from the garden," exclaimed Katherine, with delight. "The fresh air of the country is so charming after London dust. I feel as if it had been accumulating in these old houses for centuries, and had a sacred title to respect, but I long to get out of it, and back to some place where no distinguished individual dined or slept. I feel quite crushed by so much celebrity."

"O Katherine," laughed her sister, with a half-admiring reproof. "One would think you had no imagination or reverence."

"On the contrary, madam, she has too much," said Harry, "you see she is quite overcome by sensations which I support easily. My conceptions of all these great people are so vague that they don't interfere with my appetite in the least. In fact—though it may be heretical to say so—I forget all about them."

"Therein you are more thoroughly English than Katherine," observed the doctor. "The modern Englishman is not nearly so much burdened with precedent and tradition as our American tourists. Their own world and age are more interesting—and rightly so—than the old past, which an American meets for the first time, and gazes at with wonder and awe."

"I should like you to hear Mary Howitt's 'sketch of a dinner at a country inn,' Katherine," said her sister, "I think it charming."

"Do read it to us," I asked. "It will be a nice ending for our meeting. It is from 'Wood Leighton,' is it not?"

"Yes; it describes the close of a lovely day in an old forest, spent in walking among gigantic oaks, seeing the deer trooping through the tall ferns and the squirrels busy among the fallen nuts."

"We were soon comfortably seated in a nice, clean, old-fashioned, little parlor, looking into a gar-

den as neat as the house, full of Michaelmas daisies, French marigolds, China asters, and those splendid flowers, the dahlias, now got into every cottage garden, and other autumn flowers, and terminated by a vast and noble walnut-tree. Speedily our little sturdy maid spread a cloth white as the driven snow, and arranged the dinner apparatus with many bashful smiles and rosy blushes as Mr. Somers kept chatting to her in a voice of friendly jocularly. Presently she set on the table a capital piece of boiled beef, enough, one would have thought, for a regiment of plowmen, with an accompaniment of nicely-dressed turnips, carrots and potatoes. Then came a dish of dumplings, light as foam-balls on a river. There was sweet home-made bread, butter and cheese fit for a king; and water so cool, so crystalline, that Elizabeth exclaimed: "Why, Melicent"—so our maid was called—"you might have just fetched this from the Elf Spring in the dingle, only that you certainly have not had the time."

" "Master has fetched it, ma'am. He knows you are fond of that spring, and so he thought you would like your dinner better with some of it."

" "Well, I am really obliged to Mr. Brewin," said Elizabeth, "though the dinner does not need such a luxury to make it acceptable: a forest stroll makes such a meal ten times more delicious than a palace banquet."

" "We all joined heartily in the opinion; and Melicent, who had adroitly drawn the cloth while we were speaking, now reappeared from the kitchen with a plate of fresh pippins and another of plums, and Mr. Brewin followed, with one of grapes from the house-aid, and one of Catherine pears from the tree that adorned the outside of the kitchen-chimney, and we had scarcely expressed our admiration of this country dessert, when in came Melicent again with a little basket of filberts and walnuts from the great tree. Mrs. Brewin brought in a bottle of her elder-flower wine, which she did not sell, but gave to her particular friends. "It was what the ladies," she said, with a smile, "always fancied." Our rural entertainment, so far beyond our expectation, and the hospitable heartiness of our entertainers, put us all into high good-humor. Charles and Mr. Somers sat and talked past affairs over with our host and hostess, and we sat and listened to the most extraordinary stories of deer-stealers that used to haunt the forests before the inclosure of all but the crown lands, and especially of the exploits of old Malabar, the most celebrated of them. I know not when my imagination has been more excited, and Charles and Mr. Somers seemed as highly interested as the old people themselves. Mr. Somers repeatedly said: "Well, we must go" but still the talk went on, 'till, pulling out his watch, he started up and showed by his countenance and exclamation his

amazement at the discovery that it was six o'clock! Our carriage was hastily ordered out; our bill discharged, our worthy host and hostess and our good, rosy-armed Melicent bid a hearty good-bye; and away we drove homeward."

"What a pleasant description?" I exclaimed. "It gives one such a glimpse into honest and simple country life in England."

"A life, which seems to have been thoroughly understood and enjoyed both by Mary Howitt and her husband," remarked Mrs. Kent.

"We must ourselves say good-bye, now," observed Mrs. Stacy, "and at our next meeting, I think our club may consent to cross the channel, and see something of Continental Europe."

ELLA F. MOSBY.

THE LULLABY.

WHEN the loving day leans to the twilight,
When the baby-star climbs to the moon,
With a heart that is silently breaking
I sit in the gloaming and croon.
I croon a low song for my darling,
My wee one, my baby, my own,
Who, cradled in rosewood and velvet,
Sleeps out in the church-yard alone.

Alone with no arms to enfold her,
Alone with no pillowing breast,
Alone with no hand on her cradle
To rock her to sounder rest.
But each day, in the hush of the twilight,
I silence my broken heart's cry;
And I sit where I sat with my darling,
And sing her the old lullaby.

Yes, I think my wee darling rests better,
As the night-shadows lengthen and creep
Across her low bed in the church-yard,
If her mother's voice sings her to sleep.
And so, with a heart that is breaking,
I sing the old "lullaby dear,"
That hushed her of old into slumber—
O baby, my own, do you hear?

ELLA WHEELER.

NOTHING is so good or wholesome as the simple truth; and he who helps us to find out a single real thing about ourselves does us a far greater service than he could by indiscriminately undervaluing us.

THE GOOD ALREADY SAVED.—"We need not ask," says the Rev. F. W. Robertson, "will the true, pure, loving, holy man be saved? for he is saved; he has heaven; it is in him now. He has a part of his inheritance now, and he is soon to possess the whole."

BITTIBAT FARM.

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

CHAPTER XII.

"Our Crummie is a usefu' cow,
An' she is come o' a good kin';
Oft has she wet the bairns' mou',
An' loth am I to see her tyne."

Old Song.

BY daylight the next morning, Rachel, unwearied from her fortnight's nursing and household care, was up and away over the deep, crisp snow.

This depth of snow at this season was an unprecedented thing. How could she, who had always seen cows feeding in the upland pasture when they went "May-flowering" on Fast Day, calculate on buying hay in mid April? Where was the fragrant arbutus, that should have been blushing in every sunny woodland, or smiling wanly in dark pine cloisters? Where were the early bulbs, with sweet lips kissing the fallen leaves in thawy garden beds? It was saddening to think of these little flowers blooming and blackening under that weight of cold, white death. Yet grandma said—and everybody said she was right in saying it—that without this warming, softening fleece lying long on the deeply-frozen ground, scarcely a blade of grass, or shooting seed, or any budding tree, would have made greenness in May and plenty in October.

"It is strange how things are ordered, and looked after, and calculated for—every littlest thing in everybody's garden-patch throughout a universe of worlds," thought Rachel. "How could I ever have doubted? Even when I thought it so cruel that Uncle Jeffers should not have kept me in his store, and I found it so insufferably hard to lie and do nothing—that was the very best thing for me. My strength is needed now much more than my money was then."

Before breakfast she arrived, over the snow, at Lewis White's back door. His sister Sybil would have her sit down to hot coffee and buckwheats, while she made known her errand, and learned that the lazy old bachelor never cut any hay. Whoever wanted it bought it standing.

"'Tis a great deal cheaper so, isn't it?" asked Rachel.

"Yes. But then it saves me the trouble of making and hauling."

"May I speak for all your salt hay next fall? You own that piece where the shagbarks are, on the Nook, don't you?"

"Yes. You may have the cutting of it, of course. Don't you have salt hay?"

"No, sir. The salt meadow is in Uncle Ralph's portion. May we have all the fresh hay, too, on that piece?"

"Bless you, girl, yes. But I thought you raised your own hay at Bittibat?"

"Nobody in the county will raise very much hay this year, if we have another dry summer. And we shall have three milch cows to keep through next winter."

"Do you think it pays to keep cows?" drawled Mr. White.

"I am going to make it pay," said Rachel, who had suddenly conceived a plan. "Who owns that fresh meadow between your piece and Bittibat?"

"Ike Smith. There! I guess he'll let you have some hay. He owns a good deal of mowing-land in one place and another."

To Ike Smith Rachel went. He had sold hay till he had "scanted" himself; and not another straw would he sell. But Rachel engaged the standing grass on his fresh meadow, which he himself seldom mowed.

She now had engaged all the hay crop between Bittibat and the mouth of the river, and of men who would sell as cheaply as any in town.

"I never will buy in the winter again," said she.

Ike Smith told her of a man "up in the woods" who "traded in hay."

It was now ten o'clock. The snow was melting rapidly. The girl sank above her knees at every step. Her winter cloak felt insufferable heavy beneath an April sun.

By noon she had reached this other man. He had sold the last he could spare the night before to a man who came from fifteen miles away, and he did not think she could get any hay in town, unless the Sparklers had some. Had she been to them?

Her brother had been to Mr. Leroy; he had none.

"He doesn't cut so much as Gove. Have you been to Gove?"

"No, sir."

"Well, there now, that's the first place I should go to. Why, he'll divide what he's got, anyway, if he has to stint himself. The idea, now, of your going right past Gove Sparkler, and trudging these four miles up here through all this snow."

Rachel had trudged a good many more than four miles through all that snow. But she would trudge much farther before she went to Gove Sparkler. So doubtful an act of charity did that young man when he gave that load of hay to the proud Bittibat family.

And Rachel did walk across pathless fields, where her feet sank until she nearly sat upon the snow at every step, through frozen forests, up and down hillsides running with tumultuous rivers, until, about three o'clock, her earnest entreaties induced one of Gove Sparkler's tenants—who perhaps shared his landlord's generous disposition along

with his generous acres—to spare four hundred-weight of hay from his well-filled mow.

"Don't think me selfish, Miss Throgmorton," said he. "This will keep your cows till the snow is off your upland pasture. I have to fodder my cattle till June."

Till June! Another month of this dreadful siege! How could he spare any? Would not less do them?

The man would not hear to it.

"You can have this, and welcome. Only don't tell anybody where you got it. I have refused ten men this week; but I can't refuse a woman."

Rachel promised—never, never, never!—and ran home with a light foot.

At home she had glad tidings to give for very sad ones. Deedemona had "lost her cud." And in that neighborhood it was believed a cow could never survive the loss of her cud. Rachel did not believe it, though.

"'Twill come quick enough when she has anything to chew," said she. "Go harness Donna. Do put something dry on my feet while I am eating. I am as hungry, and wet, and tired as you can imagine."

"I greatly feared that you would be unable to get any hay," said the mother; "and regretted that we had not sent for baled hay before."

The lane was packed with snow to the fence tops, so Rachel must needs take the valley road. Down in the valley Donna got stuck. Snow up to her middle, slippery "slosh" at her feet, and within a fainting stomach, which had fed on nothing but grain for a week.

The road went through the bars, and down the valley on Aunt Rachel's side, and so across the railroad track. Once through the bars, Uncle Gardiner's wood-teams had beaten an excellent road, but it was rods this side the bars that Donna was stuck. And there was Rachel, knee deep in snow, digging her out with the board she had sat on—digging clear out to the bars, and beyond. The poor horse tugged, floundered, wavered, staggered, but tugged on. Bump! The hub of a fore-wheel struck the bar-post!

"Oh, I do declare!" cried Rachel, whose "greatest othe" was no greater than that of Chaucer's prioress. "But if it was only right, and would do any good, I could 'swear like our army in Flanders,'" quoth Rachel within herself, forcing back the impatience that would only waste and weaken her strength.

It was useless to try to back trembling Donna through that snow, nor could she move the cart. She must move the post. And so she did, by using the board for a lever; press back the post until that hub grazed past, as well as the larger hub to the hind-wheel, which would "follow in the track of its illustrious predecessor" in spite of all Rachel's efforts.

Fully half an hour, and much of Donna's strength, had been wasted here. Nor would the horse trot a step of the way. But, arrived before Dunham Winsor's open barn-door, the creature was nearly irrestrainable. She snuffed the odor of the hay. She champed, she pawed, she neighed, she tried to fling her head away from Rachel's grasp upon her bit.

How Rachel wished that Mr. Winsor would give her just a wisp to chew on. But, no. It was not till the exact four hundred-weight had been slowly weighed out, and Rachel had asked for some, that he threw a forkful of hay under the horse's nose. Donna was so delighted she could scarce eat for dancing and whinnying.

"H'm! she seems to like it, don't she?" remarked Dunham Winsor. "Hungry, I guess."

And the cows ate the hay, and Deedemona's cud came back, and so did her milk. And in a week both cows were giving as much as they did on the fortnight before, in spite of all that Mr. Middleman and Uncle Jeffers and Gardiner, and half Quarly in the bargain, might say.

"I want to know why not?" said Genie. "They weren't starved. They were only sick from eating too much grain. Now they are well again."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"

Said the spider to the fly,

"'Tis the prettiest little parlor

That ever you did spy.

The way into my parlor

Is up a winding stair,

And you'll see many a curious thing

To please you when you're there."

MARY HOWETT.

ONE day a telegram came for Rachel: "Good patient. Ten dollars a week. Easy time. Come at once. Y. V. Magnus, M. D."

"You are not going, surely, Rachel!" said her mother.

Rachel sat and dreaded, and dreaded, and dreaded. But go she must, and with her mother's consent; so said she: "Mother, I must do something to support the family, and it seems to me that I would rather do the thing that keeps me from home the shortest while at one time."

"It seems a pity that a girl of your education cannot teach."

"But I can't, mother. I just abominate it! I can nurse, and am very fond of it. One always ought to choose that work she can do the best, and the situation where she can be most useful. It is very good to be able to give so much comfort and real happiness. Besides, nursing pays better than teaching, and an engagement cannot last so long as a school term."

"But you have had no experience."

"Now, Mother Throgmorton! I've nursed you through something or other every year since I can remember, and took all the children through measles, and whooping-cough, and mumps, and chicken-pox, and scarlet fever."

"Are you called to a child?"

"I really don't know. It may be. But, mother mine, I feel every drop of my blood just as sensibly as you can, and more strongly, too, for I've Lady Raleigh to boast of."

The mother smiled.

"I don't suppose it is possible for a person to have noble blood and not feel it. No, mother, if they are shoemakers or cooks, or even sick-nurses, they must feel the blue blood in every vein. I know that I should feel myself just as thoroughly Rachel MacCallum More Throgmorton going out to wash as I ever did on a ball-room floor, and should be just as much the lady in one place as another. Alfred was just as much a king in the fens of Somersetshire, as Peter the Great was in the ship-yard!"

Rachel's unexpected climax caused a general laugh, and the mother only added: "I know that you will always be a lady, Rachel, wherever you are placed; but I wish that you could occupy a position more worthy of your birth and talents."

"Mother," persisted Rachel, "I can *never* occupy a position unworthy of my birth and talents. I could never do *that*, no matter how much money it brought in, nor how much fawning and flattery it won."

The mother was satisfied. She was very proud of her daughter—proud, even, that Rachel could conquer her in argument, because of the justness of her judgment and the correctness of her feelings.

"She will fill a place worthy of her some day," said the mother.

At present Rachel went to Mrs. Wylie's.

Mrs. Wylie was a chronic invalid of forty years' standing. Part of that time, though, she had sat down, and part of the time lain abed. She was no nearer death's door now, than she had been at any time during those forty years. Only, having sent her last nurse to the hospital, she wanted another to kill.

When Rachel arrived, Mrs. Wylie was lying in the most sumptuous bed she ever saw, in a luxurious chamber of one-half whose appointments she could not guess the use, in a house whose magnificence surpassed her wildest flight of imagination. She had heard of Buhl and Sevres china, and Wedgwood, Louis Quatorze and Angelién Kauffman. But she could imagine them no more than she could a sunrise sea fall of icebergs. But, ah! she loved the pretty things, and learned all their names, and could tell forever after whether things were genuine Wedgwood and Buhl with half a glance.

The first words Mrs. Wylie spoke were: "Oh, pray speak lower! Your voice kills me!"

Rachel had said: "Good-morning, madam. I am Rachel Throgmorton."

After that Rachel sat down and folded her hands.

"Oh, you may talk!" said Mrs. Wylie, presently, "if you won't speak loud, and don't whisper. There is a happy medium."

"I would rather you would talk, and tell me just all your trouble," said Rachel, in so sweetly modulated a voice that fractious Mrs. Wylie could only curve her brows into an ominous horse-shoe.

Rachel gave a little start.

"Are you a Redgauntlet?" she asked.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Wylie, amazed.

"Because," said Rachel, with a very pleasant laugh, believing she was about to say something highly gratifying, "you have the horse-shoe mark on your forehead."

"Don't laugh!" said Mrs. Wylie, who was, for all that, pleased. "'Tis vulgar to laugh. Will you bring me some grapes from the closet?"

Said Rachel, as she stood before the basket: "Shall I put some in this Majolica plate?"

It was an every day question with her, and Mrs. W. knew it as soon as she spoke.

"You know Majolica, then?"

"Oh, yes. Mother has considerable. An heirloom in the MacCallum 'More family. This is very nice indeed," and she sat the dish on the Buhl-table with a touch and look that betokened appreciative admiration.

"And so your mother is a MacCallum More, is she? And you are *nursing*. Poor, I suppose."

"Very," said Rachel. "And I'd rather nurse than do anything else."

"Why?"

"Because there is so much work required, I guess."

"Don't say guess. It's countrified."

"Thank you for correcting me."

"Well, I must correct you again. You don't like work."

"Indeed I do, madam. It is the hardest trial of my life when I am compelled to do nothing."

"I must *pussist* that you do not like work. You like accomplishment. You would not willingly carry a load of stone across the road only to bring it back again, over and over again."

"Like the tramp whom a man set a-pounding a log with the head of the axe. Probably you have heard the story?"

"I hope you have not a propensità for anecdotes. It is extremely wearisome, and betrays more self-conceit than breeding."

"To return to the pile of stones, madam. Begging your pardon for differing with you, I must say that, rather than sit in torpid placidity all day, I would carry the stones across the road many

times, and find great pleasure in arranging them differently or in ascertaining the various sorts. I am very fond of geology."

"Torpid placidity is an ugly expression. I see you have never studied rhetoric. Such phrasing is called in rhetoric tautology."

"Excuse me, but I have studied rhetoric, and torpid placidity is not tautology. Torpor and placidness do not mean the same thing."

"Oh, I *desay*. But I must beg that you will not differ with me. It is the height of rudeness to contradict elders and *superiors*."

"You are very right; I beg your pardon."

"I believe I will dress and take you around the house," continued Mrs. W., after "a flash of silence." "I do hope that you are not going to prove a disagreeable *pussou*. Will you hand me that Chantilly lace-cap from the upper drawer?"

Rachel did not know Chantilly, but she did know Brussels and Maltese, so she handed her the cap, which was neither one nor the other, and could not guess from Mrs. W.'s face whether she was pleased or not at her proficiency.

But Rachel had no notion of playing the lady's-maid when she had been hired as nurse.

"Shall I ring for your maid?" she inquired.

"Dear me! Can't you assist me yourself. I hope you are not going to be absurdly punctilious!"

"I will help what I can, but it is something to which I am entirely unaccustomed, and shall prove very awkward."

"Then I shall like you all the better, it is *unk-some* to be assisted by a *pussou* who knows what one wants better than one does herself. You have a sweet disposition and evince great tractability. This pleases me."

All through the toilet did Mrs. W. continue to flatter Rachel, and with such adroitness as to inveigh her into acting the double part of nurse and lady's-maid all the while she stayed.

Throughout the spacious house went the invalid, talking in an incessant flow, only broken by Rachel's admiring assent to all that she said, till Mrs. W. exclaimed: "You never should agree *pussiently*, it kills conversation. A little judicious contradiction is desirable."

"Dear madam!" replied Rachel, in her sweetest tones, "I suffer under the same disadvantage as George Washington. I *cannot* tell a lie. I do honestly admire all these beautiful things, and I enjoy telling you so. If I saw a piece of cotton velvet or imitation lace I should not admire it, and should not pretend that I did."

"You have had an excellent home-education. Your mother must be a remarkable *pussou*, and I should like to see her."

Ah! cunning Mrs. Wylie; most acute of character readers! She knew that no praise bestowed upon herself could so flatter this girl as commen-

dation of her mother. Mrs. Wylie had given all her life to the art of flattery, and she was very proficient.

Seated in a lofty, iron-railed balcony, looking down the many-islanded bay, Mrs. W. was struck with the idea that it would be a charming place for *un petit dîner*. Rachel replied, gayly: "*Oui, madame, très charmant!*" Mrs. W. complimented her accent.

Rachel's accent was so distinctly American that any French reader would have understood the spelling of each word. As for Mrs. W., she had a little set of phrases, but discovering that her new attendant understood French, never ventured another in her presence. Yet poor Rachel was most complaisant over the ignorant woman's commendation. So much so that when Mrs. W. asked if she knew how to make any sort of delicate dish suitable for an elegant lunch, she was only too glad to descend to the kitchen and prove her skill.

After the elegant lunch, where Mrs. W. ate everything, and fed her hungry companion on compliments and snubs, which were flattering also to Rachel's good sense, as proving that the lady thought her worthy of correction—after this lunch they returned to Mrs. Wylie's room.

The tumbled bed had been made during their absence. But Mrs. W. must needs undress and creep between the sheets. Then, after a few remarks as to the "superior capabilities" of her new nurse, she exclaimed, quite abruptly: "Your psychic influence is wonderful. I felt it as soon as you entered the room. I wonder if you could mesmerize me to sleep?"

"Oh, yes; I often mesmerize mother," said unwary Rachel, deliberately seating herself to give up a portion of her generous, young life to feed this selfish wreck of mortality.

When Mrs. W. awoke she again dressed. And Rachel thoughtlessly made up the bed. When Mrs. W. laid down again, which she did after being dressed about half an hour, she exclaimed: "Oh, what a bed this is! This is rest! How *puffect* your education has been, Rachel. Nothing betrays the true lady so distinctively as her ability to make a bed."

"Yes," said the delighted girl, "mother has taken great pains in teaching us to make beds. But she always said I did not make so handsome a bed as Melicent."

"Handsome is as handsome does. Nobody could make a more comfortable bed than this. You shall alone make my bed hereafter. Please ring that bell for Hannah. Hannah, you need never make my bed after this. Poor girl! I know you did your best, but you lack education, Hannah. This young *pussou* makes it to exactly suit me. I feel now, that I shall, for the first time in fifty years, know the meaning of rest. Oh, the blessed-

ness of that word?" And Mrs. Wylie's far-seeing eyes filled with grateful tears, so that she was obliged to drop her hypocritical lids, while her deceitful lips moved as if in thanksgiving.

Thus was poor Rachel, in spite of her clear head and independent spirit, wound in the spider's adhesive meshes, and before the day was done installed as doctress, nurse, chamber-maid, cook and lady's-maid. Before the week was out she was doing up Mrs. W.'s laces and altering her gowns. Nor did she think her task was hard. For so adroitly did Mrs. W. flatter her, so many bits of "real" lace, useless because of their smallness or degree of wear, so many handleless and nowless pieces of "genuine" old china, did she bestow upon "this young pusson of such excellent taste," that Rachel was bound hand and foot, and lay quiet while her blood was sucked.

Hannah was dismissed, and all the housework not done by Rachel devolved upon a girl with weak, red eyes. Mrs. Wylie also had a husband.

Rachel had a beautifully furnished chamber, which she took care of, and in which she expected to sleep. But Mrs. W. slept no more nights than days, and dressed no less often, nor lunched less often. Rachel soon discovered that she was not, by Mrs. Wylie, expected to sleep at all. In order to get any rest herself she was induced often to mesmerize Mrs. W., but this process was sapping all her vitality.

When the unlucky fly had been a week in the spider's web she felt as old as her captor, while the spider grew proportionately youthful and frisky.

"I am not going to die, to keep life in this old carcass!" said Rachel, and held a conference with Dr. Magnus on the stairs next day. Behold the result.

"Really, madam," says Dr. M., "I discover symptoms of nervous irritation which cause me to fear that you have been trying animal magnetism."

"This young girl," says Mrs. W., "possesses a remarkable degree of psychic power. Her sphere is excessively soothing to me. Probably her strong nature, predominating over my own, produces the disturbances of which you speak."

"I hope that you never permit her to induce sleep by mesmeric force," says the doctor.

"Oh, no indeed! Never!" cries my honest and virtuous lady.

"In your state of health it would be highly dangerous. And I recommend you, Rachel, to go into your own room and close the door whenever Mrs. Wylie is asleep. Your strong magnetic influence must be very bad for her—ah!—that is—when she is asleep—very bad!"

But no sooner is the doctor gone than Mrs. W. cries: "Oh, my poor head! Do come and make passes over it, Rachel."

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"But the doctor says it is, in your case, very wrong."

"The doctor is an idiot! Don't you suppose I understand my own case better than he does? Come and make passes over me, Rachel. I cannot sleep, you know, without external aid."

"I dare not try animal magnetism any longer, since he has forbidden it, but metallic magnetism will doubtless have the same effect."

"What is that?"

"Why, if your bed points exactly north and south, and I hang any steel article at the foot of the bed, the magnetic currents flowing from the north to the south pole will concentrate in the key, and if you will keep your eyes steadily on it, in a few minutes you will feel the currents flowing into your brain and you will shortly fall asleep."

Accordingly the weak-eyed girl was called up, Mrs. Wylie's bed set by the compass, the furniture of the room rearranged to suit her. Rachel hung a key between her bed-curtains, and, wearied by the unwonted excitement, Mrs. W. slept well. Rachel behind her closed door slept also, for six long hours.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Every one is tempted when he is led away by his own desires and enticed." ST. JAMES.

RACHEL knew that her personal influence was very strong, her mother had often counseled her to use this influence for good. There was nothing occult in it, nothing but the *soulful* sympathy she felt with and intense desire to do for others, but Rachel began to wonder now if it was not, as Mrs. W. said, psychic. She had always been capable of performing, readily, any feat requiring magnetic susceptibility; and an acute perception, accurate knowledge of physiognomy and facile tongue, gave her great fame as a fortune-teller among the Quarly young folks. They accused her of having the Scotch gift of second-sight. Might not this all be psychology?

Under Mrs. W.'s wise tuition Rachel began to believe that she was endowed with a higher organization than other mortals; that her mesmeric power was something truly wonderful. Mrs. W. was better read in the black art than in the Bible. Dr. Faustus was to her a greater man than David; the sorcerer Merlin wiser than King Solomon. She piled up hair-raising ghost stories and prophetic visions, diabolical hallucinations and well-known facts until she had built a wall over which God's pure light could scarcely enter. She assured Rachel, in turn, that she might become a spirit medium, an astrologer and a mesmeric physician.

Rachel replied: "So might anybody become a kleptomaniac, or paroxysmal murderer, or a

monomaniac by permitting one organ to have control of the whole brain." Yet the idea had a fascination for her, and she dwelt much upon it.

Mrs. Wylie had a small circle of friends, which also comprehended the entire circle of her acquaintance. Each one had his or her own peculiar hobby, which was considered his genius. They all dressed exquisitely, they all talked elegantly, they were all charming people and they all treated Rachel as an equal, and tried to discover her genius.

Mrs. Wylie discovered it. Mrs. Wylie informed them that it was psychology. She told them that Rachel could cure any ache or pain by placing her hands on the affected part. They all had aches and pains. She placed her hands upon the affected parts, they were all cured. Geniuses are the most gullible people in the world. They go about, crying: "Humbug me."

Mrs. W. informed them that Rachel could read their minds by placing her hands upon their heads. She placed her hand upon their heads, she read their minds. They cried: "Marvelous!" Rachel said: "Humbug!" Nevertheless she was willing to humbug them.

Mrs. W. assured Rachel that she might be a great mesmeric physician. That all the "first families of Boston" would consult her. That she would make hundreds of dollars every week, and that her position and the fortune of her family would be secured.

Rachel did not doubt this in the least, but she said she did not think her mother would approve it.

"Why not? There is nothing derogatory in being a physician, I hope?"

"No; but there is something derogatory in being a charlatan."

"It is not charlatanism. You do really effect cures."

"Indeed I do not. They imagine that I am going to take away the pain, and so it goes away. It would not go if they were not willing to persuade themselves that it did. It is not cured. The disorganization remains the same. The cause of irritation is still there. They would come back to me every day with the same ache did not politeness forbid."

"If they were your patients they would have no such scruples. Thus you would make the more money. A wise physician never cures his patients so long as he can keep them quiet in bed."

"Mrs. Wylie! Pardon me, but that is a scandal. We never ought to indulge in scandals. If they do not harm the person calumniated, they certainly do hurt the person who harbors and the tongue that utters them."

"Don't be so violent, Rachel; you have excessively unlady-like ways."

Mrs. Wylie was silenced for awhile; but the

tumult in Rachel's mind was not. She knew that Dr. Magnus knew, and knew that she knew he knew, that nothing whatever ailed Mrs. Wylie. Yet he was willing to give her medicine enough to keep her sick enough to be in good humor with herself and him. Doubtless there were many wealthy ladies in the "first circles" in the same morbid condition, who would be delighted to spend their money on her. Why should she refuse to take it?

"I don't understand your mother's scruples against lady physicians," said Mrs. W. one day.

"She has no scruples against woman doctors," replied Rachel, smiling at the lofty title. "But she has scruples against taking money for which no equivalent has been made. She would feel deeply hurt if I consented to pander to the low credulity and blind superstition."

"Such an extensive use of superlatives is unnecessary, and really weakens the force of your remark, Rachel. The simplest language is always the strongest."

"Very true. My mother would not like me to make money by humbug."

"Now, really, there is where she is wrong. People delight in humbug. They hunger for it. It keeps them in good humor. Do you not see that a thousand people will go to witness a sleight-of-hand performance where one will go to hear a lecture on science?"

"Yes," said Rachel, her mind in great confusion. "A thousand people will run to a clairvoyant or spiritist doctor who comes into a town where a regular physician has been starving for want of patients. Were they all sick?"

"Not if the regular physician was fool enough to cure them. Your mesmeric physician never does that. He administers pleasant remedies, pain-killers that soothe the patient and give him comfort in living, while the seat of the disease is never touched, as yourself once remarked. You will observe that in families where mesmeric and spiritist physicians are employed, there is a doctor's bill always running. And no bill is more willingly paid. Yes, you certainly have the high road to wealth open before you."

This was a violent tug upon the heartstrings of Rachel, who knew that her sisters, in Bloomer costume, were holding the plow, driving the cart, and engaged in manifold labors that seemed far beyond their slender strength. Still the unblushing sophisms of the woman filled her with horror.

"Suppose that people like to be lied to. Suppose they earnestly desire of you not to tell them the truth, but only falsehood. Does that make it any more right for you to lie?"

"Certainly, my dear young woman. Lying is the very quintessence of politeness. It is impossible to be agreeable and tell the truth. False-

hood is the lubricating oil that keeps the machinery of society running smoothly."

"O madam! The Bible says: 'Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil.' And it does indeed—comes from evil in the heart, from hell itself."

"Hell! What is that? A bugbear contrived to frighten people."

"There is a hell," thought Rachel; "and I have been there. It is where God is not." But she made no further remark to the woman, whose mind she believed weakened by disease.

CHAPTER XV.

"The spiders turned them round about,
Each in his dismal den,
And planned enticing flatteries
That pretty fly to pen.
They wove their subtle webs
In each little corner sly,
And set their tables ready
To dine upon that fly."

RACHEL determined to leave her present situation so soon as she could get another. Dr. Magnus had no other patient in need of a nurse, and while waiting for somebody to fall sick, Rachel mentioned her wishes to a circle of ladies and gentlemen whom she was entertaining in Mrs. Wylie's drawing-room.

"Oh, why do you not become a lecturer?" inquired one of the ladies. "Your marvelous psychic power"—psychic power! how Rachel hated the phrase—"the wonderful mesmeric influence which you exert over all who come within your sphere, render you quite irresistible in argument. I am sure that your power as a lecturer would be immense. You would draw the hearts of your audience as one, and bend them to your will as a strong man bends the bow which drives the arrow home to its mark."

Rachel's eyes kindled, her cheeks glowed. She knew that she was a good talker. It is quite impossible for anybody to be possessed of a virtue and not be aware of it; yet we all harbor numberless vices in our bosom, utterly unconscious of their presence. Had Rachel been dull in conversation, she would have been the last person to learn it, and being a good talker, she was thoroughly conscious of the fact, and fully believed all that was implied in the bow-and-arrow simile.

Now immediately she was caught up as by a whirl of counter-currents, all coming from different directions, yet all meeting, and carrying the girl along down into the maelstrom into which they plunged—boiling, bubbling, toiling, leaping out, only to return again in a never-ceasing, nagging, accomplishing recurrence. They were all woman suffragists, and they wanted Rachel to take the lecture field in their cause. Every argument, every

flattering compliment, every appeal which could weigh with the girl, was launched against her before she was allowed to speak. When she could get her helm in hand, she laughed.

"But I don't believe in woman suffrage," said she. "I don't want to vote. Ask me to lecture on anything else—on temperance, on co-operation, on railroad monopoly, on postal reform, on anything rather than woman suffrage. That would shackle me with a burden I thank Heaven and our wise Government we women are as yet free from."

"What burden?"

"The poll-tax. We at home have all we can do now to pay the taxes on our farm and bank stock. What should we do with poll-taxes added? There are six of us women; suppose we were all of age, and all voters, and had to pay two dollars poll-tax? And suppose that we were poor needlewomen in the city, where our means would be much less and the poll-tax heavier?"

"Oh, you don't understand!" cried Mrs. Cilley. "We would make all the taxes lighter if we had the ballot."

"How? Don't you intend to support the Government, or are you going to repudiate every six years?"

"We will pay Government officials less."

"Why? Because they will then be mostly women?"

"That is no argument at all," said Mr. Betty. "If I took an office, of course I should want just as big pay as I could get, and I presume our fair friends feel the same. Small pay, small service."

"I suppose the pay," said Rachel, "is all that you would take the office for?"

"Exactly. But, as regards the poll-taxes, with twice the number of voters the rate must necessarily be only one-half."

"With twice the number of voters to bribe, the election expenses would be doubled. And the successful candidate would require a proportionately large salary to make good his honorable losses."

"Oh, how wretchedly you talk, Miss Throgmorton!" cried Libbie Parrot. "There will be no such thing as bribery when women have the ballot."

"There will not! Why, my sister Genevieve would always hold her ballot subject to the highest bidder. Leonie would vote for the man with the handsomest mustache. Melicent would stay away from the polls if she did not have nice boots, or cast her vote for the price of a pair. Grandmother and mother could not be induced to go to the polls, though they would have to pay for the privilege all the same; and I would far rather spend the price of my liberty for books."

"But don't you believe," cried Libbie Parrot, in deep distress, "that our elections would be greatly purified if woman had the ballot?"

"What woman? The wife, sister, mother and daughter of the man who now controls our elections?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, then, I don't. Can you tell me how a mother should be any better than the son she has trained? The daughter than the father who has trained her? The wife than the man she has sworn to honor and obey? The sister than the brother born and bred with her?"

"Why no, of course not."

"Well, now, I beg your pardon for differing with you so materially; but I think a man just as good as a woman, if he behaves as well. And there are just as many good men as women in the United States—probably no more. If you will start a movement that only high-principled, Christian men, and women also, shall vote, I will canvass the country from Maine to Mexico."

Rachel lost whatever sleep she might have got that night by imagining the glory of swaying multitudes with the burning eloquence that fell from her lips. She believed she could do it. And she would always lead them aright. At least her intentions would always be good, though she was aware that sometimes, carried away by her feelings, she said things that harmed the cause for which she was fighting. To guard against this, her lectures must be written out beforehand; and that she could not do. She could not even write a love story to please her.

A few days after, a lady, whose low-spoken, fitly-chosen words had long ago won Rachel's deepest admiration, called, and when the girl accompanied her from the sick-chamber—no misnomer, the chamber must certainly have been sick of its occupant—when Rachel stood in the hall, Mrs. Fair detained her with a soft hand, complimented her on the wit and spirit with which she had resisted the woman-suffrage proselyters, acknowledged unusual attachment for her and deep interest in her budding genius, closing with an almost irresistible appeal that she would live with her and be to her a daughter. She was a childless widow, who had buried a nameless baby three and twenty years ago—a babe who should now have been, if "a mother's fondest wishes" could avail, a woman like unto Rachel Throgmorton. She was very wealthy; she entertained literary people, and was personally acquainted, even on familiar terms, with many whom Rachel would have given a year of life only to have spoken with. Would not Rachel come and live with her, be her daughter, share her duties and honors as hostess, and partake of every advantage which her situation could afford—and upon her death inherit all her wealth?

Of all the siren voices that had sung to her since entering this strange abode, Mrs. Fair's was the hardest to resist. Perhaps, surrounded by this

glittering galaxy of writers, she might also learn to write. To see one's ideas in print is very soothing to human vanity. Rachel had as much vanity as any other woman, and she liked to have it soothed. This would please her mother, too, to see her daughter an authoress. But her mother! Could she leave her mother? Could she desert her home? "Be it ever so humble, oh! there is no place like home."

She thought of them all there, toiling through summer heats and winter snows to keep the family together, the roof over their heads and the farm beneath their feet. And should she go, leave them all, to live in luxury?

"Oh, I cannot think of it!" she cried, dashing the tears out of her eyes. "I cannot leave my mother, and sisters, and Edwy!"

"I am very sure that your mother—if she is a right-thinking woman, as she must be to have such a daughter—would counsel you to accept my offer."

"Oh, I know she would! I know she would! Any mother would take the bread from her mouth to feed her hungry child. But I am not so hungry that I must needs starve my mother. No! Do not speak, I beg of you, my dear Mrs. Fair! Your kindness is very great, and the offer it makes most tempting to me. But I never could be happy with thinking of them at home. And thinking that they would never reproach me, but in their bitterest privations be glad that Rachel was surrounded with every comfort. Oh, I wish that you could find some poor girl who is all alone to take this place! But I cannot do it. I am not alone; all Bitbit is on my shoulders!"

That very afternoon came Mrs. Sausure, wife of Sèvres Sausure, of the well known firm of Kupp & Sausure, importers of china and porcelain—a worn, anxious, over-dressed lady, who seemed always to beg a tacit apology for speaking, or indeed for living at all. Mrs. Sausure's tall and elegant husband, and tall and elegant daughter, were favorably and admiringly known to Rachel, but of the lady herself she had observed so little as scarcely to know her by sight.

Mrs. Sausure knew Rachel, though; and with every one to know Rachel was to love. She had heard that Rachel was about to leave Mrs. Wyllie's, and had come to offer her the place of nurse to her twin babies.

"I cannot have any one take care of my babies who is not a fit companion for the rest of the family," she said. "I must have a refined and intelligent woman. I can assure you I have great trouble getting suitable nurses for my children. And I have had so many."

Rachel wondered whether she meant children or nurses, but was relieved when Mrs. Sausure, having paused to sigh, continued: "I have already, and the twins are only beginning to go alone."

Rachel was delighted with the chance of leaving

her very disagreeable position for one that offered much of real pleasure, but the price offered was only four dollars. Rachel felt that she was worth more than that at home. And she was doubtless needed there more than Melicent, who was particularly fond of babies.

"Probably Melicent would be handier with the children than I."

Mrs. Sansure had no objection. "Oh, no! Of course not." She would not if Rachel had proposed the Grand Khan of Tartary in her stead.

Then Rachel brought down her photograph album and showed Milly's sweet face, lighted by a shy, faint smile, and crowned with fluffy curls. Mrs. Sansure was enchanted.

"Dear me! Oh, yes! She must be a lovely girl, I know! How much prettier she is than you!"

Rachel gave Mrs. Wylie warning that very evening; although she was in perfect health. Mrs. Wylie assured her that she could not comprehend it. Such base ingratitude and lack of sympathy she had never met with in all her knowledge of nurses. No woman had ever before left her while she was able to crawl around.

CHAPTER XVI.

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain."

J. H. PAYNE.

THUS it came about that Rachel was home to spend Independence Day with the family. There was always a family party in Bittibat Grove on Independence Day—Uncle and Aunt Jeffers; Uncle and Aunt Gardiner; Lydia and Melicent Candler, maiden ladies from Megotockonec; Cousin Frank Jeffers, with his wife and three little ones; Cousin Tom Jeffers from the city; Uncle Isaac, home from the South Pacific, mamma's seafaring brother; Uncle Gardiner's sister's family, with the Methodist minister's family who held the lease of Uncle Ralph's place—and a very nice family they were, if Aunt Rachel could not abide Methodists—and Black Cuffee's offspring. They were all together in Bittibat Grove on that July 4th, 1874. And a gay, glad day they made of it—a day to warm their hearts in all years to come.

If Rachel had known how sad family quarrels are, she would have thanked God for the clannish Scotch blood that made such strong bond of union around an argumentative and self-opinionated family. But she only knew this—how good it was to get home! These people were not so talented, so literary, so high above the common herd in wealth or wisdom as Mrs. Wylie's particular set. There was not one genius or reformer among them, no one who had a mission; but they were very good people to be among.

"There is a great deal of enjoyment in them,"

thought Rachel. "And I guess they will do the world fully as much good as those great geniuses, even though they do not set Quarly river afire."

The next day, Melicent, pale and teary, bade adieu to Bittibat, and went out alone into the great, untied world. Rachel donned her bloomers, shouldered her hoe, and went forth into the springing corn. About a month before, the mother had prayed Rachel to find somebody in Boston to help her girls. She wanted a man who would work the farm for food and clothing. The girls demurred. They had hired John James to set a fence that spring. It had taken him a week to do it—he was paid by the day—and the first June tempest laid it level. The next day Milly and Genie went into the meadow with axe and spade, and in one day accomplished what had made for John James a week's work, and no succeeding tempest had washed their fence down, neither.

So they did not want a good-for-nothing, lazy man to wash, and cook, and mend for, but rather a woman to wash and cook for them while they did the farm work.

Rachel accordingly went down to the Chardon Street Industrial Aid Society, but found, to her surprise, that while any number of men stood ready and waiting, and only too anxious to take any place which offered victuals, not a woman could she get for less than two dollars and fifty cents a week.

The matron explained it simply: "Women, having plainer tastes, no vicious habits, more natural economy and independence of spirit than men, always lay up more or less money when they have work. Which a man seldom does unless he has marriage in view. An honest woman, when out of employment, usually has some married relative, or at least a friend, who will board her cheaply, or for the work she can do; she can clothe herself. Hence you very seldom see *honest* women reduced to penury. Men always are when out of work. Every charity has its hands loaded with men who are absolutely starving. Those who are not starving are tramping. Men are natural tramps. A woman would almost always rather starve than eat food for which she cannot pay."

Of the men, Rachel immediately sent down one who looked faint with hunger, and who afterward said that the supper he got that night at Bittibat was the first meal he had tasted for two days. Yet he was an honest man, with no vicious habits. The girls wrote up that he was a splendid worker.

When Rachel arrived, she found that they had been obliged to come to the assistance of the "splendid worker" to keep the weeds from growing between his toes. After watching him work one day, she sent him back to Boston. He had got a well-lined stomach, and could afford to starve for awhile. He assured Rachel that he would rather tramp than work any day.

Another man came down on the return train. So by keeping a fresh man always on hand, and shipping them off as soon as the lazy bones began to stick out, Rachel managed to have the farm well tilled that year. The girls tended only to the kitchen-garden, and assisted in the hay-field. Edwy and the man worked the larger crops.

"We don't make quite as much with the fruit and vegetables as we did with our machines," said Rachel; "but 'tis pleasanter work."

"As for that," said Genevieve, "suppose that we bought all we eat of fresh vegetables, and butter, and cream, and eggs. I don't think we could earn enough on our machines to set so good a table."

"It could not be done," said Rachel. "Farming certainly pays the best of anything we can do."

Meanwhile, they received the happiest letters from Melicent. The Kupps and Sausures, with a few other families, were passing the summer in a private boarding-house on the sea-shore. Melicent saw but little of the family, her whole time being spent out of doors with her twins, whom she declared were "the sweetest little things that ever lived!" Just beginning to go alone, and tell long stories in that strange tongue they brought from the other side. What she saw of the ladies was most delightful. They had the sweetest manners in the world!

"Everything is sweet to Melicent," said Rachel. "But it will not be always so."

The other nurse-maids were good, sensible girls; she got along nicely with them. One day it rained, and her young ladies asked Melicent to play for them to dance. Afterward Miss Sausure played for her to waltz with Miss Bessie. And she was complimented on both her dancing and playing. There were no gentlemen at the house till Saturday nights. Then came down a crowd of black pantaloons and linen dusters to spend Sunday. Then there would be sunset and moonlight sailing. And Mrs. Sausure, who was seasick if she but smelled a salt breeze, would take the twins, and send Milly a-sailing.

"It must be a very hard place," said Rachel, "or they would not take so much pains to make her happy."

One still, odorous Sabbath afternoon, when all was still within doors and without, save the zibb! zibb! of humming-birds among the honeysuckles, and lap of sleepy waves on the yellow sand, Melicent sat in the vine-shaded parlor singing grand, old-fashioned psalms, while the twins played with the pedal sticks.

"Be Thou, O God, exalted high!
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed."

All in a moment, while the full tones filled the

trembling air, came a troop of white dresses and black coats into the next room, and suddenly, through the folding doors, Milly saw them laughing, whirling in embracing arms—waltzing to the noble Old Hundredth Psalm through the hushed closes of that Sabbath afternoon!

"O dear mamma!" wrote Melicent, "I don't know what I said, or what I did, nor how I felt! Only I was crying, almost in hysterics! And they were standing all so dreadfully still and frightened. Then Mr. Nute—I don't think I have mentioned Mr. Nute, but he is the only really handsome man here, and he is one of those people like Rachel, who always knows just what to say. They all apologized to me, and Mr. Sausure was very angry with his daughter. Mr. Sausure is a splendid man, with broad, liberal views. But Mr. Kupp I can't endure; he is narrow-minded and deep; he never said a word to his children. Mrs. Kupp scolded and cried, and Mrs. Sausure went into one of her dreadful rages. I've never told you anything about them. They are terrible. They manage their children very oddly. They never correct them for anything, not even when they say, 'You lie!' or, 'I hate you, and just wish you were dead!' which they do very often to one another, and even to their mother. They never talk to their children of right or wrong, but just let them go on their own way—and it is a very strange way sometimes—till something dreadful happens, and then the mother flies into the most senseless passion, and scolds bitterly, calling her daughters terrible names, and they answer back with the worst words they can think of, and I catch up my babies and run out of the room as though it were a den of wolves. After such a scene, the mother keeps her room for several days. And I must say it is pleasant to have her gone. When she comes out she looks sallow and more worn than ever. I pity her, but do not know what more or less she can expect from her children. They are never punished. I may not even prick the babies' fingers for touching forbidden things, but simply set them out of reach. So, of course, they have never learned to deny themselves anything, but to lay hands on every pleasure within their reach, and keep fretting and striving for what is beyond."

Returned to the city, more closely confined within the family circle, Milly saw more of this pernicious education.

"I cry myself to sleep every night," she wrote. "Oh, you do not know how happy we are to have such a home!" She also saw more of Mr. Nute. "He is here nearly every day. He pretends to be in love with Miss Sausure, and yet it is really I he is wooing. I can see that plainly enough."

"Oh, my patience!" cried Rachel. "What sort of a snare has my poor little Milly got into?" And she sat down that night and wrote to Milly, positively forbidding her to fall in love with any-

body, or let anybody fall in love with her, as one girl could not be spared out of their small family. All were needed.

Another letter from Milly. "He pretended to kiss the baby sleeping in my arms yesterday, but instead kissed me. I did not know what to say; but, before I could speak, he begged my pardon so beautifully, and with such sincerity, that I could not be angry with him."

Rachel wrung her hands; Genie said: "Why, if Milly gets married, what shall we do? You won't go marrying off, will you, Challie?"

"I!" exclaimed Rachel. "I! Never! 'Tis the last thing I should ever think of. But that man is only trifling with Milly; he will never ask her to marry him."

"He may be an honorable man," said the mother. Nevertheless, she wrote Milly a letter that night.

END OF PART I.

THE TRUE WIFE.—Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I know that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—**OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.**

A **WOMAN** attaches her husband to her by attaching herself to her husband. Let her ever reveal to him the beautiful, whose soul is the good and true. Let her learn the deep significance of a rose in her hair, a flower on the mantle, a smiling face at the door, the snatch of an old, sweet song at her work. Let her see her husband in all things, and so thoroughly identify herself with him that he shall find the angel of his better nature in every lineament of her face and in every gentle tone of her voice.—**HOLCOMBE.**

MEN need wives who are in love with them. Simple tolerance is not enough to stand the strain of married life; and to marry where you cannot freely love is to commit an act of dishonesty and injustice.

WHAT JUNE BROUGHT US.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IN the latter part of May of last year, as we three sat sewing one day on the porch at Deacon Potts's, Lily said: "Oh, do let us all go some place in June—in the long, summery, sunny, delightful days of June; let us make the month so full of good cheer, that we will be glad to remember it as long as we live."

"Well, you know I can't go," said Ida; "but you two can go, and Wilson and I will come home and keep house for papa, and your long letters will rejoice me, and the stories you tell after you come back," and a little blush of modesty spread over her white face and made her look so pretty.

And the answer came from Lily: "Now, Pottsie"—one of her nicknames—"you know very well we wouldn't go a step if you didn't; that would be too bad; you can go if you only think so. Come, now; how funny that would be, just we three—wouldn't cost so very much; and how delightful to remember! We would all go to New England, and—"

"Oh, no, we'd go to Michigan among our cousins in the pine woods, and away to the lake shore, and they'd take tents, and we'd camp out, and fish, and—"

Here we cut short Ida's plan very unceremoniously with: "No, no, we'd go and visit grand-mamma! What a treat that would be to sit down with a dear old lady like her, born in 1783, and hear her tell stories of the old, old times of long ago. That would pay."

In merry mood, we drew cuts to decide the matter, and with great laughter and clapping of hands Lily was the victor. If we went anywhere, it was to be away to New England.

All this in sport, and yet we did go. A cousin was willing and glad to keep house for us; the men were tolerably willing, provided we did not stay long; the physician said the trip would do Ida good, if she rested nights and was calm and happy. And my proviso was, that there would be no fixing done—no sewing, and planning, and fussing—so that when we started we would not be tired out.

Women in general take all the pleasure out of visits by anticipations, and by worrying over what they shall wear, and how they will have it made, and whether it is in the prevailing style or the old style of last year. They are jaded and weary when they start; and the self-imposed trouble over baggage, and the fancied insults of conductors, and finding their choice of seats occupied, and the "horrid dust," and the "awful smells," and the "queer taste" of the water, and the sight of the

blind man, or the sick woman, or the fussy girl, or the idiotic child near them, completely upsets their tranquility of mind.

We were to take things coolly; no matter what came, we were to make the best of it; we were to see sunshine in all places and under all conditions. Oh, I knew with these dear girls, brave, and sweet-tempered, and considerate, and consistent, and as cheerful as robins, we'd have a good time together. And we did.

Lily says: "Tell the HOME women all about our visit. I'll help you remember it."

We cannot tell all for lack of space, but we can run over some of it.

The first night we stopped at Bellaire, on the Ohio River, at a pleasant hotel. From the windows of our sleeping-room, we could look out upon the river reflecting the twinkling lights from boats, one of which, a tooting little thing, plied until nearly midnight between Benwood, on the mountain shore opposite, and Bellaire. The glowing iron forges of Benwood gleamed out like fiery caverns until nearly morning. These works give employment to a great many men.

The early morning express was three hours late. Now we had anticipated a great deal of enjoyment in our ride over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and it was not conducive to our happiness when we saw, under our window, an old man impressively lay his forefinger in the palm of his hand, and, speaking ominously low, say to a brakeman: "I 'low I'd not keer for a ride over the road to-day; them three jubious places would skeer me clean out. They don't keer a cuss, them fellars, so they make time, they don't."

We coughed and closed the window, and talked about the width of the river, and made all the noise we could to keep Ida from hearing him. She told us after our return home that she heard every word, but had hoped that we did not hear.

The ride over and among the mountains was very enjoyable. The conductors, probably because we were through passengers, were very attentive and kind, and took special pains to make us comfortable, and make the journey agreeable, by pointing out places of historic interest. We were the business manager, Ida the financier, who carried the purse and kept accounts, while Lily did errands, asked favors and jotted down items of interest. We ate dinners and suppers out of our family basket, buying tea and coffee each time. Once, when Lily was off the cars getting a pitcher of tea, the train ran back nearly two miles on a side track, and lay there for some time. She waited patiently, remembering the injunction laid upon our little party—"keep cool."

We heard a conductor laugh heartily at her once. We wanted a seat turned, that we could eat our dinners facing one another, the sweet home-y way. When the conductor, with a heavy

blow of his fist, struck the seat and turned it over, she said: "Thank you. But I beg your pardon, sir; had I known that was all, I could have done it myself!"

How the man with the great maul of a fist did laugh!

Oh, those mountains! We swing around and around, and climb up and up among them, and cross three ranges—the Alleghany, the Cumberland and a spur of the Blue Ridge. At Cranberry Summit, in the Alleghanies, we are three thousand seven hundred feet above tide-water, three thousand seven hundred feet nearer the sky than we are in the valleys. The curves are so short and sharp, that from the rear of a train one can often see the locomotive at the front, darting in and out and skirting around the mountains. These mountains are covered with low scrub oak. Thick growths of cedar follow the course of creeks and ravines. What a feeling of loneliness one does experience at sight of the little log-cabins with their outside chimneys made of sticks, cob-house fashion, and plastered with mortar made of the commonest clay mud! And there people like ourselves live in these mountain huts year after year, and they have births, and deaths, and marriages, and joys and sorrows, and aches and pains. Ah me, the heartache they must have! And as we looked with sharpened vision, catching flying glimpses of the poor bare-armed wife and mother the flaxen-haired babies in graduated sizes, the dog on the sunny side among the hollyhocks, the scarlet bean climbing over the low doorway, the liege lord leaning on his hoe-handle out in the miniature truck-patch, we sighed in pity for them, and thanked the Giver of all good that our own lines had fallen in such pleasant places.

The mountains in the clear June atmosphere of that beautiful day in mid-June, appeared to the best advantage.

"The great peaks seemed so near,
Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,"
we seemed to be close among their green crests and folded in their cool shadows.

We pass over ground made ever memorable by the scenes in the late civil war. Cheat Mountain battle-ground was pointed out by the conductor as we flew past. The battle was in two places at once, he told us—one place on the hillside at Cheat Mountain itself, another in a ravine several miles further on in the main range of the Alleghanies. The mountain battle-ground is not beautiful nor romantic—a steep, ragged hillside covered with dreary-looking scrub oaks and fallen timbers. Our thoughts went out to the past, the sad and solemn past, with its glory and its woe.

"There are piteous, nameless graves,
Their names no tongue may tell,
Buried there where they fell,
The bravest of our braves.

Never sweetheart or friend
 Over these mounds shall bend,
 Tenderly putting aside
 The dead, gray leaves;
 Never the votive wreath
 For the unknown brows beneath.

"So let our heroes rest upon your sunny breast,
 Keep them, O South, our tender hearts and true!
 Keep them, O South, and learn to hold them dear
 From year to year!
 Never forget,
 Dying for us they died for you,
 This hallowed dust shall knit us closer yet."

Further on is Harper's Ferry—poor, old, scarred Harper's Ferry—at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers. How beautiful and plashing and fresh from the twilight fastnesses of the old mountain solitude comes the Potomac! How grandly uprise the peaks, standing like giant sentinels over the town, sorrowful-looking and gloomy enough. We had planned to stop over night at Harper's Ferry, but the air of utter loneliness and desolation, and the mournful interest attached to the place, made us change our determination. Standing on the rear platform, we looked at the bold, wild hills and ruined arsenal, the weirdest, ghostliest place in all the world, it seemed, and half-aloud repeated: "John Brown, of Ossawatimie. They led him out to die."

"Yes," said the old passenger who had nibbled liquorice-root, or gummed it, all the way from Wheeling, "they led him out, w'at was left of 'im. You see you old fort down thar—thar to the left o' that pile o' stuff—that's whar old John was kep'. You see it's pretty nigh riddled to nuthin'—shot through and through. That's whar he was confinded prev'us to his execution, an' they shot at 'im freckquently through the winders an' walls before he was led out to be hung."

We shuddered, and turned away to get out of reach of the glib tongue of the jabbering old man. He ran his hand into a tail pocket, and brought it out full of liquorice-roots sticking through his bony old fingers.

A small brick building in the grounds of the United States Arsenal was where John Brown was confined. It was riddled through and through, and the windows were broken out. "John Brown's Fort" is painted in large, black letters on a dingy white ground on the side of the building next the railroad.

Where the train stopped, after crossing the bridge, at the foot of the towering peak, a shade of coming twilight was gathering, and a solemn silence seemed to settle down softly. We were all tired, and looking out at the ferns and blooming laurel, when the fragrance of the low-trailing arbutus came to us most delightfully, and with a sweetness sweeter, it seemed, than we had ever known. It was a gracious surprise, and a treat

doubly welcome because of our weariness. This, in sight of all the gloom, and scars, and loneliness, and the sorrowful remembrances of Harper's Ferry, came like a sad benediction. We from the North, on the soil of the South, accepted it as a blessed omen.

The dome at Washington shone distinctly in the moonlight. The beautiful city! Our home in the peaceful quiet of the country, lying under the same moonlight, came up in contrast to the life in Washington—the restless, uneasy, unsatisfactory life—and then, as divining our thoughts, a low voice beside us softly said:

"There'll come a day when all the aspiration,
 Now with such fervor fraught,
 As lifts to heights of breathless exaltation,
 Will seem a thing of naught.

"There'll come a day when riches, honor, glory,
 Music and song and art,
 Will look like puppets in a worn out story,
 Where each has played his part."

We stayed all night at Baltimore. This old city, rich in historical interest, we had hoped to visit leisurely; but time did not permit. In one of its homes a sweet woman's eyes were looking out for us, but the fear of being obliged to spend a Sabbath day among strangers hurried us on.

Some birthday presents for Nellie were purchased here, and sent back by mail in good time "fur de 'casion;" and while buying strawberries and early cherries for dessert at our noon lunch, Ida came upon a chatty lad selling sea-shells. They were lovely ones, and the cost was not one-tenth the sum we would pay for them at home. She came in with the pretty treasures piled up in her arms. One of the stipulations was that there was to be no unnecessary baggage, so we sent them home by express, delighted with the purchase.

Baltimore brought different thoughts to us. Lily thought of poor Poe, of his grave and his monument, and his strange, weird poetry. Ida, more practical, thought of "the foam-created waves of Chesapeake Bay," and of what constituted it—the largest inlet on the Atlantic coast of the United States—two hundred miles long and from four to forty broad. Its numerous arms receive many navigable rivers, such as the Susquehanna and the Patapasco on the north, through Maryland, the James from Virginia, and the Potomac on the west. This beautiful bay affords depth of water for ships of any burden, really carrying the ocean up to the very wharves of Baltimore.

And we thought of the monuments there, especially Battle Monument, erected to the memory of those who fell while defending the city from the attack of the British, September 12th, 1814. And we thought of the grand Catholic Cathedral, very high and wide, and made of massive granite, and of the cross surmounting the dome, and of the

great organ, the largest in the Union, having six thousand pipes; and with a hungry longing we thought of the two beautiful paintings—"The Descent from the Cross," presented by Louis XVI of France; and "St. Louis bringing his Officers and Soldiers Slain before Tunis," presented by Charles X.

And the beautiful cities, and lands fresh, and green, and grassy, and starry with ox-eyed daisies, passed us—Havre de Grace, where our old, old neighbors in the very long ago sent fine webs of snowy, flaxen linen to be stamped like calico; Wilmington, Del., on the beautiful Delaware River, built on the sloping hills, and commanding one of the most restful views we ever saw, the city supplied with water from the Brandywine, the creek made memorable by the bloody battle of September, 1777; Philadelphia; Trenton, N. J., remembered as the scene of Washington's night attack upon the British in the winter of 1776, when he surprised them by crossing the river on the floating ice, or rather when it was supposed the ice rendered it impassable; Newark, on the Passaic River, nine miles from New York; and finally, just at sunset, reaching the city. A home-like hotel in this great "city of strangers" made our first visit to New York a very delightful remembrance. We three live it over many and many a time since. PIPSEY POTTS.

MANNER.—The whole value of manner lies in its sincerity. If it be not a true expression of the inner feelings, it is nothing. A great mistake of Lord Chesterfield was in teaching that, as manner was so important, it should be selected, laid out and put on like a dress, instead of being developed from within. This is a favorite idea of many persons. They see the advantage of manners which are graceful and dignified, cordial and genial, sympathetic and kind, and they determine to adopt and recommend them. They do not reflect that such manners are the natural outflow of a benevolent heart and a friendly feeling, and not to be counterfeited by any artificial semblance. What they have to do is to cultivate not manner, but reality; to cherish a living interest in the welfare and concerns of others, a warm feeling of sympathy, and a hearty desire to contribute to the general happiness—then the manner they so much admire will follow as naturally as the bloom on freshly-gathered fruit.

Do not be older in your feelings than you are in fact. Therefore never withdraw your interest from life. See what is going on. It is a good thing for a man to set his affections on things above, and to have investments in Heaven. There is a time for these things; but they are not inconsistent with the knowledge of what is taking place below. Men should let the heart of the times brood upon their hearts.

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.

"**H**E who checks a child in terror,
Stops his play and stills his song,"
He who wakes a child from slumber

Does as great and grievous wrong.
All day playing, all day growing,
All day working with the brain—
Till, to strengthen weakened members,
Till, to ease the nervous strain,
God sends gentle sleep.

Naught can live without sound slumber,
Bird, or beast, or bee, or flower;
And the earth sleeps calm all winter
To recuperate its power.
Nature comes to our tired children,
Folds them in her soft embrace,
While they sleep, with dextrous fingers
Lays each muscle in its place.
Let the children sleep!

See yon listless, yawning school-boy,
Heavy-lidded, heavier-brained!
Every nerve refuses action,
Like a bow that's overstrained.
See our school-girls, dosed and tonicked,
Pallid cheeks and aching heads,
Snatched each morn from blessed slumber,
Forced from restful, healthful beds.
Let the children sleep!

Sunrise gilds the bending wheat-fields,
Bird, and bee, and flower uprising;
But they neither toil nor study,
Little rest will them suffice.
Eight hours' sleep may be sufficient
For the early bird's short span,
Only God knows what is needed
By a little, growing man.
Let the children sleep!

Soon enough come nights of waking,
Business troubles, child-birth pain,
Weary limbs and anxious spirit,
Aching eyes and reeling brain,
Watchful hours by fevered bedsides,
Duties that they cannot shirk;
And the little frames are strengthening,
Toughening for their coming work,
By God-given sleep!

Low in yonder quiet church-yard,
Where tall grasses, sighing, wave,
Many a husband, many a father,
Lies within his tear-wet grave;
Many a mother, whose young children
Stumble, guideless, toward the pit;
Many a white-faced household darling—
On whose tombstone might be writ,
Died from want of sleep!

EMMA E. BREWSTER.

Lay Sermons.

TO GIVE IS TO LIVE.

THE house was a marvel of architectural beauty, and its furniture the richest and most elegant that Paris could supply. All that money was able to procure for the heart's satisfaction had the princely owner of this splendid mansion gathered around him. Was he happy? We shall see.

"Is Mr. Goldwin at home?" asked a gentleman at the door of this mansion.

"Yes, sir." And the visitor was shown into the library, where Mr. Goldwin sat alone.

"Ah! Mr. Latimer! Glad to see you."

And the two men shook hands with the cordiality of friends.

When they were seated, each regarding the other with a kindly interest, Mr. Latimer said familiarly and with genuine warmth: "It is pleasant to look into your face again. I could not pass through the city without seeing you."

"I should have been sorry if you had done so. Old friends are worth more than new. That's my experience."

"You are not looking so well as when I last saw you." And Mr. Latimer leaned closely to his friend and scanned his face narrowly. "Not as well in either mind or body, I should say."

"You read the signs aright," Mr. Goldwin answered.

"What's the meaning of it?" asked his friend. "A man who counts his two or three millions ought to be at ease in mind, and have full opportunity to look after his bodily condition."

"As to the ease of mind," was replied, "that is something which great wealth does not bring; but rather care, and worry, and vexation of spirit. I give you my experience, and observation tells me that it differs little from that of other men in my position."

"What are you doing with your money?" queried the friend.

"Doing as other men—seeking to make it as largely productive as possible."

"Adding bond to bond, house to house, land to land?"

"Yes."

"Are you six, or ten, or twenty per cent. happier every year, according to the ratio of increase in your fortune?"

Mr. Goldwin, whose eyes had been resting on the floor in a dreary kind of stare, raised them quickly to the face of his friend and looked at him curiously.

"You never thought of that?"

"No."

"What profit, then, if our gains do not add to our happiness—if we do not reap a double interest?"

"None that I can see," answered Mr. Goldwin.

"There must be a mistake somewhere in the calculation of most men who get rich. They seek wealth as above all things desirable; and yet a happy rich man is rarely if ever found. Some that I know are among the most miserable people to be found."

Mr. Goldwin heaved a deep sigh, but made no answer.

"There is no reason why a rich man should not be among the happiest on earth; for to him God has given the largest opportunity."

"In the means of enjoyment?"

"Yes."

"From some sad defect in the order of things, these means do not reach the end so much desired," said Mr. Goldwin.

"Our own fault in a misuse of the means."

"You were always a preaching philosopher," said Mr. Goldwin, with a forced smile. "I'm in a listening mood. Go on."

"The Being who made us," resumed his friend, "is the richest and happiest in all the wide universe. He created us for happiness, and stamped upon us His image and His likeness. The law of His happiness He made the law of our happiness. Can we be anything but miserable if we violate that law? Now what is that law?"

Mr. Goldwin did not answer.

"The Lord is a giver—never a receiver. Always and forever He is giving to His creatures; first life, and then everything to make that life blessed. Are you a giver, my dear old friend?"

Mr. Goldwin's head drooped slowly until it rested on his bosom. Very still he sat for a long time. A dim perception of what his friend meant began to dawn upon his mind.

"Is it possible," said Mr. Latimer, "for any creature who violates the true order of his being to be happy? Let us take an illustration: Suppose the lungs, instead of giving back to the heart for distribution through the arteries and veins the blood that is constantly pouring in upon it, were selfishly to keep the rich treasure of life to themselves, would not congestion, pain and death be the result. 'To give is to live,' is a saying full of the profoundest truth; and so is this other saying: 'We only possess what we have bestowed.' God is the great Giver; and only in the degree that we are like Him can we be happy. This is the burden of all preaching and the essence of all Scripture. To seek for happiness in any other way is fruitless."

Mr. Goldwin lifted his head and looked for some moments earnestly into his friend's face.

"To give is to live." He repeated the sentence in a slow and thoughtful manner. "I have heard that saying before, but did not see its meaning. It touched my ear as an idle play upon words."

"It involves the whole philosophy of life," answered Mr. Latimer. "It expresses the law stamped on all nature, animate and inanimate. The earth gives its vitalizing force to seeds and nourishes the tender roots. The roots send up the living juices they receive and give them to the growing stems and trunk; these in turn send forward the treasures of life to the branch, leaves and flowers; and these again conspire with the whole plant or tree for the production of fruits and seeds that are for the use of man and beast. Nothing for itself—each and all for others. This is God's image and likeness in creation. But man obliterates that image and likeness, and sets at naught

the divine law. Is it any wonder that all through life his way is strewn thickly with disappointment, sorrow and pain? How could it be otherwise? If a clear stream breaks from its narrow boundary and goes wandering off into low meadows, where nature has made no channel for its course, shall we be surprised to find it in after years the source of poisonous miasmas and marshy wastes full of foul and hurtful creatures? All evil is but some perverted good—the violation of some divine law; and all mental pain has this origin and this alone. If we seek happiness in obedience to the law of our being, we will find it—if not, not. The rule has no exception."

"Rich and poor are alike bound," said Mr. Goldwin, drawing a deep breath as he spoke.

"Alike bound," answered his friend. "They who regard only themselves, be they high or low, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, will find no true peace or rest either in this world or the next."

A servant opened the door and said: "Mr. Orton is here."

"Tell him to come in," answered Mr. Goldwin, without rising. "My agent," he said, speaking to Mr. Latimer. "I will detain him only a few minutes to-day."

A small, hard-faced man of about fifty came in.

"Anything special?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"It can wait until to-morrow, I presume. I'm engaged to-day."

"Not very well, sir. It is the matter of Hart & Wilson's rent. We must give notice of an advance to-day, or they will hold over for another year at five thousand; and we can get six thousand just as well as not. It would cost them twice this advance to move, besides deranging their business. I'd put the rate at seven thousand if I were you. They'll pay it rather than risk the loss of going into another neighborhood."

"Have you talked with them about an advance?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Yes, sir."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, talked liked all the rest of them—made a dreadful poor mouth. Said their business hadn't earned a dollar for the last six months. But all this goes in one ear and out of the other with me. I'm used to it. The store is worth to you what it will bring, and you ought to get it."

"Business has not been good for the past year," said Mr. Goldwin.

"That's nothing to us, sir. Real estate keeps up, and good business places like this one are in demand. If Hart & Wilson can't make the rent, somebody else can. Shall I give them notice of an advance?"

Mr. Goldwin did not reply immediately. A struggle to which he was wholly unused was going on in his mind.

"A thousand dollars," he said at length, speaking in a low, reflective tone, "will not be much to me. Whether added to or taken away from my income, I shall not perceive the difference. But to these men, exposed to all the perils of business, safety or ruin may turn on the pivot of this sum. No, Mr. Orton, I will not advance the rent."

The agent's look of surprise was a commentary on his principal's usual determination in such cases.

"These men have you to thank," said Mr.

Goldwin, as Orton retired. "But for our talk, I would have raised the rent."

"And in so doing added nothing to your happiness."

"Nothing."

"Do you feel better, or worse, for this humane consideration of others?" asked Mr. Latimer. "Look down into your consciousness and see how the case stands. Is the sense of failure to add a thousand dollars to your income for the next year strong enough to obliterate the satisfaction that pervades your heart with the very warmth of Heaven?"

"It is not strong enough," said the rich man. "Ah, my friend!" he added, with earnestness, "you have opened for me the door of a new world, and given me glimpses of a new order of life. I feel something here," and he laid his hand against his breast, "that I have never felt before—a rest, a peace, a satisfaction that no gain of money, no matter how large, ever produced."

"The reason is clear," answered his friend. "You have considered another's good rather than your own; and in so doing have turned from self to God—turned as a flower turns to the sun and receives light and warmth into its bosom."

"You speak in attractive metaphor," said Mr. Goldwin.

"No, in plain truth. We turn our souls from God when we turn our affections to self and the world; and then, of course, we are in darkness, cold, disquietude and pain: how could it be otherwise, when God is the only source of light and warmth, of tranquility and joy? We turn ourselves toward Him when, like Him, we seek the good of others, and the blessedness of His life begins to flow into ours."

"A new gospel," said Mr. Goldwin, with feeling.

"No. It's two thousand years old: 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.' 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so unto them.'"

Another caller was announced.

"Mr. Bacon," said a gentleman who was shown into the library, thus introducing himself. "Mr. Bacon, of the firm of Hallet & Bacon."

"Oh, yes. I've not had the pleasure of meeting you before," replied Mr. Goldwin, courteously. "Be seated."

"I have called to see you about a new lease," said the visitor, coming at once to his subject.

"My agent, Mr. Orton, will arrange that business for you." Mr. Goldwin spoke with a slight change of countenance, as though the subject were an unpleasant one.

"Pardon my intrusion, sir," replied the visitor; "but in this matter we ask, as a favor, to confer with you, as we cannot make Mr. Orton comprehend the situation of affairs. He is as inflexible as iron."

"Say on; I shall be pleased to confer with you," and Mr. Goldwin's manner softened.

"Our lease will expire in May next," said Mr. Bacon. "We have been paying nine thousand dollars a year, and Mr. Orton says that the lease will not be renewed at less than eleven thousand. Such an advance for us is out of the question. Our business does not justify even the present rate."

"You are old tenants, and have always paid promptly," replied Mr. Goldwin. "If the case

is as you say, there shall be no increase of rent."

The countenance of Mr. Bacon lightened, but a shadow still rested upon it. Mr. Goldwin observed this, and said: "Will that be satisfactory?"

"It would be entirely so if we were able to make any fair calculation in regard to business. But we are not. Everything is working downward, as you know, and next year's earnings may be far less than the poor returns of this. In that case, nine thousand dollars taken out for rent would scarcely leave an amount equal to our expenses. We do not expect to make money as things are; but we wish to keep up our business connections and hold our own until affairs get into a more stable and healthy condition. Is it asking too much of our landlord that he take some share in the evil as well as the good? His real estate is sure, but our business is not. His principal cannot be touched; ours may be swept away in some sudden disaster."

"How much rent can you pay?" asked Mr. Goldwin.

"Seven thousand is the utmost we feel that it would be safe for us to undertake."

"Suppose I will not come down? What then?"

"We shall consider the subject carefully, and decide to hold on or move, as seems best. If you will give a new lease at seven thousand dollars a year, we are ready to take it; if you will not, then we must look around and see what offers."

Mr. Goldwin mused for some time.

"Two thousand dollars a year for five years," he said to himself, "will be ten thousand dollars. A handsome sum to throw into the street."

The sympathy he had begun to feel for the struggling merchants died out, and the old hardness of heart returned.

"I will think about it," he replied to Mr. Bacon, in a brisk and rather sharp voice.

"When shall we know about it?" asked the other.

"In a day or two; or as soon as I can confer with Mr. Orton, my agent."

Mr. Bacon arose, bowed and withdrew.

"You see how it is," said Mr. Goldwin to his friend, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes, I see," replied Mr. Latimer.

"They'd want my store for nothing if I were weak enough to give them the rent."

"Your way of putting it," said Mr. Latimer, a smile playing about his lips.

"A gentleman wishes to see you."

The servant had opened the door for the third time.

Mr. Goldwin gave a kind of nervous start as he took the card handed him by the servant and read the name—"EDWARD S. LINCOLN."

"Mr. E. is trouble about rent," he said, aside, to his friend. "I shall put a stop to this." Then, speaking to the servant, he told him to show Mr. Lincoln into the library. The visitor, with care written all over his face, entered. When seated, he opened the business on which he came without circumlocution. There was a tremor of anxiety in his voice. Mr. Goldwin was right. It was another case of "trouble about rent." But the landlord felt irritated. Interrupting the speaker before half through, he said, in a hard, impatient way: "My agent, Mr. Orton, attends to these matters, and I must beg to refer you to him."

"We can do nothing with your agent," replied the visitor, in a half-distressed, half-indignant tone of voice.

"I'm sorry for you, then, but cannot help it." The cold indifference with which this was said sent a chill along Mr. Latimer's nerves. The voice seemed scarcely like that of his friend.

"You will not consider our case?" said Mr. Lincoln, rising.

"No, sir; Mr. Orton is my business agent."

The merchant withdrew, anger and disappointment darkening his face.

"You see again," said Mr. Goldwin, turning to his friend, with the hardness still in his eye.

"Yes, I see again," was the brief answer.

"If I hadn't an agent to stand between me and these men, they would worry the life out of me."

"What life?" asked Mr. Latimer.

"I don't understand you." Mr. Goldwin looked puzzled.

"The life that seeks happiness in getting or in giving?"

A few swift changes swept over the face of Mr. Goldwin. He started from his chair and walked the floor rapidly. Then he sat down, looking thoughtful and subdued.

"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Mr. Latimer spoke in a low voice, and with impressive earnestness. "My dear old friend," he added, after a brief silence, "I would not urge this matter upon you if you were professedly given over to the service of self and the world. But you are not. In early childhood a pious mother stored your memory with heavenly truths, and led your feet into the ways of kindness and charity. As you grew toward manhood, the good seeds thus planted sent down roots into your mind, and leaves and blossoms unfolded in the air and sunshine. After awhile you became a member of the church and a partaker of its solemn ordinances. You took upon you, before men and angels, the name of Christ; and you are hoping for salvation in His name. Now, a name signifies quality. You cannot be saved through His name unless you have His quality; and He cannot give you this quality unless you live in obedience to His laws. We must abide in the Vine, and draw life from the Vine, or be cast off as unfruitful. We must be like our Lord, or we cannot live with Him in Heaven."

Mr. Goldwin's head was bent again on his bosom. He sat motionless, almost, as a statue.

"There are two lives," continued the friend—"a natural life, into which each of us is born, and a spiritual life, into which we come through regeneration. 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again.' The natural loves self, and the spiritual loves the neighbor. The natural seeks to draw everything to itself; the spiritual finds its highest delight in giving of its good things to others. If we are born of God, we have the love of giving in our souls; but if we are not born of God, our delight is in getting and holding. Each one of us, by self-examination, may know which life rules—the heavenly or the earthly."

"There is no doubt in my case," said Mr. Goldwin, speaking in a firm voice. "It is the earthly, and not the heavenly."

"What then?"

"Ah! that is the momentous question."

"The pivot on which all your future turns," said Mr. Latimer.

"What shall I do?"

"Settle first, in your own mind, your true relation to God and man; and then compel yourself, through divine strength, which will be given if you ask for it—'Ask and ye shall receive'—to do what you see to be right. To God your relation is that of one who receives bountifully of His natural blessings. He has intrusted you with large wealth—a thousand times more than you can use for bodily and mental well-being—intrusted it to you that you may be a free or a constrained dispenser of His bounty. If from a love of the neighbor you are a free dispenser, then your blessing is doubled; if from a love of self only a constrained dispenser, you lose the blessing of both receiver and giver. Your relation to man I need hardly state; it is involved in what I have just said."

"Then I must sell all that I have and give to the poor," said Mr. Goldwin, strong lines gathering on his forehead.

"All the riches of pride and self-love, and become poor in spirit, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The lines faded off from Mr. Goldwin's forehead, and light as from some new revelation paled the shadows on his face.

"You are leading me into the thought of new and better things," he said. "I see a divine philosophy never understood before. God has given me great possessions, and laid on me, at the same time, great responsibilities. How shall I meet these responsibilities?"

"Not by shifting them off on another, my friend. If any wrong is done in the administration of your trust, it will avail nothing when your final accounts are settled, to say, 'Mr. Orton is my agent. Go to him.'"

Mr. Goldwin gave a start. A slight pallor overspread his face.

"You have a novel way of putting things, my friend," he remarked, a huskiness in his voice.

"A true way, I hope," was the reply.

"Too true for my comfort. Your visit has not made me a happier man."

"If it help to make you a better man, then I know that you will be a happier man. Shall I not be content?"

It would weary the reader were we to put on record all the long conversation that followed. Was it fruitless? Let us see.

A year later. Time, evening. Mr. Goldwin sitting alone in his library. A visitor enters.

"Why, Latimer! Was thinking of you this moment. Glad to see you again!"

And the two men shook hands with the cordiality of real friends. As they still held each other tightly by the hand, eyes reading eyes, Mr. Latimer said: "It is well with you, I see. Body and mind in better condition than they were a year ago?"

"I hope so."

"Life not worried out?"

"No," answering with a quiet smile.

"Mr. Orton saves you from that damage?"

A flash, as from some old fire of indignation, burned for a moment across Mr. Goldwin's face.

"He is no longer my agent."

"Ah! I'm pleased at that. I hope your present agent has a heart of flesh, and not of stone."

"He is at least trying to administer with judgment and justice."

"Tempered with humanity, I hope?" said Mr. Latimer.

"I hope so. I am my own agent."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; and the result is a loss of income for the last year of over twelve thousand dollars as compared with the previous year."

"And the gain? What of that?"

"I am not able to count the gain, it is so large." The voice that said this was clear of utterance and full of satisfaction.

"Of what does it consist?"

"Of so many things that I fail to make the enumeration."

"Mention a few. I am deeply interested."

"I have quietude of mind, instead of the old restless, dissatisfied states that often made my days and nights a burden. The hours I devote each day to a careful administration of my affairs give my thoughts a healthy activity; and the knowledge I get of the men to whom my property is leased, and the nature and condition of their business, enables me to be considerate and just; and this brings its own reward, deep and pure."

"Above all that can be counted in dollars and cents?"

"Yes; far above. I think, now, of two men, who, if Orton had remained my agent, would have gone into bankruptcy. They are out of danger today. They were tardy in paying their rent. I asked an interview, and kindly invited their confidence, for I believed them to be honest. They showed me their business. It had been prudently conducted, but was not large enough to justify the rent they were paying. Two or three losses had embarrassed them. They were disheartened. I pitied them, and, losing sight for the time of my own interests, thought only of theirs. I put myself temporarily in their place, and considered their affairs as if they were my own. The rent, as I have said, was too high; it had been paying me a very large percentage on the value of the property. I made it lower. It would have done you good had you seen the surprise and relief that lit up their faces when I volunteered a reduction. I did more; I said: 'Meet your more pressing demands, and let me wait to a more convenient season; only see that I am kept secure.'"

"Well, they weathered the storm, and I have been paid to the last dollar. It would have been very different with those men had Orton remained my agent; and very different with me."

"You never think of this without a feeling of deep satisfaction," said Mr. Latimer.

"Never."

"The memory of a good deed is a perpetual delight. It is a treasure laid up in the heaven of our minds, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. O my friend, what golden opportunities the Good Father has placed in your way! You have gold and silver in lavish abundance, and God is showing you how it may be transmuted into imperishable riches."

A servant entered and gave Mr. Goldwin a letter. He broke the seal and read it, in silence.

twice over. Mr. Latimer, who was watching his face, saw a flood of light pass over it.

"From a lady, but anonymous."

"Ah! The contents give you pleasure, I see."

"I will read it for you;" and Mr. Goldwin read:

"DEAR AND HONORED SIR: A grateful wife and mother writes to you in the fullness of her heart, impelled by an inner dictate which she cannot disregard. You had my husband in your power—he was legally and morally bound to you in a contract, the enforcement of which on your part would have been ruin. He stood on the edge of a gulf, and your hand could pull him back or push him in. If you had considered only yourself, as most men do, I shudder to think of how it might be with me and mine to-day. Something far worse than poverty would, I fear, be our bitter portion. May He who put it into your heart to be merciful bless you with even more abundance of this world's goods, and with the higher blessing of eternal riches in Heaven.

"Truly yours,

• "A GRATEFUL WIFE AND MOTHER."

"Do you guess the writer's name?" asked Mr. Latimer.

"No; how can I think, at this moment, of any transaction like that to which she refers?"

"You are learning to live, I see," said Mr. Latimer—"are finding out the secret of happiness—are truly enjoying the wealth that, a year ago, like great masses of stagnant water, was filling your soul with oppression and sickening miasmas. The air, so poisonous then, is clear and wholesome to-day, and every breath of it that you inhale reddens your blood with a new vitality, which is felt in pleasant thrills through every artery and vein of your moral being."

"For all of which I thank you, as a wise and faithful friend," answered Mr. Goldwin.

"Rather," was replied, "let your thanks go to Him who put it into my heart to speak words of truth and soberness, which, happily, fell like good seed into good ground, bringing forth in due season a harvest of blessings."

T. S. ARTHUR.

AIM at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; for they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and dependency make them give it up as unattainable.

Record of Christian Charity.

THE SANITARIUM ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

THIS is an important charity, having for its object the care of children. Its special work is to take charge of destitute little ones during the hot summer months, and give them food, medical attendance and fresh air, things sadly needed by those who otherwise would slowly waste away in stifling courts and alleys.

The Sanitarium is located at Point Airy, a grassy spot of several acres, overshadowed by fine trees, at the southern end of Windmill Island, in the Delaware River, opposite Philadelphia. This, the property of the Reading Railroad Company, has been freely tendered by the corporation for the use of the association, while the Windmill Island Ferry Company offer free transportation to the little ones and their friends.

To all those who know how trying a time the summer is to very young children, this charity appears in a most forcible manner. We may add, moreover, that this work is one in which a little money may be made to go very far, as the average cost of caring for a child on the island averages only six cents per day. For this small sum each beneficiary may be afforded pure air, abundant food, needful medicine, shelter in the large frame building in case of storm and a comfortable bed, with careful attention, if ill enough to require such accommodation. Besides all these things, friends of the institution have provided swings, toys, games, half-worn clothing, and so forth, for the amusement and comfort of the children.

During the past year, a serious misfortune befell

the Sanitarium in the shape of a severe tornado, which swept away all the out-sheds, and the greater part of the original building, involving the association in expenses that had not been foreseen, amounting to several hundred dollars. One of the most interesting features of the work during the same period was the care extended to forty-two little ones placed in charge of the managers by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. As might be expected, these two associations work admirably together, the one supplementing the office of the other.

This charity grew out of the Children's Free Excursions, so popular some years ago. They were discontinued because it was found that the expenses of one day, otherwise directed, would be amply sufficient to extend the benefit of pure air and medical attendance to poor children for many days—in short, that it would be less costly and more profitable to seek for the same good upon a permanent basis. The charter of the Sanitarium Association provides that it is to have a perpetual existence.

Those who desire to visit the island can obtain tickets for this purpose from any of the gentlemen whose names we give, to whom also contributions may be sent, as well as to Bines & Sheaff, 114 S. Fourth Street.

President, Daniel Baugh, 20 S. Delaware Avenue. Vice-President, Dr. William B. Atkinson, 1400 Pine Street. Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. Eugene Wiley, 330 Reed Street. Superintendent, Dr. William H. Hutt, 324 Federal Street.

The board of managers is composed of fourteen gentlemen; besides, there is an advisory board consisting of thirty ladies.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.



RUSSIA.

THE three greatest empires in the world are the Russian, the British and the Chinese. Of these the Russian is the most extensive, and the Chinese the most populous.

Russia, European and Asiatic, extends over nearly eight million square miles. Except in the newly-conquered provinces of Tartary, there are not many high mountains. In fact all Russia may be thought of as an immense plain, covered with almost never-ending forests, and watered by

great sluggish rivers. Though the country is thinly inhabited, and the people are very poor, the enormous extent of Russia makes the Czar (the name given to the ruler) very rich and powerful.

Russia exports timber, pitch, hemp and flax, hides and tallow, choice furs and corn. The great forests are principally of pine, fir, larch, elder and birch, and are the home of abundant wild animals, viz., bisons, deer, wild boars, bears, wolves, glut-toms, badgers, foxes, weasels, otters, ermines and squirrels. In the extreme north, reindeer are found.

The south of Russia, including the Crimea, is warm and dry. The Steppes are extensive plains of undulating country, almost without a tree, and inhabited by pastoral Tartar tribes, with large herds of sheep and cattle and Bactrian camels; while wild asses, antelopes and jerboas are found. Here also are grown very large quantities of corn, for exportation from Odessa and other Black Sea ports.

The people of Russia are industrious and peaceable, and fond of their czar, whom they regard with superstitious reverence. Their religion is that of the Greek Church, and their cathedrals, monasteries and churches are often of great size, and have almost fabulous wealth. The clergy, however, are seldom educated, and too often perform their mechanical rites with little real piety.

Until the reign of the present Czar Alexander, the great majority of the peasants were merely serfs—that is, slaves attached to the soil, the property of their feudal lord. It is to the great honor of Alexander that he enfranchised them by edict about fourteen years ago, and has thus made their hard lot more bearable.

Traveling in Russia is slow and costly. The roads are bad, and the distances very great. The "tarantass," a Russian coach, is shown on the right of the picture, outside a village inn.

The river Neva, at St. Petersburg, is frozen over five months in the year, and sledges dragged by horses and men are used instead of wheeled carriages.

The great palace at Moscow called the Kremlin, is shown below. It is very extensive, and many thrilling historical events have taken place in it.

The Russians are fond of bells, and the great bell of Moscow, shown in the picture, is the largest in the world, weighing about two hundred tons.

Peter the Great, after whom St. Petersburg is named, was the founder of Russia's greatness. He was a man of high courage and foresight, and came over to England and Holland to learn ship-building. He worked at Deptford as a laboring man, and then returned to Russia.

The Russian language is very difficult to learn, but it is capable of expressing ideas of very great beauty. Many poems and village tales have been translated into English, as well as the fables of Kriloff, the Russian *Æsop*; and these show that human hearts full of love and pity are to be found beneath the dress of any nation, however uncouth the language.

THERE is only now and then an opportunity for displaying great courage, or even great wisdom; but every hour in the day offers a chance to show our good nature, charity and kindness of heart.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A LADY, writing for *Chambers's Journal*, tells the following interesting story of how, when a child, she rescued a toad from the persecutions of some cruel boys, and of the gratitude afterward shown by the animal. She says:

I never remember the time when I did not love all living things. When a little child, I believed that trees and flowers had a sort of consciousness. I had a garden of my own—a little plot in my father's large one; but all the lovely flowers he could procure for me were planted there; and as I tended them with the greatest care, I thought every individual plant knew me, and looked to me for love and attention. I could not have passed them by without a kindly word, and never failed to give to each its proper share of the treasures of my watering-can.

For some years I had not any particular pet of my own; I do know why, but such was the case, until one evening when, as I was watering my spring flowers, I heard a loud noise in the kitchen-garden. I listened; and hearing the voices of one or two boys I knew, and thinking there must be some mischief on hand, I hastened down the garden, and found eight of them pelting something with stones. At first I thought it was a poor stray kitten. There had been a pit dug for some purpose, and when I looked down, I saw a toad lying at the bottom. This was what they were persecuting. My heart swelled with indignation. But what was a little girl against eight cruel boys! I tried in vain to reason with them, when a sudden thought came into mind: Can I bribe them? I named one, and said: "What shall I give you to go away and leave the toad alone?"

"What have you got?"

"I will give you sixpence."

"No; that won't do." And another stone was flung.

I knew if I left to get the gardener to help me, the poor toad would be worse used for my interference, so I said: "I will give you all the money I have if you will come with me. You shall have my money-box just as it is. There is a shilling and threepence-halfpenny. Will you come?"

They hesitated awhile, and then one of them said: "Let the lass have it, and we'll go and buy toffy and gunpowder."

When they were gone, I looked down into the pit and saw the creature moving. It was the first time in my life that I had been called to feel pity and sorrow. Many years have passed away, and often since then has my heart been stirred to its inmost depths; but that night I believe God awakened in my bosom that horror of all oppression and cruelty that became a part of my being. Before this I had always felt a strong dislike to creeping things. I was not frightened at them, but had a shrinking objection to come in contact with them. What was I to do? If I asked the servants to help me, I knew they would laugh, and perhaps even kill the toad outright, to put it out of its misery; so I summoned courage, got a short ladder and went down to its rescue. It was sorely battered and crushed, and covered with mud; but I took it in my hand, covered it up in my pinafore, and went into a sheltered place to look at it. Having cleansed the mud from the poor creature, my next impulse was to hide it. There was a

quiet place near my garden; so I fetched a small box, and gathering some of the grass that had been mown from the lawn, I placed my little sufferer in safety. Not daring to go and visit it before I went to school next morning, for fear of attracting attention, it was late in the afternoon when I saw it again. It was almost dead. I took some bread and milk, and placed it near; but I never knew if it partook of the food I gave it. However, I made a friend of the gardener, who promised to see that no one harmed it; and with his assistance we made it a very comfortable sheltered home, which seemed to revive my rescued one.

There were some very pretty fields near my father's house. It was my custom to go and sit on a stile leading into them, and learn my lessons, or read some favorite book. One bright Saturday afternoon I had gone there, and having by this time overcome all my early scruples regarding "creeping things," I took my now companionable toad with me in a covered basket. I sat and talked to it, watching all its movements, and now and then singing to it a low soft song. I saw two gentlemen coming toward me; and rising to let them get over the stile, one of them stopped and said: "Well, little warbler, what have you in your basket? Is it a pet kitten?"

"No, sir," I said. I felt very awkward, and somewhat ashamed. But as I saw his kind eyes looking down upon me, my heart gained strength, and I lifted the lid off the basket.

"A toad! Where did you get it, and why do you keep it? I thought little girls ran away and screamed when they saw frogs and toads."

"I bought it," I replied.

"Bought it, child! Why did you buy it?"

"Because it was so hurt and so helpless! I gave all the money I had to save it from some cruel boys, and now I love it dearly."

I shall never forget the kind look of George Moggridge, who, under the name of "Old Humphrey," has written some charming works on natural history. "My child," said he, "as you go through life, always be the friend of the injured and the helpless. May God bless you!"

He asked my name; and as he knew my father, it was not long before he came to see me. We had many long talks together, and to him I owe more than I can tell. He told me to make animals, birds, and as far as I could all living things, my study, adding: "You will never find any two

even of the same species alike; all have their separate characters." This I have found to be true in every respect. Each has its own individuality."

Autumn passed; winter came; and I had a severe illness which kept me from the garden. I was in sore trouble about my little friend; and as the gardener never saw it, we concluded it had disappeared altogether. At length, one evening in spring, while walking in my little garden, I perceived something moving. I looked, and then called very gently: "Toadie, toadie! Is it you?"

Gradually the something moved from its shelter among the primroses, and came close to me. The toad! I talked to it until I heard some one coming, when it moved away, for its hearing was evidently as acute as mine. Often I saw it. It would always come if I called, unless, as I supposed, it had strayed away from its usual haunts into the kitchen-garden.

About this time I was absent from home for some time. When I returned, my first inquiry of the gardener was: "Have you seen my toad?"

Nothing had been seen of it, so I almost despaired of ever seeing my little favorite again. It was my custom to go with my father in the evening to cut asparagus for supper. The place was close to the strawberry beds. I had gathered the asparagus and was returning, when I thought I would pluck some strawberries; and while I was doing so, I saw something moving among the leaves. I pushed them on one side. There was a toad! Could it be mine? I looked, and then gently called: "Toadie, toadie! Is it you?"

The creature looked—came slowly along. I placed my hand upon the ground. It drew itself upon it, and gazed into my face, with what I could not help thinking was a look of loving gratitude, as I raised it.

I carried it in triumph to show to my father, who said laughingly: "But are you sure it is your old friend?"

I had only to point to the cruel scar upon its back. He looked at it and at me in mute astonishment.

Soon after this I went to London, and was absent twelve months. When I returned, my father had left his house and gone to reside in another part of the country. So I never saw my little friend again.

The Home Circle.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPINSTER. LEAF FIFTH.

"You must wake and call me early,

Call me early, mother, dear;

For to-morrow'll be the happiest time

Of all the glad New Year.

For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,

I'm to be Queen of the May."

THESE words from one of Tennyson's beautiful Idyls, were repeated over and over again in the sweet bird-like voice of little Rosa Linden, who was visiting with her mother at our house. Presently the book was thrown down and

the little girl came thoughtfully to my side, saying: "Wouldn't it be just splendid, Aunt Milly, to be May Queen, and wear a crown of flowers, and have a throne to sit upon and a footstool all covered with soft, cool moss and flowers, and have every one bringing garlands to lay at your feet while you held out a scepter to them in token of your pleasure? Oh, dear!" she added with a sigh, "how dull it is here with no little girls to play with and no flowers which one can pick just when they have a mind to. I don't believe I shall have a single bit of fun to-day."

"Since we cannot be queens and have a real May-day celebration what is to hinder you and I

from taking a ramble in the woods by ourselves?" I said. "I know of many a cunning little nook and out-of-the-way place where floral treasures are to be found, and perhaps we can contrive to get a few rays of brightness out of the day, after all."

Her face cleared instantly, and she said: "Oh, thank you, Aunt Milly, you are so kind, and I should love to go so much," and away she ran to get ready, while I folded and replaced in my sewing-basket some articles of work which I had been anxious to finish that day, and which, failing to do, I would be obliged to forego a little excursion which I had planned to take with some friends, but the pleasure of another was in the balance and the scales turned in her favor, showing conclusively that mine was of less account, and in a few moments, with baskets in hand, we were on our way. What a ramble we had to be sure through brakes, and ferns, and marshy places, over logs and through brush, and fallen tree-tops, wherever we could see peeping forth some coveted treasure; and once Rose went over shoe in the water while reaching for a bunch of cowslip blossoms, but we enjoyed it all, and gathered oceans of the daintiest wild flowers and scarlet berries, beautiful mosses, and lichens, and cones, and when we were tired we sat down upon a mossy bank and busied ourselves with weaving our flowers together with sprays of the trailing arbutus and long festoons of princess pine into wreaths and garlands enough for a whole May party.

"O Auntie!" exclaimed Rose, "let us make a wreath of these white wood lilies all by themselves. There! it is just lovely," she said, when it was finished and we had placed it carefully in a basket of emerald moss.

I had whispered a few words to Nellie before we started and she had answered me with a nod and a smile, and when we got home she met us at the door and taking our baskets of treasures, sent us away to make ourselves presentable, saying there was company in the parlor. Rose almost screamed with delight when we entered and found the company to consist of a small party of little girls with bright, smiling faces, who were evidently a visiting us with eager expectation, and at her request the crown of white lilies was brought and placed upon the head of the youngest and fairest of the group, a throne was improvised by placing a piece of green baize over Nellie's washstand and the little one with a face as pure as the lilies was lifted to it, and with sweet, shy blushes received the homage of her subjects. For an hour or two the parlor rang with the sound of unrestrained merriment, and then Nellie led them all out to the little tea which she had prepared for them.

"We had just the nicest time, Aunt Milly! and you are nicer than everything else, and oh, I love you so!" said Rose, as she twined her arms about my neck after they had all gone, and a warm thrill of happiness surged through my heart at the thought that I had contributed, though in ever so small a measure, to the happiness of others. It was a little thing to do, but life—its weal or woe—is made up of very little things, and I would cheerfully submit to a much greater sacrifice for the sake of implanting in the impressible minds of childhood sweet and pleasant memories.

I saw them all off upon the excursion this morning. Fred and Nellie, Rose and her mother, with the rest, without a feeling of regret, and then

turned to my diary to unburden my full heart—full of joy, and thankfulness, and peace—and to pray that my life might be rounded up, rich and full of little deeds of love and kindness; for I am capable of no grand and noble mission. Humble and small, indeed, must be my ministries.

CELIA SANFORD.

A LETTER FROM "ESPERANCE."

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: I have felt better satisfied ever since I read, several months ago, Katy Crane's account of Pipesey, her home and surroundings, for I had begun to look upon Pipesey as a marvel among women, and so far above the common level, that I ought not dare to claim sisterhood with her any longer.

I have literary aspirations, wrote poetry in my girlhood, wrote descriptions of places and things I had seen in my early womanhood, have a *nom de plume*, have many a time seen my productions in print, but as mistress of my own house, I find myself sorely beset for quiet time enough to put my thoughts into proper shape. I don't want to be added to the long list of women who cry out from a pressure of work. I do not rank among them, but I had been losing all faith in my own managing powers, even though I had tried so hard to get up to Pipesey's standard. I did seem to fail so utterly, after, too, she had been such an influence in my life, urging me on to industry, and thrift, and to gentle thoughts of others, so it was really a trial to feel, if she could see my failures, that she would lose patience and think her example had been thrown away in my case. I had reached this point when here came Katy's nice, pleasant, fact-telling article, and my skies cleared in this respect. I don't have any more quiet, it is true, but I feel that Pipesey would pity, not blame, me if she were here, to see my cook thrusting her head in at the door at any minute of the day; to hear my house-girl ask dozens of useless questions; to watch my tired husband come needing his wife's ministrations, and hers only, and asking for it more eloquently by silence and a cautious glance at my open desk, than any words could say.

As Katy tells us Pipesey has home-consideration for all her precious hours of thought. Lily cut and basted all day rather than disturb her, when she occupied the machine leaf. Ida remembered where she laid every article her careful, loving hands had touched, so she could find them at a moment's notice, when one table gets full, she picks up her desk and moves to another in that roomy house.

I do not want to envy the dear writer her sweet sister helps, but if she can help me in my case, I will thank her as heartily as I do now for her recipes for yeast and Graham bread, and that's a good deal of thanks, for the two are standing articles in our household.

The first magazine for the new year has come. One has such a comfortable feeling in thinking there are eleven yet due, especially if they are all to be as good as this one.

Chatty's article on woman's work is so exactly what is needed now and then to set a giddy brain to thinking rightly on that important subject.

Lichen keeps us from growing too practical.

Once when I wrote a scrap for our magazine, she noticed me in very complimentary terms. I feel grateful for the favor, and when I tell her I have seen Kentucky's waving grass, and partaken of the generous hospitality of its far-famed Bourbon fare, maybe she will want to see me, as I do her.

The article on selfishness lifts one higher, indeed I must not stop to designate every merit or my letter will be left out because it occupies too much space, but I feel I will have to advance far beyond my present standard, before I will cease to need the influence of such a housekeeper's help.

Our minister is a man of no mean order of talent; his name stands side by side with some of the great theological thinkers and writers of the day. Not long since, some of us were discussing, in his hearing, what periodicals we had best take. Said this fine, scholarly, Christian gentleman: "Arthur is very sound in all matters of morality." I think our editor had rather hear of this kind of praise than of any other that could be bestowed upon him.

ESPERANCE.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

"O MAMMA!" cried my nine-year-old Neddie, as he sprang up the piazza steps, "don't you think an officer came to-day to school and arrested Clarence Besom, Albert Hench and Guy Charter?"

Ned's eyes were very large with horror and surprise, and he walked excitedly up and down.

"Arrested those boys. What do you mean?" I asked.

"Yes, mamma, he did, and they are in the 'lock-up' now."

"But what for?" I asked.

"Why, they broke into a house down on the beach and stole things—and, mamma, they say they will have to go to State Prison. Do you think they will?"

I could hardly credit my boy's story. That three of our village lads—lads whom I saw go past almost every day—lads who belonged to respectable families, pupils in our good schools, could be arrested for "house breaking." I think, but for some things I had seen about these same lads, I should have disbelieved the whole story, and concluded some one had been trying to hoax my boy. Before night the story was all over town. The next day I learned that after spending one night in the "lock-up," bail was furnished for them, and now they are awaiting trial, which will come in a few days. And the fathers' and mothers' hearts are heavy with sorrow and shame. Indeed we all feel something of that same shame. One of the public school teachers said to me just now: "Our boys of R—. Isn't it sad?"

Last night when I tucked my own boy in his bed and kissed him good-night, I thought of those other mothers and their sin-stricken boys, and my heart was very tender for them. I said but for some things I had seen about those boys I could not have believed the story of their arrest. Very near my house is a large orchard. Last fall very many of the boys used to make it convenient to pass, on their way to school, through this orchard. The owner had said he was willing they should pick the fruit from the ground, but not to shake the trees. This was kind and generous, for the

apples were good and plenty. But some of the boys (it seemed to me from pure mischief), when they thought no one was looking would throw stones and slyly shake the trees. The three boys Neddie told me of were foremost in that. At gathering time, the fruit of one tree was left to ripen yet longer, and the owner of the orchard spoke to the boys and requested them not to pass through his premises any more. He put up the bars and mended the wall so that no excuse could be given for taking a "short cut," and for days I minded the boys passed my house on the other side. But one morning I saw a group of boys under this one tree—a "winter sweet" whose fruit hung golden in the October sun. They were hunting for apples in the tall grass. By and by, with stealthy glances round about, one—Albert Hench—began to climb the tree. He plucked the apples hastily and stuffed his pockets full. I threw up my window. The boy dropped on the other side the wall, and all with backs bent low down skulked away creeping close to the wall.

I felt very sorry to see those boys there. I met Albert a few days after. He blushed and turned away his head. I wanted to say something to him, but I did not. Oh, why didn't I? Why didn't I tell him, in pleasant words, how sorry I was to see him do so mean an action? Am I not to blame that I did not put out my hand to stay the boy from going wrong?

Several times this winter these same boys have passed my house with cigars in their mouths. I have said: "Oh, what a shame!" when I have seen them. "Those little boys—the eldest not more than twelve years—smoking!"

But I said nothing to them. Would it have done any good if I had called them to my door, and in pleasant, womanly words begged them to cease the filthy habit? I cannot tell, but surely if I had done so I would not now be asking myself the question, am I to blame because these boys are suffering for sin? Sitting here alone with my boy quietly sleeping near by, I am asking myself, have I done by my neighbor's boy as I ought? Those boys have sisters as well as mothers—I am not asking to-night if any blame rest on them—maybe they *might* have made home somewhat pleasanter for the "noisy boys." Maybe the mothers *might* have done more, might have been a little more patient. But, alas! I know I did not do right. I saw them doing wrong, and I opened not my lips. I felt they were going down, and I did not put out my hand to stay them. Oh, friends, is it enough that we guard well our own flocks? If my neighbor's little ones go astray, am I to blame?

VARA.

WITHOUT earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men—he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it depths of shadow.

SOMETIMES little vexations and petty cares will fret the mind and drive out all tranquility. Then it is that larger views are needed, deeper thoughts, higher ideals, broader outlooks. We come back to our daily round of duties and cares refreshed and calmed after dwelling on higher things, and we are surprised we could have been overcome by what is comparatively so trifling.

Young Ladies' Department.

HABITS OF STUDY.

DO girls generally, after leaving school, shut up all their text-books finally, and banish them to the attic? Do girls less fortunate, who have never, for any length of time, attended school, look upon all volumes of science as perpetually sealed to them? Do older women, whose early education has been neglected, consider ignorance their inevitable portion? To all these questions, alas! in many instances, I fear the only answer is, yes. But why should this be the case? Do the young ladies, released from the monotony of school-life, never feel a renewed interest in some old-time problem, with a resulting desire to refresh their memories? Do those other young ladies who have had little acquaintance with problems, ever wonder what there is of value in that which enchains the attention of multitudes? And do the mothers and aunts of some from both of these classes ever envy the former for their advantages, and sympathize with the latter for their disadvantages? If any of these questions, also, may be answered in the affirmative, why, then, should not the women most concerned take away largely from the necessity of asking them for a second time, by resolving to make books—valuable, instructive, elevating books—their daily companions.

"But, how can we?" I seem to hear asked, in a chorus of feminine voices. "We haven't the time. We have our company to entertain, our dress to attend to, our work to do—how is it possible for us to make books our daily companions?"

Well, just how, I can scarcely say. It is impossible to give a universal rule, suited to every particular case, and so I may fail to meet yours especially, my fair friend. But I can suggest this, which will be applicable to every girl, so that by the time she has become an elderly woman she will have learned to appreciate its value. Cultivate a habit of daily acquiring, and make it a point never to let a single day go past without learning at least one thing new. This may sound burdensome, but it is far from it. The opportunities for so doing exist in abundance, all you want is to keep your eyes and ears open, and your wits at work, and make good use of them. Knowledge acquired in little fragments of time makes a lasting impression, and you retain it, scarce knowing how you obtained it in the first place. For instance, as you hurriedly glance over the newspaper in the morning, you meet with a word of whose meaning you are ignorant, or a proper name with which you are unfamiliar. It would be very natural to let such a circumstance slip; but don't do it. Keep it in your mind, and use your first opportunity to look it up, in the dictionary or the encyclopedia. Study the etymology of the word, and find some of its kindred terms and significations; hunt out all the other names to which the proper noun has led you. It won't be very long before you will want to use the information so gained. Allow this practice to grow upon you, and you will continue it, you hardly know why,

but some fine day you will discover how much less ignorant you are than you had supposed.

Another very simple means of self-improvement, is to take pains in the penmanship, spelling, punctuation and style of your letters. Correspondence with friends, carried on for any length of time, is exceedingly useful, if for nothing else than this. And, certainly, in these days of pocket dictionaries, accessible public libraries and cheap stationery, these two means of culture, at least, are within the reach of every one. But there are other ways. Where is the woman, old or young, who cannot possibly find a single hour every day, or, at least, several times in a week for reading and study? A little forethought will always provide a book or a subject of inquiry for that precious hour. Once banish the idea that such a course is going to be troublesome, or encroaching, or useless, and the battle is won.

Desultory reading is not profitless, but it is far better, if possible, to work according to some plan, which may be more or less faithfully adhered to, according to circumstances. For instance, if you are interested in flowers, study up the botany of your native district; in art, inquire into its developments in some particular country or period; in chemistry, consider the affinities of common things. Then, from these you may proceed into wider fields, gaining far more in the end than if you had rambled carelessly and superficially over many disconnected subjects. But, after all, even if you can't be sure of an uninterrupted hour every day, don't be discouraged. Keep a book open on your bureau, another on your work-table and another on your kitchen-shelf. If you do this you may learn a rule while you are dressing to go out, which may suggest profitable thoughts during your walk; you may gain mental food, which will refresh you during the monotony of sewing; you may turn to account the few minutes of waiting for the kettle to boil. Run up and down the scale upon the piano, while the dust in the hall is settling; determine the family of the newly-opened flower in the garden, when you carry out your rugs. All this is better than trying the effect of new finery; of sending you wits woolgathering, or gossiping with the neighbors over the fence.

Such practices as these have been carried out, profitably, time and again. All the world knows how Elihu Burritt mastered thirty languages—it was by keeping a book always lying in his blacksmith's shop as he worked. And Miss Grace Anna Lewis, now considered the greatest living authority on birds in America, studied on alone for years, in a farm-house, miles away from any city, with no more opportunities than almost any country girl may have. I know of a lady who studied all her Latin declensions and conjugations by keeping her grammar tied fast to the churn, at which she was employed in making butter; and of another who did the same while darning stockings, this girl also studied French verbs by having a table of them lying on the end of her ironing-board, and she looked at them at intervals, while changing her irons. And I know of a young man who learned to play, by using a painted board, so

learning thoroughly to finger—practice on a real piano soon took the stiffness out of his hands. Don't say, after examples such as these, that you cannot accomplish anything.

No effort is lost. Endeavor will always, sooner or later, amount to something. It is true that study, even diligent and extended, may not make

you very much richer or wiser. But whatever gives elevated thoughts instead of low ones; liberal ideas instead of narrow; humanizing feelings instead of selfish, is, in its very nature, beneficent. Knowledge itself is its own exceeding great reward.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Nancy Needlework.



HAIR-PIN HOLDER,
Fig. 2.

HAIR-PIN HOLDER, Figs. 1 and 2.—For the bottom of this hair-pin holder cut a round piece of card-board four inches and a quarter in diameter, and cover the under side with black lustring and the upper side with black cloth, pinked on the edges and embroidered. The embroidery is worked



HAIR-PIN HOLDER, Fig. 1.

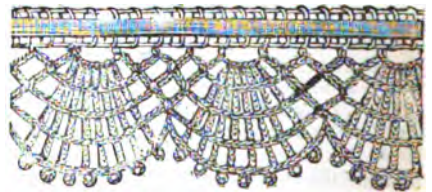
in the design Fig. 2, in chain, satin, tent and herring-bone stitch. For the flowers use alternately blue and white, for the rose-buds pink, and for the wheats maize silk. The stems and sprays are worked with olive and réséda silk in several shades. On the bottom set a cylinder-shaped piece of card-board two inches and a half high and an inch and seven-eighths in diameter, which is covered on both sides with black satin. This



WORK-BAG.

cylinder is trimmed with two box-pleated ruffles of black satin ribbon an inch wide. The upper ruffle is headed with a pinked strip of black cloth, which is embroidered to match the bottom.

WORK-BAG.—Cut a piece of canvas about fifteen inches long and six inches wide, and embroider a wreath of corn-flowers and foliage, or any design to taste. The work is in long stitch. The border all round should be in all the colors used in the embroidery, leaving sufficient width on each side to admit of a few rows of the canvas, as well as a band of fancy braid. The canvas is lined with



CROCHET EDGING.

blue satin, slightly wadded, with a small pocket at each end. White flannel leaves, scalloped at the edges, are fastened in the middle, on which needles are neatly arranged. One end is trimmed with fringe; the pocket is divided into three divisions, each fastened with a loop of the canvas over a blue silk button. The pocket is folded in three and secured by two gilt buttons with silk cord loops and tassels. Double handle of silk cord.

CROCHET EDGING WITH COARSE HONITON BRAID-HEADING, MEDIUM SIZE CROCHET COTTON AND FINE NEEDLE.—1st row. Make a chain of nine stitches, miss one loop on braid, draw the thread through second loop, repeat to the length of edging required.

2d row*. Make nine stitches; work into centre stitch of first nine chain in last row, repeat; make two chain stitches and eight treble into the stitches of the third nine chain in first row*; repeat to end.

3d row*. Commence on centre stitch of nine chain in second row. Work nine chain into next loop; make three chain, work eight treble into treble of second row, with one chain between each: two chain, work into centre stitch of following loop*; repeat.

4th row. Commence in centre of nine chain in third row*; make three chain, work a treble into each treble of last row, making two chain between, make three chain, work into centre stitch of nine chain*; repeat.

5th row. Commence in same stitch as last row.

* Make four chain, one treble, five chain, work back into the second, make one chain and repeat this over each treble stitch in last row. Make four chain and join to the centre of loop as before*; repeat.



PENWIPER.

PENWIPER.—Cover two pieces of card-board, cut four inches long and three wide, with scarlet cloth or cashmere, upon which may be pasted any pretty little picture or small design cut out of cretonne or chintz, and worked on the cashmere with long stitches of black silk. Vandyke seven or eight leaves of fine black cloth, and sew them all very tightly between the two covers, the edges of which are finished with a beaded cord. Form the handle with a piece of wire, and twist it round with the cord.

Housekeepers' Department.

RECIPES.

PARKER HOUSE BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Two quarts of flour, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of yeast. Mix these ingredients with new milk until you have a nice, light dough, about the same consistency of bread dough. Let them stand in a warm place; if made after dinner and to be used at tea time, four hours will be a sufficient length of time for them to rise. Let them stand in a cooler place if made over night to be used for breakfast. When the dough is light take about as much as for an ordinary biscuit and roll it out in any desired size, spread on one-half of the piece of dough half a teaspoonful of melted butter, lap over the other half, and when they have risen again and been baked in a "quick oven" they are pretty delicious, making the famous "Parker House Rolls."

STALE BREAD.—Grate into coarse powder and preserve in wide-mouthed jars. Cork well up, and keep in a dry place, and it will be found most useful for the preparation of puddings, stuffings, etc.

A "JOHNNY CAKE."—To one quart of milk add three eggs, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and a teaspoonful of wheat flour, mixed with Indian meal, enough to form a thickish batter. Bake very quickly, and eat hot with golden syrup or butter. Corn bread is made for breakfast in the same manner; both are very nice when cold.

TO PREVENT CAKES FROM BURSTING OR RUNNING OVER WHILE BAKING.—I see in a recent number that some one asks Pipey "how to prevent cakes bursting or running over while baking."

If she will put a good, thick paper—one not easily inflamed—over the top, when the cake is first put into the oven, and leave it until done, then remove and let brown, I think the difficulty will be overcome. I use a paper flour sack two or three thicknesses, and find it quite efficacious.

R. H. H.

SOME RECIPES FOR CAKE.

A GOOD CAKE.—Three eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, four cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a slow oven.

FEATHER-CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of sifted flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda. Bake in gem irons.

COCOANUT-CAKES.—(One grated cocoanut, one cup of white sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, the white of one egg. Drop on buttered paper and bake in a quick oven.

NUT-CAKE.—One cup of pounded walnuts, one cup of brown sugar, the whites of two eggs beaten to a froth; the nuts and sugar stirred in. Bake in small cakes on tin sheets.

COUNTRY COUSIN.

TO PREVENT THE SMOKING OF A LAMP.—This may be easily effected by soaking the wick in good vinegar for a few minutes, then drying it well before using it. A good and clear light will be the result. In the case of a glass chimney there may not be sufficient air-draught.

Art at Home.



ALMOST the first question with most of us in furnishing or decorating our houses is, "What will it cost?" But side by side with this question should be placed another of equal importance, namely, "How long will it last?" There is a common mistake in furnishing which too many people fall into. They like to furnish their houses, as they say, "thoroughly" in the course of a few weeks.

Now, to do this with really well-made and well-designed furniture is a very costly proceeding, and, it may be suggested, a very unnecessary one. It is true the luxuries of modern life are so increased, that what our grandmothers would have considered superfluities we now regard as necessities, and accordingly, from the very outset, our drawing-rooms are often crowded up with chairs, and couches, and tables, the first uncomfortable, and the last, alas! often weak upon their legs, and apt to turn over if they are touched by a passer-by. The question of cost, therefore, resolves itself into this. For the decoration of a room so far as the wood-work and walls are concerned, it costs no more to put on good colors in paint and paper than bad ones.

Having now completed the walls and wood-work, the rest of the room may be, if it is so wished, furnished in a temporary manner, as cheaply as possible. A plain green or brown druggut may be laid on the floor. Curtains of plain, rough serge may be hung up, or curtains may be dispensed with altogether, and shades of some dark color put up. Then half a dozen really necessary pieces of furniture, well-constructed and made to last, may be added, and for the present the room will be complete. It may be called bare, but there will be nothing in it to weary the mind or irritate the eye, and when the opportunity occurs it will lend itself easily to any further process of adornment. The druggut will make the best possible background for rugs of rich design; and the shades will perform the same kindly office for the richer curtains when it shall be convenient to buy them. Nothing in the room now will need to be turned out when richer articles are introduced. And this room may be the type of the whole house.

From the *Art Interchange* we cut the following, which will be found very useful to many:

STAINING FLOORS.—The easiest way to prepare the floor is by painting; but this has its drawback in the disagreeable odor, which often produces sickness, so that staining it will be found more advantageous, and the following recipe will be found an excellent one:

To Stain Floors a Dark Oak Color.—Get from a chemist some crude permanganate of potash. Put two quarts of water to one ounce of the permanganate. Apply it freely and quickly to the floor, taking care to apply it as much one way as possible—the way of the grain. Use as large a brush as possible, or, if staining the hands is of no consequence, use a flannel. Rub or brush it well in, and then there will be no streaking or marks. When dry, the staining can be repeated, if not as dark as is required, and polished with boiled oil, or beeswax and turpentine. This stain looks a brilliant red when first applied, but immediately turns brown. The floors need not previously be scoured. If, from any reason, painting alone will answer, at any paint shop they will mix the colors, and it is easily done. A very dark red or brown looks well. The floor will require at least two coats of paint, perhaps more.

We have spoken more than once of the many uses to which embroidery is applied, and new ones are constantly appearing. Among the latest are panels of satin or cheaper sateen, to be placed inside of the glass doors of cabinets or book-cases, replacing the pleated silk with which we are all familiar. Closet doors are beautified in the same manner. A single very large flower is sometimes on a panel, such as a sunflower, lily or iris. Begonia leaves are also much liked. Cretonne embroidery is used for the same purpose, and tasteful groupings of ferns and autumn leaves look well also. Pressed pansies and dried butterflies add greatly to the beauty of these last.

CARDS.—There are many ways of adapting the ornamental birthday and Christmas cards which are so popular. A pretty and easy method is by mounting them on racks in horseshoe shape. The frames for these are cut of stiff cardboard or thin wood, and covered smoothly with plush, or velvet, or satin. At the ends and bottom are a row of gilt-headed tacks, not driven close, but left so that the edge of the card may slip between. The cards are set thick, like an open fan, and the whole is suspended on the wall.

JAPANESE PARASOLS.—Japanese parasols in large size make very pretty fire-place ornaments. The parasol is opened wide, and the handle cut off short enough to allow it to fit close against the grate. The handle is then made fast, and the effect is both pretty and novel. Small parasols are utilized as lamp-shades. For this purpose the cover alone is used, the handle and inside frame being taken out from it. The top is cut off until the shade will pass over the top of a plain porcelain shade. When the cover is once on it fits neatly, and looks extremely well with the light shining through it.

Evenings with the Poets.

BABY'S CLOTHES.

SOFTEST linen and snowiest lawn,
With fairy fluting of lace;
'Broidery fine as the penciled fern,
By finger of frost-king traced.
Singing, she sews the tiniest seam,
While the garments grow apace;
Ah, the sweetest work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

Her thoughts reach out across the years,
Losing herself in a dream;
A hope is set with the stitches fine
Of every delicate seam:
An airy castle, with turrets high,
Stands in a golden gleam;
Ah, the dearest work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

"Garments fit for a king" she saith,
"My baby shall be a king!
Wise men will listen unto his words
And the children offerings bring.
He shall be manly, true and brave;
His deeds will the poets sing."
Ah, the proudest work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

Folding away the garments white,
The baby needs no more care;
A toy, a tiny pair of shoes,
And a lock of sunny hair.
Yellow with age each fragrant fold
Shall precious memories bear.
Ah, the saddest work a mother knows
Is making the baby's dainty clothes.

Those were worn by that stalwart man,
It seems only yesterday;
But *these* once held the little form
Of the baby "passed away."
Now in sunshine and now in storm
Life's river flows on for aye!
But the tend'rest thought a mother knows
Is folded away with the baby's clothes!

MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY. *Harper's Bazar.*

MY LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

LOOK at his pretty face for just one minute!
His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes—
His firm-shut hand, the favorite plaything in it—
Then tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose
And miss him from my side—
My little boy that died?

How many another boy, as dear and charming,
His father's hope, his mother's one delight,
Slips through strange sicknesses, all fear disarming,
And lives a long, long life in parents' sight.
Mine was so short a pride!—
And then—my poor boy died.

I see him rocking on his wooden charger;
I hear him pattering through the house all day;
I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger,
Listening to stories, whether grave or gay,
Told at the bright fireside—
So dark now, since he died.

But yet I often think my boy is living,
As living as my other children are.
When good-night kisses I all round am giving,
I keep one for him, though he is so far.
Can a mere grave divide
Me from him—though he died?

So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies—
(Nothing but childish daisies all year round)—
Continually God's hand the curtain raises
And I can hear his merry voice's sound,
And feel him at my side—
My little boy boy that died.
AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

AFTERGLOW.

GRANDMOTHER paces with stately tread
Forward and back through the quaint old
room,
Out of the firelight, dancing and red,
Into the gathering dusk and gloom;
Forward and back, in her silken dress,
With its falling ruffles of frost-like lace;
A look of the deepest tenderness
In the faded lines of her fine old face.

Warm on her breast in his red night-gown
Like a scarlet lily the baby lies,
While softly the tired lids droop down
Over the little sleepy eyes.
Grandmother sings to him sweet and low,
And memories come with the cradle-song
Of the days when she sang it long ago,
When her life was young and her heart was strong.

Grandmother's children have left her now;
The large old house is a shadowed place;
But shining out in the sunset glow
Of her life, like a star, comes the baby's face.
He lies where of old his father lay;
Softly she sings him the same sweet strain;
Till the years intervening are swept away,
And the joy of life's morning is hers again.

Grandmother's gray head is bending low
Over the dear little downy one;
The steps of her pathway are few to go;
The baby's journey is just begun.
Yet the rosy dawn of his childish love
Brightens the evening that else were dim;
And in after years, from the home above,
The light of her blessing will rest on him.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FASHION seems never to have insisted upon so much, in the way of eccentric and intricate combinations, in the way of materials and colors. A letter from Paris describes even a plain, every-day, woolen suit as being composed of three different fabrics—plain wool, silk with polka dots, or designs of any kind brocaded or printed upon a ground of the same color as the wool, and, lastly, plain Surah of the same shade. All this is amalgamated, entangled and inextricable, consequently indescribable. Bonnets are trimmed with sprays of large red poppies, tied with violet ribbons, pink and red placed in juxtaposition, blue and heliotrope—in short, combinations of colors which formerly would have seemed to constitute unpardonable heresies, tried by the rules of coloring.

Red is as popular as ever, dresses of every shade and style showing more or less, whether an entire lining or a narrow piping, the only color at all dividing its empire being heliotrope. Beads are seen in profusion, whether in trimmings, such as fringe and lace, or in embroidery on the material. For instance, on a piece of black brocade all the designs are embroidered with black jet or amber-colored, gold or iridescent beads. Sometimes only the cuffs, pockets, etc., are embroidered in this way; sometimes the whole dress, opening in front over a plain satin petticoat. It may be remarked that fashionable fancies are rapidly tending toward the barbaric.

But, in the midst of all these, an elegant simplicity does find favor. Plain cloth suits, trimmed with simple pleatings or bands of machine-stitching are as popular as ever.

Little capes are worn to complete street suits—

a very pretty fashion which seems never to go out. These capes are of black silk or cashmere, embroidered, beaded and edged with deep fringe; or are composed of rows upon rows of black lace ruffles.

Black bunting now comes in patterns resembling grenadine or hernani, called *lace bunting*. Quite as serviceable as the plainer varieties, it is much more elegant in appearance. Such dresses are made up over a regular bunting lining, a soft, cotton fabric, black on the outer side, white on the inner, so that none of the coloring can soil the underwaist. In addition to the lighter woolen fabrics for summer wear, is a soft, white material known as nun's veiling. A dress of veiling, made for an afternoon reception in the country, is described as having a scarf of white Surah knotted on the left side, and violet satin de Lyon used in the pleatings; thus, the kilt-pleating at the foot is made with one pleat of violet, then two of the white wool; the square, white collar has violet satin pleatings around it, and the soft, wide belt is of violet. Soft, fluffy white fringe is used on these goods.

There is said to be greater variety in gloves this season than usual. Plain gloves undoubtedly are in the best taste—still, there is a demand for those stitched conspicuously on the back. For driving, there are convenient dog-skin gloves. Dark, undressed kids are not seen, but light ones are plenty, white, with many buttons, being often worn for full dress. Lisle thread gloves are of every variety and shade—plain, lace, embroidered, brown, gray and white. Lace mitts are long or short, white, gray, cream, pale blue or black—the black being the most useful as it may be worn with any dress.

New Publications.

FROM THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
58 READE STREET, NEW YORK.

The Temperance School. By Miss Julia Colman. This gives the plan of a school for the study of physiology, chemistry, morality, and so forth, in their relation to the temperance question, to be conducted after the model of the Sunday-school. There seems no reason why such an organization should not accomplish a great amount of good, making, as has been remarked, "temperance physiologists of the children." Appended to the essay proper are encouraging notes from several such schools, already in successful operation. Referring to the time at which these "Temperance Schools" are held, the writer says: "In some places the school is held on Sunday, and with notable success, keeping the religious element especially prominent; but it is not designed to take the place of the Sunday-school, nor do we ever call it a 'temperance Sunday-school.' Where there is a special desire to secure the attendance of

day-school children, it is held on some weekday at the close of school hours. One of the most successful temperance schools we have known has held its sessions every Monday afternoon at four P. M., now for nearly two years. But the favorite time is Saturday afternoon. This secures the attendance of the smaller scholars, though the older ones are more shy, feeling that it breaks in upon their holiday. It is a little more difficult also to get the attendance of ladies at this hour. Saturday evening is usually the only one in the week that is vacant and available, and it is an excellent plan to appropriate this, having the primary department meet in the afternoon. Older scholars and young people are much more likely to attend under this arrangement. If the regular school session be followed by something else, like a debate, a lecture, or some other profitable general exercise, it can be made very popular, and gradually secure the attendance of many who might otherwise drift into the public house, or who at best stand upon the street-corners, ready for any

temptation which may come in their way. We know of places where this has been made a great success, and where it is considered the best 'means of grace' in the temperance line, and a goodly number of the most public-spirited temperance workers make it a point to attend every week." Price 5 cents per copy, 60 cents per dozen.

Amid the Shadows. By Mary F. Martin. The shadows are those cast over otherwise happy families, rich and poor alike, by the intemperance of one or more of their members. The story is another of those life-like ones, depicting the deep sorrows of those who, amid alternate hope and fear, pray for the emancipation of those dear to them from the galling fetters of the tyrant Strong Drink. The special merit of this book is the striking manner in which it brings out the truth that "no man liveth to himself alone," that when we sin others must suffer.

A Day with a Demon. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. A very graphic picture of the evils of strong drink, such as may be seen by any careful observer in a single day, both in city and country, and among the rich and poor, learned and unlearned alike. The book merits a wide circulation.

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Nellie's Memories. A Novel. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. A very pleasant story, containing refined sentiment and pretty description.

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Notes and Comments.

The Fancy Card Mania.

WE presume that there is scarce a village into which this fashion has not penetrated—the fashion of collecting bright chromo cards, business or otherwise, and pasting them into a scrap-book. Like everything of the kind, most probably, the whim will die out eventually, and that at no distant day.

But the books will, very likely, still remain the property of those who filled them. And then when the desire of adding to his or her collection no longer influences the possessor of one, it may be made the source of much pleasure and profit not contemplated in the first place.

For instance, a little boy or girl, owning such a repository, may be interested in gradually learning the names of all the flowers represented in it. Next, he or she may desire to see as many as possible of their living counterparts, to discover the natural alliances existing among several of them, and with others not imitated in the collection. And so, almost imperceptibly, a good foundation may be laid for the study of botany.

We referred to flowers because they most frequently appear in this connection. But we see also shells, birds, animals and symbols of various kinds. So, then, it is fair to suppose that in the same way one might be led to a knowledge of conchology, ornithology, zoology and the manners and customs of different societies and nations—in short, to the possession of a valuable fund of general information.

Any extended reference to living counterparts cannot fail to show to many an observant mind how good are some of the representations and how

bad are others, and begin the education of the eye as to form and to color, resulting, as a matter of course, in the improvement of the taste. Perhaps, also, it may stimulate one or more to attempt drawing and painting, which, if persevered in, must make of the person endeavoring, if not an artist, at least a member of the appreciative public, without which an artist's best efforts must fail.

Again. There are few of our best-known flowers which have not, in various ages, received encomiums from the poets—as witness Burns's lines on the daisy, Mrs. Browning's on the rose and Tennyson's on the dandelion. One quotation given will only inspire the wish for more; so that the singers and prose-writers as well will perhaps be ransacked for the desired verses to be written under the blossom praised. Who can say what treasures of literature may not be opened up in this way to those who otherwise might be indifferent?

Yes, gathering cards has in it possibilities of far more than mere pastime or curiosity. Like many other things, humble in themselves, it may be made the means toward a higher culture.

So-called Americanisms.

MOST of the colloquial phrases which have been classed as "Americanisms" are to be found in the provincial dialects of England, and were brought here from that country. In proof of this, Professor Lounsbury, in an article in the *North American Review*, refers to a volume, published in England in 1823, under the title of "A Glossary of Words and Phrases used in the County of Suffolk." A glance at this revealed such words as "gumption," "scaly," "hoss" for horse,

"gal" for girl, "chaw" for chew, "natur" for nature, "taters" for potatoes, and such well-known phrases, the doubtful honor of originating which is given to America, as "to flop into a chair," "to haul over the coals," "by gum," "by gosh," "darn it," "dang it," "bobbery," "darnation," "gift of the gab," "in a horn," "like blazes."

The professor infers, that if from the casual examination of so small a glossary so many of our common terms are discovered, there will be little left us when a complete collection of the colloquialisms and provincialisms of all England shall have been made. Such a collection is now being made in England by a society organized six years ago for the express purpose.

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OCTOBER,

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MEMORIES.

NOW, dame, the morn doth promise fair,
 'Tis kind and genial weather,
 So prithee quit that easy chair,
 And let us forth together.
 The merry month of June is here,
 Adorning briar and bramble;
 Come, slip your bonnet on, my dear,
 And join me in a ramble.

I well recall that happy day
 When, through the green lanes straying,
 I met a little maiden gay
 And went with her a-maying.
 She was but ten, and I no more,
 Her cheeks were round and rosy,
 And in her white-bibbed pinafore
 She wore a pretty posy.



She tripped so daintily along,
 And prattled on so cheerily,
 I heeded not the skylark's song,
 Although I loved that dearly.
 There was a music in her voice,
 So witching, so entrancing,
 It made my inmost heart rejoice
 And set my pulses dancing.

Obedient to her commands,
 I dared the thorniest hedges,
 And scratched and tore my face and hands
 In climbing banks and ledges,
 To win a spray of hawthorn bloom—
 Nor deemed the task a labor—
 Or cull some flower whose sweet perfume
 Endeared it to my neighbor.



And here we gathered at our will
 The rarest flowers a-blowing,
 And gold and silver-heaped until
 'Twas time we should be going.
 Then as we bore our wealth away,
 We chanted to the wild wood,
 As I remembered, many a lay
 Dear to the heart of childhood.

Since then, dear dame—there, do not sigh—
 We've lived and loved together
 For threescore years, or very nigh,
 Enjoying fairish weather.
 Now traveling down the vale of life,
 We've little cause for sorrow—
 A happy husband, happy wife,
 With trust in our to-morrow.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.



At last we reached a quiet nook
 (Beside a hazel cover
 And watered by a babbling brook)
 With blossoms sprinkled over
 In such profusion and so rare,
 Our souls were filled with pleasure;
 Departing Spring had emptied there
 Her lap of half its treasure.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 10.



THE GOOD QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA.

"THE GOOD QUEEN LOUISA."

OUR portraits represent the mother of the present Emperor of Germany, and her younger sister, Princess Frederika. The pictures are copied from miniatures taken in the year 1794, when Louisa was eighteen and Frederika sixteen years of age. They were the daughters of Frederick V, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Both princesses were married in 1793, the elder to the Crown Prince Frederick William, afterward King of Prussia; the younger, to his brother, Prince Frederick Charles Louis.

Louisa, the fourth daughter of Duke Frederick, was born on the 10th of March, 1756, and was
VOL. XLVIII.—39.

baptized by the name of Louisa Augusta Wilhelmina Amelia. In this connection it may be interesting to quote Jean Paul Richter's beautiful allegory, written in her honor shortly after her death.

"Before she was born, her genius stood up and questioned Fate. 'I have many wreaths for the child,' he said; 'the flower-garland of beauty, the myrtle-wreath of marriage, the crown of a kingdom, the oak and laurel-wreath of German fatherland's love—and a crown of thorns; which of all may I give the child?' 'Give her all thy wreaths and crowns,' said Fate, 'but there still remains one which is worth all the others.' On the day when the death-wreath was placed on that

noble forehead the genius again appeared, but he questioned only by his tears. Then answered a voice: 'Look up!' and the God of Christians appeared."

When Queen Louisa was born, her parents lived in a small, gay cottage ornée, most unlike a royal residence, in the city of Hanover. Six months after her birth, her father was made governor-general of Hanover. In consequence he removed his family to the palace of Leine-Strasse, immediately opposite the old Electoral Palace. During the summer months they usually lived in a wing of Herrenhausen Castle.

Frederika, the fifth daughter of Duke Frederick, was born in March, 1778. As we shall see, her life, though resembling her sister's in being marked by strange vicissitudes, was unlike it in being prolonged almost to old age. By a remarkable coincidence, after years of wandering, she came back in her later days to her childhood's home, as Queen of Hanover. Here she died and here repose her remains.

When the sisters were respectively six and four years of age, they were bereaved in losing a most excellent mother. Two years later their father married a sister of his late wife, but in another year, the amiable lady who partially supplied the place of the deceased wife and mother, was also called away by death. This second loss induced the prince to resign his appointment as governor, remove his family to Darmstadt, and place his daughters under the care of their maternal grandmother.

The wisdom of his choice was soon demonstrated. Princess George William, as she was called—having been the wife of Prince George William, of Hesse—was really a superior person, eminently fitted for the task she had undertaken. The two young princesses, Louisa and Frederika—the elder Charlotte and Theresa being married by this time, and a third princess having died in infancy—were educated under the care of Princess George simply and thoroughly, much as many young ladies in moderate circumstances were, for their father was by no means wealthy. They were conscientiously instructed in the tenets of the Christian religion, as adopted by the Lutheran Church, besides which, they were afforded opportunities of actually doing good, in visiting the cottages of the poor, in company with their governess. Louisa and Frederika remained with their grandmother until they were married.

Living thus quietly, under the charge of Princess George and their teachers, we hear little of these interesting young girls. The Princess Louisa is described as having a very lovely disposition, and a very pretty complexion of exceeding fairness, and light blue eyes. We hear of her especially at the age of fourteen, upon the occasion of the coronation of Emperor Leopold II.

The young princesses were placed in charge of Frau Rath Goethe, mother of the poet, during their stay at Frankfort, for the coronation ceremonies. We quote from "The Life and Times of Louisa, Queen of Prussia," by Elizabeth Harriot Hudson, the following amusing account of their visit.

"Frau Rath considered herself highly honored in being chosen as the hostess who should entertain the princesses. The genial old lady retained to a wonderful degree the faculty of being young with the young; and she found the high-born sisters so simple-minded, so unaffected in their manners, that she was delighted with them. She entered into their light-hearted enjoyment of scenes and circumstances new to them, and therefore invested with the charms of novelty. She understood the pleasure felt by those merry girls in being free from the restraints of their everyday life. Frau Rath cherished a lively recollection of those days as long as she lived, and often spoke of them. She used to tell a story about the pump, which still stands in the small yard, inclosed by high walls, at the back of the Goethe house. It is not a common pump, but an artistic one, which attracts attention. Rath Goethe was a wealthy man when he rebuilt and fitted up that house, and he seems to have allowed his wife the pleasure of freely exercising her taste without regard to expense. The pump is a fanciful construction, sheltered by a picturesque roof, projecting from the wall, directly opposite the back windows of the house. A sculptured head, with a spout in its mouth, protrudes from a niche in the wall, and, by moving a long handle to the right of the head, the water is brought up from the tank, through the tall, wooden pipe and the spout, into the shell-shaped cistern. Frau Rath had two sitting-rooms peculiarly her own, which communicated by a narrow door. In the front room she received her young guests, and the lady in attendance on them. While the elder ladies were engaged in conversation, the princesses wandered into the back room, and espied the pump. 'Oh!' exclaimed Louisa, 'I wonder if we could make the water rush out; I should like to try.' A consenting wink from Frau Rath's cheerful eye was immediately understood; the sisters escaped from the room, found their way to the yard, and pumped to their hearts' content. But when the *Oberhofmeisterin* (chief lady-in-waiting) caught sight of them, she was shocked to see young ladies of their rank and age thus occupied, splashing their dresses, and bringing the color into their cheeks. She could not agree with their hostess, who looked upon them still as children, in the sweetest and most durable sense of the word, and was glad to see them enjoying gratification as pure as the bright element with which they were playing. An argument ensued, and the old lady jestingly

threatened to turn the door-key rather than permit interference with this innocent pleasure which the dear princesses should have in her house. It is difficult to say which party conquered, but when Frau Rath told the story, she always claimed the victory."

We next hear of Princess Louisa and Princess Frederika, as being married in 1793, at the beginning of disastrous times. Goethe speaks of the royal sisters as "heavenly apparitions amid the turmoil of war." The echoes of the French revolution were shaking Europe, and the crown princesses entered upon married life at the inauguration of a most trying season. For a few years, however, her life was happy. The young couple loved each other tenderly, and their only annoyance was that occasioned by the rigidity of the etiquette of the Prussian court. In their natural gayety of youthful spirits they vexed the ceremonious soul of the *Oberhofmeisterin*, Countess Von Voss, by continually forgetting the exact forms and ceremonies that they ought to have observed. No wonder the good lady discovered that she lived in revolutionary times.

Frederick and Louisa could not help teasing the conscientious duenna, or, rather, the prince did the teasing and Louisa could not help being amused. According to the strict rules of etiquette laid down in standard works on that subject, a prince ought not to enter his wife's morning-room unannounced. Against this rule Frederick William had repeatedly rebelled, and the *Oberhofmeisterin* felt obliged to remonstrate. A lengthy discussion ensued, and at last the prince yielded.

"Well, countess," said he, "I will give way to custom. I beg you to be so good as to precede me to inquire if I may have the honor of speaking with my royal consort."

Off went the triumphant countess on her mission, but the prince was more agile than age and dignity permitted her to be. He rushed up the private staircase, and entered his wife's boudoir by another door. When the *Oberhofmeisterin* appeared, she was greeted by a merry peal of laughter, which disconcerted her.

"See now, my good Von Voss," said the prince, "my wife and I can meet and speak with each other unannounced, whenever we choose, and this is as it should be. But you are an excellent director of court ceremonies, and we constitute you henceforth our Dame d' Etiquette."

This is but one instance. The crown prince

used to say that when his wife had laid aside her jewels, she was a pearl restored to its pristine purity. One day, taking hold of both her hands, and looking into her blue eyes, he said: "Thank God, you are my wife once more."

"Am I not always your wife then?" replied Louisa.

"Alas! no. You must too often be only the crown princess."

Four years after the marriage of Frederick and Louisa, the king, Frederick William II, died, and the crown prince ascended the throne as Frederick William III. "At first," we read, "this change did not greatly interrupt the quiet felicity of



PRINCESS FREDERIKA (SISTER OF QUEEN LOUISA).

Louisa's life. Whenever they could escape from the wearisome duties and still more wearisome etiquette of the court, the royal pair dwelt at Paretz, near Potsdam, where the king had built a small *chateau*. Here they lived like a village squire and his wife, known to all the children, who received many a gift from the hands of the 'lord king and lady queen.' The queen would herself buy cakes and toys for the little people at the harvest fair, and always said she liked her country title of 'Gracious Lady of Paretz,' far better than 'Your Majesty' of the city."

In company with the king, Queen Louisa would often make excursions to various parts of their dominions, becoming in this way familiar with the whole country, and personally known to her people everywhere. By her deeds of charity, her interest in education, her patronage of literature and art, and above all, by her simple, unaffected goodness, she won an enduring place in the hearts of her subjects. The one title that she longed to deserve above all others, was, "Mother of the People."

For a time Prussia was, if not in alliance with, certainly not in opposition to Napoleon. Austria was unable to stand against the invader, and the great emperor, in his scheme of conquest, was not disposed to spare his half ally. He bribed Saxony and Hesse to refrain from supporting the king, and soon Prussia saw that the ambitious conqueror intended to overthrow it. And now we become aware of the insulting manner in which Napoleon held the queen up to ridicule. He falsely declared in his war bulletins, that she and she alone was responsible for the war; that she hurried her husband into it through her recklessness and vanity. But the truth was, that at the time Prussia declared war, Queen Louisa was ill, and away from her home; and not until the matter was fully decided upon, was she aware of it at all. She stood by the king, however, at this time, just as she had always done.

After the battle of Jena, in which the Prussians were defeated, Napoleon entered Berlin as a triumphant conqueror, and the king and queen fled. In 1807 the peace of Tilsit was signed, and by it Napoleon restored to the Prussian king one-half his territories. Shortly before the treaty was concluded, Napoleon met the queen for the first time. Struck by her beauty, her winning manner and her earnestness of expression, he soon discovered that she was not at all the woman he had impertinently said she was. But, though she made a deep impression upon him, she plead vainly for the restoration of her favorite city, Magdebourg, on the Elbe.

The queen did not long survive the trouble she had endured. A susceptible constitution had been greatly weakened by what she had undergone, and in July, 1810, she passed peacefully away, having just completed her thirty-fourth year. She left four sons and three daughters. The oldest son was Frederick William IV, who was succeeded by his brother William, in 1861.

The remains of Queen Louisa rest at Charlottenburg, in a splendid mausoleum, the work of the celebrated sculptor, Rauch. The tomb of Queen Frederika at Herrenhausen, is very similar to her sister's, and is by the same artist.

Frederika long survived Louisa, her life being much more eventful, and, apparently, far less happy. Her first husband, Prince Louis, of

Prussia, died in 1796, only three years after their marriage. Frederika remained with her sister until her second marriage, to Prince of Salms-Braunfels. After being a widow for the second time, she became the wife of her cousin, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, in 1815. Ernest was the son of George III, of England. On the death of William IV, Ernest became King of Hanover, in 1837. And so, as we have said, Queen Frederika died in her childhood's home. Her death occurred in 1841.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

I KNOW a home where there are several girls of various ages. One is very handsome, and much admired. Another is accomplished; play and sings well, and shines in company. A third is literary, and may almost be described as "a blue stocking." But there is one, neither so attractive nor so popular as her sisters, yet is the most beloved and the most valued. Bright, sensible, genial, she is the light of her home, and her mother's right hand. She is always neat and well-dressed, yet seems ever busy, and every ready to turn her hand and her mind to anything. Is there some sewing, or mending, or tidying wanted? She does it. Do untimely visitors call? "Oh, I'll go." Is there any household difficulty to overcome, or advice needed? "Oh, I'll manage." Has the baby some ailment? She knows best what to do, and the presence of this gentle nurse charms away pain and sorrow. The brothers say, "She is no end of a good sister." Do you wonder at my calling her "the flower of the flock?" She is my favorite, and happy will be the man, I say, who gets her as his helpmate for life.

THERE is no time for the soul. But we are constantly applying these appearances in nature to our spiritual life, and accepting them as facts independent of ourselves. We talk of going out of time into eternity, as though time and eternity were distinct existences. But they are not. We are in eternity now. We think of eternity as an endless number of years, but it is not. We cannot get any true idea of eternity by multiplying years. As man is immortal so far as regards his existence, he is no nearer his end at one time than another. We are no nearer the end of life to-day than we were at the beginning of the year. As spiritual beings we never grow old in the sense commonly given to the word "old." The first human being created is no nearer the end of his life than the infant just born. The only difference between these two beings consists in their spiritual development. The only measure of life is our capacity for receiving it.—CHAS. UNCEY GILES.

WHAT JUNE BROUGHT US.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE of our relatives, nearly eighty years of age, had celebrated his golden wedding four or five years ago; his wife died, and he had married again, and this wife, whose home was handsomely furnished in the village, had no need of his goods, and they were stored in the barn. He had been an only son, and his mother had been an only beloved child, and his own marriage had been childless; so any one can see that the treasures in the barn were a treat for an antiquarian. It was worth going across the world to see. He said: "Now, Pipesey, anything you find here that you want, just take it right along; or, if you want everything, take 'em along; they're no use to me;" and his dear old lips quivered with a sorrow pent up, and his eyes dimmed with tears.

How greedy we felt when we got among old books, and letters, and keepsakes, and curious things! We laid out ledgers, books that ran back more than a hundred years, and said: "We'll take these home;" bundles of letters, and a stack of account-books that had been kept by his uncle, the secretary of New Salem Academy, oh, so long ago! We read all the names of the boys and girls for twenty-five consecutive years—what they studied, what they paid, where they boarded, when they commenced and when they quit. The penmanship was beautiful, and we lifted up the great pile and said: "We'll take these home with us, too." Such huge leather pocket-books! And when we said: "O Sammy, who did have this, I wonder!" the reply was, "Gran'ther;" or, "Great-gran'ther;" or, "Uncle;" or, "Mother's uncle."

We found all the old, old Bibles, too, and hymn-books, with dead roses pressed in them, and a Psalm book with locks of hair—gray hair and flossy golden—in it. But the story is too long; the pile laid out was too big, and we culled it over, and then it was too large, and so we filled a sack and sent it home by express, and we made Sammy promise to save the rest till we came again. That was so like Aladdin's story, for we had always loved to mouse around among old things.

He brought out a bandbox, too, and told us to help ourselves. We took old Aunt Nabby's bonnet, fine and pretty, with good old trimmings, for a keepsake, and from one of the cousins we borrowed the deacon's grandmother's black silk bonnet to show him. It is very old, and has a fall of wide lace sewed all around the flaring front, which swung like a curtain above her brow, and a high puffed crown with a fierce bow of black silk tilted up like a vane on a barn.

Looking our treasures over after we came home,

we find, besides the two bonnets, a row of wall-pockets, made of queer, coarse, harsh goods and linen, stamped like the viny calico of to-day—this relic was old and yellow in the girlhood of Sammy's mother, and must be very old now; the pile of academy accounts; some leather-backed account-books; some letters, and deeds, and wills—pocket-books; and some books, well-bound and well-kept. Among them four volumes, called "A Philosophical View of the United States of America," published in 1796; two volumes of Sketch-Book, by Geoffery Crayon, 1826; some books published in England, one of them called "A Philosophical Account of Works of Nature," printed in 1739. In the "view" book is a picture of Washington, sitting up stark and thin, with his hair put up in something like a horn, and a rosette on it in the way of ornament. He holds in his hands a paper of the plat of Washington City, and his chapeau beside him is trimmed with a flaring rosette, corresponding with that on his hair. In the language of Josiah Allen's wife, when she made Josiah put on a shawl at the picnic, he "looked really dressy like." Then there is a bronzy-looking picture of Ben Franklin, with the wickedest of forked lightning almost against his great meaty nose. Among old letters we came upon one telling the news of our father: "Adonijah is married and lives on the farm; he has a nice baby, too, a little girl, named Pipesiway."

With a laugh we shook Sammy, who was bending over a barrel of musty papers, and we read aloud the late news. He said mournfully: "Little did I think then that I'd ever see 'N'ijar's nice little baby."

Franklin County, Massachusetts, is memorable as being the birthplace of Moody, the evangelist; of Mary Lyon, the founder of Holyoke Seminary; of Fidelia Fisk, the missionary; of Annie T. Wilbur, the beloved companion and daughter of Rev. Wilbur, of Wendall, a very fine classical scholar, with whose translations we are all familiar; "Frances Lee," whose pretty stories have charmed and delighted the children in all our homes, and others whose names we cannot recall.

Jim Fisk, we presume, was connected with some of these families. We liked their energy. Not a Fisk did we meet who did not impress us favorably. At one of their homes, the mother, an old Boston lady, set out caraway cookies, and sage cheese, and cider, sealed fresh from the press, for us, though we only called in for a moment. At another Fisk home, up on the hill, the father strode off to the field with a shovel-plow on his shoulder, and he a man over seventy years of age. We liked their vim. Jim commenced life a peddler in Brattleboro, twenty miles away. His body was taken there for burial. His grave is often found covered with flowers of the rarest and choicest kinds, and no one knows whose hands

placed them there. On Decoration Day are the flowers most abundant and exquisite.

Worcester County was the birthplace of poor Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine bearing his name; and of Whitney, who invented the cotton-gin, and others of note whose names do not come to us now.

Miller's River is one of the principal streams of Western Massachusetts, and runs through these counties. It is very swift, and the bed is dark and rocky, and the water is the color of coffee without cream, when looked upon in the river, but is clear when dipped up in the hand. With its banks of evergreen, one can imagine how wild it appears. In spite of ourselves, we kept thinking of this perverse poem, which would thrust its gloom and its rhythm upon us:

"Woodsey, and wild, and lonesome,
The swift stream winds away,
Through birches and leafy maples,
Flashing in foam and spray—
Down on the sharp-horned ledges,
Plunging in steep cascade,
Tossing its white-maned waters
Against the hemlock's shade.

"Woodsey, and wild, and lonesome,
East and west, and north and south."

Western Massachusetts is a delightful place to go for rest. Its mountains are grand and beautiful. Beauty is their most conspicuous attribute. These ranges—a continuation southward of the Green Mountains, though under different names—have the same characteristics: a rounded contour, a frequent occurrence of limestone formation, and a rich soil clothed with stalwart forests to their very summits. Their grace of outline and wealth of "living green," make them at once grand in their massive bulk, and in equal degree beautiful. We doubt if any equal area of country has more fine landscapes than can be pointed out in these portions of Vermont and Massachusetts. The limestone formation, it should be said, is found west of the Hoosac Mountain, while the granite predominates eastward. Years ago, we went by the State road from Greenfield to North Adams, over the mountain that has since been bored through. Looking backward, the dark green foliage had Alpine suggestions. When the summit was reached, there burst with startling effect upon the view the abundant bright green foliage with which the limestone valley was clothed. It seemed surcharged with life and beauty.

"Two voices there are; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice!"

The excellence of Jehovah's character is symbolized by mountains.

We enjoyed the scenery very much. The "Greenfield Meadows" with the winding river, the fine old drooping elms, the beautiful farms,

and the glimpses of varied landscape, delighted our little party beyond expression. Ida made us all feel richer yet, when she repeated from Whittier the soft, sweet summer song:

"The sunlight, sleeping on the hill,
In drowsy splendor dreams away
The long June hours, as if it felt
The rapture of a perfect day.

"The mountains stretch broad waving lines
Of perfect light along the sky,
While at their feet rich shadows veiled,
Serene and fair the meadows lie."

But the Hoosac Mountains rejoiced us most the evening we started home. They were so cheery and beautiful. They had none of that sterile, black, gloomy look as had the Cumberland; nothing that suggested poverty, or misery, or want, or loneliness, or hovels, or the pitiable life of the "poo' whites" in Virginia or Maryland.

Going through the great Hoosac Tunnel in the evening was the event of that day. We had looked forward to it. We had read of it for years, and watched for its consummation. And for the sake of the little boys who hear their mothers read this aloud, we wish we had space to tell all about the grand Hoosac Tunnel. Twenty years were consumed in the tedious boring of this great hole through the mountains. The girls had their watches waiting in their hands, twenty minutes before we came to the tunnel, ready to note the time occupied in passing through. It required ten minutes for the train to run through.

Among the memories of Western Massachusetts, we recall Shelburne Falls as one of the handsomest villages we ever saw, hidden among the green-crested mountains, with the Deerfield River winding just below it. The streets wide and clean and bordered with maples, its people bustling about with holiday air, its spires gleaming in the setting sun, it left a picture very fair to think upon. We said, when "our ships come in" we would go to Shelburne Falls and spend a June and July, climbing the mountains, prospecting in the delta, paddling in the river, and taking a hand in the very excellent lyceum which the good women of this place enjoy in its fullest.

When we passed through Troy, we thought of good Mrs. Willard and the famed seminary; and at Schenectady, the seat of Union College, we thought of our dear ones whose blooming years had been spent there.

The Mohawk Valley, picturesque, and beautiful, and rich in substantial old homes, and farms, and fine scenery, is one of the charms of the New York Central. We were always interested in the Hollanders, the people who could, if need be, sit still—the old Vans, who cherished the habits and customs of their ancestral Holland, and through whose portly pocket-books thousands of dollars

passed in an easy and comfortable flow—bless them!

According to programme, we spent a day at Niagara Falls on our journey home. We dreaded the noisy hackmen and the officious swarm, and had planned going to the proprietor of one of the best hotels and engaging a carriage and driver for a few hours; but what was our surprise and joy, when we alighted from the cars at the cool, clean depot, to find everything as quiet as we would at our depot at home. Twenty years had made great and favorable changes at Niagara Falls. Not a hackman spoke aloud. One did whisper: "Will the ladies have a carriage?" To which we said: "Thank you, our friends are waiting for us." And the poor souls were waiting—at home, however.

When we put our baggage—a small satchel each—into the hands of the newdealer for safe-keeping, we said: "Couldn't we ladies go leisurely and in safety alone to-day without a guide?" And the smiling and gratifying reply was: "Certainly, madam; go down this shady street, perhaps forty rods, and you will be at the Falls."

The first grand view at Prospect Park that came upon the girls more than paid us for all the trouble they had ever cost us. It was such an overwhelming pleasure to them. The poor little things never looked so handsome before, because we had never seen them with the grandeur of these mighty waters lifting them up heavenward, and lighting up their faces as though the glory of the life immortal beamed upon them.

The day was spent going where we pleased at leisure, at a very trifling cost, and quite as much alone as we would have been picnicing among our own home hills. Restaurants abound, kept by polite French people who are glad to wait upon you. Afternoon we bought a very large umbrella that would cover us all, and went over to Goat Island and stayed until we were tired. We sat on the old rocks at Horseshoe Falls, where once stood Terrapin Tower, and it was *our* island that afternoon, for

"Are not all things created for his sake
Who reads their meaning right?"

A great deal of very substantial enjoyment was packed into that glorious day in June. Goat Island, though visited daily, is mossy, and ferny, and thickety, and full of bird-songs, as any wilderness in the West. We paused in view of the Three Sisters, and shuddered as we thought of the pretty little Frenchwoman who, a few days before, was swept down from its grassy edge by the mad whirl of tossing waves, and borne to the death—to a grave nameless and unmarked, "a sepulchre that no man knoweth."

Niagara Falls is a good place to visit. We brought away from it no regrets, no hard feelings; we could find no fault with the money-loving people who dwell there—caterers to the public—many

of them blind to the beauty and the grandeur around them, "eyes having they, but they see not." They are very polite, and ready and willing to wait upon visitors.

A night ride, pleasant to be remembered, brought us to Cleveland, the lovely city on the shore of Lake Erie. We spent a day there—a delightful day—visiting all the beautiful places of interest. We bought pictures, and happened upon a stall of old, old books, and added to the collection gleaned in Sammy's barn. The girls bought lawn, and cambric, and opera flannel, and fine wools, right bravely and to their satisfaction.

From Cleveland we went to our homes, rosy, and sunburnt, and hearty, with sweet remembrances to abide with us for all time; pictures they were to hang upon the walls of our memories—sunny, and bright, and joyous to dwell upon. And sometimes when we three take tea from the big server laid upon our laps in the "Den," or the bed-room, the men—comprising a "gander party" eating in the dining-room—hear our jolly laughter, and, man-fashion, wonder, and look wise, and injured, and know they are missing something good to hear. We found everybody good and kind with whom we came in contact—not one snarling official, not one sign of impertinence or disrespect, or lack of kindly words and deeds. The weather was delightful. Among the rocks and mountains, the wintergreen, arbutus, mosses and the laurel in glorious flower, while in the ponds the fragrant lilies added a charm to the poetry of the blooming summer-time.

How nearly approaching to the wishes and aspirations of our girlhood was the dower laid away so sweetly in the lids of the book of the June agone!

In a scrawling hand, we find in a little diary kept when we were verging upon our teens, the cry of our soul, copied from something that fell into our hands. It is as good for the poor woman of to-day in her quiet life as it was for the little girl.

"I want to see the marble for which art has done almost what Venus was said to do for Pygmalion's work. I want to listen to the music rolling through grand cathedral aisles, resonant with immortality. I want to look upon the canvas that grew almost into life under the hand of the old masters. My soul hungers for the glories hidden away in the Cascade Mountains, thundering in Niagara, gleaming on the brow of Jungfrau, slumbering in the vale of Chamouni, and shimmering in the Staub-bach. If I trust cheerfully, submissively, I know God will satisfy this hunger. If I am too weak to be led up these mounts of earthly beatitude, if He sees it best for me to spend my years upon dead levels, always in sound of hammers and wheels, He Himself will feed this love of beauty till its wings grow and tremble

forth in shadowless glory of the better land. He notes the moaning hunger of the soul. Though the eye dances and the lip is merry, His ear catches the silent cry that goes up evermore from the empty heart, and if we but trust Him He will feed us.

Nor eye hath seen nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For them that love the Son."

PIPSEY POTTS.

PROTECTION AND DISPERSION OF SEEDS.

THERE is no end to the devices which nature adopts to insure that seeds should be carried to fitting spots for their germination. Some, like thistle-down and cotton, are provided with fluffy tails, which carry them through the air on the wings of the wind; others, like the maple, have regular wings of their own, on which they fly in the same manner as a kite. The balsam bursts open its capsule with a sort of explosion, and scatters its seeds around it in every direction; the grasses simply drop their little round grains upon the bare soil beneath. But there are two kinds of seed-vessels specially liable to be eaten by birds and other animals, and these two kinds differ diametrically in the way they comport themselves toward their devourers. They are commonly called nuts and fruits.

The nut is a hard-coated seed, whose kernel or germ—with its accompanying stock of nutriment—the squirrel or monkey eats whenever he can get it. This, of course, kills the young plant, and so defeats the whole purpose of the seed. Accordingly, nuts are purposely made in such a manner as to escape the notice and baffle the hungry attempts of their enemies. They are generally green as they grow among their native foliage, and brown as they lie on the bare ground beneath. Thus they never attract attention by their color or brilliancy. Then, again, they are covered by a hard shell, often so hard that even man finds it no easy task to break through the outer coat and get at the nutritious kernel within, as we all know in the case of cocoa-nuts, Brazil-nuts and the American hickory. And, furthermore, they very frequently have a nauseous, bitter husk, like that of the walnut, or are covered with little prickly hairs, as in the filbert; all of which devices combine to prevent animals from discovering, cracking and eating them. As though all this were not enough, they not uncommonly contain bitter juices, and sometimes finish by poisoning the aggressors. Clearly, nuts are a kind of seeds which do not lay themselves out for being quietly eaten up. They defend themselves to the very last by every possible device in their power.

A fruit, on the other hand, adapts exactly oppo-

site tactics. To use the language of ordinary life, it *wants* to be eaten; or, in other words, it is so devised by nature as to offer every inducement to various animals to eat it. The means which it employs for the allurement of birds are exactly like those which flowers employ for the allurement of insects. It has sweet juices, perfumed essences, red, blue or purple coloring. From a distance, the scarlet hips and haws or the orange rowan-berries, strike the eye of the bird; the bright hues seem to act as an advertisement of the food. The pulpy covering is evidently intended for the bird's use, and the sweet taste for its pleasure. Clearly, the fruit is a kind of seed-vessel which means to be eaten if it can only get any one good enough to perform the duty.

But what good can the plant derive from having its fruits devoured? If the nut is so anxious to escape detection and to avoid animals, why should the fruit take so much trouble to excite attention and to commit a voluntary suicide? Simply because the bird is of as much use to the plant as the plant is to the bird. It is, in short, a case of mutual accommodation. Just as the bee, in sucking honey, carries the fertilizing pollen from flower to flower, so the bird, in devouring fruit, disperses the seeds which pass undigested through its body. Though the pulp is always soft and sweet enough, the actual seed is at heart a nut. In the plum-stone and peach-stone we see this truth clearly enough, for there the resemblance has gone to such a length that even the most careless observer could not overlook it. In the cherry and the orange it is less immediately obvious, but still quite recognizable when we look at the question closely. In the strawberry and raspberry, however, the separate seeds are so much smaller that we scarcely notice their presence, and therefore we quite forget their essential identity with the nut. It is thus evident that a fruit is really a seed-vessel which has turned its outer coat into a soft pulp, while its inner part still contains one or more hard nut-like seeds.

WE are building up our characters and our lives, not only by our actions, but by the directions in which we are looking, by the models we set before us, by the ideals we cherish, by the company we keep, by the books we read, by all the conditions in which we put ourselves. By looking up to what is higher and better, we shall rise to higher and better states of being, and our characters and conduct will always bear an intimate relation to those things upon which our mental vision dwells with pleasure and satisfaction.

RICHES.—A very rich man recently said: "I worked like a slave till I was forty to make my fortune, and I've been watching it like a detective ever since for lodging, food and clothes."

DUFF.

A PORTRAIT IN MINIATURE.

HE began life as a street singer. His mother had been one before him; she died when he was just beyond babyhood, and he naturally succeeded to her profession.

Where or how he learnt his songs, I don't know. Strangers used to stop in astonished silence to listen to the strange medley and ringing bird-like notes of the little insignificant vagrant. It answered pretty well upon the whole. Wisdom

And, by way of recreation, it was a famous neighborhood for fires, and Duff never failed to put in an appearance in time to escort the engines to the scene of action, and to see it out to the last spark. No theatre could offer a spectacle to equal it, and when, as sometimes befell, there were *two* fires in one night, Duff felt that his cup of bliss was, indeed, full to overflowing.

It was Easter Sunday, a bleak, blustering March morning, with sudden, driving showers of blinding rain, and Duff had taken refuge from one of them behind a pillar on the cathedral steps. He did not count upon retaining his position for any



"DUFF OBSERVED THAT HE HAD NOT QUITE CLOSED IT."

comes early to the poor, and he had learnt to adapt his *répertoire* to his audience; scraps of comic operas for the thoroughfares, gay snatches of drinking songs for the neighborhood of the public-houses, doleful ballads and hymns, sung with intense feeling, for the old ladies in the little by-streets round the cathedral. There were kindly waiters at various restaurants who gave him plates of remnants, and an occasional warm garment from the ragged-school people, though he did not often honor that institution with an order, finding his scanty ragged ones a much more profitable uniform for his profession; indeed, a comfortable frieze jacket had once nearly brought him to ruin in a week.

length of time; there was a certain policeman who had routed him too often for him to cherish any delusive visions of that kind, and Duff was feeling considerably astonished that he had not loomed upon the horizon before. Presently somebody came up the steps and passed in at a panel in the huge door, and Duff, looking after him, observed that he had not quite closed it. A sudden brilliantly daring idea flashed across his mind. He looked round; his enemy was still invisible; he took a half-penny from his pocket—

"Heads I go, tails I don't—heads!" and Duff slipped from his hiding-place, pushed back the panel about six inches, and squeezed himself in.

The place seemed quite deserted, but somewhere

in the distance he could hear the murmur of voices. He skirted cautiously behind the statues, till, from behind a crusader's shield on a big, square tomb, he discovered a full view of the chancel, flooded with the rich, soft light from the great, eastern window; and as he stood with bated breath, the organ woke into life and music, and one of Beethoven's stateliest harmonies swept over the little vagrant singer.

It was but an ordinary service to the rest of the congregation—one of many—but till Duff passes through the gate of death into a higher temple, that first hour in the cathedral shall be the embodiment of every thought or vision he shall ever hold about the other.

It was all over, and with a sound that was almost a sob, he turned to descend from his perch, and met the astonished gaze of a stout, important-looking personage, whom Duff felt, to his inmost soul, must be an archbishop at the very least.

"What mischief have you been doing up there?" demanded the great man, severely, and blocking up the passage with his body down which Duff had contemplated instant flight.

"I wasn't doing anything," answered the culprit, thus brought to bay.

The great man looked from the small, ragged figure to the ponderous stone warrior with his shield. The crusader certainly seemed proof against the assaults of a foe like this, and he altered the form of his question—

"What did you get up for, then?"

"I never came in before, and I knew I'd get turned out if they saw me. It was for the singing," he added, rather incoherently.

"What does a mite like you know about singing?"

Duff looked up in profound astonishment at an archbishop's ignorance.

"Know! Why, I've been singing ever since I was a child."

"Indeed," said the great man, more respectfully; "and your family also?"

Duff changed uneasily on to the other foot.

"There isn't any family but me."

"Very well, you may go now; but if you like to come again to a service, say the dean gave you leave, and I'll see you again before long."

Duff slipped away in a state of amazement too deep for thanks, though he recovered sufficiently to give a patronizing nod to his enemy, the policeman, who could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw him emerge from the cathedral itself.

That Sunday was an era in Duff's history. Before the week was over, the dean, who was a great man in more than one sense, had seen him again, and taken him out of the streets into a training-school, where he was to be transformed with all due speed into a creditable member of society. Duff did his best to fall in with the new

views about his education, but the first six months were the longest he had ever had in his life. It was terribly uphill work, and many and many a time, if it had not been for the cathedral, and a superstitious awe of his friend, the dean, he would have gone back to the freedom of his old life. His singing had been peremptorily suppressed as likely to lead him into evil company, and he seemed to have no other capability in any one direction. He struggled bravely into long division, but there he broke down completely; grammar and writing were utterly incomprehensible mysteries, progress was at the lowest possible ebb, and at last Duff and his teachers almost gave up the effort in despair as a melancholy failure.

At the end of the six months the dean took Duff and his career into serious consideration, and arranged to have him trained for the choir, and so try to utilize the only gift that appeared to have been allotted to him.

It was the first gleam of hope which had come to the little ex-singer since his introduction into respectability. He had loved his profession with all his heart, and the thought of being free to sing out once more, glorified even the dismal round of lessons, since even they were stepping-stones to this exalted end.

Till the dean is an old man he will remember the hushed, rapt face in the lowest choir seat the first time Duff took his place among them, and the full, clear, boyish voice that rang out along the old, gray arches that morning. To his friends afterward he predicted a great future for the little lad.

"With a voice like that, he is independent of mere common-place book-knowledge," said the good man, with a lofty scorn of the acquirements he had been so anxious to teach him. "It will be a fortune to him. I knew the lad had something in him the first moment I saw his grimy face. He'll make himself a name one of these days."

It was nearly a week later (Saturday afternoon), and Duff was lingering on the threshold of the school-room to see the conclusion of a dispute between two dogs. There were some woeful arrears in the way of sums waiting for him inside, and he was just turning in when an old familiar sound broke like a battle-cry upon his ear. He was down the steps in an instant. There she was! the famous old engine that he had followed to many a glorious battle and victory. There was a moment of hesitation between his new-found respectability, represented at present by the sums; and the old natural instinct, then he had recourse to his usual formula; out came the halfpenny, "Heads, I go; tails, I don't—heads!" and go he did, like the wind.

It was a noble fire, a tall block of old lodging houses, and Duff's eyes danced with excitement. Frosty wind or pelting sleet, what was it in com-

parison with a scene like this? Beds, furniture, clothing, strewing the street in grand confusion, and the firemen's faces lit up with the lurid light. At the height of the excitement, a woman's shrill cry of horror burst through all the din—her baby was missing! She had three little ones about her, but this was in a cradle in one of the top rooms.

The firemen looked at the flames leaping from the windows beneath, and shook their heads sadly. "Too late, no ladder would stand it." The mother cried out sharply that it was nothing of the kind, they were afraid to go; and into the midst of her bitter reproaches, broke Duff's eager voice: "Let me go; I ain't no weight, and I can climb like a cat."

It was no time for parley, almost before he had finished speaking he was up the ladder, across the stone coping, and into the room; and then a breathless silence settled over the crowd below.

It was but a minute or two, though it seemed like an age before they saw him at the window again, with something in his arms, and a great cheer rose up from every throat. He crept a few steps down, and dropped his bundle into the blankets stretched out to receive it, and then as he turned to grope his way through the blinding smoke, the ladder failed, and there was a sudden cry, and a dull, crashing thud on the stones below.

The mother took back her baby safe and unhurt into her arms, but the little hero will bear the scars of that night as long as he lives. Winter and spring had come and gone before his voice rang out again in the cathedral choir, sweeter and stronger far for the suffering and the silence.

Whether the great future ever comes to pass is a story that must be left for the years to unfold. But a brave, unselfish man he will be, and the dean, looking down into the bright, earnest face that summer and winter is always lifted from the lowest stall, feels that, whether the other come or no, the helping hand once stretched out to "one of Christ's little ones," has verily in no wise lost its reward.

WHEN we so adapt our expenses to our means as to have no overburdening cares, when we prize consistency above luxury and comfort above display, when we welcome our friends to our homes as they are, not as they may be strained to appear, we are at once invested with a freedom and self-respect that make all our arrangements pleasing and our hospitality graceful.

A COMMON sin of housekeepers is worry—worrying for fear the work will not be done, or something may happen for which one is not prepared. Those who will worry will always find enough to worry about. It is well to think of the work to be done, but the wise housekeeper will have a plan for each day, and follow it as nearly as possible.

THE STRIKES OF '77.

"NO, fellows, I tell you it ain't no use. You'd better switch off from that track; You may wear your talking machin'ry out, but never'll win me back.

Your 'workingmen's rights' and 'monopolies' wrongs' have a hifalutin' sound, But I'm done with your strikes forever, until the brakes of my life are down.

"You remember the strikes of '77? I was a red-hot striker then;

We were banded together three hundred strong, and a desprit lot o' men,

And we swore that the man, whoever he was, who started a train must die;

And among them all there was no one who swore with a louder oath than I.

"God pity me! not one thought of Ben had ever entered my head;

For he was a quiet chap and—what's that? Beg pardon; I thought I'd said

That Ben was a younger brother of mine, and though but an engineer,

He'd a taste for reading and that was how he'd notions we thought were queer.

"Well, as I was a-sayin', we ran affairs in the way that pleased us best;

I tell you we were a fighting mob it was sartin death to molest.

Then God! how I sickened when close at hand Ben's voice rang clear and loud:

'Stand back, you cowards! My train goes out if I have to fight the crowd.'

"One hulking bully stepped up with an oath, next moment he kissed the grass.

Ben drew his shooter—three hundred men stood by to let him pass,

And quick as a flash he boarded the train. The throttle flew back with a jerk,

The train gave a start, just as if 'twere alive, and knew 'twas no time to shirk.

"There was something about it all that cowed the bravest man in the mob,

And just as I hoped he'd come through all right, my heart gave a mighty throb,

For c-r-rash went a stone through the cabin glass and there followed a hundred more.

Oh! fellows, I wept like a child as I saw Ben stagger and fall to the floor.

"That's all. And although I couldn't do aught, I've felt ever since that time

That I was one of the crowd, and so sorter helped to commit the crime;

And remember, if ever a one of you ever asks me again to strike,

I'll do it, but *straight from the shoulder*, mind, in a way he wouldn't like." E. J. WHEELER.

REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES OF THACKERAY.

CHAMBERS'S *Edinburg Journal* has some reminiscences of Thackeray from which we glean the following:

It is interesting to remark the sentiments he entertained toward his great rival, Charles Dickens. Although the latter was more popular as a novelist than he could ever expect to become, he expressed himself in unmistakable terms regarding him. When the conversation turned that way, he would remark: "Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so; but I will say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against his—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But "Pickwick" is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good, English ale." When "Dombey and Son" appeared in the familiar paper cover, number five contained the episode of the death of little Paul. Thackeray appeared much moved on reading it over, and putting number five in his pocket, hastened with it to the editor's room in *Punch* office. Dashing it down on the table in the presence of Mark Lemon, he exclaimed: "There's no writing against such power as this; one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!" When *Vanity Fair* was at its best and being published in monthly parts, with a circulation of six thousand a month, Thackeray would remark: "Ah, they talk to me of popularity, with a sale of little more than one-half of ten thousand. Why, look at that lucky fellow, Dickens, with heaven knows how many readers, and certainly not less than thirty thousand buyers."

In a conversation with his secretary previous to his American trip, he intimated his intention of starting a magazine or journal on his return, to be issued in his own name. This scheme eventually took shape, and the result was the now well-known *Cornhill Magazine*. This magazine proved a great success, the sale of the first number being one hundred and ten thousand copies. Under the excitement of this great success, Thackeray left London for Paris. To Mr. Fields, the American publisher, who met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, he remarked: "London is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence. Good gracious!" said he, throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst come to the worst, New York also may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress." His spirits continued high during this visit to Paris, his

friend adding that some restraint was necessary to keep him from entering the jewelers' shops, and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles." "for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith* allows me for editing *Cornhill*, unless I begin instantly somewhere!" He complained, too, that he could not sleep at nights "for counting up his subscribers." On reading a contribution by his young daughter to the *Cornhill*, he felt much moved, remarking to a friend: "When I read it, I blubbered like a child; it is so good, so simple and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

Dickens in the tender memorial which he penned for the *Cornhill Magazine*, remarks on his appearance when they dined together: "No one," he says, "can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself."

In dictating to his amanuensis during the composition of the lectures on the "Four Georges," he would light a cigar, pace the room for a few minutes, and then resume his work with increased cheerfulness, changing his position very frequently, so that he was sometimes sitting, standing, walking or lying about. His enunciation was always clear and distinct, and his words and thoughts were so well weighed that the progress of writing was but seldom checked. He dictated with calm deliberation, and showed no risible feeling even when he had made a humorous point. His whole literary career was one of unremitting industry; he wrote slowly, and, like "George Eliot," gave forth his thoughts in such perfect form, that he rarely required to retouch his work. His handwriting was neat and, plain, often very minute; which led to the remark, that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of one. Unlike many men of less talent, he looked upon calligraphy as one of the fine arts. When at the height of his fame he was satisfied when he wrote six pages a day, generally working during the day, seldom at night. An idea which would only be slightly developed in some of his shorter stories, he treasured up and expanded in some of his larger works. When he received an adverse criticism, he remarked in a letter to a friend regarding it: "What can the man mean by saying that I am 'uncharitable, unkindly, that I sneer at virtue' and so forth. My own conscience being pretty clear, I can receive the *Bulletin's* displeasure with calmness—remembering how I used to lay about me in my own youthful days, and how I generally took a good, tall mark to hit at." That he felt the gravity of his calling is evident from a reply

* Of Smith, Elder & Co., the well-known publishers.

written in 1848 to friends in Edinburgh, who, praising his future eminence, had presented him with an inkstand in the shape of a silver statuette of "Punch." "Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind," he wrote, "and to laugh at many things which men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me. And if in the exercise of my calling I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel, and am thankful for this support."

Beneath his "modestly grand" manner, his seeming cynicism and bitterness, he bore a very tender and loving heart. In a letter written in 1854, and quoted in James Hannay's sketch, he expresses himself thus: "I hate Juvenal," he says. "I mean I think him a truculent fellow; and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do, but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. *Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred*; and when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind wage, I think, rather than the cruel ones." The pathetic sadness visible in much that he wrote sprung partly from temperament and partly from his own private calamities. Loss of fortune was not the only cause. When a young man in Paris, he married; and after enjoying domestic happiness for several years, his wife caught a fever, from which she never afterward sufficiently recovered to be able to be with her husband and children. She was henceforth intrusted to the care of a kind family, where every comfort and attention was secured for her. The lines in the ballad of the *Bouillabaisse* are supposed to refer to this early time of domestic felicity:

"Ah, me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup."

The personal appearance of Thackeray has been frequently described. His nose, through an early accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the bridge, and stubby at the end. He was near-sighted; and his hair at forty was already gray, but massy and abundant; his keen and kindly eyes twinkled sometimes through and sometimes over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what he "should call the predominant expression of the countenance was courage—a readiness to face

the world on its own terms." Unlike Dickens, he took no regular walking exercise, and being regardless of the laws of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had ever received the best medical advice, his reply was: "What is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I *do* drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I *do* smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I *do* eat. In short, I do everything that I am desired *not* to do; and therefore, what am I to expect?" And so one morning he was found lying, like Dr. Chalmers, in the sleep of death with his arms beneath his head, after one of his violent attacks of illness; to be mourned by his mother and daughters, who formed his household, and by a wider public beyond, which had learned to love him through his admirable works.

A WIFE'S TACT.

"The wise woman buildeth her house."

EVERY house has its "squally" days once in awhile, when a "nor'-easter" brews in the heavens and on the hearth, giving every member of the household either toothache, or rheumatism, or the "blues"—that physical or mental jaundice, as the case may be—when the stove smokes and the coal is out; the children are cross, or Bridget sulks, or leaves without warning; "Charley" has cut out his new rubber boots; "wife" has forgotten to sew on your buttons, or your shirt fronts and cuffs are not half stiffened; or your best hat gets a drenching; or your neighbor has talked about you; when it needs all one's philosophy and religion to steer straight of the petty little snags of every-day life.

It was just such a time as this at our house last week. Brother Ransalaer's favorite horse had run away, and laid him up with a broken shoulder-blade; the cistern had sprung leak; Bridget had given us "slop" for breakfast instead of our usual fragrant Mocha; every bone in my body ached from the chill east wind; and sister Mary, with a harassing cough, went about with such a patient face that I felt just wicked.

To cap the climax, about noon company was announced, and we had planned for "a picked-up dinner." I was in despair, and went down to the parlor with such an inhospitable face that my little friend exclaimed as she came forward to meet me: "You ar'n't glad to see me one bit, Aunt Sue!"

I was, though, and all my ill-nature vanished in a moment at the sight of her sad face.

"What is it, Kitty? What is the matter?" I asked, tenderly.

"I'm in trouble, Aunt Sue, and I thought perhaps you could help me," and the sweet face struggled bravely with the tears.

"Of course I can, dear child. Take off your

wrap and have lunch with us, and then you shall tell me all about it."

Gone all the blues—gone the fret over trifles. Here was some one with a genuine heartache, and my own ills had vanished like smoke. Thus is it ever. The heart that will go out and take in the sorrows and perplexities of another, shall surely be blessed by forgetting his own. Alas! for the days spent in fitful gloom that *might* be spent in doing kindnesses!

Katie is one of my children—an old maid's darling. Why she ever took a fancy to "Aunt Sue" it is quite impossible to say; but the reasons for my partiality to her are self-evident to all who know her; for who can help loving the thoroughly good, sincere, loving little child-woman? Then I had been her teacher before her marriage, and "foster-mother" she had called me through a very desolate orphanage. She is the wife of a promising young lawyer; and though her lips had ever been sealed on the subject, we had for a long time feared she was not a happy wife.

"Let me sit on this stool at your feet, auntie, and lay my head on your knee—so—as I used to do long ago. Oh, it seems so long ago!"

"How long, pray, Kitty? You talk like an old woman."

"It is five years since Fred carried me off, you know, auntie."

"Five years to grow happy and wise, dear."

"Yes. But, O auntie, Fred doesn't love me one bit! It's so dreadful to tell you, though."

It was all out now, and the flushed face buried itself in my lap for shame and sorrow, while the poor hands worked convulsively.

"Tell me all about it, Katie," I repeated, stroking the soft hair soothingly. "Fred is a noble fellow. I fear there is something wrong with you."

It was the old story of want of congeniality and oneness in habits of thought and action. The young husband loved society, public life, elegant dinners and an ever hospitable board. He loved his young wife, too—no mistake about that—and wanted to take her everywhere; loyal to her, but perhaps too volatile and fond of display.

She, by nature and habit, was very different, loving privacy, domestic life, and, above all things, her books. Society to her was a bore, and to keep open house an utter weariness of flesh and spirit. So they had grown apart. Sharp, recriminating words had been uttered, heartaches nursed, and each finding solace for a disappointed, vexed spirit in opposite ways. It was easy to see the chasm that lay before their feet, this young pair who had vowed to walk together "till death do us part." Both were wrong, and I trembled for my bonnie Kate.

"Kitty," said I, "I have a story to tell you. There is a lesson in it, if you really love your husband. I have a friend—a right royal woman,

too—who married a man pre-eminent in business knowledge, and so absorbed therein as to have little interest in other things. He admired his elegant wife, though, and liked to see her presiding over his table and entertaining his business acquaintances. Yet, between these two there seemed a gulf fixed—not one thing in common. When alone, there was nothing to talk about, no level ground on which to meet. To the wife there was thralldom and humiliation in such a life. But instead of turning away from her husband, or nursing dislike, she determined on a noble conquest. She turned her attention to political economy, studied everything pertaining to business—banks, brokerage, railroad stock, market reports, the rise and fall of all kinds of property, and the currency question. Wasn't she a plucky woman? By and by she began to talk, arresting her husband's ear by her knowledge of facts, lucid statements and evident acquaintance with all financial questions. Curious, was it not? Amazed, he watched her with delight and growing admiration. Soon he began to defer to her judgment, ask her advice and quote her opinions. His esteem became profound; and now, when she ventured to introduce other topics nearer to her heart and taste, he not only listened to her with deference, but joined in with hearty interest. She has become wise and learned in the line of thought he values most, therefore, in his eyes, her opinions are of worth on every subject. Wise woman! Do you not see that she has conquered him in his own citadel?

"Now, dear child, go home and adopt this rule. Adapt yourself so thoroughly to your husband's peculiarities, that a love so deep, and strong, and unselfish will be born in his heart for you that you can mould him as you will; that he can but choose to yield to your preference as the law of his life, the joy of his heart. You cannot *force* a point, but by loving integrity and *tact*, you can weld a chain to bind your husband hand and foot which he will never feel."

"I'll try it, Aunt Sue," said the little woman, with such a flash of spirit, will and hope that I knew she would conquer.

Have I one dissatisfied husband or wife for a reader? Don't yield to despondency or ill-humor. Above all, do not turn away in silent pride. Respect each other's rights, preferences and secret sorrows. Try the golden rule. Use love and tact, and you are sure to win.

HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

NO LANGUAGE can express the power, and beauty, and heroism, and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where men cower, and grows stronger where men faint, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

CORAL.

A MOST familiar substance; yet, strange as it may seem, the mode of its formation is by no means familiar.

"Why, yea?" exclaims one, in surprise, "we all know how coral is formed. It is made by little insects, which labor through ages in building up great reefs. They work hard, and then die and leave their skeletons for other insects to work upon."

All of which, we would say, is the common style of expressing a very wide-spread mistake. First of all, there is no such thing as a coral insect. Second, the creatures forming the coral do not labor any more than an oyster does in hardening its shell, or than we do in developing our bones. Third, these animals do not die and leave their skeletons—nor, in fact, have they skeletons.

No doubt some will be astonished to learn that the principal agents in the formation of coral are many species of the well-known sea-anemone. Besides these, concerned in the work are *Hydroids*, creatures somewhat resembling them, but which are, in fact, undeveloped *Medusæ*, or jelly-fishes. A third agent is a small *Mollusk*, called a *bryozoium*. And a fourth coral-maker is, not an animal at all, but a sea-weed. All four of these may be seen in the picture. A glance will show that, for the purpose of illustration, they are drawn large in proportion to the fishes, the budding coral-branches and the coral-rock against which they rest.

Another common error is that regarding the term *zoophyte*. Many suppose it to be an organization intermediate between an animal and a plant. The truth is, that it is a structure formed by animals, but having the appearance of a plant. We have a good example before us in the branched coral, upon which the anemones look like so many blossoms upon a tree.

And now briefly for the mode of coral-formation. A sea-anemone consists principally of a sac-like body, a base which is more or less fixed, and a mouth furnished with an encircling fringe of tentacles, or fingers, which, being usually of a bright color, give, when expanded, the animal the appearance of a flower. Without attempting scientific precision, it is enough to say that, in some strange manner, the creature gathers lime from the surrounding water, and secretes it, in the form of a hard substance from its base, gradually mounting higher, until it may be many feet above its starting-point. This is the case, stated simply. But a myriad of anemones may begin to rise almost from the same place; these continually give off young organizations. So may be presented the phenomenon of a mighty mass of rock, upon the surface of which appear millions of living organisms. As we have hinted, anemones—more properly *polyps*—usually reproduce them-

selves by the process of budding, or gradually putting off from their own structures new ones, which, in a short time, come to resemble the parent completely. In this way, an immense colony may be formed from a single germ, the separate individuals often growing more widely apart, and all upward together, by the increased deposits of coral. We have now accounted for the wide-spread and rapid increase of the calcareous substances; the different sizes, shapes, markings and colors are explained by the exceeding number and diversities of the species of coral-making animals.

Coral—or *corallum*, as it is now called—made by the *hydroids*, is the most widely distributed, next to that produced by the *polyps*. *Hydroids*, as we have remarked, are really jelly-fish at an intermediate stage; but while in this form they closely resemble polyps, especially in having great numbers of slender, thread-like tentacles. These also bud, but most of these buds drop off; some, however, remain, and, increasing indefinitely, form fine, delicate, branching corals of much beauty. The very common Millepore corals, characterized as being hard and stony in appearance, punctured by minute dots, are made by species of *hydroids*.

The *Bryozoans* are very small animals, which, though true mollusks, look much like *hydroids*, as they, too, are provided with tentacles. These form exceedingly delicate corals, either of the nature of fine, moss-like tufts, or thin incrustations over rocks and other corals. Occasionally they make great masses by the growth of plate over plate. These differ from *polyps* and *hydroids*, in that, while the former are all connected as groups of continuous living organisms, the *bryozoium*, though growing in colonies, is always a distinct individual.

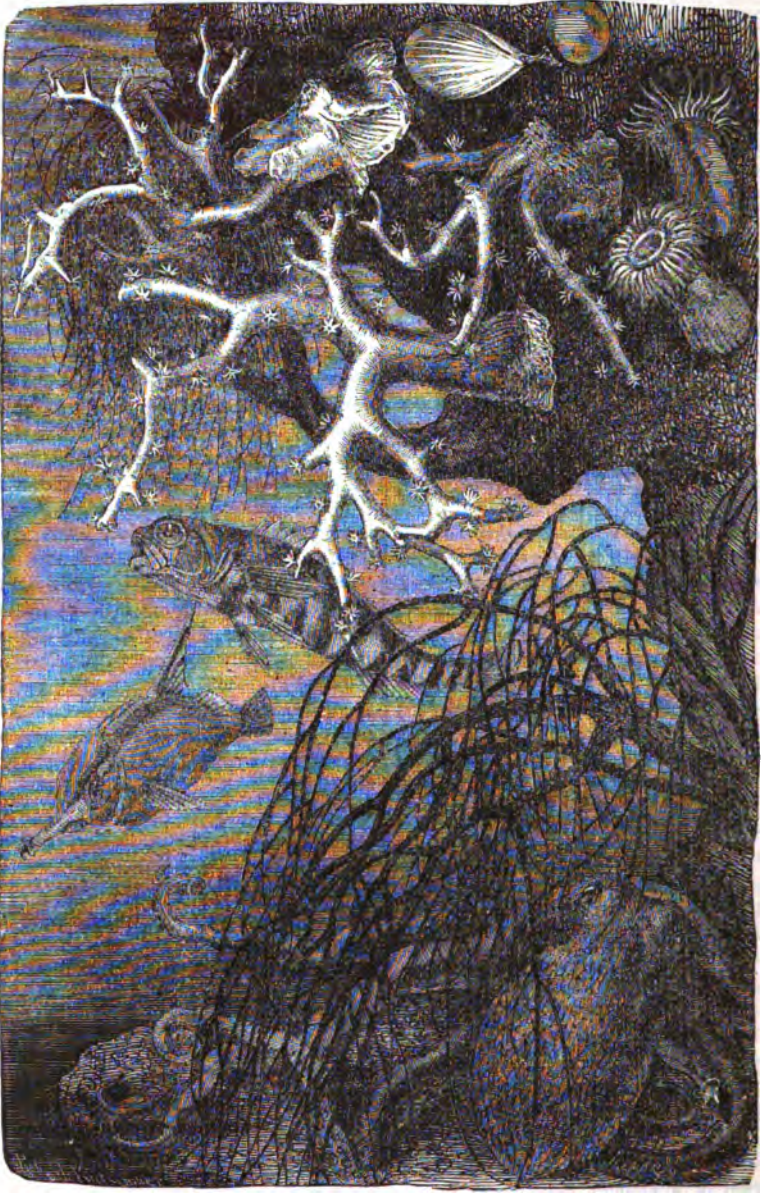
Coral sea-weeds are called *Nullipores*, probably because their being destitute of pores is all that distinguishes them from animal coral. These are true sea-weeds, though stony and solid in appearance. They form incrustations over rocks or other corals, often spreading like lichens. More delicate species are known as *corallines*. These grow so abundantly upon some coasts that, when broken up, they form thick, calcareous deposits.

The subject of the distribution of coral, and the formation of coral-reefs and islands, is a most interesting study, affording material, not for a brief article, but for a volume. We can add but a few words.

Coral is pre-eminently the product of warm seas, little appearing north of Florida in the Western Continent, and the Mediterranean in the Eastern; or, south of Australia. The highly-prized red coral, or *Corallium rubrum*, is chiefly found in the Mediterranean Sea, along the borders of which coral-fisheries are established. The Pacific Ocean is the world's great coral-region. Here are seen

the low islands, which have risen from the sea, inclosing a smooth lagoon, encircled by bare reefs, and covered with luxuriant vegetation. It is not generally supposed, we believe, that these islands are composed of coral, clear, as it were, to the

or so of the surface. An expanse of bare rock appearing above the water constituted a *reef*, many examples of which may be seen lining coasts or encircling islands. This, gradually taking the form of a circle, inclosed a *lagoon*, or lake; and,



bottom, especially as growing-coral is very seldom found at a great depth. Moreover, a large proportion of islands are of volcanic formation. In the case of those just described, it is supposed that the coral-builders began their work upon ocean hillocks which were already within twenty fathoms

finally, receiving deposits of earth from the tides, and seeds from the same source, as well as those carried by birds, became clothed with vegetation, and finally habitable. Not all the islands of the Pacific, however, are formed in this manner; quite rocky, mountainous ones are seen, manifesting

plainly their volcanic origin; yet, like the others, wholly or partially surrounded by a reef, or reefs.

Reefs are classified as *barrier*, or *fringing*, according to their position, extent and the degree with which they inclose an island, or several islands. A low, circular coral-island is called an *atoll*.

Those who have seen coral-formations in their native seas have described them as being exceedingly beautiful. Beneath the surface of the water, they resemble extensive forests, intermingled with rock, which, studded all over with living organisms, present a charming landscape of exquisite forms and gorgeous colors. Coral-rocks are often thickly incrustated with shells and marine animals of many species, adding much to the variety of sight and interest of inquiry.

Those who desire to obtain more extended information upon this entertaining subject, are referred to the work on "Coral and Coral Islands," by Professor James D. Dana, of Yale College.

M.

WHO TOOK FLORRIE?

ONE stormy night last March, a woman glided up a narrow court running out of a small street, and knocked at a door there. The wind blew a gale, and the rain fell in such torrents the sound of that knocking went no further than the ears for which it was intended.

Annie opened the door, and this unknown caller, stepping in, produced a babe from under her cloak, saying: "I'll give you two dollars and a half if you'll take this child and find a home for it. Will you?"

FIVE little ones—her own flesh and blood—already nestled under the warm wings of Annie's love. Yet the true mother-heart always goes out toward a baby. Annie's heart went out after this one. The little creature was not carried back into the storm and darkness. It found rest and shelter on a tender breast.

The woman left no name, no message, no directions. Having rid herself of that morsel of humanity, that burden in the form of a three-hour-old baby, she slipped out into the wind-swept, rain-drenched street, and was gone.

Next morning's sun, peeping in at the window, shone on the face of a baby girl, around whom Ben, Ellie, Bertha, Tom and John gathered in a transport of delight. It was an aristocratic little face, remarkably fair, singularly refined and lighted up with eyes so large, so unfathomably blue, they seemed to be looking into the deep things of life, and to be wondering over them.

Florence Stella, flower and star, they called her. No name could have better suited the babe with the star-flower face. She seemed a very lily of the skies, that

"Some child-angel's listless hand
Dropped into our twilight land."

Her story circulating around the neighborhood, brought people from far and near to see her, and everybody loved her. She won her way to many a heart, and there were doors that would have opened to her gladly had not poverty stood on the threshold. Even the milkman forgot to count the drops, and gave generous measure when little Florrie's pitcher was handed out. "Because," as he said, "being cast off by the ones that owed her a good turn, we must try and make it up to her."

As for the children, they fairly idolized her. I've seen John—little, roguish, eighteen-month-old John—stop in his play to kiss the small head or fondle the dainty face. And there's Ellie, she never seemed to think anything she was called on to do for the baby a trouble. However, there were so many little mouths to be filled, that what should be done with Florrie soon became a very serious question with Tom and Annie. They thought Annie's sister would take her, but she hesitated about adopting so young a child. Then a neighbor had her for a day, and came hurrying back with her that night.

"I don't want her, she's too delicate," was the only reason the woman gave. "Why," she declared, in great excitement, "I actually thought she'd die on my hands."

As the days waxed longer and hotter, who would take Florrie became a matter of grave interest to those of us who knew the family intimately. Tom, big-hearted fellow as he is, was working night and day for his own flock; and as for Annie, she was so frail there were times when she seemed almost dying under our very eyes. Still, Florence was never anything but "mother's comfort" and "little jewel." Had the dear child been Annie's own, she could not have looked upon her with deeper tenderness, or cherished her with kindlier care.

Ah, a mother may forsake her child, but the Great Shepherd cares for the lambs of the flock, and carries them in His bosom. He to whom "the least of these" is "of more value than many sparrows," watched over this little one. Florrie never missed the maternal love from which she was torn that wild March night. It was more than "made up to her."

Yes, Annie's heart yearned over this wee nestling bird; still, none of us can do as we would like. There came an hour when, partly through necessity, and partly in obedience to the advice of others, Annie resolved to place Florrie in the Home.

She started with her from our door, and we were all sorry to bid the tiny thing good-bye. On that sweet, brooding May morn, when earth was bringing forth fruit and flower, and the air was jubilant with the birth-songs of myriads of winged crea-

tures, it was sad to see that dainty human blossom cast, as it were, adrift on life's vast ocean.

And now, not to multiply words over so short a story, I must hasten to its close.

There was no room at the Home. The baby was brought back to that close street in the lower section of our city—brought back to die. She had not grown pink-lipped and roly-poly, as most babies are at three months. Always a white, tiny creature, she was scarcely less white and tiny when it became apparent to all that the death-angel had set his seal on her brow.

One morning Annie came to us in tears. Medical skill availed nothing. Florrie was dying. Going down to Tom's that evening, I found the baby very close to the arms of the Beloved, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

The summer night's carnival was at its height in that narrow, unclean street. All sorts of discordant noises, even to a succession of wretchedly-played dancing-tunes, grated harshly on our ears all the while the dear baby lay dying.

Annie was alone part of the time, so I remained with her as long as I could, and then came home. Came home in the sweet summer dark, knowing that whatever burdens the pure stars might thereafter look down upon, it would soon be "well with the child."

I had scarcely reached my own room, when Tom rang the bell, and we were told that the baby was dead. Florence Stella, flower and star they called her; and she was rightly named.

"That star went down in sorrow,
But it shineth proudly now
In the bright and dazzling coronet
That decks the Saviour's brow.
She bowed to the destroyer,
Whose shafts none may repel,
Yet we know, for God has told us,
He doeth all things well."

The promise that reaches all who meet the conditions, was kept to this sinless babe: "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up."

Those of us who are Christ's, understand these spiritual upliftings; but the arms that reached to this little one raised her at once and forever.

The question as to who shall take Florrie is answered. She has gone to a home that is never full, where "the gates shut neither night nor day," and to which daily, yes, hourly, the souls of little children "fly as doves to their windows."

MADGE CARROL.

GARNER up pleasant thoughts in your mind; for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives. Strive to see all you can of the good and the beautiful, so that bright, cheerful pictures may be impressed upon memory's tablets, and give you materials of which to think sunny and lovely thoughts.

DAVID AND RUTH. A LOVE STORY.

HE came from his day's work, feeling just as he used to when he was a boy, after he had been racing and romping over every hill within a mile of home, until he had worked himself up into a fearful state of perspiration, and then sat down where there was a draught to get cool. The next day he was sure to feel aguish, and a dull, heavy pain would find every particular bone in his body, and all he wanted to do was to lie down on the bright-covered lounge by the fire, and have mother sit by him and give him once in awhile a drink from the cup full of mysterious tea which he had used to believe was a sure panacea for all ailments flesh was heir to. Just so he felt now. His head ached and his bones ached, and every few minutes he went off into a series of terrific sneezes, which seemed to threaten utter demolition to the top of his head, and also to the poor little plaster shepherdess on the mantel, for she went into a jingling paroxysm every time he sneezed, probably from some mysterious and occult sympathy which we hardly comprehend.

"Dear me! such a cold as I have got!" growled David Reade, kindling a fire in the little stove, while his teeth were fairly chattering. "It'll keep me tied up to the house for a week, just as likely as not, and I ought to be down to the store every day."

He got the fire to burning at last, and pulled up the hard, uncompromising old chair—as uncomfortable to sit in as one of our modern Eastlakes—before the feeble blaze, and sat down to the vain attempt of trying to get warm. But he only succeeded in warming a very small part of himself, while the rest of his body was in a chronic shiver. He put on his overcoat, and tried to get warm by bundling up. But the warmth he was struggling after did not come. Then the supper-bell tinkled, and he went down to try and eat something, and see if a cup of hot tea wouldn't warm him up a little.

Mrs. Scraggs's table looked more uninviting than he had ever seen it before, it seemed to him. He couldn't eat, and the tea was so weak that it sickened him. He went back to his room and sat down by the stove again, with a bed-quilt wrapped around him, making him look like a stuffed figure got up for a pantomime performance at a moment's notice.

But, try as he might, poor David couldn't get warm. Cold chills crept up his back and down his legs; and regularly, every fifteen minutes, as if he were controlled by clock-work, and marked off the quarters, he kept up his sneezes, and the sympathetic shepherdess danced her jigs on the very edge of the mantel-piece to their accompaniment.

"Seems to me I never felt *quite* so miserable before," groaned David, with a shiver. "Seems to me, too, that this room looks a *little* the worst I ever saw it." And he looked about the bare and cheerless little place with a good deal of disgust.

Yes, it was a bare, cheerless little room, make the best you could of it. There was a bed in one corner, and the stiff old chair he was sitting in; a bureau that had amalgamated with a washstand, and had become, in consequence, rather a nondescript article of furniture; and there was his little, old, brass-nailed trunk, and a rickety table that had been so weak in the legs ever since he had known it that it had to have a corner all to itself in order to stand up at all, and he never thought of putting anything on it.

That was all the room contained, and, exercise his imagination as best he could, he had never been able to make it look pleasant and home-like. To-night it seemed to have suddenly taken on a more desolate aspect than usual. He concluded it must be because he felt so miserable. For ten years it had been a substitute for home for him. For ten years he had partaken of his daily meals at the table of Mrs. Scraggs's, along with other beings as homeless as himself, and he had gradually settled down into the belief that things had got into a groove, and would go on forever just as they had been going for the past ten years.

He was head bookkeeper in a store down town. He had saved quite a little sum of money. Sometimes he had thought he would find a more comfortable room, and furnish it nicely, and get some pleasure out of life by having a home-like, cheerful little place to spend his spare time in. But he hadn't any great faith in his ability to keep things looking orderly and neat, and he abominated an untidy, littered room; and as for having things put to rights for him by the chambermaid in such a place as he saw in his mind's eye, that wasn't to be thought of for a moment. That would seem like sending out and hiring a home-fixture at so much a week, and that idea was incompatible with his idea of a home-like, bachelor retreat. So he had never carried out his plan, but had continued to live on in his cheerless quarters at Mrs. Scraggs's.

"Dear, dear! how I *do* ache!" groaned David, getting up and pacing the floor. "A fellow doesn't feel the need of a home so much when he's well, but when he's under the weather he begins to wish he had some one to take care of him and nurse him up."

A ray of light flashed across the darkness—for by this time it was night—and made a bright spot on the wall of his room. He went to the window and looked across the alley. The light shone from the attic window of a tenement house. He could see into the room from which it shone, and a pretty and pathetic little picture was revealed to him.

A woman sat at a table copying. A great many pages of manuscript lay beside her elbow, and he knew by the pile before her that her task would not be done for hours.

It was a pretty face that bent over the paper. Not a girlish face, but it had a sweet, grave kind of beauty in it, and the brown hair, banded back smoothly from the forehead, shone like gold in the lamplight.

It was a poor little room that she lived and worked in, as far as David could make out from the glimpse afforded of it by the window; but it was a wonderfully neat one. He knew that, for he had often watched her sweep, and dust, and put things deftly in their places. Yes, David Reade, bachelor, had been guilty more times than he would have liked to confess, of watching his neighbor across the way.

He stood there to-night and watched her, until his feet seemed to be standing on ice, and the shivery feeling in his bones warned him that it would be a more sensible thing to do to try to get warm before he went to bed than to be standing there with chattering teeth watching Ruth Doane. The last look he got of her was more satisfactory than any previous one had been, for she looked straight toward the window. David drew back as if he feared she would discover him watching her. Then the light of her lamp seemed to get tangled up in the rose-bush in her window, and he dragged his aching body back to the stove and sat down. Sat down to think, and shiver, and sneeze, and dream. What he thought about was Ruth Doane. What he dreamed about was this: In the little glow that came from the crack in the stove-door, the whole room seemed suddenly changed into a scene of comfort that, to David Reade, stood for a type of Heaven, because it was home. There was a soft, warm carpet on the floor, and a lounge, whose curving, crimson sides seemed made to embrace somebody, stood where the rickety-legged table was standing in the room he was dreaming in. There were bright and cheerful pictures on the wall, and a bird tucked its head under its wing in a cage by the window, where a dozen blossoming plants grew, and kept summer in the room the whole year round. There was a little table before the open grate, where the flames leaped and danced as if they were sentient things, and enjoyed the coziness of the room as much as he did, and on this table were books and papers. And he sat before the fire, slippers on his feet, and a dressing-gown about him instead of a clumsy old coverlet, and he was happy, for close by sat the very spirit of home—a woman with a sweet and tender face, and the face was Ruth Doane's.

It was such a beautiful, beautiful dream! He woke from it with a chilly groan, and came very much nearer sneezing his head off his shoulders and the shepherdess off the mantel than ever before.

"Dear me!" growled David. "What's the use of working day in and day out, and making money to lay up and take no good of?" After which interrogation he sneezed in a subdued way, by way of postscript to his other sneezes, and concluded to go to bed and try to sleep off his cold.

But it was a long time before he slept. He would drop into a doze, and imagine he was wading barefooted in the snow, and open his eyes, as wide awake in an instant as ever he had been in his life to find that his snow-bank was a thing of the imagination. But the shivering sensation shooting through his bones was far too real to be pleasant. Then he would turn over with a groan, and look at the shining spot on the wall made by the light from Ruth Doane's lamp; and watching that, and thinking of her, he would go off into another doze about as much like good sound sleep as a picnic is like pleasure.

When he got up in the morning, he knew that he wouldn't get down to the store that day. He felt worse, if it were possible, than when he went to bed. He built a little fire, and told the boy, whose unfortunate career in life had been so far among the shoals and quicksands of errand-going, and waiting on everybody, and doing all sorts of jobs, to tell Mrs. Scraggs to send him up some tea and toast. He wouldn't try to come down to breakfast.

By and by Mrs. Scraggs knocked at the door with the articles called for, and, acting on the supposition that her position of landlady made her a sort of step-mother to all her boarders, she came to find out what the matter was, and see what ought to be done.

"You've got the pneumony on your lungs," announced Mrs. Scraggs. "Leastwise, an attack of it. It's awful prevailin' at this season of the year. You want cammomile tea, hot, and a brick to your feet. If you can get a good sweat, you'll feel better, I reckon."

Accordingly, David took "cammomile tea hot," and disposed himself in bed with a brick burning the soles of his feet every time he straightened out his legs, and the bed-quilt tucked tightly down about his neck. And sweat he did, but he felt as bad after taking the treatment prescribed by Mrs. Dr. Scraggs as before.

Such a long day as that was! He couldn't stay in bed, and his bones ached so he didn't feel as if he could sit up, notwithstanding Mrs. Scraggs sent up her most comfortable rocking-chair for his use. All the comfort he did take was in looking at Ruth Doane's room, and thinking of her. He remembered that it was just three months ago that day that she had applied at the store for copying to do. Three months? Why it seemed as if he had known her as many years; and yet, when he came to think about it, he hardly knew her at all. Their acquaintance had gone but little farther

than a smile and a bow when they met, and the interchange of a few commonplace words. But, for all that, she didn't seem like a stranger to David, for he was in love with her.

That evening he sat and watched her at her work, then went to bed and watched the light her lamp made on his wall. And then he got to thinking that his life was something like his bare little room. It lacked something. A great deal, in fact. But the light from Ruth Doane's window brightened it up and made it seem almost cheerful. If the light of Ruth Doane's love could only shine into his life as the light from her window did into his room, how pleasant it would be. And then he dreamed in a wide-awake way of the home they would make together. The light on the wall seemed the fire on home's hearthstone; its dancing flames made him warm, and he fell asleep and dreamed it all over and over.

But he wasn't over his cold, by any means, when morning came. He sent word to the store that he couldn't come down, and partook sparingly of Mrs. Scraggs's tea and toast, but utterly repudiated "cammomile tea" and bricks, when Mrs. Scraggs, in the rôle of doctor, suggested the advisability of another course of treatment similar to yesterday's. And he wouldn't have a doctor sent for. He didn't believe in doctors' stuff, any way.

In the afternoon Mrs. Scraggs knocked at the door and said Miss Doane was in the parlor. The store had got her to do some writing, and the store didn't understand just how it ought to be, and had sent her to him, because he *did*, seeing as he had charge of it and the store hadn't.

Ruth Doane had come to see him. That was the first thing he thought of. Then he remembered that it was on business, and that took away something of the first pleasure of the thought.

"Would there be anything improper in her coming up here, if you came with her?" asked David.

"I can't see as there would be, bein' as you're respectable, and she's come on business for the store," answered Mrs. Scraggs.

"You may bring her up, then," said David. "I don't feel like stirring about much for fear I'll take more cold, tell her."

Mrs. Scraggs withdrew. David had an object in view in asking Miss Doane to his room. He hoped the sight of its cheerlessness might awaken a feeling of pity in her tender heart. He knew, in some unexplainable way, that her heart was tender. He was as sure of it as he could be of anything.

Mrs. Scraggs came back presently with Miss Doane. How bright her face made the room the minute she passed the door. It made it seem so cheerful that David was afraid his design in getting her there would prove a failure. She never would

dream of its looking dreary, if it looked to her as it did to him.

"Mr. Graham told me you were sick," she said, sitting down by the window. "I got some extra work to do in consequence."

And then, while Mrs. Scraggs busied herself in putting things to rights, she explained what her errand was. David instructed her with regard to the writing to be done, and made the explanation as minute and elaborate as possible, in order to keep her there as long as he could.

When she was gone, David groaned. The mean, little room seemed ten times as dismal as it ever had before. But, she had been there! And there was some mysterious influence left to linger where she had been, like the subtle breath of fragrance the rose leaves behind it when it has been borne out of sight.

"Here's somethin' Miss Doane sent over," said Mrs. Scraggs, coming into his room next morning, with a bowl of gruel.

At first, David supposed it was the gruel Mrs. Scraggs referred to, and began to fancy it had an aroma as delicious as that which is popularly supposed to have emanated from the rose-gardens of Ispahan, and heretofore he had repeatedly declared that gruel was his particular abomination, and partook of it under protest. But he presently discovered that what Miss Doane had sent was not gruel, but a rose, a beautiful, great, red rose, with a yellow heart, and it filled the room with a perfume that was like odors from fairy land.

"Ain't it beautiful?" demanded Mrs. Scraggs, presenting the gruel in one hand and the rose in the other. "I'll put it in a tumbler, and it'll keep ever so long. She's a dear, good soul, I tell you. It's a pity she hain't a home and some one to take care of her, though s'fur's that's consarned she's willin' and capable of takin' care of herself."

Mrs. Scraggs watched David craftily to see how he accepted her opinion of Miss Doane's needs, and was gratified to see that he was interested.

"She said as how the posy'd cheer you up, like enough, and the time wouldn't seem so long. It's real good and kind of her, I'm sure."

"Tell her I thank her very much," said David. "Tell her it makes me think of my mother's roses."

The flower made his room almost beautiful, and its fragrance seemed full of the stuff dreams are made of, for he did nothing but dream all the rest of the day, and it must have been the fragrance of the rose that made him do it.

When night came, he put the glass that held the flower where the light from her window would fall upon it. And with her light and her rose in his room he was almost happy. But not even their influence could ward off those terrible

sneezes which told he was not out of the clutches of his cold yet, for all through the evening he indulged in a series of them that seemed first cousins to a regular war-whoop; and in one of them the poor little shepherdess danced off the mantel and broke her neck.

Another day of confinement. Would he ever get out again? He went to the window and looked at the sky. It was forbiddingly gray, foreboding rain. But as he stood there the sun burst out, and the world was transformed. Other people might have failed to see the wonderful change, but, looking over the way, he saw Ruth at the window, watering her rose, and she saw him, and nodded and smiled, and that accounted for the sudden brightening up of everything.

That smile haunted him all day. There were three things now to dream over, her light, her rose and her smile. Such beautiful dreams as he wove out of them! And he made up his mind that his dreams should come true. That was the best of all. He felt like a boy when he had resolved on that. It did him more good than Mrs. Scraggs's "cammomile tea" and hot bricks. Provided—of course—that Ruth was willing. He said that to himself after he had made up his mind as to what he would do.

The next morning it rained, a slow, drizzling kind of rain that didn't amount to much as a rain, but one that effectually prevented him from going to the store, as he had intended to.

Ruth was at the window, setting her rose on the sill to take a bath, when he looked across the way after breakfast. She nodded and smiled, and all at once the air seemed alive with rainbows. He threw up his window and said "good-morning," and they had quite a pleasant chat together.

"I wonder how I'll manage to ask her," thought David, when Ruth had gone back to her work. "I wonder if there was ever a man brave enough to ask a woman to marry him without feeling scared? I don't believe it."

By and by Ruth came to the window to take in her rose. She reached to grasp the pot, but by some mishap, it slipped from her grasp and went tumbling to the ground, and the poor rose lay there among the fragments of the pot that had held it, with its branches broken and mangled.

A cry broke from Ruth's lips—full of pain and grief. Her rose had been like a friend to her, and it was gone.

David sprang up, pulled on a coat, put on his hat, and started for the old German florist's around the corner, "that sudden," declared Mrs. Scraggs, "that she thought he was took worse, and had gone out of his head."

Pretty soon he came back with a pot under each arm; one held a rose-bush twice as large as the one that had met such a sad fate, full of beautiful flowers and buds, and the other held a

calls with two magnificent blossoms gleaming out whitely from among its broad leaves.

David went straight to Ruth's room. He never stopped to think anything about the propriety of the action. He knocked at the door and she came, with a tearful face, to let him in.

"I saw the accident," explained David. "I knew how you had cared for it, and I have brought these to take its place."

"Oh, what beautiful things!" she cried, bending over them, and her face was fairly radiant now.

I can't say which pleased her most, the flowers or the kindness which prompted the gift.

"I can't think of words to tell you how much I thank you," she said. "But if you knew how few beautiful things my life has in it, and how dear my rose had become to me, you would understand."

"I do understand," he said, softly. "O Ruth would *love* make it any brighter?"

Such a question! As if love wouldn't make anybody's life brighter!

She looked up questioning.

"I love you," he said, simply. "I want you—I need you. May I have you?"

"Are you sure you need me and want me?" she asked.

"Quite sure," he answered.

And then she put her hands in his, trustingly. He folded her to his breast and kissed every tear away from her sweet, blushing, glad face.

"My Ruth!" he said, tenderly. "How happy I am! I wonder if you know?"

"I think I do," she answered, "because I am so happy myself."

Pretty soon you might have seen David down among the litter in the area; he had come to find the poor rose to whose sad fate he owed his newfound happiness in a measure. He cut off the broken branches, and took it to the old florist's. Could he save its life? Yah, that he could. In a week he would have it growing again.

"We'll keep it always," said David to Ruth, as they sat by the little table where she had written hour after hour, while he watched her light upon his wall. He told her all about his dreams. "Such a pleasant home as we will have," he cried, and the rose-bush shook all over in mysterious glee, and the trumpet-blossoms of the calla seemed ringing out jubilant peals.

"Home!" she repeated, musingly. "It's a word I've almost forgotten the meaning of."

"We'll learn its meaning together, then," he said.

It is a simple little story that I have been telling, isn't it? Such a simple little story, to be sure. Nothing strange about it; nothing new; and yet to David and Ruth it was the sweetest, and the strangest, and the newest story in all the world—because it was their love story!

EBEN E. REKFORD.

EUNICE.

EUNICE EDMONDS came out on the little, back porch, and stood for a moment with her hands clasped in mute ecstasy. The lovely, June morning, with its swaying winds, rapturous bird-songs and the soft greenness like a fresh-fallen robe on vale and hill, stirred her heart to music for which she had no words. She sank down on a little, rude bench, and the quiet, gray eyes brimmed with tears. The whole air was full of melody and balm. Even the busy whirl of the noisy mill had a suggestiveness of faint fragrance which old forest trees give out from their hearts when rudely sawn asunder. It recalled her, however, to things of every-day life again, and her trouble came fresh to the surface, as she exclaimed: "Oh, dear! What shall we eat? I believe it is a more perplexing question than the 'wherewith shall we be clothed,' if I am a woman. Five hungry men and nothing to feed them with!" "There will be enough by and by," she said again, after a moment, running her eye over the garden. "Corn, tomatoes, peas, beans; but the things of tomorrow suffice not for to-day," with a comical look of despair.

There were four girls of them, thrown suddenly upon their own resources, with nothing in the world to call their own but this little, gray house with its wide, old-fashioned garden. But as Nora had said, "They couldn't eat the house," so each one began to employ whatever talent she possessed for the old time-honored purpose of "making a living." Eunice took the hands from the mill to board for her share, and though it brought in more ready money than all the rest put together, she sometimes grew very weary of it. It seemed to her the hottest, hardest work in the world when the long, summer days came on. It was the only thing she could do, however, not being a genius.

Nora painted beautiful pictures which they were all sure needed only to become known in order to make her at once famous. She was working hard now to finish a picture for the Academy of Design.

Alice wrote easily and well, and hoped to become distinguished in the wide field of authorship. The only trouble was that it took so long to earn anything. But with faith in themselves, each other, and a glowing future, they were all willing to work and wait. Maud's music scholars and Eunice's mill-men furnishing the means whereby they could afford to do it.

Maud was the beauty of the family, with her long, silken hair and shy, violet eyes. The rest were only tolerably good-looking. Eunice was the restless one, but the others never guessed it. She did not love her work as they did; there seemed nothing to strive for, nothing to attain, only the same dull, unvarying round day after day. She drew in long breaths of dewy fragrance out

here this morning, shutting her eyes to rest her heart and gain new patience. It had been a trick of hers from her childhood. She went in presently, warned by a hissing sound in the kitchen that there might be unpleasant consequences if she stayed longer, and took up the burden again which she had dropped for a moment. The day grew very hot, the work was like a tangled skein, and Eunice found it very hard to keep her patience. Maud called out as she rode past the door behind Harvey Howard's blooded bays that she should not be back in time for dinner—Eunice might save her some—and Eunice nodded and smiled a reply, but afterward a little root of bitterness thrust itself up in that gentle heart, only to be fiercely crushed out. Why should *not* Maud take all the good things since they came to her, and why should *not* she, Eunice, let them go since they came not to her? Nevertheless a sore unrest brooded in the girl's heart all day long. She went out at night into the little garden arbor, and sat there alone in the dusk with the crickets and the fireflies. The mill-whir had ceased; the frogs were droning over behind the hill. Perhaps it was good even to be a frog in God's world. He had put her, a human soul, here, or had let her be put here—was it for nothing at all? What if she should put into the work which her hands found to do all the earnestness and enthusiasm which Nora and Alice gave to theirs? Might she not make a little season of rest and refreshment for the tired ones, whence they might carry cheer and encouragement, though they never knew what influence had helped them, or whose hand had wrought the comfort for them? Was it not all the Father's work? She had fretted, she told herself, because her work was hot and hard. Men toiled all day at furnaces and women in close, hot factories.

"The future shall try to atone for the past," she said, earnestly.

A faint purple was all that was left of the royal splendor of sunset, the drowsy winds were heavy with fragrance, and here and there a star came out in the blue above.

"The sky is full of stars even when we see them not," said Eunice, restfully, the twilight hush creeping into her heart and stilling its pain and unrest.

It seemed easy now to be brave and self-forgetful. To-morrow she would be weary-footed, hungry-hearted again.

She went in to find the girls gathered on the east porch as usual these summer evenings.

"Well," Nora was saying, as she snapped a stem from the wisteria that climbed above her head, "if I do succeed, girls, I shall win fame and fortune for us all."

"I think the shortest road to success is to marry a man rich and famous. I believe I'll try it," said Maud.

"Take care, Maud, Phil Lansing is neither rich nor famous, and never will be," warned Nora.

"Phil would make a splendid brother, though," said Alice; "he seems like one of us already. I can read his future as plainly as if marked by the stars. He will settle down into a stout, comfortable, country doctor, easy, good-natured, the idol of the neighborhood, honored alike by rich and poor, but he will neither be rich nor famous."

"Harvey Howard is both," said Nora, "and I rather think it is a good thing for you, Maud, that his orphan niece is musically inclined."

"For shame, Nora Edmonds!" cried Maud, in indignant remonstrance; "to talk like that! I hate to hear girls talk as if they had only to reach out their hand and pick up a man as one would pick up an apple."

"I have only spoken the truth," said practical Nora, maintaining her ground. "I do think it would be splendid, and I don't believe you would have to try very hard; these frequent rides look as though they meant something."

Eunice listened with a sharp, little pang. How blind she had been! A thousand little instances, unnoticed before, forced conviction upon her so suddenly that it almost took her breath.

They went up after a little, to the low, wide room, under the eaves, which they all shared together, and Maud lay awake a long time in the solemn splendor of the moonlight, wondering whether Harvey Howard really loved her, and recalling looks and tones which were all too tender for a friend. And Eunice lay awake longer still trying to realize this new truth so suddenly brought to her notice.

Poor child! there would be many to-morrows in which to learn these things.

She turned her thoughts, at last, with a little sigh of relief, to her work on the morrow. At least she had something to strive for now. It would help her to bear, perhaps.

Next morning, after the breakfast work was out of the way, she set about carrying out her ideas.

"Developing the æsthetic side of housework," she said to herself, cheerily.

All the forenoon she wrought zealously. Every suggestion of coolness and rest which was within her power was faithfully carried out. Dinner time came just as she finished, and she hurried about the preparation of the meal. It must not be late. The men ate first and Eunice waited upon them. They sat down to the table in their shirt-sleeves; ate with their knives, and sometimes had their fun, which was coarse without being bad. She had always shrunk from them and dreaded this part of her work especially, but to-day, having given particular attention to each one's tastes, she utterly forgot herself in her desire to give them a bit of real rest between the working

hours of the busy day. They noticed the difference and commented upon it in their own way when she left them alone for a moment.

"I say, now, don't it look kind o' pert and pretty-like?" said one, leaning back in his chair and gazing around. "She's been fixin' up," with a nod of his head toward the door through which Eunice had disappeared.

"She's handy," said another.

"I declare, boys, this rests a feller, don't it?" asked a third.

They would have liked Eunice to know that they appreciated her efforts to make it pleasant for them, but not one of them had sufficient courage to tell her so.

"Some of us orter thanked her," said Ik Sanders, as they went back to the mill. "I tried to say somethin', but my tongue stuck to the roof o' my mouth, and my heart pounded so I couldn't think o' nothin'."

The laugh went round, but they all owned to a feeling of the same sort.

Eunice cleared away the plates, brushed the table and arranged it daintily for the girls. This also was part of her new idea. She did wonder, with a little heart-thrill, whether they would notice the difference, and then she told herself that it was no matter whether they did or not—they couldn't help being rested.

"O Nixie!" cried Nora, at the first glimpse, "how perfectly lovely!"

The shades were turned so as to shut out the noonday glare, filling the room with a soft, subdued light. Vines were everywhere; creeping out from behind pictures, drooping from graceful little vases, climbing up beside the windows. On a bracket beneath the looking-glass a fuchsia drooped its dainty bells, and on a little corner stand an oblong tray thickly packed with moss held garden flowers. There were geraniums in the windows and a delicate vase of roses on the table. The north door that opened out on the broad, old door-stone was half open, showing the soft, thick grass with its sprinkling shadows.

"It is a picture, a poem," said Alice, enthusiastically.

Maud, tired with her long, dusty walk—for Harvey Howard was out of town and Phil Lansing, in his low, easy carriage, had passed her with a cool bow—said nothing, but she gave Eunice a look which spoke as eloquently as words.

Eunice forgot her weariness, and the time and trouble all this had cost her as she enjoyed their pleasure.

"It had been worth while," she said, inwardly.

"This has been a dreadful forenoon," sighed Nora, "it has been nothing but do and undo all the time."

"If one need only work when one had an in-

spiration!" said Alice, "one could do such grand work."

"Necessity makes inspiration sometimes," said Eunice, quietly; "many a good thing would have been lost to the world, but for the pressing need that drove some one to the work."

"These cream-puffs, for instance," laughed Nora. "They are too delicious for anything. I feel just fit to go out there and lie down in the clover and let the bobolinks sing me to sleep."

"If one only might!" said Alice, with a longing look toward the big elm.

When the girls had gone back to their work in the little drawing-room, Maud came around from her place at the table, and putting both arms around Eunice, kissed her twice.

"You always rest me, Euna," she said, "and just now I'm tired," with a droop of her head on Euna's shoulder.

Eunice kissed her lovingly and silently. The tenderest words sometimes hurt more than they help.

Maud's trouble was one which no one could help her bear, and she knew it. She had liked Phil Lansing better than she knew; judging by her feelings for the past few hours she wondered if she had not even loved him, and his coolness hurt her sorely. Was he angry because she went with young Howard? He had hardly a right to be, since he had never even told her he loved her. She guessed dimly at his reason. He was poor and too proud to stand in her way. If Harvey Howard *could* win her, let him.

Could he? The future only held the answer. As for Eunice, Harvey Howard was her hero, worshiped from afar in her most secret heart. He was her knight—a Sir Lancelot among his fellows—and she read over and over again the story of Elaine with a tender, half-regretful self-pity. It was as impossible he should ever care for her. Unconsciously she nursed her pain, and went about with a dumb, half-hopeless misery sitting in her heart like a skeleton at a feast.

To be sure she knew him but a very little, but what girl waits to become thoroughly acquainted with her hero before she exalts him into an idol, and constitutes herself his humblest devotee.

All this wore upon the girl as the summer went on. She was trying to kill her love—for so she named it—instead of letting it alone to die peaceably by itself. But love thrives upon persecution and grows tenfold stronger. Neither tears nor prayers ever yet conquered a woman's heart. She grew pale and thin. Nora shook her head and insisted that she was working too hard, and should give up some of the hands.

Eunice smilingly resisted. She was not hurting herself—work was good for her.

It would have been easier and pleasanter, however, if she had known how the men had come to

enjoy their meals and the influence her self-forgetful toil was having upon them. As it was she hoped for nothing, looked for no reward.

Of late there had been a new hand at the mill. A youngish fellow with loose, light hair, pale blue eyes and a freckled face. His hands and feet were large and seemed to be always in his way, there was a slight stoop in his shoulders and a slouch in his gait. He had a way of shrinking suddenly if any one spoke to him as if he had been struck.

It was pathetic to see the mute wonder and surprise in his face the first time he came into Eunice's pretty little dining-room. The girl herself was a vision to him, evidently, in her simple print dress, with its dainty ruffles at throat and wrists, and the knot of blue ribbon in the brown hair and at the neck. She had another and cooler dress for work, but she slipped this on when the meal was ready. She liked to look nice for them.

"Only rough mill-hands!" Alice remonstrated, one day. "What does possess you to take so much trouble?"

But Eunice only smiled a little, and said: "Even a rough mill-hand may be a gentleman, Alice."

"They seldom are," retorted Alice.

"Perhaps no one ever took the trouble to make them believe it was possible," answered Eunice, again.

"Mack," as the men called him, never took his eyes off the girl's face till she happened to glance up. Then he dropped them instantly, his lips trembling and a slow color creeping up into his cheek.

Ik Sanders rallied him a little that afternoon. Only a little, for they all had an impression that the girl "up at the house" would not think it manly or honorable.

Eunice was "building better than she knew" into these rough lives.

"What struck you at noon, Mack? You looked as though you was seein' a ghost."

"Don't, boys," he said, huskily, throwing up his hand, "you don't know what my life's b'en. She looked a'most like an angel dropped out o' the clouds. You wouldn't wonder if you'd a' b'en through all I have. It don't seem as if she done all that fur us," he said, after a breath, "I guess thar must 'a' b'en authin' else."

"Thar's where you've guessed wrong, my boy," said Joe Wetherell, triumphantly, "she does all that fur us ev'ry day."

As the days passed on, Kent Mackay changed wonderfully. The stooping form straightened; the shrinking went out of his manner; he learned to look you in the face like a man. Years afterward he used to say that Eunice Edmonds made another man of him.

Eunice had no idea of the influence she was exerting in the direction where influence tells so

strongly. She loved her work for its own sake now, and found that she had an aim and ambition as well as the rest. The swift-footed days had dulled her pain somewhat. At least she had grown used to bearing it.

Again she sat down on the little rustic seat in the garden. It was September now, the summer days were gone forever. She had come down here to fight a last bitter battle with herself, to look reality in the face and gather strength and courage to bear it. For last night Maud had told her, with smiles and blushes, that Harvey Howard would be her brother some day.

"And you don't know how good and kind he is, Euna; so interested in all you girls, and ready to do anything to help you."

"What of Phil?" questioned Eunice.

"Well, Euna, to tell the truth, I did feel dreadfully for awhile. We had been such good friends, and he was so much like one of us that I missed him sorely. But I just made up my mind that if he was going to hold off like that, I wouldn't run after him. And now—well, you see, Harvey is the best fellow in the world, and when I told him that I had almost loved Phil, he said that Phil was a good fellow and worth half a dozen such as he, but he was much obliged to him for keeping away, and—and—a lot more nonsense about me," answered Maud, casting down her eyes and looking more charming than ever.

There was no bitterness in the kiss Eunice gave her, saying that she believed Harvey Howard was worthy of her, and hoped she would be happy, but to-day, with its discussions and plans for the future, had been almost more than she could bear.

Nora was jubilant, Alice triumphant, Maud blissfully happy and Eunice had made her work an excuse to keep away from them as much as possible. She felt like the one discordant note that mars a harmony.

She sat here now, resting from the day's hopeless pain in the dumb endurance which comes after the sharp stroke.

The little back gate which led down to the creek, across the bridge to the mill, clicked sharply. Eunice raised her head in surprise at this unwelcome intrusion.

Kent Mackay stood before her, hat in hand. It was a touch of gentle breeding that sat rather oddly on the ungainly figure, but it held a hint of the hidden forces which were working within.

"I'm goin' away, ma'am," he said, in answer to the girl's inquiring look, "an' I couldn't go without thankin' you fur the new life you've put into me, fur the hope and courage you've give me."

"I? I do not understand." And Eunice rose, stirred out of herself by his eager words.

They stood there and looked at each other—the gentle, dainty woman and the rough, strong man.

His face worked strangely, and when he spoke

again it was in a slow, choked voice, growing passionate and impetuous as he went on.

"Ye see, I never had no chance in the world. My mother died when I was a little un, and my father"—his face darkening—"might 'a' better. Nobody believed in me, an' they all told me I should go to th' bad, an' I did. I didn't care. I might as well go to ruin as not; thar wasn't a soul as 'u'd hold out a finger to keep me back. But sence I've b'en here, you've used me like a gentleman, an' you sort o' made it seem as though I could be one if I tried. And I want to say that, though I'm goin' away, I sha'n't furgit it. I'm goin' to be a man, an' what good ther' is in me shall have a chance to grow. If ye ever see me ag'in, you sha'n't be ashamed to own me as a friend."

The girl's face went down into her hands. The surprise and joy coming close upon her bravely-borne pain were too much for her. Only for a moment, and then she lifted her head, her eyes shining with a solemn joy through the tears on her lashes.

"I would rather know what you have told me to-night, Kent Mackay," she said, slowly, "than to have had any joy whatever in God's whole earth," and the memory of her lost happiness was fresh in her heart as she spoke.

All his life long, Kent Mackay would never forget that look on the girl's face—the wide eyes full of that solemn, shining joy. He fumbled his hat awkwardly, his lips working.

"It's a good deal to me," he said at last, his voice choking.

Her next words seemed borne out of her lips in spite of herself, for she was shy of speech, this little Eunice.

"You will not forget Him who will help you to a new life."

"I'll try to remember. You've made it seem as how mebbe He does care," he said, humbly.

She held out her hand. "Good-bye; I'm sure you will succeed."

He took the slender fingers in his broad, rough palm for a moment. That touch, too, was a thing Kent Mackay would never forget.

"Good-bye. For your sake I'm goin' out o' here a different man than when I come, and there's more than me'll say that same, too."

Eunice had her little hour of praise and thanksgiving and humiliation there alone before she went in. It was so much more than she had thought to do. It was a good thing to be shaken out of her own life and given a look into another's. Was not this better than that she should have had her own joy, however sweet and desirable?

Years afterward a railroad was being laid out through a lovely valley. A squad of workmen stood by the road waiting for further direction,

and a little aside the engineer was scanning carefully the just completed work. Down the slope came a traveling-carriage, from which a lady leaned half-breathlessly, her eyes fixed on the distant hills.

"See here a minute, Kent?"

But the engineer did not turn; his eyes were fastened on the face before him. He should know it among a thousand.

The name fell on the lady's ears, and she glanced quickly around.

"Please stop a moment, Phil," she asked, in low, eager tones.

With a half-amused smile, the gentleman drew up his horse.

She leaned forward and spoke to the man nearest her.

"I am not mistaken? That gentleman yonder is Kent Mackay, is it not?"

"You're right there, ma'am; and a fine fellow he is, too. The best engineer on the road."

But Kent was coming toward them—the tall, lithe form, with every trace of the stooping shoulders utterly gone, and the free, swinging step, so different from the old slouching walk. The face had changed, too. It wore that look of command which unconsciously controls men.

He was beside them now, and had taken the hand she held out to him.

"Kent, my friend," calling him by the name she had always used to herself, "how goes it?"

"Better and better," throwing back his shoulders and drawing a deep breath. "I have kept my word; but it was tough work at first," shaking his head.

"I knew you would," her eyes shining upon him again with that look he remembered so well.

"It was all for you," he said, a grateful smile in the eyes that looked into hers.

"Who is she, Kent?" asked the men, gathering around when they were alone once more.

"She is the woman to whom I owe all that I am in the world," answered Kent Mackay, slowly.

For nearly a quarter of a mile Eunice Lansing rode in utter silence. The sight of Kent Mackay recalled so vividly the memory of the old pain. How little she had guessed the good in store for her, drawing a little nearer to her husband and slipping her hand through his arm at the thought.

"What a fine work the years have wrought in that man, Philip!" she said at last. "I can hardly believe him the same person I knew in those old days." And then she told him the story of Kent Mackay.

"It was like you, Eunice, my wife," he said, tenderly, as she finished. MARJORIE MOORE.

THE man who allows a doubt to come between him and his honesty has taken the first step toward evil.

A FLOWER QUEEN.

"I WISH you would tell us through the magazine which flower gets the most votes."

In answer to this request from the Bay State, I would say that the lily carried the day.—
MADGE CARROL in the HOME MAGAZINE.

Hail to thee, lily, queenliest of flowers! Crowned by the majority, who shall doubt thy right of royalty?

Dedicated to Juno, typical of innocence and majesty, symbolized in Holy Scripture, the lily possesses unusual significance in floral history. It has been celebrated in song and legend; sculptured on tomb and obelisk; imitated by the Jews in the decoration of their first magnificent temple; and, in later history, a national emblem, the Bourbon golden lilies of France.

Throughout Spain and Italy, the white lily is typical of the virgin's purity, and is frequently used to decorate her shrine; also as a token of remembrance in the holy ceremonies of Easter. According to an old fable, there was originally but one kind of lily, and that was orange-colored. There are marvelous stories professing to account for the many-hued varieties that now exist. One legend tells that Jove, being desirous of rendering the infant Hercules immortal, caused Somnus to prepare a nectareous sleeping-draught, which he administered to Juno, who soon fell into a profound slumber. Whilst the mother of the gods was in this condition, Jove placed the babe to her breast, in order that it might imbibe the divine milk that would insure its immortality. The little Hercules, in his over-eagerness, drew the milk too quickly, and some drops falling to the earth, the white lily, emblematical of purity, immediately sprang up.

Botanists disagree as to the limits of the lily family. Many flowers have been accredited kinship without positive title; thus the calla, royal of itself, needs not the aid of princely favor.

The Victoria Regina, so named by Dr. Lindley in honor of the Queen of England, may be considered as the most magnificent of all lilies—perhaps of all flowers; its snowy blush-tinted blossoms attain four feet, and its enormous leaves eighteen feet of circumference!

Five native species of the lily are found east of the Mississippi, and several are peculiar to the Pacific coast. The commonest of these is the wild yellow lily, which is found in moist meadows from Canada to Georgia. The most showy eastern species is the Turk's-cap lily, which is not rare in rich, moist ground—indeed all lilies are products of moisture and fertility. They require little attention but abundant mould.

The most noticeable lily of the far West is the *Washingtonium* of the Sierras, which bears

numerous pendulous flowers, at the first pure white, but afterward tinged with lilac, and of the most exquisite odor. The Sierras deal only in grandeurs even as to plant-life. We imagine the common weeds of that region have a more aristocratic bearing than those of less lofty lineage.

Of the many garden species, the oldest and best-known is the white lily—*Lilium candidum*—which was brought from the Levant some three centuries ago. This is the lily of the poets and painters, the dream, yet despair, of all artists. Only the Great Artist of all things can execute such work in perfection.

The rare giant lily from Nepaul has a stem nearly ten feet high, with from eight to twenty pendulous, fragrant flowers, which are white outside and tinged with violet within. (A pansy in clerical robes.)

Why describe the tiger-lily? It is the most common of all old-fashioned flowers. Not a bit ferocious, it haunts back yards, and stands like red-coated sentinels by the gates of rural parsonages. Pluck one, and a fine, powdery dust will cling to your fingers with the tenacity of brick-dust, or Indian war-paint. It is a native of China, and the ubiquitous John Chinaman will inform you, "Me likee muchee tiger-lily."

The golden-banded lily is a native of Japan, and figures occasionally in those gaudy hieroglyphics, known as Japanese fans. It is white, with a clear yellow stripe running the whole length of the sepals. One stalk will sometimes produce nearly one hundred of these bright-banded lily-cups.

One of the most popular flowers claiming relationship with these idle beauties—they toil not, neither do they spin—is the lowly Lily of the Valley. There are many varieties, but favorite ones are white, pearl-pure, bell-shaped and fragrant. They are among the most fashionable of all floral ornaments. Says the *Home Journal*: "It is the fancy among leaders of fashion in London to adopt some particular flower which always appears in their bouquets or *bouquetiers*. At a recent ball attended by the prince and princess of Wales, it was noticed that lilies-of-the-valley were the most favored."

It is known in some country villages as Ladder to Heaven, and is emblematic of the return of happiness, in allusion to the revivifying of nature—the spring-time—when it sends forth its fairy pearl-bells. Bishop Mant has apostrophized this shy little floweret in his "May Song:"

"Fair flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on branch or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale."

Keats, with heart akin to nature, gives this

humble favorite a permanent place in English poetry:

"No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers."

The pond or water-lily is one of the choicest of aquatic plants. It is sometimes termed water-nymph, having been dedicated by the Greeks to these sprites of the sea. Of about twenty species, two are found in the United States. They cover a broad surface of water on the margins of lakes and ponds, forming what are known as lily pads; the flowers are large, of the purest white and delightfully sweet-scented. One of the best known of these exotic plants is a native of Egypt, the white lotus of the Nile. The tubers and seeds of some species of water-lily are edible. The grandest of all lilies, the *Victoria regia*, has sufficient strength of stem and bloom to bear the weight of a water-bird. One of our most genial American poets has expressed this piquant preference for the water-lily:

"Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge.

"I hate those roses' feverish blood!
Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,
A long-stemmed lily from the lake,
Cool as a coiling water-snake."

An heraldic work published in France, gives the following singular and interesting account of the lily as an emblem: It is the symbol of divinity, of purity, of abundance and of love most complete in perfection, charity and benediction; as that mirror of chastity Susanna is defined Susa, which signifies the "lily-flower," the chief city of the Persians bearing that name for excellency, hence the lily's three leaves, in the arms of France meaneth piety, justice and charity.

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

HAPPINESS.—Most of the wrong-doing in the world comes from an uneasy craving for pleasure of some sort. The desire for revenge produces all kinds of malicious and hateful conduct; the yearning for gain suggests dishonesty, fraud, oppression, injustice; the appetite for sensual gratification leads to gluttony, intemperance and vice. A state of true happiness would render these cravings impossible; the higher gratifications once thoroughly enjoyed, no room would be left for the lower. The great happiness of love annihilates revenge and malice; sympathetic pleasures extinguish selfish ones; pure and innocent recreations, cheerful society and wholesome habits preclude the temptations to vicious courses. In a word, happiness, in its truest meaning and best forms, is the foe to wrong-doing, and in this sense it may be said that those who are happy are good.

BITTIBAT FARM.

PART II.

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

CHAPTER VII.

RACHEL was in Boston. She had obtained a situation, thanks to her cousin, Tom Jeffers—and Sparkler's Landing—as French speaking saleswoman in one of the largest dry-goods stores. And thus did the burning of Pantouflette's ship-yard bring a fair income to Bittibat, and discover to Rachel her "sphere." For she was a natural-born saleswoman.

Rachel speedily became a great favorite with her employers. She was honest in the very spirit of the word. Looking upon their interests as identical with her own, or rather, while she was in their pay she had no interest that was not theirs. She had no thought except for her employers and their customers, whom she mutually served to the best of her ability. And for that dear home, for whose sake she lived abroad.

Her good taste, quick sympathy and ready powers of calculation made her so valuable an assistant to an economical Frenchwoman, anxious to cover as much cloth as possible with her meagre purse, that each one helped to a satisfactory purchase, told her friend, and the friend came immediately to Rachel's in preference to any other counter in the city.

Rachel enjoyed her situation very much. She liked to help people to spend their money to advantage; she liked to handle the handsome fabrics; she liked to plan pretty dresses and select their trimmings; she was naturally social, fond of meeting new faces and trying to read their stories. Above all she felt that she was giving satisfaction to both her employers in the counting-room and those over the counter. And she was receiving wages that would bring ease and plenty to Bittibat.

* * * * *

More than a year has passed. Bittibat has seen Rachel for only one short day in sixteen months. Sixteen months!

"What a livelong time!" Leonie says.

The few hours she spent with them in the grove on Independence Day count for nothing. The home-folk scarcely saw their dear one, so many "outsiders" claimed her attention. But now she was coming home for half a week—and half a day over by strict calculation. She was coming on Wednesday, not to return till Monday morning.

It was the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. Melicent drove down to the eight o'clock train. The rest, "in best bib and tucker," waited in the familiar sitting-room where the long curtains were close drawn, but the parlor door set wide, that home's cheery light might shine through the front windows and welcome that looked-for comer.

The tea-table waited, too, in the newly-carpeted dining-room, that was odorous of Thanksgiving. And Edwy and a brown-bearded young man came in, their chores all done and heads combed before the kitchen looking-glass, seating themselves with an equally eager air of expectation. Melicent and Donna waited also, beside the board fence of the Landing House. There was such a crowd and crush of vehicles as made it really dangerous to approach the depot more nearly.

At last the engine came thundering on, scattering sparks, and belching smoke, and letting off torrents of white steam.

One after another the various vehicles walked or trotted up to the depot and walked or trotted away with a loudly-talking and excited load. Milly still waited a little, and before she had seen a clear passage to the station Rachel was beside her, exclaiming: "Well, there! Here you are at last! I've been all around the depot three times for you; I have got a *quantity* of baggage!"

And then Uncle Jefferr's handsome carriage drew up beside them; and presently, too, came Uncle Gardiner's old-fashioned, open wagon, drawn by his little, blooded mare that could "knock fire out of anything in Quarry;" and greetings had to be exchanged between the cousins near and distant.

But at last they were off. There was a deal to say on the homeward drive, yet Milly drove slowly, and ere she reached the head of Bittibat lane, Rachel had paused—to think of something more, and then Milly said: "You know that young man who undertook to work our farm on shares?"

"Yes," returned Rachel. "That is, I know what you have written about him in your letters."

"I have not written more about him than the others, have I?"

"You? No. I meant you collectively, not individually. You all like him, don't you?"

"Yes. Didn't you like what you saw of him on the Fourth?"

"I believe so," said Rachel. "I thought he was very honest and sensible."

"Rachel!"

"Well?"

"Don't you think a girl ought to make up her mind before she lets a man propose to her as to whether she is willing to accept him or not?"

"Certainly."

"She ought not to let a man propose to her, unless she is sure she can accept him?"

"Certainly not, if she knows that he is going to propose."

"Oh, it is easy enough to tell."

"Certainly it is, if he is a decent man, and does his courting in a decent way."

"I think it is all nonsense for girls to do as in stories, be taken all aback by a confession that anybody could see had been pending ever since the young man appeared on the scene. It is all nonsense about a girl encouraging a young man innocently, not imagining what his attentions mean."

"Certainly," said Rachel, again. "There are attentions which no woman should accept from a man whom she would be unwilling to marry. Because they are understood by society to imply partiality on the gentleman's part, and if the lady receives them with apparent pleasure it will be understood by every one that she would also accept more serious attentions. Her conduct would so be regarded by him, inevitably, whatever she may think of the matter."

"I know what you mean, Challie. Accepting presents, for instance. But he has not made me any."

"Who, Milly?"

"Why, Mark."

"I see, Mark the perfect man. But has he no other name?"

"Why, don't you know? Mark Bogardus."

"What! The man who works our farm? No, I did not know that he was named Mark. He is always called 'our man' in the home-letters. Well, dear, I think he is a very nice person from all I have heard of him. Permit me to congratulate you. I will dance in the brass-kettle on your wedding day with perfect equanimity."

"Now, Rachel! Please don't. You know I despise *nice* men and *pretty* men. Mark is neither one nor the other, and I don't feel at all as if I were to be congratulated."

"Why, pray?"

"Because!" and here, as they were approaching the house Milly drew rein. "Rachel! I want to know if you think I *ought* to get married."

"If you have found a good man, certainly."

"Oh, dear! you have not said anything but *certainly*, to-night. Is it fashionable to say, *Certainly*, in Boston?"

"No. They say, *Y-e-e-s*. But honestly, I think it would be a very good idea for this Bogardus to marry you, and keep right on at the farm till Leonie is of age and the property is divided. It is so comforting to have a man around, you know!"

"Now, Challie?"

"And then," continued Rachel, quickly; "you will have quite a nice little farm of your own to move on to. Sixteen acres, and you know *ten acres is enough*."

"Quite enough to pay taxes on and buy fertilizers for," muttered Milly. "And keep fenced."

"Yes," said Rachel, "but Mark can cut the fencing off your own land, and you can be improving it for the next five years or so, at least the

eight acres that are on our side of the line. You can pick out a nice place for a house-lot, and be planting trees and vines on it. In fact, if he gets anything ahead he can build and have the house already done."

"Yes, if he gets anything ahead," said Milly, dolorously. "That is the question—if we marry. For then there are children to look out for right away."

"Why, look here, Milly, the farm will support as many as it ever did, I suppose. Father managed to keep us all together, and educate us well and lay up something beside; and we were a much more expensive family five years ago than we are now—you will never be so extravagant a wife as mother was, nor make your children cost so much. Then you can cut your own house-timber off your own lot. And Edwy and Mark can frame the house and cover it themselves, I should think, if he is any sort of a calculator and manager—"

"I don't know," interrupted Milly, hastily. "I only know that *I think* he—I wish you would just study him well, Rachel, while you are here, and then tell me what to do before you go."

"I will, *certainly*," answered Rachel, and then they drove on. And Milly hurriedly began speaking of other things.

The end of the matter was, or rather the beginning of the end, that Rachel said to Milly, as they drove to the train on the next Monday morning: "I hope, my darling, that you will get that brown-bearded brother for me as soon as possible. I want to hear that he has proposed in the very first letter I have from home, and let it come as soon as possible. I think he is *just splendid*, if you don't dare say it yourself. I take it all back about his *niceness*. He is not *nice* a bit, but all that a man should be, save that. You know, I myself prefer a little niceness in men."

"Like Gove Sparkler, for instance," said Milly.

And Rachel said: "Wasn't that a great joke?" and then they both laughed.

The "great joke" had transpired on the previous Saturday afternoon, and probably Rachel was the only person concerned who saw anything mirth-inspiring in the affair.

For so it inevitably is. Such minds as are quickest to feel grief, and sink to lowest depths of woe, are also keenest to see the ludicrous, and bound to airiest heights of enjoyment. "The bubbles that dance on life's shallows well up from life's deep." The sensitive needle whirls through all points of the compass in one breathing space, and the pendulum that swings farthest to the right is the one to reach the most extreme left.

The account of what took place on that Saturday afternoon will be reserved for the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth in hallowed mold
Thy corpse shall buried be;
For thee a funeral-bell shall sing,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON the Saturday in question, Mrs. Leroy Sparkler had called a meeting of the ladies of Quarry to consider the relief of the destitute in their midst.

It was a soup-kitchen that was contemplated by the wealthy ladies of Quarry. For those two hundred idle hands meant, "penury and pine" to two score families, and one family contains many mouths.

When Rachel came down from the city, Mrs. Throgmorton told her of this meeting, and what ideas she had formulated concerning the sort of help needed by their destitute.

Mrs. Throgmorton's intense, aristocratic feeling and lady-like exclusiveness could not be overcome sufficiently to permit her to attend a public and general business meeting, even for sweet charity's sake, but she gave a carefully-written paper to Rachel, whom she delegated to appear as her mouth-piece and exponent.

"You will see that my views are thoroughly understood, dear."

When Rachel arrived at the Town House, only a small portion of the wisdom was assembled. About a dozen ladies were gathered in one corner, their heads together, and consternation on their faces. Rachel felt that some dire calamity must have visited the town; and so it had, if the story Mrs. Decoye was telling was true.

Mr. Decoye, by the way, was as abominable a gossip in his circle as was Ebenezer Rowley in his. Mr. Decoye heard everything that was going, and guessed at more than he heard. And all that he heard, and guessed at, and thought might be so he carried to his wife, who was so dextrous at fitting, and piecing, and over-seaming, that one never could tell where the different fabrications joined. And as for cutting out and making up, she would show you so wonderfully shaped and colored a coat, exactly fitting somebody's back, yet running out into so many *tails* that you would never suppose she had fashioned it, alone and unaided, out of a whole piece of cloth. So she turned upon Rachel with her wonderful story, in which you could see neither seam nor break, but that unrolled as smoothly as though Mrs. Decoye had stood by, and—as she would have one believe—seen every thread of the pattern laid.

It seems, and this is the solemn truth, for Mrs. Decoye ought to know, living opposite to Leroy Sparkler's—and she had noticed time and time again how very pretty Mrs. Leroy's child's-maid

was (ten times prettier than little Mrs. Pantouflette, and you know what a fuss there was about her, poor, innocent thing! Though whether Gove's skirts had been quite cleared of that stain I really could not say)—Rachel started as though she had been shot. But Mrs. Decoye declared that she never thought those Sparklers quite the gentlemen they appeared; there was something dreadfully secret and underhand about them.

Here such a decided motion of disapproval went around the group, that Mrs. Decoye plunged at once into her story without further inuendo.

"About two o'clock on the previous night, Goveneur Sparkler and his own man—French, as was Mrs. Leroy's maid (a French Catholic). Gove and his own man, I say, had been sent for—and carried to Mr. Leroy's own house. And a doctor from Megotockinec (why from Megotockinec, goodness only knows! There are just as good doctors right here in Quarly—they are *too near home*, perhaps). And a priest was telegraphed for and came down in the early morning train, and then the girl was married to the man. (That poor, dying girl! They say she had to be held up on each side, and fainted dead away as soon as the service was over. And that fellow got two hundred dollars for marrying her. Though which brother paid it, I'm sure I don't know. But I can tell you that Gove paid the priest out of his own pocket; though whether he had more of a hand in the affair than his brother, I would not dare say. But Mrs. Leroy packed that girl out of the house, bag and baggage)."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Rachel, standing up white and straight, with a hand clutching the back of a chair to steady herself. "I don't believe one word of it! And you don't, either, Mrs. Decoye!" Her voice was low and fierce, and the tumult of feeling that spoke through it she did not herself understand. "You know, and every lady here knows, that Mrs. Leroy Sparkler is not the woman to turn any suffering creature away from her door, much less a dying girl, as you picture this maid to be, no matter how great the crime she had committed. And what is her crime? You have not told us. You do not name it. Why? You dare not! You dare not name it even to yourself! How dare you even think, in the secret recesses of your soul, in the unveiled presence of your God—how dare you *think* a crime so foul you cannot mention it in the ears of sinful mortals like yourself! And who are these men you are defaming? Men who stand alone, without peers in this community for business integrity, for spotless characters, for wide-reaching, never-tiring charity! There is not one man in one thousand would have felt the moral obligation that Leroy Sparkler did, toward an unknown, foreign hamlet, ruined by his business troubles, through his own misfortune, not his fault! Can you name two other men in any

thousand who would have felt bound in honor to create an industry, and bear the expenses of transportation, for a score of inconspicuous individuals whose life or death was a thing of no moment to city, state or province?—whose graves would have been forgotten ere the grass had covered them? Perhaps none of you ladies owe the Sparklers any kindness. Perhaps you are no better nor happier, your lives no richer, no fuller of content, for any act of theirs. But Mr. Goveneur once did us an unspeakable favor. I trust we shall never forget it! And I will not hear his good name abused while I have a heart to feel injustice and a mind to recall benefits."

"Thank you, Miss Throgmorton!" said a masculine voice at a little distance.

Everybody started guiltily, and turned their eyes toward where Mr. Goveneur stood with Mrs. Leroy upon his arm.

Even at that terrific moment, when her cowering soul was calling on mountains to cover it, Mrs. Decoye thought how they two went always everywhere together; that Mrs. Leroy was considerably younger than her husband, and wondered if she could not make something out of that. So uncontrollable is the power of habit, and so irrealisable the habit of evil-thinking. Mrs. Decoye never had a good thought of any one.

"I really cannot recall the great favor for which you seem to me unduly grateful, Miss Throgmorton," said Mr. Goveneur; "yet I thank it heartily for having been the moving cause of such a noble championship. And just as much am I at a loss to understand the grounds for Mrs. Decoye's aspersion of my sister's character."

The dismayed ladies looked at one another. Which one must it be to thrust that dirty little tale in the face of the grieved and trembling lady, who clung, almost fainting, to the arm of her brother-in-law? Mrs. Decoye's face was like scarlet, and her eyes like flame, but she gave no sign of speaking.

Mrs. Sparkler, an impulsive lady, given to strong and sudden emotion, wept profusely.

"It is so cruel!" she said. "So cruel! My poor Lisa! She was dying of consumption—had been ever since that dreadful fire at St. Clement's. She was engaged to be married. Poor fellow! he was so fond of her! But they were too poor to think of marrying; so Goveneur, out of sheer pity, took him as his own man at a good salary, and I brought her from Canada myself, hoping, with good care and a more genial climate, she could be cured; and by the time she was well—we—we thought they would have enough to marry on. I went South last winter especially for her benefit. But all was of no use. Last night she was taken with hemorrhage, and we sent for Goveneur and her betrothed, and Dr. Magnor of Megotockinec. She has been under his care the whole time. You

know, ladies, he has the best success with consumption of any physician in the county. He thought poor Lisa might live the week out, but no more; and the poor children begged so hard to be married—to be united here before being separated, as they think, forever!"

But here Mrs. Leroy's sobs choked all utterance, and Govenneur himself continued: "I telegraphed up for a priest, and he came down on the first train. They were married and taken to Mrs. Pantouflette's, to enjoy together, as we hoped, one week of the married life to which they had looked forward during so many years."

And there he stopped. But Mrs. Sparkler added, in a strangely formal way: "Ladies, I am late to my appointment, for another duty claimed me first. I have just returned from Mrs. Pantouflette's;" and then, weeping convulsively, "Govenneur, do you tell them the rest."

There was a little pause, and then Govenneur said, quite low: "Lisa is dead!"

Dead! And they had been listening to, gloating over, malicious scandal about a corpse! Dead! "*Pauvre Fidèle!*" muttered Govenneur.

"Fidèle?" cried Rachel, excitedly.

"Yes," said Govenneur. "Poor fellow! he is completely stunned by the blow."

"But was Lisa the heroine of St. Clement's—the girl who burned the Pantouflette's property?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sparkler. "She was incurably injured by breathing the smoke into her lungs as she stood above the hole in the roof. Poisoned!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow;

She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;

Her tides have equal times to come and go,

Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;

No joy so great but runneth to an end,

No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

ON a bright February day, whose hot sun painted blue-black shadows of swelling fruit-buds on the glistening snow, Grandmother Jeffers locked her house door and went away. And that house can never be unlocked again, for the key is lost. Grandmother Jeffers stepped into a boat and sailed swiftly down a river.

It was not Quarry River. People have sailed down Quarry River and never returned again. People have sunk beneath the waters of Quarry River and never rose from thence. Quarry River is one to be feared, and never trusted—it is a River of Death. But the river on whose waves Grandma Jeffers was borne away is the River of Life Eternal.

Rachel did not come down from Boston to attend

grandmother's funeral. The neighbors said: "Yes, it is not worth her while to get leave of absence from her place, when she will so soon have to ask it again to come down to her sister's wedding, you know."

Mellicent was to be married in early May. Yet, a full month before Milly's wedding-day, and scarcely four weeks from grandmother's *home-bringing* (her bringing to that home where husband and children gathered with angelic welcome), Rachel returned to Bittibat. She came, she stayed, and she brought "a whole trunkful of silks, and shawls, and laces, and ribbons, such as she never could have come honestly by, any way one could look at it." This is shocking, but it is true!

Nor did Rachel give any sort of an explanation of this very unaccountable proceeding. She said: "I had got tired of the place, and thought I would rest awhile."

Indeed! She said that, and went singing about the house with a step as light as her reason. She tired! She came home to rest! Humph! The weariness must be entirely of mind, not of body!

Govenneur Sparkler was sitting at a round stand in a windowed embrasure at Mrs. Leroy's. An open box, partially filled with minerals, was on the floor by his side, and half its contents on the table before him.

Utterly absorbed in his work of labeling them, he did not hear the opening and shutting of a door, a drawing of chairs around the lighted hearth, nor the ensuing conversation, until something, some inner consciousness hitherto unheeded, told him that people on the other side the curtain were canvassing himself and his peculiarities. He remembered, without being aware that he had heard her, that his sister-in-law was lamenting his aversion to matrimony. But the voice which arrested Govenneur's attention was Rachel Throgmorton's; the words which first entered consciously into his brain were: "Oh, I have often thought this myself. When we see so many men who are utterly unfit to fill the stations of husband and father married, it seems almost wicked for so good a man to live a bachelor."

Mrs. Leroy laughed. "You have a very exalted opinion of him, Miss Rachel; perhaps closer acquaintance might lower him in your esteem."

"I know that he is good," replied Rachel, stoutly. "And I know that the better acquainted I am with him, the better man I find him to be."

"Ah, Miss Rachel," said the sister-in-law, "what a pity it is that Govenneur does not know the high opinion you have of him!"

"He does, I guess," replied Rachel, with the utmost *sang froid*. "I never took any particular pains to conceal it."

Never did maiden in love make such a confes-

sion as that! Mrs. Leroy was silent through vexation, and the delighted eaves-dropper felt the flames of his newly-kindled hope smothered in a very wet blanket.

But Rachel, quite unaware of the snare into which she was walking, continued: "I learned to admire him at the academy. Being an unusually quick scholar, I was entered a year under the regular age, and was by more than that the youngest girl in school—a poor, little, shy thing, who could scarcely be looked at without crying. And he was the eldest boy—I thought him a man grown. And he was so kind, so chivalrous! I don't know how I should have got through my first term but for his generous championship! He always chose me out above all the girls in school. There are not many young men would have done that—chosen, so frankly, the littlest girl in school." And then Rachel related meagre anecdotes of times long past, incidents forgotten by the hero of them, but living greenly, with all the added bloom of departed blessings, in the memory of his little lady-love. "But he went to college, and I to boarding-school, and then everything changed," concluded Rachel, with a sigh so profound that the heavy curtains seemed stirred with her breath.

For a long time the tempest in Goveneur's soul shut out all sound of human speech, and when he was at last calmed, he found, from the silence of the room, that it was empty. His first impulse was to rush out of the house and start for Australia. But a restraining thought held this mad idea in abeyance. He very probably could not leave the house while Rachel was in it, without being seen by her. Appalling thought! And that she was still there, he knew. So presently he grew quite calm, and turned toward his work. But before he could concentrate his hazy vision on a single stone, the heavy curtain swayed, the brass rings rattled, and—there stood Rachel!

He got upon his feet, and retreated as far as possible, which was not very far. Rachel did not retreat. And which one blushed the fiercest, "I'm sure I can't decide." But presently Rachel began laughing. (This was always her emotional safety-valve.)

"Were you in here all the time, hearing all those nice things I said about you?"

He could not speak. (If Rachel's feelings had been stirred like his, she could not have spoken, either.)

"Well, you have proved that listeners do sometimes hear some good of themselves, have you not?"

Her cheeks were like Boursault roses newly blown, but her laugh was most provokingly unembarrassed. She laughed as though she would never cease. And so full of *tickle* was the rippling torrent, that Goveneur himself would have floated away with it, only for the heavy pain her new-

chalance gave him. (Had Rachel been so mad with longing, she could not have laughed.)

And then she picked up a stone. "Is this an agate? How fine!"

Goveneur started suddenly forward. (If Rachel could not tell one rock from another, it was something other than love which had blinded her eyes.)

"That is a sardonyx, Miss—Throg—m'n."

"How elegant! Where did it come from?"

Goveneur reached out to take the stone, to turn it, and look for the gummed-on number. He took the stone. He touched her little finger. And then—and then—

He did not look for the number, he looked at Rachel instead. She stood very still, her trembling mouth tightly compressed (what a delicious mouth it was!) her eyes down-dropped upon her folded hands. The hand whose little finger he had touched lay uppermost. And she was just as pink all through as though she were filled with currant jelly.

Goveneur looked at her awhile, and then—he kissed her, and then—

CHAPTER X.

"If thy brother shall trespass, *** go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother."—ST. MATTHEW.

IN just one month to a day—for Milly's nuptials I had been delayed a little—wedding-cards were issued. "Melicent Lydia Throgmorton and Mark Treadwell Bogardas." Everybody had been expecting that for six months. "Rachel MacCallum More Throgmorton and Goveneur Sparkler." That took the whole town by surprise.

The mystery about Rachel's sudden return from town had, as it seemed, been fully and satisfactorily explained to the rest of Quarry, but not to the Sparklers. Nor has it to you and I, reader; we are just as much in the dark as ever over our Challie's motives. Why, pray, should she have left so suddenly a place where she was getting a good salary, and return to poverty and anxious seeking for a situation—and that whole baggage-car full of silks, and satins, and velvets, and shawls, and laces, enough to furnish a house, as Colonel Sebastian said? Really, we can make nothing of it! And I shall never cease to admire the magnanimous conduct of Goveneur Sparkler in taking to wife a girl with such grave suspicions resting on her head.

Did her folks know all about it? Her folks at Bittibat? Yes. They knew all that the town's folk did not, and nothing that they did. Aunt Rachel, as you all know by this time, was remarkably secretive, quite as much so as the Sparklers, whom she condemned, and, had she occupied as prominent a position, would have been as much

talked about; but you remember what the poet says:

"Gnats are unnoticed wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye."

In fact, no one ever thinks of a gnat except the one he bites. Aunt Rachel had, in this case, only bitten her namesake in private. The blood-letting was somewhat irritating, but it did the patient good. Rachel wished heartily that her aunt had said as much before.

Her other *folks*, who lived across the river, they knew nothing of Rachel's side to this story, only the neighbors' side; and she was angry, was poor Rachel—not knowing what a blessing the evil tongues had wrought her, that they should dare to breathe such things against one whom Goveneur Sparkler had honored with his love, and so had proclaimed as worthiest among women.

The Sparklers were all together in Mrs. Leroy's pleasant library, with the heavy curtains drawn from that embrasured window, beyond which a silver-scimitar moon gathered sheaves of faint gold in the pale sunset sky. Rachel was there, too, and she was asking what they had heard of the rumors touching her; and they, one and all, said they had heard nothing.

"Then you must have very poor ears," laughed Rachel.

"Poor ears and a worse understanding," said Goveneur.

"You are very kind," said Rachel; "but it really looked odd, and I must explain."

"Not if you do not want the matter known," said Mrs. Sparkler. "We will take everything on trust."

"But I don't want this taken on trust," persisted Rachel. "Why, I would willingly have told all about it if any one had come to me and asked. I would not on any account have been the object of so much surmise and suspicion, but would have been very thankful to any one who had come to me frankly, and told me all about it."

Yet even then Rachel paused. It was so hard for her to tell of another's misdeeds.

"You see, Djimm, Kracks & Shaw, the firm I was with," she said, hesitatingly, at last; "were receivers of smuggled goods. Their smuggler was a French captain, so when they got into a quarrel about his wages, I was called in as interpreter. They took it quite as a matter of business, and appeared not to think I should be shocked, but I was. It was not my place to make remarks, I had only to do the interpreting; it hurt me! I am sure I showed it in my face, for afterward they offered me a far greater bribe than the other clerks. You see it was a blackmailing affair. The Frenchman wanted to extort a certain sum from them under fear of exposure. It was enormous; they would not pay it, but bade him do his worst. You see the Frenchman had a good

many firms in his clutch, and he began informing on them all; but began with the small ones, hoping to frighten the large firms into paying the amount demanded of them. One day the head clerks and myself were taken into the private room, and they set wine on the table, and began making us presents. Mr. Djimm gave me a bolt of real lace; oh, just beautiful! You will see some of it on my wedding-dress," she added, blushing shyly.

Goveneur looked amazed at this confession of depravity in his bride elect, and she enjoyed it secretly, as she demurely continued: "Mr. Kracks gave me a piece of pearl-colored silk, and Mr. Shaw threw over my shoulders the loveliest snow-white and moonlight silk shawl! And, oh! I do love a handsome shawl! But I knew something wrong was coming, so I folded up the things and put them on the lounge, and said: 'No, I thank you, I never take wine,' and sat down, looking as awful and threatening as Mt. Vesuvius, I've no doubt. But they went straight ahead and told their business without making any ado about it. They were expecting to have their transactions with the smugglers investigated, and we were to say thus and so if put on the witness stand. The clerks laughed and drank, and began fixing up their stories among themselves, but I said: 'I hope you will excuse me, gentlemen, from taking any part in this affair. I could not perjure myself, even to save an honest firm, and I am sure I cannot to shield,' I did not say *thieves*—I stopped just in time. I would not insult those gray-haired men by such an epithet; but when they began remonstrating with me, I said, plainly: 'Pardon me, I have always been taught that thievery is stealing and a falsehood is a lie.' Then old Mr. Djimm said: 'Miss Throgmorton, our honor is in your hands.' 'Indeed it is not, sir,' said I. 'If your honor had ever been in my hands it would not be in the precarious position it is now. Your honor is in your own hands, gentlemen; pray do the best you can by it, poor thing! But,' said I; 'I do not want to injure you, unnecessarily, and so, as I must inevitably give in very damaging testimony if I stay here, I think I had best give up my situation. I know more than the others, you are aware.'

"Well, they were truly sorry to have me go, but as they saw no other way of getting out of the difficulty they let me. They sent me my whole month's pay next morning, and the shawl, and lace, and silk, with a very kind note, asking me to accept them as a token of their esteem for my integrity, etc. There is the note," and she handed it to Goveneur.

"I could not help feeling," continued Rachel, "that the gift was a sort of bribe, still; as if I were one to *blab*, where it would be of no use! But it did not seem exactly Christian to return it,

especially when I remembered that Milly had no wedding silk; and there was enough in the piece to make a dress for both her and mother. And I did want that shawl so much! As it has turned out, it would have been better had I returned them."

"As it has turned out," said Govenneur, "it was best for you to keep them."

"Thank you," said Rachel, though she wondered what he meant. "Well, I did keep them; but sent a note of thanks in which I said that were I summoned by any court of justice I should, most assuredly, tell all I knew about their affair with that Frenchman and their attempt at bribing me, but that as to reporting the facts to indifferent people and blackening their names to village gossips, I should never do anything of the kind. And so—I have not."

And so Rachel had finished.

And, I apprehend that my story is finished also. There is nothing more to add, save that Leonie had two sisters married before Moppet had even one engaged to be.

THE END.

A DOCTOR'S MISTAKE.

DOCTORS are by no means infallible, and sometimes make very serious mistakes. In the "Book of Blunders" there is a curious story told, quoted from Cooke's "Seven Narcotics," of a young Spanish doctor who went from Madrid to the Philippine Islands some years since with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortune by means of his profession. On the morning after he landed, the doctor sallied forth for a walk on the *paseo*. He had not proceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head toward the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood. Alarmed on the girl's account, the doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could overtake her, the girl had reached her home, a humble cottage in the suburbs, into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels, and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live. The distracted parents having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest *padre* was brought, and everything was arranged to smoothe the journey of her soul through the pases of purgatory. The doctor tried his skill to the utmost, but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead. As up

to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and very soon the newly-arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune.

In the midst of all this, somebody one day had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before.

"Predict it!" replied the doctor; "why sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half a dozen times."

"Blood! But how did you know it was blood?"

"How! What else could it be?"

"But every one spits *red* in Manilla."

The doctor, who had in the meantime observed this fact, and was laboring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further confession at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread through the city, and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood was nothing else than the red juice of the *buyo*, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction.

The doctor's patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, the doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return with all speed to Spain.

THE SENSATION OF HEAT AND COLD.—The sensation of heat and cold by the human subject does not depend entirely on the physical temperature of the air, but on that combined with its degree of humidity and the rapidity with which evaporation is taking place from the surface of the body, which is influenced by both moisture in the air and the rapidity of its movement in the form of wind. It is well known that, with the thermometer standing at zero (Fahr.), a person may stand in a still air without feeling as cold as he would feel if he were exposed to the wind with the thermometer at thirty degrees; the reason of this is that the amount of sensible warmth is determined by the degree of rapidity with which heat is transferred from the skin to the surrounding air. In still air there are formed around the body layers of warm air which protect it from the chilling influence of the colder air beyond; when, however, the air is in motion, these layers of warm air are removed as fast as they are formed, cold air supplying their place; the body therefore has a far greater demand upon it for heat than before, and a feeling of cold is the result. The thermometer is but a very poor indicator as to whether on a certain day extra clothing is advisable or not.

THE ANNALS OF A BABY.*

I.

BABY'S FIRST GIFTS.

ONCE upon a time a Baby was born in a happy home, where the Father and Mother were young, and where there were no other children. It was a soft, pink little thing, with just dark, downy rings for hair, and a sound like a bird's chirrup for its first weak human cry. There was great joy in the house about it; every one who saw it said there never was such a baby before, and never could be such another. Its Mother had held it a moment on her arm, looking at it in a wonder that it could be really hers, and with a gush of strange love that stirred great shining tears into her eyes, which would have fallen on the Baby, only the Fat Nurse with the frilled cap snatched it away and told her "it was unlucky to cry over a new-born child!" The Father had stolen into the room on tiptoe, kissed his pale girl-wife with a deeper tenderness than he had ever yet felt, had awkwardly held the tiny, warm roll in his strong hands as if it was glass that he was afraid of breaking, and then been sent away like a victim into outer regions. The Grandfathers had come, leaning on their gold-headed canes. They smiled at each other, and shook hands across the narrow white crib; and as they joked over the Baby there was a faint sigh smothered down by each at their own gray hairs, and a little sadness they did not show as they thought of the trials of life that surely lay before that untried soul. The Grandmothers, in their black silk dresses, and with nice rosy faces, had smoothed it, and patted it, and half cried over it, talking all the while about the births of their own babies that were grown up men and women now, and feeling as if this Baby was a born princess and they both queen-dowagers. And all the Young Aunties, with their gay floating ribbons and fancy aprons, had fluttered in groups around the sleeping stranger, had held up their dimpled hands in delight, and kissed it softly in subdued ecstasies; called it "a rosebud," "a seraph," and many other endearing titles; quarreled who should take it first and hold it longest, until they also had been cleared out, like other victims, by the fat old woman with the frilled cap, who seemed to consider the baby as her own special possession. The youngest of the Aunties said she was "a bear"—behind her back, however; and the oldest of the Young Aunties held her head up very high, and wondered "who the darling would be named after."

Every one who came brought the Baby a present, until there never was a baby who had so many and such different gifts. Its own crib, its mother's bed, and its pretty dressing-basket were piled full of them; and the Baby lay in the midst on its snowy pillow, quite careless of all these tokens of affection and admiration; able, in fact, to do nothing but rest after the weariness of being born into the world. There were all sorts of rattles and whistles, and India-rubber balls covered with net, a big doll twice as large as Baby's self, with a satin dress and movable eyes, and a blue pincushion with "Baby" spelt on it in bright, fresh pins intended for Baby's future torture. There were also daintily-embroidered slippers worked

by the Aunties, finely-wrought flannels that had tried aged spectacles, silver spoons and forks to feed the pouting mouth still sucking in sleep, and a gold cross and chain that was laid upon the small breast which had scarcely yet learned to heave with breath. Every one that brought a gift brought also good wishes, and bright hopes, and tender prayers for the innocent little life. Only one Poor Relation brought all these without anything else; for she was one of those who are rich only in love, and have nothing to spare from the hard-earned daily bread that fed the hungry. She was not gay and young like the Aunties; care and trials had taken away her youth and gayety; but her heart yearned over the Baby perhaps more earnestly than theirs. She was sorry she could not bring something to the child of more value than costly toys or dresses—some gift that should be a talisman against pain and evil, something a soul might prize through all eternity. She wished she could summon the fairies, as done in olden times, to bestow gifts on the children of kings and queens; only she shuddered when she remembered that with the rest came always a malignant hag who vented her spite in a curse that counteracted all the good offerings of the others. Nevertheless, when she had kissed the Baby "good-bye," and murmured a short prayer over it, she wended her way homeward with her head full of this same fancy, for the Poor Relation had a poet's heart, though she had never found time from work to sing a poet's songs, and she had secretly kept green there many a faith of her childhood. She could not help thinking, as she walked slowly over the fields, that if she could only find a five-leaved clover, and hold it in her hand in the open air at midnight, perhaps she would see the Fairy Court, and could ask the queen to shed her bounty on the dear infant. She stepped carefully over the grass, so as not to tread on the daisies—for she was almost as fond of flowers as of babies—and looked for the clover, though she smiled at herself for pretending to believe there were such mysterious creatures as fairies any more in this changed every-day world. She recollected how often she hunted for a five-leaved clover when she was a little girl, all over these same meadows, down by the brook-side, and out in the still, solemn woods, and never had found one; and she remembered also how many times she had been told there was no such growth in nature. After awhile, with a sad sigh, she gave up looking for it, and wished she was a child again, with nothing to do but wander under the trees, and run races with the sparkling rilla. The sky was all crimson and gold with the sunset, and as she raised her head to gaze at the tinted clouds, she stumbled over a stone hidden in the grass; as she glanced down again, lo! before her she suddenly beheld the object of her search, a very and true clover with five leaves, just nestling under the shadow of a full-spread buttercup. She could scarcely believe her eyes, and almost trembled with a sort of awe as she broke it from its slender stalk, and then she was as glad as if she had really been only a child; she laughed over it, and talked to herself about what it should reveal to her, till pleasure brought a flush to her worn cheeks that made her look quite young and pretty, just as she did when she thought she should, perhaps, some day have babies of her own to love.

That night, before the clock struck twelve, when

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her Aged Father, and Mother, and her Crippled Sister were fast asleep, she slipped noiselessly down the stairs and out on the open porch of her humble home, where the moonlight was shining through the vines. She told herself that, at her age, it was silly to be playing such foolish pranks; but she held the five-leaved clover tight in her hand, and stood under the arch of boughs, looking out on the narrow lawn dotted with bushes, and waiting for midnight. Just at the first stroke of the solemn bell that always tolled the hours, a slight breeze stirred all the leaves around her, and a sort of gentle rustling floated on the quiet air; on the third stroke all the flowers on the vines seemed to expand into full bloom, and turned slowly toward the lawn; at the fifth, innumerable fireflies gathered on that one spot; at the seventh, the dew-drops appeared to grow hard and glitter with brilliant rays like diamonds; at the ninth, the roses shed floods of perfume, and the jessamine stars fairly distilled a precious odor; at the eleventh stroke a slender, white circle glistened in front of her as if the blades of grass had been bent and strung with Oriental pearls; and at the twelfth, there, suddenly before her, was the fairy court. The fairies were all dressed in green, so that, if it had not been for their bright little faces, she might not have thought them fairies at all, but only leaves on the bushes. Titania was throned on a white rose just a petal or two higher than Puck, who was making faces at the train-bearers of her majesty as they stood just behind her; the rest were seated on the dew-drops, perched among the blossoms, or balancing on feathery sprays. Titania alone seemed to be arrayed in a silvery mist, with a crown of many-colored jewels on her head, each so small as to be only a spark, and with the breast-plume of a humming-bird in her hand for a sceptre. When she spoke, her voice was low, soft and clear, like the singing of a far-off lark; the men fairies all pulled off their caps, and Puck stopped plaguing the pages, and turned his twinkling eyes upon her face as he listened.

"In the name of the five-leaved clover," she said, "the fairy Court has been summoned. The fairies can refuse nothing to the holder of this charm; make thy request of Titania."

The Poor Relation answered like one in a dream: "Gifts for a Baby, O Queen!"

The fairy swayed forward a little, and asked with tender interest: "Is it a Baby-boy or a Baby-girl?" And when she heard the echo, "A girl!" a sadness passed like a fleeting shadow over the brightness of her face, which, being noticed by Puck, he gave out a mocking laugh, like the whistle of an insect. But the queen waved her sceptre for silence, and a sort of sorrowing expression fell upon the countenances of all, even upon the brow of her sportive husband, while she spoke: "Many years ago we could have brought this Baby rare offerings, that would have made all the world know that she had fairies for godmothers; but, with the belief of men in our power, much of our power is gone; the gnomes and the elves have all died, so we have no more tribute from the earth and the mines; your electricity has desolated the water-kingdom of the sylphs, and we receive no longer the treasures of the seas; the salamanders are bound in their summer sleep, and the flickle sprites of air are not now in league with us."

Here the queen paled, and Puck swore a round oath, drawing his tiny sword, as a rough gale shook the flower on which they sat.

"But still," she resumed as the breeze passed, heaving at the Poor Relation like a star emerging from a cloud, "still, for those who come to us in faith the fairies have some gifts to render yet. There are not many of us left, and our rich jewels have been stolen from us one by one. It has been long since we have been called upon to bless a cradle, but this Baby shall have all the fairy store of presents. Offer first, O Puck, my lord the king!"

"Ho, ho!" said the merry monarch, nodding joyously to the Poor Relation, "I give the Baby something better than gems—a light heart and a free wit!"

"And I," said another, in answer to the queen, "I bestow a winning smile."

"And I a rose-hue on the cheeks."

"And I a soft hand in sickness, and a strong one to protect the weak."

Thus, one after another, the fairies chirped out their many gifts, till grace, modesty, tenderness, talent and countless outward beauties had been showered on the unconscious Baby. The Poor Relation's heart was all in a glow and her eyes full of thankful drops to think what favor she had won for the child, when she had not been able to give it a rattle or a doll; and she was especially glad that all the bad fairies of old stories had seemed to have died out, since not one evil wish was expressed. But suddenly the five-leaved clover trembled in her hand, and through the tear on her lashes she saw Titania standing upon it in all her misty and jeweled glory. The queen pointed to two flowers lying out on the ground—one a deep, full rose, red as a man's blood, and the other a pallid lily, shining like a silver chalice in the rays of the moon.

"Here," said she, "is my gift; the rose is Life, the lily is Death; choose which shall be placed in the Baby's hand, for either is a priceless boon."

While she yet spoke a cloud passed over the moon, and when the light shone out again the fairy court had vanished, and the Poor Relation found herself alone, the five-leaved clover withered in her hand, and at her feet the Rose of Life and the Lily of Death.

All the rest of the night she could not sleep for weighing in her mind which of the fairy's gifts she should place in the Baby's hand, for she desired to do only that which she thought would be most likely to secure the child's true good. Life, with all the fairies had bestowed, might be beautiful and brilliant, but none of them had given a talisman to shield from sorrow. She thought of her own sad years, and how often she had wished she had died when she was a baby, and so escaped the sin and trouble of existence. She thought, if the Baby died now, innocent and pure, it would go straight to Heaven, and be a bright angel among God's cherubs, never to know the want and care, and pain of humanity.

But then this Baby had so much to live for—hope and friends, fame and fortune, and perhaps, who could tell? even happiness, for all hearts did not always suffer. So she could not decide; and when she arose she asked her white-haired old father as he sat in the sun on the porch: "Which

would be the best gift for a new-born babe, life or death?"

He looked curiously at her with his dim eyes, and answered: "It is a hard question, for life is full of snares and evil, and when the babe has lived as long as I have it will know that all the hopes of life are not so sweet as the hope of death's long rest!"

And she asked the wrinkled mother who sat beside him, clinking the shining needles through the snowy wool; and the withered hands stopped their busy knitting for an instant as she said: "Life is labor, but in the world after death we will neither toil nor spin!"

So she said to herself: "The old, for whom time is over, believe that death is a greater blessing than life. The old are wise; but they are also weary. Let me ask the young."

So she went into the house where the Crippled Sister was propped up on a couch by the window, weaving arabesque figures into a fine linen garment that swept down over her like a shroud; and she asked her also: "Sister, which would be the best gift for a new-born babe, life or death?"

"Oh, life! life, of course!"

"But, Sister, there is so much pain in life—you and I know that!"

"Yes," replied the cripple, thoughtfully; "but there is the air, the sun and the flowers; the blue sky and the stars; the thought of God and the joy of being!"

Then the Poor Relation smoothed the pillows behind her sister's crooked back, and went forth, saying softly: "Life is always hope to the warm blood of youth, for youth is not yet tired of woe and work." Then she concluded that the Baby should choose for itself; she would hold the two flowers over it while asleep, and whichever one its eyes turned upon when they first opened she would know was its destined fate. As she walked back over the field, where she had found the five-leaved clover the day before, the birds sang, the daisies nodded in the breeze, the lowing of kine reached her ears, and on the side of the purple hills a little way off she saw a bright stream leaping and flashing in the morning light. All things spoke of life, and that life was pleasant and fair. But as she went on farther she came to the still Churchyard, and looked in at the open gate. There lay the green graves with their white stones at the head and foot; the weeping willows drooping their graceful branches over the forgotten names; and all seemed so calm and holy, as if the sleepers there had folded their hands and lain down with the hush of prayer in their hearts; so that if life looked fair, death at least was peace. Still she mused, as she kept on her way, till she entered the quiet chamber where Baby slumbered in its warm nest. The room was darkened, for the pale Young Mother was asleep also; and the Fat Nurse was down-stairs in the kitchen, making her face redder than ever under her frilled cap as she stirred a saucepan over the hot fire, keeping her dignity while the cross cook fidgeted with the tongs. The Poor Relation leaned over the crib, holding in either hand the Rose of Life and the Lily of Death, and waiting for the Baby to open its eyes upon destiny. The tiny creature did not stir, but slept on till she began to tremble at the power she held, and to think she would carry both the flowers away and bury them in the garden at home. Then

she feared the fairy might be angry, and send something worse than life or death upon the child as a punishment for the neglect of her gifts. Suddenly she bethought herself of the five-leaved clover, which she had hidden in her bosom; so she passed the two blossoms into one hand as she drew forth the faded charm, scarcely believing that the fairies could appear by day, or that the shriveled plant kept its potency as a spell. But as she held it up Titania appeared, alone and mistier than ever, perched among the airy lace-curtains on the foot-board of Baby's bed.

"O Queen!" she cried, "bestow thine own gifts! A mortal has not wisdom enough to decide a human fate!"

The queen smiled on her, and her crown of minute gems sparkled more brightly, as she said: "Didst thou not know that to find a five-leaved clover and to talk with fairies was to mark thee for trial of soul? Dost hesitate between my gifts, because sorrow comes into all life? Sorrow is life's discipline—an angel that leads immortals to loftier grace, and they stand higher in the next world who have suffered in this than they who have died unpained. Give this Baby life, for we, the fairies, have given her gifts that shall make her a glory on earth, and her life shall be an example. But because we dare to yield naught that can ward off sorrow, I, Titania, will bestow upon her that which will make sorrow sweet, and stay with her as a joy stronger than despair, and a light in every darkness. She shall have Love—love from her birth and beyond her tomb; for Life with Love is richer than Death and Peace!"

And the fairy touched the lily with her sceptre, and she and it vanished away.

When the Young Mother woke she marveled much to see a beautiful crimson rose lying in the Baby's hand. The Baby, too, awoke, and looked at it, and smiled at the strange plaything. And because it was the first flower her child ever saw, because it came there in so wonderful a way, for even the Fat Nurse knew not who brought it, the Mother took it and pressed it in her Bible. And long after, when the Baby had grown up to be a lovely and noble maiden, worshiped and loved, humble and pure, and a blessing to the Poor Relation, she found it there, the mystic Rose of Life among the words of Christ.

II.

NAMING THE BABY.

THE young Aunties had said it was a "rose-bud;" and when it woke from its noonday nap in its little white crib, it was a very blooming little bud indeed; its round, dimpled face was pink with the warm flush of sleep; its tiny lips, that had been softly sucking in a dream, were dewy and red as two unfolding leaves; its small, doubled fists, that it looked at so curiously with its wide, blue eyes, were tinted in the tender palms like the satiny inside petals of a flower; and the wee balls of feet, that had kicked themselves out of their pretty socks, had such rosy soles, and such mites of cunning, pink toes that the delighted Aunties might have thought each one was verily a sweet and separate blossom.

And it lay on its downy bed, just like a bird in its nest, and cooed at its funny dots of hands, till the young Father and Mother, who had been

sitting very quietly while Baby slept, hardly venturing to speak above a whisper for fear of stirring that sacred slumber, smiled at each other as they listened to that little chirp, and went side by side and leaned together over their treasure—God's crowning gift to holy human love.

They looked down on Baby with such shining faces that Baby left off studying its fingers, and looked up at them, with its bright bit of dawning laugh, that made the admiring Mother lift it in her loving arms for the happy Father to kiss its damask cheek. And then they sat down to watch and wonder at the growing meaning in its ways; and while, with a solemn tenderness, they talked of what might be in the dim far-off of Baby's future years, there came a peculiar knock at the chamber door, vigorous and muffled, as if given by strong knuckles well-cased in folded flesh; and directly there entered in, puffing and beaming, the Fat Nurse in whose ample lap Baby had received its first notions of active life, when habitual trotting churned its daily bread into buttermilk. Instead of the frilled caps that had nodded over Baby's naps, she wore a large black bonnet like a bombazine coal-scuttle, with an expansive bow tied just in the crease of her double chin, and carried in one hand a swelling basket whose lid was intricately fastened with a green ribbon, and in the other a bulging cotton umbrella, stout in the stick and faded in the stuff. She announced that having just finished up one engagement, and being on her way to another, she had dropped in to see how her former patients were getting along; and then, carefully depositing basket and umbrella upon a chair, she loosened the bonnet bow, flung the flowing strings over her broad shoulders, and took the Baby right into her pillowy arms, as if, while she was about, its place was only there. The Mother saw that she looked at the infant with critical eyes, and anxiously awaited her first remark. Gradually the long embroidered robe began to wave up and down as the two cushioned knees fell into their usual motion, and Baby's dinner kept time to the rolling, mellow voice.

"It's a growin' fust rate, mum; it's as fine a child as I've seed since I went a-nussin'; my babies mostly is good specimens; it ain't got no marks nor distort, and no rashes nor chafes. You've did better than most beginners with the fust; it's pooty well over the colic time, and ain't got a croupy neck, so I reckon it'll get on now all right."

The fair little Mother sparkled all over at the praise of Experience.

"Now mum," Nurse continued, glaring benignly at the white robe that heaved up and down upon her spacious lap, "you haven't told me the young un's name?"

"O Nurse," was the reply, "it's only 'Baby' yet; we have hardly thought of any other name!"

"Well, now, that's uncommon," rejoined the Nurse, in a meditative tone. "If it was the last of a beggar's dozen, I could understand that you might have run out of names; but mostly there's one cut and dried for the fust afore it's born, and it pops into the world and its name both at onct."

"Yes," answered the Mother, "it is generally so; but there are so many to name our Baby after that it is hard to decide; we cannot name it for one of the Grandmothers without hurting the feelings of the other; and if we were to call it after

any of the Aunties, all the rest would think they were each neglected; and I do not wish it christened after me because it would seem so selfish, and there are so many pretty names that we never know which to choose."

Nurse slowly laid again behind her broad back the bonnet ribbon that had dandled forward by degrees, and nodded assentingly to these confidential remarks.

"It's curious about names," she said. "I've been a-noticin' all my life that people grow like their names; Johns and Jameses ain't near so like to go to the bad as your Howards and Augustuses; for, you see, fine names sort o' give young uns hifalutin' notions. Many a one I've seen on-settled, tryin' to match his doin's to a big-soundin' name, that might have turned out a sober chap enough if them he belonged to had had sense to call him after some of the plain old Bible folk. Now there's me! You'd never guess what a name I've got; it was a sore point to me many a long year before I plucked up courage to put it down. My mother had been a-readin' some trash or other of a novel just afore I was born, and nothin' must do but I must be named after the young woman it was all about. So when daddy came into the room to see her and me, just as soon as she could gasp she ups and says: 'It's to be Sophronisber, Bill; I've settled it so in my own mind.' The old man like to have gone off. 'Don't you think Susan would suit us better?' says he. 'Susan!' says she, a-turnin' up her nose; 'I ain't a-goin' to have a child of mine called Susan!' 'And I don't think I can stand one of mine named Sofynisby! Lord, what a name!' says he. And so they banded the two names, until mother she was a-gettin' excited and the old man mad; and Mrs. Jane Spotts, who was a-nussin' of her, she just took him by the collar and pulled him out of the room. But the long and the short of it is, he wouldn't give in, and neither would she, and so they tacked the two together, and there I was, Sophronisber Susan Beggars! And such a time as I had with that name! When I got big enough, the older children they all made fun of it, and plagued me half to death about it; and mother, she never called me nothin' but full Sophronisber; and dad, he never called me nothin' but Sukey, and it was 'Phrony,' and 'Sophy,' and 'Nis,' and 'Sue,' till I had as many names as a cat has lives. And after I grew up it got worse, till I was 'shamed as could be of the horrid sound, and ready to cuss my sponsors in baptism; the young fellows they sniggered over it, and the gals they just pertended they couldn't say it, it was so long, and used to ask me to spell it for 'em, till I got so touchy over it it was a-pilin' my temper, 'cause I wasn't born a vixen at all. But howbever, when Cuddle came along, and him and me was to make a match, says he, 'I don't like your name of Sophronisber!' 'No more do I,' says I. 'Let's drop it, then,' says he. 'Agreed,' says I. So we got the parson to say, 'Susan, will you take this man?' and made him leave out the Sophronisber, and Mrs. Susan Cuddle I have been ever since. And so I never advise nobody to stick a name to a child that'll be a thorn in their side, when more like most of 'em will have to be about homely things than livin' like grand folks in a play. How would it sound for me to be goin' out a-nussin' and bein' called 'Mrs. Sophronisber Cuddle?' You ladies would

think I was too fine to know my bizness. No indeed! Plain Susan for me, I say!"

Mrs. Cuddle's garrulous recital might have run on interminably to such polite listeners; but while they were laughing over it, the door opened, and in walked quite a family procession, bearing cautiously in their midst a snowy box bound and tied up with bright and dainty ribbons. There were the Grandfathers leaning sturdily on their gold-headed canes; and the Grandmothers in their shining black silk with their good-natured faces just tipped to ruddiness by the outside air; and the Young Aunties, a whole troop of them, fresh and gushing and gay; and the Poor Relation, clad in quiet dress, with the spiritual beauty of an unselfish life written on her countenance. And, the blithe and jubilant greetings all over, the Grandmothers laid the box upon the bed, and with deft fingers undid the fastenings and removed the lid, and lo! before all the sparkling and admiring eyes, the wonderfully worked and delicate, long christening robe! And because all those who came with it had had some share in it, they had made up this party to bring it all together to the only Baby in the family on whom they all already doted. One Grandfather had given the material; and the other, who was something of an artist, in his leisure hours had drawn the design, with quite a pride in its leaves and flowers as they grew and entwined beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles; and one Grandmother had made it up, and the other had set in the lace-like wheels of some fine old-fashioned stitch that had been familiar in the far-off days of her girlhood; and the Young Aunties had each embroidered buds and sprays, roses and scrolls, with much comparing of work, and chatting over the "Angel" who was to wear it; while the Poor Relation had aided her Crippled Sister to finish it off with all those parts which had required unwearying patience and a steady hand. As it lay there before them, beautiful in feminine sight, a dumb, exquisite thing of cambric and thread, it seemed almost hallowed to the Mother's heart by reason of the richness of love that had made it, and spoke to her, like a voice, of the tenderness with which old and young had wrought out their thought for her little one; tears filled her soft eyes; she reverently lifted the little dress and kissed it. "O Baby!" she cried, with a sweet quiver in her tones, holding it up before the unconscious optics that were engaged in watching the bobbing up and down of its other sweeping garments which the Fat Nurse still monotonously kept going, "look what they have done for you! All of them, my darling, all of them!" And then she laid the snowy robe carefully back on the bed, and catching one head after another in her embracing arms, caressed and thanked them, half-laughing and half-crying. All talked at once, till an excited Grandfather rapped upon the floor with his gold-headed cane, producing a moment's lull, of which he availed himself to speak.

"Here," said he, "is the christening frock; but we have not heard yet what is the Baby's name?"

And the Young Mother was again obliged to make humiliating confession that Baby was still a nameless waif; whereupon arose once more a chorus of voices, exclaiming and suggesting, until the other Grandfather also called the meeting to order, and there was a general subsidence into a

semicircle of chairs to debate the important question. The Young Mother took her Baby in her own arms, and sat upon the low seat in their midst, and the Father stood half behind her, looking down upon the two who were dearer to him than all the rest of the world, and it was the old, old picture of the Holy Family—the picture that stirred the hearts of dead and famous painters, till the most beautiful thing that art and religion and human spirits knew was this familiar vision of the mother and child; for whether it be Mary and the infant Christ, or whether it be a modern mother and her baby, it is the highest, and purest, and loveliest picture that shines upon the dark backgrounds of life, and is seen in homes all over the earth—the rich man's palace and the poor man's hut.

"Now, then," remarked Grandfather No. One, "the matter under discussion is, 'What is to be the Baby's name?'"

"It appears to me," said Grandfather No. Two, "that this is not our business at all; it belongs to them," and he pointed with his cane to the Young Father and Mother.

"Well, now," chirruped Grandmother No. One, "it will be pleasant to talk it over, and if they have not made a choice, perhaps we can help them to something that will suit."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Grandmother No. Two, "it is a girl; and if a girl is pretty and nice, as our Baby is sure to be, it doesn't matter much what her name is!"

"Oh, don't it?" interposed the Fat Nurse, *sotto voce*, and the young couple smiled at the recollection of Mrs. Cuddle's early woes with her romantic cognomen.

"Call it after Sis," hypocritically observed one Young Auntie, indicating another Young Auntie with a slight flirt of her neatly-gloved hand.

"Oh, not for the world!" impressively replied the other young lady; "your name is so much sweeter than mine that I am sure it ought to be called after you!"

And another Young Auntie sentimentally murmured: "Name it Angelina, do; because it such a seraph, you know!"

And the Fat Nurse looked at her quenchingly, and said so lugubriously, "Better Susan than Sophronisba!" that they all laughed, though only Baby's Father and Mother understood the personal allusion.

And then, one after another, each proposed a different name, and the Young Mother had to exercise great tact and diplomacy to decline all without giving offense; and ever and anon she glanced over at the Poor Relation, who alone was silent, gazing with floating eyes at the Baby and its parents, as if she saw the picture Raphael painted, as if she comprehended the holiness of the child, the sanctity of the mother—she who would never have a baby of her own.

And they brought up all the family names, and those of Biblical heroines, from Eve to Phebe, whom Paul commended as a "succorer of many;" and there was much chiding of each other tastes, and quips and quirks and merry sayings over the associations aroused, and affected little shrieks of horror from the Aunties at the unpoetic title of some otherwise forgotten ancestress, and much consequent recalling of family history, and great rolling of the eyes and raising of the hands at the Judiths and Deborahs of the Scriptures. But the young

parents seemed hard to please, and objections were offered to everything proposed.

At last, one of the Grandmothers, who had had her ups and downs in life, and was therefore a rather worldly old lady in so far as she was anxious to save all those belonging to her from corresponding downs, and equally desirous to secure for them all possible ups, insisted upon a moment's silence of the mingling voices, as she had an important motion to make.

"My dear," she said to the Mother, evidently considering the Father's opinion on the subject quite a secondary and insignificant consideration, "in naming the Baby, would it not be well to regard something else than a mere pleasing of the fancy—your child's future advantage, for instance? Now, there's your Aunt Hannah"—here there was a simultaneous outcry from the Aunties, which caused the Grandmother to shake her politic old head at them, and address the conclusion of her remarks to those fastidious butterflies. "Oh, yes! you midges," she continued, "I know it is not a pretty name; but Aunt Hannah is enormously rich, and has no one in particular to bequeath her money to, and never tells any one what she is going to do with it. She is a lone creature, and who knows but it would give her a new interest to have our little one called after her; she might be enough pleased to make it her heir, and the very least she could do for the compliment would be to leave it a handsome sum for its name!" and the worldly old lady looked triumphantly around her as if she had unquestionably propounded a final satisfactory solution to the difficulty.

There was a momentary pause; even the most thoughtless and gushing of the Aunties saw the possible good thing for the Baby in the proposed arrangement, and had not the heart to venture a word against the chance of a prospective fortune for the general darling; while the other people waited in evident anxiety for the parents' reply, and Baby crowed away in happy unconsciousness of scheming sapience. But the Young Father's face flushed, and the Young Mother lifted her graceful head a little haughtily, as she emphatically answered: "No, mamma, I will not lay upon my child's clean life the stain of mercenary motive! Not for all Aunt Hannah owns would I have my Baby grow up to know I had been so mean as to use its precious name as a bait to catch money! How could I teach her higher things when she had learned I thought so much of gold? I could never look Aunt Hannah straight in the face again; I should be sure of her suspicion of design, and I should feel as if I had given over Baby and myself to a degrading bondage of expectation depending on another's death! I will trust her good fortune to God; we must not stoop for it!"

Grandfather No. One rapped approval with his gold-headed cane and ejaculated: "Spoken like my own brave lass!"

Grandfather No. Two said, with just a perceptible infection of disappointment: "When she comes to our age she will have found out that money is more useful than pride!"

The relieved Young Aunties clapped their applauding hands, and the husband leaned over and kissed the delicate cheek, a trifle paler from the unusual act of self-assertion against maternal guidance, while the defeated Grandmother rustled her

shining black silk, and grew rather redder in her ruddy face, as she somewhat testily exclaimed: "Well, then, what are you going to name the child for, and *who* are you going to call it after?"

A soft blush suffused the Young Mother's tender face, that had bent over her cooing Baby, and her voice took even a sweeter melody as she replied: "Since we have been talking it over, quite a new thought has come to me about Baby's name. Nurse says that people grow like their names, but I myself have observed that children, in time, resemble the person they are called for; I suppose they naturally feel a peculiar interest in and try to imitate those whose name they bear; and there is one we know whom I should like my little girl to model after, one who is good, and pure, and true; who has kept a white soul through dark days and hard times; who has been faithful in all things, thinking more of others than of herself; never faltering in the path of right, and more nobly fearless before a wrong than any man I ever saw; who is a ministering spirit to us all, and worthy of the best we can give her; who lives humbly among men, but never forgets the presence of her God!" And the Young Mother rose up with her Baby in her arms, and stood before the Poor Relation. "And so, dear Cousin Mary," she said, "because I would have my child grow like you, will you let me give her *your* name?"

And the Poor Relation was so surprised and overcome at being thus honored in the midst of them all, that she could scarcely speak; and the Father warmly seconded his wife's requests, and the rest crowded quickly around her, shook her hands, and made her feel they were glad of the choice; for somehow the Young Mother's little speech had suddenly set her before them in clearer light than they were used to see her, and the beauty of her unobtrusive life glorified her for a moment even more than the accepted fact that she was henceforth an important member of the family, since the first grandchild had been named after her. And the worldly old Grandmother forgot the ups and downs of the past and future, and magnanimously said to her: "My daughter is wiser in her generation than I; it is better to be good than wealthy;" while the Fat Nurse, having sat the whole visit through, in order to satisfy her curiosity as to what would be the end of it, tied her bonnet-strings in the crease of her double chin, picked up the portly basket and stout umbrella, ejaculating, "It's a heap more sensible then toadyin' rich folks in the cradle!" and trotted off with very much the same motion as that which shook up so many infantile breakfasts. And then the family meeting broke up, wending their way in groups, talking it over still as they went.

As the Poor Relation walked homeward, there was a shining in her eyes, a color in her cheeks and a lightness in her step, that had not been there for many a day; the sun was brighter to her, the skies bluer, the fields greener, than she had ever seen them since her vanished youth; she was full of yearning thoughts of the little one and its mother; she even said over her own name to herself with a little, happy laugh that was half a sob of delight, too; and she paused once to lift up her soul in an earnest, aspiring prayer that her Father in Heaven would help her to keep her name worthy to be worn by the pure spirit whose angel beheld His face. She felt as if she had a partnership in

this new being forever; it was a fresh and solemn link to life and eternity. A rush of love for it flooded her heart, and she, who had neither husband nor child, understood for a moment the blissful sense of motherhood. But when she reached the vine-wreathed porch where her Aged Father and Mother sat together in the declining, golden sun, she sank down on the steps at their feet, and could only cry like a very touched and tender woman, as she told in her sweet and simple way about this Naming of the Baby.

III.

ONE OF THE AUNTIES.

EVERYBODY said that there never was such a Baby, and being the first one for many years in two very large families, there were plenty of voices to ring perpetual changes of admiration on its growing beauties and graces; especially were the Young Aunties—that gay and gushing troop of happy girls, enthusiastic over the little treasure of human life that made such funny passes at their bright ribbons with its tiny dots of hands, or crowded with delight in answer to their unwearied efforts at entertainment. Never did any other baby born into this world possess such lovely eyes, or such bewitching dimples, or such beautiful, golden rings of hair! The flesh of all infants is soft, but surely none other ever had such a pure and velvety skin! And oh, the little, pink-soled feet! was there ever anything on earth so cunning and so tender as those plump, helpless activities tipped with such minute and perfect bits of toes? Then the intelligence of this precious pet! How they chronicled among themselves its dawning smiles, and its pin-provoked perceptions of pain—symbol of many another torture that life endures from unperceived moral pin-pricks. How they saw intellect written on its expanding brow, and detected offered kisses in the dewy mouth pouting with undissipated dream of milky draught! And the likenesses they perceived, even in the scarcely defined nose and decidedly double chin! And the predictions they made of romantic destinies in the future, and the delight, and wonder, and half-motherliness they all had over this live doll, that somehow stirred up the woman-hearts of these untried natures into vague longings and instinctive sympathies! Every morning, when the Young Mother went through her greatest enjoyment of giving her Baby its daily bath with her own hands, there was sure also to be a fair and smiling Auntie beside the little tub to sing or chirrup down the faint, gasping cry at the first plunge in the clear water, to plash with rosy fingers the warm, lucid drops over the fat and dimpled shoulders, or to watch with dancing eyes the round, white limbs kicking up the shining waves against the soft, bare body, and the Baby would crow up to the Young Mother and the Young Auntie, and they would chorus the crow, and laugh back together in so sweet and innocent happiness, and talk broken English to their darling both at once, till it was better than any play to see, and a sort of unwritten poem of the pure joy of humanity.

And never was a Baby that had apparently as many needs as this one; never were a deft set of Aunties so busy in providing superfluities of

worsted and embroidery; patterns became their chief interest, and new designs their perpetual quest; knitting-needles clicked constantly, and coquettish crochet-baskets hung gracefully from the silken belts; and the result was that Baby had socks enough for a centipede, small blankets sufficient to clothe a moderate-sized tribe of Afghans, more bits than would protect the undeveloped necks of an orphan asylum, and sacks, and caps, and wraps of all shapes and materials enough to have fitted out half a dozen destitute missionary boxes; and in fact the perplexed Young Mother did surreptitiously bestow upon less favored infancy many a donation from the overflowing wardrobe of this fortunate mite. But the generous Young Aunties did not miss anything; they had time and zephyrs in plenty, love and leisure in full; so they went on industriously increasing the store, and glowing over their own good works.

Once, on a sunny morning, one of the brightest, and gayest, and cheeriest of the Young Aunties set out for the Baby's home with another new gift for the precious little one—a light, white, dainty thing, fleecy as a cloud and warm as the eider-duck's down. She did not step out quite as briskly or into as springy a walk as the Young Aunties generally were wont to do, for there was an air of expectancy in the lingering pace, and a sort of watchful, yet timid hope in the lustrous, hazel eyes, which betokened that some one could gladden the sight thereof. But suddenly the walk quickened a little, and the white lids dropped their curled lashes upon the flushing cheek, as a tall figure hove in view with an unmistakable sea-roll in the gait, and then there was a greeting, half-cordial and half-shy, and the handsome Young Sailor turned about and walked on with the Young Auntie. Suddenly for those two—chatting lightly of this thing and that, of the weather at home and on the ocean waves, of the last party and the latest news, even of the Baby in their blithe and blissful mood—for those two all the common way before them was changed to a golden street; the soft air intoxicated them with gladness, and the sunshine seemed to fold round them warm and bright, as if to shut out all the rest of the world, and life was beautiful on the happy earth as in those ancient days of innocence and Eden, for they were young, they were together, and their hearts were trembling with the joy of a yet unspoken dream. For this gallant officer, who had more than once faced death undaunted by danger, and undismayed by stormy winds of tempest or of battle, had never found courage to speak three little words to the fair girl whom he loved better than his life. And she, oh! be sure, she was gay and gleeful with him, and believed she gave no sign of the sweet secret that tinted her soft cheeks whenever he drew near, and filled the sparkling eyes with such new and tender light. At last they reached the Baby's home, and he was loth to leave her, and she longed for him to linger; so upon half a hint she breathed an invitation, that seemed like a blessing, for him to come into the house and wait till she had given the Baby her gift, and then—oh, then they both knew there would be another walk back upon the golden street!

But as the young man sat waiting in the quiet parlor while the Young Auntie ran up-stairs to caress the Baby and present the last marvelous

effort in zephyrs, he saw her still before him; it seemed to him that he should always see her as he had looked upon her that morning in her youth, and grace, and peerless beauty; that she could never change or grow old to him, but would forever and ever live in his heart as fresh, as pure, as enchanting as to-day—his first true love, the one woman in all the world for him. And after a mental spasm of great humility as to his own unworthiness, and an inward reproof of his own presumption in aspiring to the love of a being so angelic, there came into his mind a nervous impatience of any longer delay in learning his fate, and he determined that, come what would, he would ask her to be his before they parted again that day; but how to do it, oh! how to do it? That was the question he was revolving in uneasy perplexity, when, pit-a-pat, he caught the tapping sound of her tiny, high-heeled boots, and his heart leaped as she stood before him again. Was it a mere artifice of feminine coquetry, or was it some deeper, womanly instinct, that had made her throw off her hat and bring down the Baby in her girlish arms to show the embarrassed Young Sailor the Family Pride, of whose infantile perfections he had heard so much from the adoring Aunties? And the Baby cooed, and the Young Auntie chirruped, bending her bright face over the downy little head that nestled against her bosom; and a new vision flashed into the lover's dream—the sweet vision of wife and child upon hearthstone of his own—the first vague, longing sense of fatherhood inherent in man's nature awoke at the recognition of the intuitive motherliness in the woman's; it added a strong and tender yearning to the passionate love; it calmed the unquiet of his doubts, and steadied his trembling purpose, as with almost conscious ownership he leaned over the Baby and its bonny nurse.

"Just listen to its darling baby-talk!" cried she, delighted with Baby's amiability in showing off.

"Oh, you precious petty, coo—coo—coo!"

"Coo—coo—coo!" gurgled back the echoing tones from the little dot of a rosy mouth.

"Do you understand that sort of language?" quietly the bold Young Sailor asked.

"Of course," was the indignant reply; "everybody that has anything to do with a baby knows just what it means; there, it is coo-cooing now to tell you it understands all you say!"

"Then, Baby," he gravely said, and somehow he caught the tiny ball of a fist and the young girl's little white hand both at once in his big brown one, "tell your dear Auntie how truly I love her, and how much I hope to call her mine!"

It was all done, and the Young Auntie never knew what she answered, or how it came to pass; but she and Baby were gathered up together in the strong arms, and half-laughing, half-crying, she soothed the Baby's astonished cry between the first kisses of first love. When the Young Mother heard the faint echo of that sudden, sharp wail, she sped unsuspectingly down-stairs to see what was happening to her child; and, as she floated into the room, she read the old, old story that was being told over again with her Baby in the midst thereof—her Baby, that was now gazing up with wise, wide eyes into the Young Auntie's blushing countenance, and was so encircled by two pairs of arms that she scarcely knew which to take it from; but after a loving embrace and a hearty hand-

shake, she carried Baby off at last, recalling her own cherished love-tale, and left the happy young lovers to themselves.

Soon after this there was a gay wedding, with a long train of the other Young Aunties for bridesmaids, and a grand show of uniforms, and a bright glancing of naval buttons that made Baby's eyes dance with delight, for Baby was particularly and pressingly invited to the marriage; and when the gray-haired minister solemnly asked: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" cooed out so loud and so long that a general smile burst out among the audience, and even made rainbows in the Grandmother's glistening tears.

Then, in a little while, there was one of those sad partings that wring the life from out young hearts, and a gallant ship had gone to sea, while a fair bride was left at home to count the days of absence.

Then came watchings for interminable letters, anxious suspense over a single, missing mail, shudders at news of storms and disasters on the ocean, and a gradual sedateness, growing from an absorbing interest, settling the gushing gayety of girlhood. Then there was an unusual silence; more than one appointed time passed away and brought no letter; a frightened, far-off look clouded the old brightness of sparkling eyes, and even the postman hurried with averted head more swiftly by the wistful face watching him from the window, knowing well that among the many messages he carried of love, and life, and death, there was none for her. And then at last there was published the awful news that thrilled the land—the ship he sailed in had gone down at sea, and every soul on board had perished.

The worst anguish of life had fallen on her—such anguish as comes but once to a woman, and pales forever the storied tortures of the Burning Lake; that takes all values out of the things of this world, in which eternity becomes comprehensible through the infinitude of suffering, and the terrible solitude of the spirit which for the time is reached and touched by nought in the universe, neither God or man. She sat in the midst of mourning friends, but shed no tear; all the great salt waves of the unfathomed ocean were sweeping over him; tears of hers could not even fall upon his grave; words of tenderness, of consolation, of hope beyond the tomb, were spoken to her; she heard only the moaning sound of the never silent sea; day and night, in her thoughts and in her dreams, she saw a ship go down into the deep, and beheld the cruel and hungry waters sweeping over the swaying form of her dead. She sat in darkness, for the light of day was a mockery; she rose up and lay down as she was directed, but she neither spoke nor noticed any living being save the gentle Poor Relation, whose mission on earth seemed to be that of ministering to those sick and in affliction; she appeared to have a dim perception, born of that insight into another's grief that personal endurance sometimes gives, that here, too, was a lonely soul that had suffered loss and known sorrow's worst extreme, and in a mute, pathetic fashion she clung to her a little, following her movements with her listless glance, and laying her weary head upon the patient breast. One day, the old family doctor, who had held her in his arms when she had uttered life's first gasping cry, came from her room with a troubled face,

saying softly, in tremulous tones, "She must weep, or she will die." And they gathered about her—all those she most loved—the Mother and the Father and all the saddened Young Aunties, and talked tenderly before her of her lost husband; praised his beauty and his ways, his courage and his worth, and raised up their voices and wept for him in her presence. She rocked herself back and forth, and moaned as they spoke, but she listened with dry eyes still, and a touching terror pervaded the hushed household.

But one day, when the Poor Relation necessarily returned to her own home, she entered the chamber where her Crippled Sister, with tireless fingers, wove embroidered flowers into fine, flowing muslin, and lo! she was softly keeping time to the leaf-forming stitches with the plaintive rhythm of Tenyson's sweet song, "Home they brought her warrior dead." Oh, what a thought flashed into the Poor Relation's mind! Out of the house she flew like a bird, and with swift feet fled along the way that had been to the lovers a golden street, and, breathless, entered the nursery where Baby slept the rosy sleep of innocence.

A few explanatory words to the sympathetic Young Mother, pale also with sisterly anxiety, and Baby was lifted out of its warm nest, fortified with requisite refreshment, and wrapped in the very white and fluffy thing that the Young Auntie had brought it on the eventful morning of her love; and then back with burdened arms and swelling heart sped the Poor Relation to the sorrow-stricken dwelling. She crossed the shadowed room unnoticed, and softly laid the little one on the widowed breast. For the first time the pallid lips quivered, and Baby—the blessed Baby—looked up into the drawn and colorless face, and cooed and cooed as if it had brought a message. Then, at the sweet, familiar sound, the tears burst out, and flowed and flowed, and great sobs shook her fragile frame, and the Poor Relation cried also, and the tears of the two women mingled and fell fast like fountains upon the Baby, till Baby began to feel very damp, and so joined in and took a good cry, too.

Every day after that the Poor Relation came on her errand of mercy, bearing the Baby, whose unconscious ministry was softening this stony grief; for widowhood may pass away, widowhood may be overlived, but the sense of motherhood that has been, or might have been, lies very deep in the heart of a woman. But one day, as she entered the house, Baby was suddenly snatched away from her, all the Young Aunties seemed to clutch her at once, and half-carried her into the presence of a sun-burned Sailor, who caught her in his strong embrace as if she had been his own sister. And then was told the wonderful story of the wreck, and the rescue by a homeward-bound but slow-sailing vessel, and a chorus of carefully-toned voices repeated: "and now, Cousin Mary, you must tell her—you must tell her right away!"

Once more in the lonely and darkened chamber, the Poor Relation put her arms around the pale girl-wife, who wondered now why she had come without the Baby.

"My darling, I have brought you something even sweeter than the Baby," was the gentle answer; "a very gospel, dear heart; good tidings of great joy."

"Joy to me, Cousin Mary? Oh, never again!

The awful sound of the sea shuts out all good tidings from me forever."

"But, dear child," and the Poor Relation held her very close to her own beating heart, "you know we are told of a time when the sea shall give up its dead. Sometimes, oh, sometimes, it is not only at the last day! Ships go down, but other ships are on the waters, and oh, darling, darling, sailors are sometimes saved!"

Joy rarely kills. She rose quickly up, she pushed away the encircling embrace, a faint flush flashed into her wan face and a light into her eyes; she stretched her arms toward the door, she cried out, wild with a new hope: "O Cousin Mary, he has come home—he has come home!"

The door flew open. There was a rush and a rapture of meeting like the bliss of Heaven. The sea had given up its dead. And as the Poor Relation slipped out, the Mother kissed her in the entry, the Father shook both her hands upon the stairs, and all the Young Aunties hugged her and Baby alternately, for was it not her happy thought that had chased death and saved the sister for her husband? And it was once more Baby who had given this woman to this man.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER-WIT.

A PRETTY long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment. One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the emperor's cocked-hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly: "Thank you, captain."

"In what regiment, sire?" instantly asked the ready-witted soldier.

Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered, with a smile: "In my guard, for I see you know how to be prompt."

The newly-made officer received his commission next morning.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suvoroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion.

"How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suvoroff.

"All that are not caught yet," was the answer.

"How far is it to the moon?"

"Two of your excellency's forced marches."

"What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?"

"I'd tell them that there was a wagon-load of whisky just behind the enemy's line."

Baffled at all points, the marshal ended with, "What's the difference between your colonel and myself?"

"My colonel cannot make me a lieutenant, but your excellency has only to say the word."

"I say it now, then," answered Suvoroff; "and a right good officer you'll be."

KEEP trouble at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

Mothers' Department.

SHOW YOUR LOVE. TELL IT.

YOU love your children? I know you do. But the children do not know it. Tell them you love them. The fact that you provide for them food, clothing, pretty toys; the fact that you care for them continually; why, these facts *might* teach them that you love them, if they comprehended the facts. But they have never felt the keen want of comfortable clothing, the sharp gnawing of hunger unappeased or half-appeased, they have no knowledge of the value of money or of labor, they cannot realize how great is the kindness which keeps their necessities supplied. Do you desire that they should suffer in order that they may acquire this knowledge? Surely not. There is a better way, which time and nature will duly provide.

But, for the present, all these things seem to them matters of course; they have never given them a thought. Years hence they will interpret them correctly, but now—*now* they need your tender kiss, your loving word, your kindly caress, your *declaration* of love, to show them that you love them. If they do not receive these, and do experience, though only occasionally, the bare toleration of indifference, or the actual repulse, when, glowing with interest, they come to you for sympathy; if they are refused again and again, and yet again, the much-desired favors they ask, and cannot understand the reason of the refusal; if they are often reprimanded—sometimes punished—when they “didn’t think of doing any harm;” if they are blamed for short comings, and their errors carefully pointed out when they have taken especial pains to do a task well, what *must* they think, that you love them or that you hate them?

Try the Golden Rule. What would you think in like circumstances? Unfrequent favors, surlily or petulantly granted; incessant fault-finding, (think how often a child errs), the oft-recurring admonition to “run out of the way,” to find amusement, occupation, society, somewhere else; how far would these conditions go to assure *you* of the love of a superior upon whom you were dependent? What asseverations of this could convince you that you were very dear to him, that your welfare and happiness were the prime objects of his existence?

Do not expect you children to be wiser than you could be. The natural language of affection they will understand, intuitively. And this exceptional child—the one that is so often wrong, that is so impatient of restraint, that so resents the punishment which yet *must* be administered; this child that is so ready to think himself the unbeloved one of the family; this child needs special love and special exhibitions of tenderness; he should have devoted to him, alone, little seasons of friendly communion, seasons of giving and receiving confidences, seasons when he is taken near to your heart and made to see and to feel that he has a sure possession there. Then he may be taught to *believe* that your chastisements, no less than your gifts, are bestowed in love. Then you may reason with him, always lovingly, and he will accept your reason-

ing; you may exhort him, and he will hear your exhortation; you may warn him, and he will heed your warning. One such exercise will not make him a model of childish virtue, it is true; but each one will *help* to bring him into unison with you, and that is your aim. And nothing is more lovely than the free and spontaneous expression of affection between parents and children. Yet I have seen people so warped by false ideas of propriety that they look upon all tenderness, whether of manner or of speech, in this relation, and, indeed, in all others, as eminently silly and improper. Once, when my little boy came to me with a kiss, saying, simply: “I love you,” a friend who happened to be present, said: “Aha, he has an ax to grind, I suspect.”

Of course I promptly disclaimed that sort of thing, and explained to her that such manifestations were quite common and sincere between us. I suppose she had never had a similar experience, and yet she had been really a faithful, affectionate and self-denying mother.

One of the most beautiful little incidents that ever came under my observation, occurred in the house of a friend. A relative had written for the young daughter of the family to come and spend a few weeks with her, as there was illness in her family, and she needed some assistance.

“We will see what father says,” said the mother, after reading the letter.

So when the father came in at evening the letter was brought for his perusal, the elder daughter kneeling beside him, intensely interested, and leaning on his knee to hold the light for him, while the younger children clustered near.

“Would thee like to go, Sarah?” he asked, smiling, when the letter was finished.

“Oh, yes, father,” and the eager, childish face, full of hope, was raised to his.

“I think thee had better go. Thee can be of use there, and it will be a pleasant trip for thee.”

“But,” he continued, after a little pause, “what will father do for lamb-girl and egg-girl when thee’s gone?”

The expectant face grew doubtful.

“We’ll manage to get along; the little ones can do those chores, but we shall miss thee, Sarah.”

The kindly look with which he had been regarding her deepened into exquisite tenderness, beautifying all the rugged features, while the glad eyes of the young girl drooped modestly to the floor at the implied praise of her father’s glances and words; the color in her cheeks deepened, and a grateful smile curved her pretty lips.

The words spoken were not many nor fine, but the look and the manner of both made one of those pictures which live long in the memory of the beholder.

The love that is not told, is, to the recipient, as if it had never been, and its material benefits had come from some other source. The very expression of love intensifies its action; the response elicited increases its power and influence; nothing else makes your child so completely your own as the conviction that he is very precious to you. And you cannot afford to loosen your hold upon him;

you cannot afford to lose any opportunity to influence him for good. "Precious girl," "darling little son," should be often on your lips; why, they live in your heart, and "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. You may remain undemonstrative, but others will not;

and by and by their young hearts, hungering and thirsting for the words, the looks, the caresses you should give but do not, will turn from you to cling to the stranger who does give them. What more natural?

H. M. BROOKS.

The Home Circle.

EARNEST TALKS.

"Child of the grand old Autumn!

October floated by,
A regal grace on her sun-kissed face
And light in her beaming eye;
Over her polished shoulders
To the dull and fading grass,
The golden brown of her hair flows down,
As her springing footsteps pass.

"She will breathe on the dim, old forest,

And stainings of crimson light,
Like the blushes that speak
On her own bright cheek,
Will fall on the leaves to-night:
And the mellow light of the dawning,
When the first sunbeams play;
And the flushes that rest
On the sunset's breast,
She will leave on the trees to-day."

WE watched it all from window and door-step in the pauses in our work, and sometimes, just as the day is melting into night, while yet the tints of the sunset linger, we go out to the hill-top for wider views, and our whole being thrills with the thoughts and feelings the scene inspires. We feel that truly we are within the temple of the Lord, at the very portal of the inmost shrine, and wondrous truths are revealed to us.

Wondrous, but, oh, how sweet are the ministrations of the beautiful around us! The prosy old earth fades away, and Heaven, in all its marvelous glory and brightness is before us. Or, if this be earth, how can Heaven be fairer? Well may this be called the crown-month of the year. The purple and gold, the jewels and ermine of kings are but poor compared with the blending and commingling of colors, the depth and beauty of lights and shadows this month brings. The days grow in beauty and tenderness as they decrease in length, and with banners proudly unfurled, the hosts are marshaled for the last grand banquet ere November's winds and storms rob them of all brightness, and tuck them under the snow-mantle to await the spring-time resurrection. We wish it might tarry longer, we are reluctant to let go anything so fair, yet are powerless to stay time's relentless hand. Even while we stand in wrapt wonder, the soft haze of Indian-summer half-hides our view, and when we look again how changed the scene! The bright leaves faded and withered now, rustle beneath our feet; the trees, but lately so beautiful, stretch bare, brown branches to Heaven, as if praying for something to cover and hide them.

Why are we given this brief, bright period? Is it to teach us of the beauty of old age? To show us that, however rich and good the spring time may be, it is but the beginning, but the promise

of which this is the fruition? Materialists tell us it is nothing but the ripening of the leaves, the natural, inevitable process plant, tree and shrub must undergo with the changing seasons; but we to whom the book of nature is the book of God, who hear His voice in the winds, in rippling brooks and in bird-songs, and trace the guiding of His hand in all changes or revolutions, we know it is more than this, and wait, with hushed hearts and bowed heads, the messages sure to come to all who have ears to hear and understand them.

This may be the banquet of death to which the wealth of the year is called, but death is only another name for newer, higher life. For this sun and rain have wrought unweariedly, and gladly the vast treasure is yielded to the embrace of death; for, out of death, comes higher life; out of decay, comes freshness and beauty. But the long, cold winter must intervene, and, despite all the assurance we have of its being but for a little time, despite all we know, we yield half-sadly to its reign and see the familiar objects, the favorite trees and plants covered for their long sleep. Will they dream of past beauty or of what the future is yet to bring? We call ourselves wise and learned, yet how little we know of all that is constantly going on around us! Nature sleeps, we say, but it is only that her work is more silently done, and is too deep for us to trace the effects of it all as we can in the summer days.

Ah, those summer days! How much of joy they held for us amid the heat and wearing work they brought. What pictures stand out from them as we look back through "memory's sunset air," recalling all that was most dear to us. Singular, is it not? how some objects—it may be a sunny hill-side, a gleam from the clear meadow-brook or a clump of trees—will fix the attention (and weave itself into our thought from day to day), becoming so much a part of the summer that it stands in the foreground of the picture, and will not be put aside. It must be for this reason that, looking back now from October's golden heights, a little group of elms and poplars comes before me with great vividness and begs for recognition here. It stands upon the brow of the hill just beyond us, clearly outlined against the eastern sky. Other pines, more gifted than mine, have told of the graceful beauty of the English elm, but because I love it so, I lay this little tribute at its shrine. It always gives me such a sense of motherliness, and is just the kind of tree to stand over a cozy little home. The poplars, tall and straight, with upright, close-growing branches, are staid, old bachelors, full of selfishness and egotism, seeming to think, because they are high up, they must be great, while the elms are large-hearted mothers, brooding over and protecting all

within their reach. They afford a great contrast, and how they have talked to me in days now past! There are so many lives like the poplar, which are high up, as the world judgeth, and narrow because all their energies are spent in growing in one direction only; while others, like the elm, spread out more and, if they be not so soon or so often seen from afar, do a greater work, a more lasting good. One is the hermit trying to get to Heaven through the "mortification of the flesh," through much praying and renunciation of all that would make this life one of pleasure and beauty; the other is the wise Christian who, while just as eager to gain Heaven at last, gives himself to the upbuilding and beautifying of this life, assured if life here be all right, life hereafter must be. For,

"The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below."

Let no one think I do not believe in a special culture for or a zealous devotion to a worthy cause. None can be too well fitted for a given work or bring to it too great earnestness, but does not a true, special culture involve first a general culture? Must not the foundation be broad and deep ere a noble structure be built upon it? Is one who partakes of the good "that round him lies," and keeps the soul-windows ever open to the bright and beautiful everywhere, less capable of entering into and appreciating the joys of Heaven, or does he do less lasting good here than one who makes the way so narrow not even a flower can take root and blossom along the path?

Christ it was who, praying for His beloved disciples, asked "not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil"—not from any good, but "from the evil." Has He not given us each a reasoning mind and an enlightened conscience that we may rightly choose between the good and the evil? He would never have made this world so beautiful, and have so adapted all things to our needs if He had not meant we should enjoy and use, not abuse it as we journey along. If He did not feel it a waste of time to make the humble, way-side flowers, why should we deny ourselves the pleasure they can give? Heaven may be all in all to us when we are heavenly beings, inmates of Heaven, but while our work is here, I think He meant earth and earth-life to be good and beautiful to us, and we need not fear to avail ourselves of the blessings so lavishly given. Of course we ought not to be so engrossed in life here as to forget the life hereafter—that would be like being so taken up with childhood's delights as to forget to grow to manhood's higher, nobler joys—but neither must the heavenly crowd out the earthly.

A wise enjoyment of this world can in no way unfit us for the next, and the soul is impoverished by just so much as we needlessly deprive ourselves of here. Whatever tends to make us better or happier here; whatever gives us broader, sounder views, or leads to greater love and sympathy for our kind; whatever makes us true and tender, brave and just in every-day life; whatever gives us sunnier, cheerier thoughts, or tends to keep the heart from growing old, or the face such as "a child would climb to kiss," enters into the riches which "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt" and

which "fadeth not away." Why are we placed here, why have this life at all if we are to gain nothing from it? To-day a little baby lay asleep upon my arm. As I looked down into its little face, so full of innocence and baby grace, I wondered what could be fairer or more lovable. But when the baby is a man, when he has met trial and temptation, and comes from it all strong and untarnished; when, bearing the imprint of a noble nature, he goes out to the battle of life with armor firmly girded, ready to do and dare anything for the right, will not his beauty be of a higher type? Though he be not as *innocent* as now (for innocence knows nothing of any wrong or evil), he will be *virtuous* and richer by all his knowledge of good and evil, for knowing the evil, he will know how to resist it. We love the baby, but not as we love the man. We rejoice in innocence, but not with the abounding joy and trust we feel in virtue. Innocence has yet to be tested, virtue has stood the test and been crowned triumphant.

It is a great lesson to which we are set: so to learn the use of our faculties and of all things that neither one's-self nor another is hurt by the using. Though we learn it only through much pain, much stumbling, it is worth the learning, and none may call himself truly wise who knows not how to choose from the good and evil around him. Side by side with the most beautiful flowers, grows the poisonous weed. In the same field where sparkles and dances the crystal streamlet lie loathsome pools and morasses. The same climate which gives us the beautiful elm gives, too, the disagreeable sallow; yet the flower, the streamlet, the elm are no less beautiful and good, and we have no need to deprive ourselves of their enjoyment because of the evil near them. One thing let us remember, we are none of us left to choose simply for ourselves. Each life is so interwoven with other lives that they are more or less affected by the choice we make, and he who loves his neighbor as himself will do nothing which will work them harm. There is one safe rule, "In all things whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Follow this and all will be well here and hereafter.

EARNEST.

LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

DEAR GIRLS: I hope you will become beautiful in appearance and charming in manner, and that you will use both where both are most needed, in the privacy of your own homes. Some of you may feel, as girls sometimes do, that you are quite superior to your surroundings, to your parents, or to your brothers and sisters; that there has been some mistake made in your being with them at all; that they do not appreciate you, and that you are wasting your "sweetness on the desert air" by spending it on those at home. But you yourselves are the ones who make the mistake. Your parents are the ones to whom you belong, and the homes in which you are placed are the homes for you, or you would not have been put there. Our Heavenly Father makes no mistakes.

Do not save your smiles, your brightness, your cheerfulness, for friends or for visiting alone; use them daily, hourly, in your own homes. You will

find you will have a plenty of them, and of a truer and more spontaneous kind, for society afterward. You find it no trouble to be polite, attentive and tolerant of the opinions and peculiarities of others when those others are outside of your own family.

Make it your business, then, to be polite and tolerant to the ideas and peculiarities of those with whom you are most intimately associated. You can be interested in listening to matters that interest your most ordinary acquaintance, because politeness demands that you should be so. Surely, then, you ought to manifest an interest in the aims and thoughts of those at home. Often an affectionate word of sympathy from a daughter or sister will have the power of lifting half the weight from an anxious heart, or encourage budding thoughts and aspirations that a cold or indifferent manner may effectually blight.

Is it not far more essential that the wheels of constant intercourse should run smoothly than that you should waste all your oil on a few occasional hours, so that you go jolting and creaking along the greater part of the time, with inward injury to yourselves and to those who journey with you? It does not, of course, all depend on one of you, but each member must do a part; if there is a single failure, it throws the whole machine out of its perfect action, and increases the hardship, to say nothing of the pain, of the remaining members.

Never fail in the duty and respect you owe to your parents. You never can realize, until you have little ones of your own to care for, how faithfully and lovingly they have watched over and guarded you, the unceasing care and anxiety, the planning, and hoping, and fearing for you; that exquisite pleasure when you do right and well, the unutterable pain and sorrow when you do not. It is impossible that you should comprehend it all now, but you can and should be affectionately thoughtful of their feelings and their wishes.

Do not trust all to the merely natural affection you feel for them. The affection you feel for yourself will be very likely to outweigh that at times, and, very probably, at just the times when your greatest consideration is most needed. Guide your natural affection by reason, justice and duty, and be sure that in their interests and happiness lie your own.

There is no love on earth that so partakes of the unselfishness, the unfaillingness and devotedness of the Divine love as a true mother's love for her children. Treasure it while she is with you as your greatest earthly blessing, and it will indeed prove to be your comforter now and your strengthener hereafter. Do not let her hands fall to her side in utter weariness while you are idle; do not let her eyes grow heavy and dim with over-exertion, or from the unshared sadness or weight of life's cares and trials; do not let her hands grow hard and worn while yours are soft and white, but incapable; do not be ashamed to help her; be ashamed, rather, *not* to help her. She, doubtless, will be willing to spare you, but do not be willing to be spared; do not allow her strength and life to be consumed that you may live in ease, in pleasure, and—fruitlessly.

I do not wish to take one joy or pleasure from your lives, nor in the least to dim the brightness and joy of youth; rather it is my wish to encourage all sinless pleasures and innocent enjoyments as belonging especially to this season of your

lives. You will find, however, that the consciousness of doing right will not lessen, but infinitely increase, not only your enjoyment, but your capacity for enjoying pure and healthful pleasures.

A child who will be ungrateful to its parents (or to those who stand to it in the relation of parents), will be wanting in the most essential elements to form a noble character; and one who will be untrue in one relation in life will be false also in others.

To you who have neither loving parents nor a loving home, I would say, do the best you can with what you have; try to see and enjoy the bright spots, and to render the dark ones less dark by your faith and helpfulness. Rest assured that your circumstances will admit of your best development if you can learn their lessons aright, and that if you perform faithfully and well the duties that you have now, by and by, if it be best for you, there will come an opening and a change.

"Be ye *all* kindly affectioned one to another;" let your own homes be your chief field of labor, and your parents, brothers and sisters the people whom you most strive to please and render happy. Thence shall the light of your beneficence radiate unto other homes and other hearts, and you will bring not only a blessing to yourselves and to others, but most of all a blessing to those with whom your lot is cast, with whom the Father has placed you as being now those to whom you are mutually nearest and dearest. AUNTIE.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 51.

"Life is so very dreary here on these summer eves,
I grow so weary, weary, carrying home the sheaves."

I READ these lines in a HOME MAGAZINE long ago—long enough to have forgotten them, if they had not oft waked a responsive feeling in my own heart. The rest of the poem passed out of mind, but this one sentence comes back so often, in times of weariness, during the long summer, when mind and body are both tired—tired with the turmoil and strife of living.

How much we have to go through with just to live. So many things end in disappointment; so many things which we have striven for hopefully elude our grasp; so many of the small trials of life hurt and perplex, and sometimes make us heart-sick; so many failures meet us as we try to press onward. Sometimes it is our own failings, sometimes those of others, that make us miserable. There are times with some when just the mere physical condition of the body will make one feel so gloomy or depressed, that little things magnify themselves and seem great crosses. We have such restless souls—such unquiet, changeful minds. Our lives are like the April skies—one hour clear and serene, the next shadowed by dark clouds, that perhaps dissolve in a rain of tears, or roll slowly away, and then sunshine and brightness come again. Or a whole day is gray and sombre, neither brightness nor storm marking its passage, but a dull, oppressive weight seems upon us, pervading everything with its gloom.

Are all lives thus? I suppose it must be, except with those passive people who go quietly along, and whom nothing seems to affect much; or those few supremely happy ones, who seem to have no

troubles. Very few and far between are these, and I suppose sometime during their lives troubles will come to them in their turn.

And how are we to meet these every-day trials, this wear on heart and mind, that is often such a drag on life and spirits, making one weary, or cross, or listless? Some will say, "You should cultivate a cheerful disposition." Well, suppose you have naturally a cheerful temperament; do you never feel any of these clouds hanging over you? Do you never feel as if life was a disappointment, and hardly worth the living? You will say, perhaps, that I ought never to have such feelings, when I counsel cheerfulness and courage so often. No, I *ought* not. If we were all just what we should be, no one would feel so, for we would have such firm hold of the Rock which is our refuge, that these things would not shake us so. But none of us are quite strong enough for that, I judge, all the time. And is it supposable that, because I know the value of it, I can be always cheerful? that I do not grow faint and weary as often as some others of my sisters on the toilsome road?

Yet I try to find the best way to overcome these feelings of depression soon as possible, and come out from the shadows that veil a sky always the same beyond. Sometimes, I believe, they must have their sway, and pass over as the clouds do; but often we can bring sober reason to our aid, and convince ourselves that it is not right, that we have not sufficient cause for giving up to gloom. Or we can compare our lot with that of many others, and perhaps find ours so much the best, that it brings back a spirit of contentment, or at least thankfulness. That is one of the best ways, I believe.

But surest of all sources of comfort and strength to some, is the thought of the loving entreaty, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And *such rest*, to those who *truly* come, "not as the world giveth." The great trouble is, that we seldom come entirely, completely, to so give ourselves to Him, that His will is ours.

I came across a little scrap awhile ago that has lain in my portfolio for a year or more. It is called "Heart Music," and the last verse seems so apropos of this thought, or at least contains such a good and beautiful thought of its own, that I insert the poem here:

"God tunes His nightingales in darkened cages,
While earthly sound no more the ear engages,
They catch the heavenly tone;
When sorrow's fingers firmly touch the lyre,
The soul's sweet music higher sounds and higher,
For every stifled moan.

"Oh! let me learn this wondrous music faster;
Take Thou my jarring, unstrung heart, great Master,
And tune it to Thy will.
Make my whole life one act of consecration,
So it may, in the glorious anthem of creation,
One note of sweetness fill."

Yes, that is what I would say—"tune it to Thy will," so that only sweet notes may resound from it when touched by any hand.

While I have been writing, dark clouds have risen in the west, spreading over a greater part of the sky. A fresh, cool wind sprung up, refresh-

ing to everything after the heat of the day, and soon growing strong and gusty, the big elm across the way bent and swayed its branches in the gale, and above it the happy swallows circled and twittered, until the twilight falling called them to their homes in the neighboring chimneys. The last one has just disappeared, and now the clouds have passed around us, the wind is falling without any rain, and twilight is gathering so that I cannot see to write more. But the little swallows, flying and twittering so cheerily, fearless of the dark clouds which hung so thickly above, have read me another lesson.

Last night all traces of the storm passed away at dark, and myriads of stars came out, shining with unusual brilliancy, it seemed. I sat a long while in the doorway of my little room, watching the same summer stars that I used to watch of evenings when a young girl, from the doorstep of the little brown cottage far away, but which were shut from my sight almost entirely for years by the windows of my old room opening in another direction. They seemed like old friends to me now. I watch them with a mingled feeling of pleasure and half-regretful sadness, for they bring such memories of bygone days, when so many of us sat together beneath them of summer evenings, and music, and song, and happy talk flowed freely. Or of when I sat *alone*, and took the bright, silent watchers for my companions.

There were two so close together, they were almost like a double star, and I used to call them *my stars*, and felt such interest in watching their return each summer. As I looked up at them all last night, a sweet, peaceful calm came to me. There is something solemn in the quiet contemplation of these countless hosts, whose light streams upon us from such far distances that one can scarcely comprehend it. Something so quieting, too. Gazing into the vast, still grandeur, all little trials and turnouts grow so small for the time being, when our life here seems only as a moment, compared with their existence; and they watch our passing out of it, as they have watched our troubled journey through it, and still roll on, as if naught of moment had occurred. So, after one of these silent communings, I always go to bed calmed and soothed, to rest in His keeping whose everlasting arms are ever around and underneath us.

LICHEN.

DON'T, GIRLS!

DON'T think it absolutely necessary to your happiness that *every* afternoon be spent in making calls, or on the street, or shopping. Home is not a mere hotel, wherein to eat and sleep—too dreary to be endured without company from abroad; home work is not mere drudgery, but useful ministration to those we love.

Don't mistake giggling for cheerfulness, slang phrases for wit, boisterous rudeness for frank gayety, impertinent speeches for bright repartees. On the other hand, don't be prim, formal, stiff; nor assume a "company face," eloquent of "prunes, potatoes, prisms;" nor sit bolt upright in a corner, hands, feet, eyes and lips carefully posed for effect. An effect will be produced, but not the one you wish. Nor yet sit scornfully reserved, criticising mentally the dress, manners, looks, etc., of those

around you. Make up your mind that your companions are, on the whole, a pretty nice set of people (if they are not, you had no business to come among them); that there is something to respect and like in each of them, something to learn of all of them. Determine to have a nice time anyhow; then do your part to make it so. Be genial, cordial, frank. If you can play and sing ordinarily well, do not refuse to take your share in entertaining your companions in that way. You are not expected to be a Nilsson or Kellogg. If you cannot play or sing, say so frankly, and do not feel humiliated. You probably excel in some other accomplishment. Even if you do not, you can possess that one grand accomplishment to which all others are but accessories, that of being "a lady"—a true woman, gentle and gracious, modest and lovable.

If God has favored you with the good gift of wit, of bright speech and clever repartee, use it freely, only keep back the sarcastic shaft that stings as well as shines. Let your wit brighten, but never burn.

If not so endowed, be content to listen and appreciate. Listeners are as needful as speakers. Your quick apprehension and pleased response will make you as welcome and valuable a member of society as the more lively girl.

Don't be vain! If God gives you the blessing of beauty, accept it as His *gift*, not *your* merit. You may take a sincere and innocent pleasure in it, and in properly adorning it, without vanity, if you but remember always that it is not the *best* thing nor the *main* thing, and strive rather for spiritual and mental beauty, which will abide when physical charms pass away.

Don't flirt. There is danger in playing with edged tools—to your *own* pretty fingers and careless hearts as well as to ruder masculine ones. Don't be forward, bold, careless. Men laugh, vote you "jolly, smart," etc.; but their real respect and admiration are for the modest girl, who needs no excuses made for her conduct. How often we see one after another of the quiet, gentle girls of a community led to the altar by worthy men—girls who never were considered "anything very *special*," simply *nice* girls" (recommendation enough)—while the saucy, reckless young belle, who was the observed of all observers wherever she went, and drew a circle of laughing men around her at every social gathering, gradually fades into a dissatisfied, neglected old maid. Some of the "nice girls" make old maids, too, but they make very *nice* ones.

Men like to chat away an idle hour with a frivolous, saucy girl; she amuses them; but when they seek wives, they want those who need no apologies, in whom their hearts may safely trust. A maiden may be ever so lively and cheerful—the more so the better—and yet be true to womanly delicacy and self-respect. Fireworks sparkle and amuse for a moment, but jewels shine on for all time, and need no outer aid to kindle their light.

Don't think because a man is married and a few years older than yourself, that you may therefore exercise all the freedom with him that you *might*, but probably do *not*, with your father or brother. Keep your caresses for those who have, or may yet have, a right to them. They will set a higher value on them. Politeness compels your victim to complaisance, perhaps *impels* him to reprisal;

but be assured very few gentlemen past their callow years are pleased to be made ridiculous, their smooth locks disheveled by ever such pretty hands, their laps occupied, their collars ruffled. They look absurd, and they know it, and are not grateful to the cause thereof, be she never so fair. And their wives are not charmed, either. Let them feel ever so sure of their husband's integrity, and yours also, no woman enjoys this sort of poaching on her manor. Would you? Let a rival girl try it on your escort and see.

Dear young girls, your lives are full of noble possibilities. There is but one thing earthly so truly admirable as a Christian lady, and that is a Christian "gentleman." If an "honest man be the *noblest* work of God," surely an "honest," true woman is His *loveliest*. Therefore, young maidens of America, give yourselves to Christ; let Him so mould you that you may be kings' daughters indeed, all glorious within, all fair without.

MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: When any one places within our reach anything beautiful and pure, we would be very ungrateful not to express our appreciation therefor. We cannot forbear expressing our thanks for the midsummer number of your magazine. The new cover delighted us. We had grown tired of the old dress with its mythical design; so looked upon the new with its wide ocean, sailing ships, and its rocks and miniature cascades with refreshing joy. I do not think one could ever grow tired of the sweet, suggestive beauty. Then, too, Pipesey's "June Day" just chimed in with our mood. How distinctly it recalled "the days long gone" when our home was near the noble Hudson; and the Palisades and Yonkers, the Highlands and the Daniel Drew were familiar objects. I could almost fancy I saw Pipesey on the deck of that steamer with her pencil and note-book, jotting down items, or looking with wondering delight on the white palisades, or the mighty Dunderberg with its jutting nose and gloomy brows.

And so all the way through the magazine was so crisp and fresh that we wondered if there was any July weather in Philadelphia to stagnate the physical or mental forces of the publishers. Again we say thanks for the beautiful, midsummer number.

S M. H.

A SENSIBLE writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: "I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a young woman remarkably neat in the person, she will certainly be an old maid. Is she perfectly reserved toward the other sex, she has all the squeamishness of an old maid. Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns, she is cut out for an old maid. If she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid. In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature."

THE secret of true blessedness is character, not condition; your happiness consists not in where you are, but in what you are.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE ANSWER.

"**A**LLAH, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked
with pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till
his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said, "Call
louder, Child of Pain,
See if Allah ever hears, or answers, 'Here am I,'
again."

Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and
pulses went,
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a dark-
ness sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child,
why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of
prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard
the 'Here am I,'
And I thought, 'God will not pity, will not turn
on me His eye.'"

Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise,
Elias; go
Speak to him the sorely tempted; lift him from
his gulf of woe;

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an an-
swering cry;
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is my
answering 'Here am I.'"

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel unde-
filed;
And in every "O my Father!" slumbers deep a
"Here, my child!" *Oriental Poetry.*

REST.

KNITTING, busily knitting,
The dear old grandmother sits,
While through the window in sunshine
The lazy butterfly flits.
It lights on the well-worn Bible,
And aways its beautiful wings,
While the good old grandmother ponders,
And sweetly, but feebly, sings.
The hollyhocks, tall and slender,
Stand close by the open door,
Like sentinels watchful and tender,
Their shadows thrown on the floor.
The blossoms tempt bees by their sweetness,
And blush in the light of the sun,
While birds, in their nests 'mid the tree-tops,
Cease caroling one by one.
And now she has finished the knitting,
And thinking of far away lands
She watches the butterfly flitting,
And folded are grandmother's hands.

She dreams she hears little feet coming,
And all her faint pulses are stirred,
For loud o'er the sound of bees humming,
The voices of children are heard.
They troop up the garden-path gayly,
And rush through the doorway in glee;
But soon, in demure satisfaction,
Are seated by grandmother's knee.
She tells them the old-time stories,
And presses them each to her breast,
Calls them "Grandmother's dear morning-glories,"
And no one knows which she loves best.
Her dreams change slowly to others
More sad, and yet they are bright,
For three little heads are all shining
Above her, like angels of light;
And six little fair hands are beckoning
And a bright golden gate opens wide,
Where her dear old companion stands waiting;
And gladly she walks by his side.

And thus, sweetly resting, they found her
That day at the setting of sun,
With a halo of glory around her,
For grandmother's work was done!

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

THE red rose says, "Be sweet,"
And the lily bids, "Be pure,"
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,
"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers, "Give,
Nor grudge nor count the cost,"
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming
In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower
Has each a several word,
Which, read together, maketh up
The message of the Lord.
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

TO-DAY is mine, I hold it fast,
Hold it and use it as I may,
Unmindful of the shadow cast
By that dim thing called Yesterday.

To-morrow hovers just before,
A bright-winged shape, and lures me on,
Till in my zeal to grasp and know her,
I drop To-day—and she is gone.

The bright wings captured lose their light:
To-morrow weeps, and seems to say,
I am To-day—ah, hold me tight;
Ere long I shall be Yesterday.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.



CHINA.

THE Chinese Empire is a beautiful country, situate in the south-eastern part of Asia. In extent, it is more than four millions of square miles, and is, perhaps, the most densely populated

region on the globe, its inhabitants comprising nearly one-third of the whole human race. The Chinese call their territory the "Celestial Empire," and the "Flowery Land," and, considering the delightful climate, and the beauty of its varied scenery, these names seem far from inappropriate.

The principal mountain-ranges are the Pe-ling and Nan-ling. The two great rivers are Yang-tse-kiang and Hoang-Ho. Besides these, numerous small streams flow through the land, making it one of the best-watered countries in the world. Many of our beautiful exotic shrubs are from China; the most noted of these are, probably, the camellia and the tea-plant. Rice, cotton, sugar, hemp, tobacco and camphor are produced in abundance.

China is famous the world over for her tea, silk and porcelain. The various kinds of tea depend upon the time the leaves are picked and the way they are prepared. The Chinese, however, are said to adulterate and color inferior teas to imitate expensive ones; they never drink the kind that they send us, considering anything good enough for "outside barbarians." Silk-worms are raised in great quantities, from whose fine thread elegant crapes and silks are woven. The empress herself, one day in the year, goes through the ceremony of planting a mulberry tree and attending to the silk-worms, to set an example of industry to her subjects. The most beautiful porcelain ware is made in China; it is exquisitely decorated, in designs and colors which can be but imperfectly imitated by other nations. Indeed, it is said that the Chinese invented porcelain—which seems highly probable, as their civilization is very old, and they have been known as manufacturers of the ware from early ages.

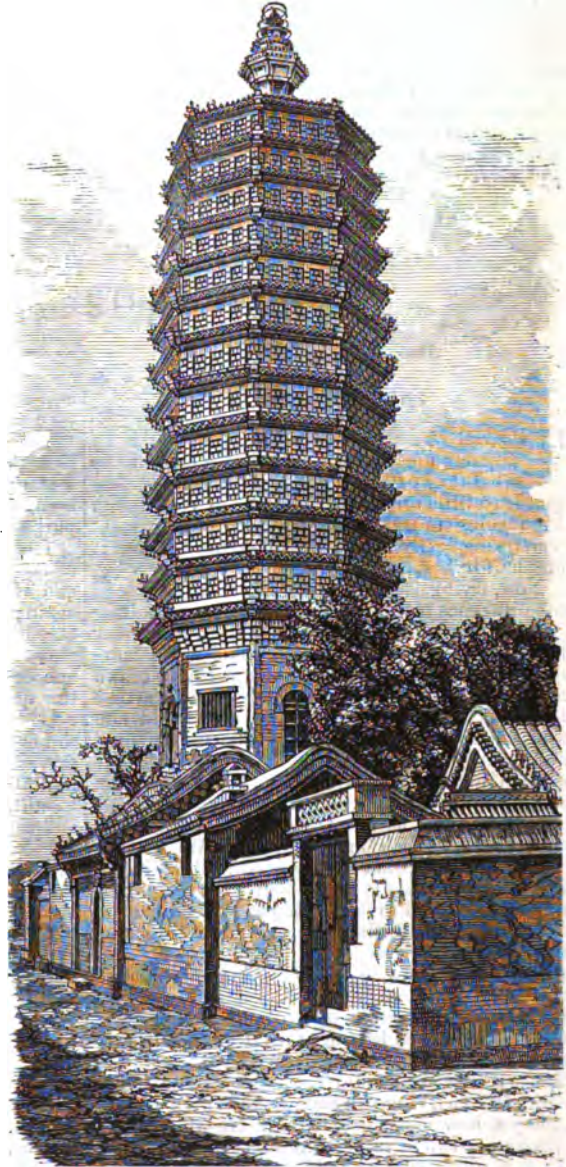
Among the animals peculiar to China are a fine breed of hogs and a variety of monkeys. The mandarin duck and the fishing-cormorant are also natives of China; besides, an odd fish which catches flies by squirting a drop of water. The beautiful gold and silver pheasants and gold and silver fish are found in this interesting country. These last the Chinese keep as pets, in globes and aquariums, much as we do.

The Chinese are quite skillful in building. They make light, wooden houses, very pretty and inexpensive. Their temples and pagodas are barbaric in splendor. Their ships are called junks, and, though appearing awkward and clumsy to Americans, are admirably suited to bays and rivers; they are not, however, adapted to a stormy ocean. The Chinese paint eyes in the ends of their ships, so that they can see the way!

The Great Wall of China has long been considered one of the wonders of the world. It extends along the northern boundary of China, and separates it from Tartary, having been built to repel the incursions of roving, war-like tribes. It is more than fifteen hundred miles long, and crosses mountains five thousand feet high. It is wide enough for several horsemen to ride abreast, and is protected throughout its entire length by towers for archers, two arrow-shots apart. The date of its erection is given as 1500, B. C.

The people are mostly of Mongolian origin, noticeable by their small stature, yellow com-

plexion and almond-shaped eyes. The men wear their long black hair in a pig-tail and shave the front of their heads. The women are chiefly spoken of as distorting their feet. The Chinese have many good qualities; they are industrious, economical, imitative to a remarkable degree, and obedient to law. But they are very untruthful,



A PAGODA AT TUNG CHO, CHINA.

and practice deceptions of every degree. Many of their laws are barbarous, and their punishments extremely cruel. The absolute power of parents over children is something heartrending; a father may have his own son beheaded upon the slightest provocation. Infanticide is very common; a little

girl's life, especially, being of no more value than that of a kitten.

The Chinese are very ignorant and superstitious in their religions. They worship idols and burn incense before them. Their common belief is called Buddhism. They also reverence the memory of Confucius, a wise man who lived about five hundred years before Christ; but, in spite of his superior teaching, they cling to the grosser forms of idolatry. Christian missionaries, however, have made much progress.

In one of their cities, called Tung Cho, twelve miles east of Peking, the American Board of Foreign Missions has had a station since 1867. A great deal of faithful and patient labor has been given by the missionaries to the enlightenment and elevation of the people. This city contains

about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and it is noted for one of its pagodas, or temples, which towers up to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and contains ten stories. It stands near the northern wall of the city, and is the most conspicuous object to be seen for many miles round. We present a view of this pagoda.

Until recently, the people of China were very jealous of foreigners, and would hold no intercourse with other nations. Now they carry on an extensive commerce with all parts of the world, and are adopting many foreign customs. Among the principal cities are Peking, in the same parallel of latitude as Philadelphia; Nankin, famous for porcelain; Canton, Swatow, Foochow and Shanghai. These last are some of the principal ports at which American vessels trade.

Housekeepers' Department.

THE FRYING-PAN.

THERE is no method of cookery that is so popular amongst a certain class of cooks as what they call frying, and there is no process that is so little understood by them as real frying. I am going to try to explain very clearly what true frying really is, and the difference between it and half-frying.

Now, frying is boiling in fat, and the cause of the difference between boiling in water and boiling in fat is that fat can be made so very much hotter than water that the work can be done much more quickly, while at the same time a peculiar brown appearance and tasty flavor is given to the article fried. If we had a thermometer we should find that when water is boiling it reaches two hundred and twelve degrees. We might make a fire large enough to roast an ox, but we should never get water hotter than that. Fat, however, can be made more than twice as hot as water, and therefore it conveys heat much more quickly. We have, I dare say, all felt what it is to be scalded with boiling water, and that is bad enough; but the pain is trifling compared to that which we suffer when we are burned with boiling fat. And that is because hot fat is so very, very hot.

If we were going to boil anything in water we should never think of pouring a little drop of water into the bottom of a pan and laying the meat upon it, then leaving it till it was sufficiently cooked. In the same way, when we are going to fry anything, we should not be content to put a little fat in a frying-pan and cook the meat in this. And yet how many people there are who think a spoonful or two of fat is quite sufficient for frying! They would be quite horrified if we said that we must cover the article to be fried with fat before we could fry it perfectly. "Where are we to get such a quantity of fat from?" I can imagine them saying. "It would take a couple of pounds or more of fat to fry in that way. How extravagant to use a couple of pounds of fat to fry one dish!" Ah! I don't feel that the charge of extravagance can be fairly laid against me. Where, I would

ask, is all the fat that these friends of ours have used for frying during the last three or four weeks? Is it not true that most of it was burnt away, and that the remainder was thrown out as soon as it was done with? If it could be collected and brought here there would be quite enough for our purpose.

The fact is, it is not wasteful to use a quantity of fat at a time. Fat lasts heated in quantities, and if properly treated can be used again and again; indeed, I do not hesitate to say that with care it could be used thirty or forty times over.

Before we can fry perfectly, however, there are one or two more points to be considered besides the quantity of fat. One of these is its temperature. Fat used in frying should be *hot*, so hot that it is *still*. This sounds strange, I dare say, but it is quite true. If we put a saucepan half-filled with water on the fire it would at first be still, and as it became hot it would move about, and when it reached the boiling point it would bubble away in the most lively manner. Fat, on the contrary, would very quickly begin bubbling; then, as it grew hot, it would, if properly clarified, become quite still, and a light blue vapor would be seen rising from it. This stillness and the appearance of the vapor is the sign that it is at the proper heat for frying. It would not do to wait until the vapor became smoke, however, for that would mean that the fat was beginning to burn.

Another point that must be looked after, if we would fry successfully, is that the article to be cooked should be *dry*. Unless it is, it will not brown properly. It is a good plan, in order to dry fish perfectly, to let it lie folded in a cloth for two or three hours before attempting to fry it, and it is very usually floured also to secure the same end. Of course the flour should be shaken off before the fish is put in the fat, especially if the fish is to be egged and breaded. Fish is, however, very good dipped in flour alone before being fried, thus saving the egg and bread-crumbs.

It is evident that if we are to take as much fat for frying it is necessary to have a deep pan or frying-kettle.

It is not every one, however, who possesses one of these convenient frying-kettles; and when we have not got a thing we must do as well as we can without it. It is always bad workmen who quarrel with their tools. Fortunately, for small articles, an ordinary iron saucepan will supply all we want, if only it is perfectly clean. If there is anything sticking to the bottom, we must expect that it will burn and spoil our fat. If we can manage to procure a little wire frying-basket upon which our materials can be placed before they are plunged into the fat, we shall be as well off as the fortunate possessor of the finest frying-kettle in the world.

And now I must say one word about the fat that is used for frying. Lard is commonly taken for this purpose, and unfortunately, nothing worse could be chosen, because lard always makes food look greasy; besides which it often has a peculiar taste. Oil is very good, but it is expensive, and it is rather difficult to manage, because it quickly boils over. Butter is also expensive, and it needs to be very gently heated. The very best fat that can be selected is what is called kitchen fat, that is, the skimmings of saucepans and the dripping from joints that in nine kitchens out of every ten is put on one side by the cook and given in exchange for soap.

It is quite a puzzle to me to make out how this most absurd custom arose, and a still greater one that it can be kept up. It is a comfort to think

that when ladies get to understand cookery, it will soon be put a stop to.

If the pieces of fat taken from joints still do not afford as much dripping as we need, the best thing we can do is to buy suet, cut it into pieces and render it down in the same way.

Fat does not need to be clarified each time it is used for frying. It requires only to be strained through a strainer to free it from any little pieces of meat or fish that are in it. Care should be taken, however, to remove it from the fire as soon as it is done with, to prevent its becoming discolored, and also to let it cool a little before pouring it through the strainer, as otherwise it may melt the metal. The impurities will always settle at the bottom of the fat after melting, and they can be easily removed.

Fat that has been once used for fish is likely to have a fishy taste, therefore it should be kept exclusively for that purpose.

Now, perhaps, you will feel inclined to say, Is there nothing we can fry without a large quantity of fat? Certainly there is. We fry pancakes, and omelettes, and slices of bacon with a small quantity of fat. Mutton-chops and beefsteaks are often fried in the same way. Strictly speaking, however, this is not to fry them, but to *sauté* them. Chops and steaks, however, should not be cooked in a frying-pan at all. They are sure to be greasy when thus prepared, and are much better broiled over a clear fire.

Art at Home.

IN the following paragraphs are described a few simple articles easily made, and most suitable for home decoration:

For concealing flower-pots, pretty covers may be made in the following manner: Take a piece of cardboard as broad as the flower-pot is high, and as long as its circumference, and join it into a circle by pasting a piece of white paper in front and at the back of the join. Cover it with colored pictures, dried autumn leaves or spatter work. Another shape is made by cutting four pieces of cardboard of such a size that they will entirely cover the flower-pot, join the pieces loosely by means of colored paper or ribbon, so that the ribbon or paper in the joins serves as a hinge. Ornament according to fancy at the sides, and cut the upper edge into large points. These covers will be found very convenient if properly made, as, during the winter, when flowers are scarce, they will fold up quite flat. Lamp-shades may be made in the same way; but these look well with a silk fringe, three or four inches deep, placed round the lower edge.

Many people have in their possession handsome boxes that they are afraid to use, because they would be apt to become very much scratched if stood about on tables, brackets, etc., without the protection of a cover. In order to make a cover to prevent this, cut a piece of material the same shape as the top of the box. Cut two pieces for the sides, and two pieces of the same shape as the back and front of the box. You will then have five pieces; bind each piece all round with narrow ribbon, and sew them together at the sides, so as to make a

cover exactly the size and shape of your box. If it fits exactly, it will need neither strings nor buttons to keep it on. For use, these covers are best made of cloth; but if designed more for ornament, they look very pretty made of patchwork, or of embroidered cloth or silk.

Covers for books may be made in very much the same way. Cut a piece of cloth of exactly the size of the book when open; bind it all around with ribbon, and cut two small pieces of cloth the length of the covers of the book, and about an inch and a half in width, according to the size of the book. Bind these pieces of cloth, and sew them at the ends of the larger piece of cloth, so as to make a sort of flat pocket. One of these small pieces must be sewn on *after* the book is in the cover, or it will not go in at all. Slip the cover of the book into the shallow pocket on one side, and add the second pocket after the other side of the book is in position.

These covers may also be made by turning up an inch or two at either end of the large piece of cloth, and sewing them up. But if this plan is pursued, the same care must still be taken as to putting one cover of the book in before sewing up the other end. The piece of cloth must also be cut a few inches longer than the open book, to allow for the piece turned up. Covers like these will be found very useful to preserve children's books; as, when once the books are in, they cannot be taken out without undoing the sewing at the sides. I should recommend them to be made of cloth or of black linen for school books, and of something more ornamental for other volumes. These covers are always useful for hiding the usually

untidy bindings of books from circulating libraries and the like.

Hair-pin cases, to hang on the handle of the looking-glass, are useful, and should be made in the following manner: Cut a circle of cardboard about the size of a silver half-dollar, and cover it with silk; cut a piece of the same silk rather longer than the hair-pins the case is to contain, and sew it round the circle of cardboard in the same way as in the little work-bags before described. Run a ribbon into a hem at the top, so that it can be drawn up, and you will then have a long, narrow bag, which will be found very convenient for holding hair-pins if they are put in with the points downwards. These little cases should, as far as possible, be made to match the comb and night-dress bags in color.

For comb-bags, few materials wear better than braided piqué, but very pretty ones are sometimes made of fine crochet, or muslin over a colored lining, with ribbon bows and strings of the same color; but the disadvantage of these is that they must be entirely unpicked before they can be washed. Sometimes they are made of crash, embroidered with crewels, but this style of work seems hardly suitable for this purpose. Whatever material is used, it should be remembered that to look well both night-dress and comb-bag

should correspond exactly both in color and style.

Very useful on a dressing-table are the little baskets of three or four inches in diameter, just large enough to hold a reel of black cotton, one of white, a thimble, needle-book and a tiny pair of scissors. Sometimes baskets of this kind are to be had resting on three legs, and may, with a little patience and ingenuity, be made exceedingly pretty as well as useful. They should be carefully lined with a little gay colored silk or satin, and should have a small pocket, just large enough for a thimble, tacked inside, and opposite this should be fastened a tiny stuffed pincushion. The scissors should have a sheath of the same color as the lining, if possible, and the needle-book should be small but convenient for holding two flat papers of needles, and a leaf or two of fine flannel. A little cord round the edge of the basket is a great improvement and finish.

A charming manner of decorating a panel on a wall or the pier between two windows is to cover the space to be ornamented with tulle, the meshes of which are as large as possible. This at a short distance does not hide the painting or the paper on the wall, and it makes an excellent groundwork on which autumn leaves and ferns can be pinned to form very ornamental designs.

Nancy Needlework.



PORTABLE WORK-POCKET.—Fig. 1.

Fig. 2 indicates the manner in which the work is done. A wool needle, sufficiently large to thread the cord, which must be cut into rather long pieces, so as to have as few joins as possible, is passed through one of the squares, as shown in detail, making an insertion of vandykes with a row of steel beads in each of the centre squares between the lines of cord. The



PORTABLE WORK-POCKET.—Fig. 2.

A PORTABLE WORK-POCKET.—The outside covering of the pocket is made of coarse checked *seru* canvas, worked with a fine blue silk cord and steel beads. A couple of steel rings are fastened to the upper edge of the turned-over fold at the top, through which a blue ribbon is passed to form the handle. The pocket is kept closed by two large steel buttons and elastic loops.

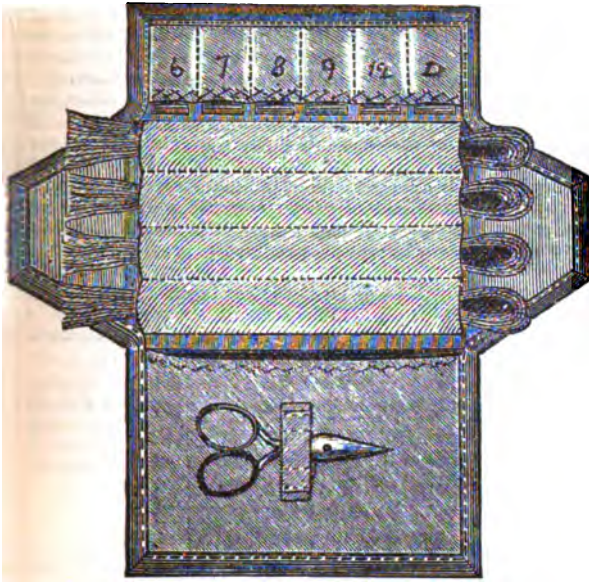
Fig. 1 shows the appearance of the pocket when closed.

beads are sewn on with silk the same color as the canvas. Begin by working the middle row of vandykes; then the outer ones, leaving sufficient margin for the edges at the sides.

Fig. 3 shows the pocket when open. The length of the pocket is about eleven inches, the length from the edge of one flap across to the other is also eleven inches. The pockets for the needles are two inches, the lower pocket and runnings for the skeins of silk and thread are each four and a

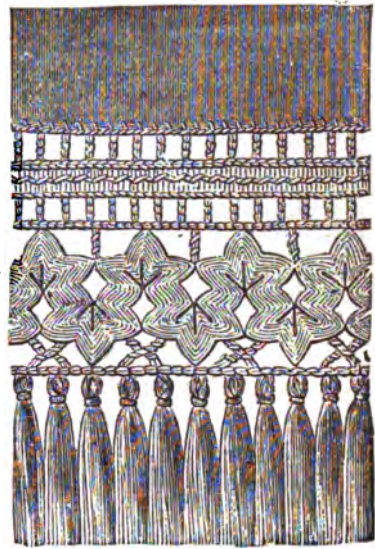
half inches deep; the width of the pocket when closed is six and a half inches. The lining is of blue flannel cut to fit the canvas. A second piece of flannel is divided into three parts. The strip

then bound with a strong blue ribbon, stitched with white silk on the canvas, and neatly felled on the inside with blue silk to match the color of the flannel.



PORTABLE WORK-POCKET.—Fig. 3.

for the needles is separated into six compartments. The open edge hemmed with a row of coral stitch in coarse white silk, and the divisions stitched and marked with the sizes of the needles; the letter D for darners. The four runners for the silks and threads are also stitched, and worked with coral stitch. The pocket has a firm piece of

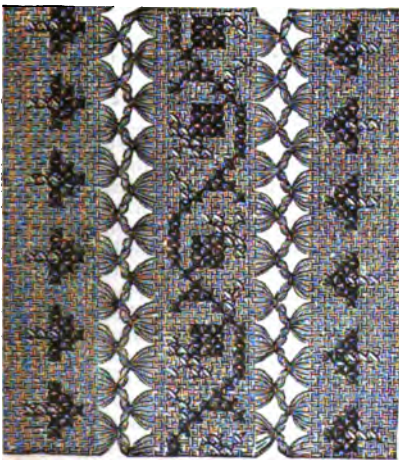


TOWEL WITH CROCHET AND WAVED BRAID BORDER.

TOWEL WITH CROCHET AND WAVED BRAID BORDER.—Any fancy damask towel may be trimmed at each end with this quickly-made bordering. The vandykes of broad braids are joined in shape, and made in separate lengths for the two ends of the towel. For the crochet work, work a loose chain rather longer than required for the end of the towel. 1st row: 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2; repeat. 2d row: Treble stitches into every stitch in last row. 3d row: 1 treble, 2 chain, miss 2, and repeat. 4th row: To join in the vandyke braid—1 double crochet into middle point of vandyke, 3 chain, 1 double between the next 2 vandykes, 3 chain, and repeat. 5th row: On the opposite edge of vandykes. 6th row: 1 double into first highest point, 3 chain, turn the cotton three times over the hook, insert it into next leaf of the braid, draw the cotton through two of the loops until only one is left on the hook, then 3 chain; pass the cotton twice over the needle, insert it into centre stitch of the long stitch, pass the cotton again twice over the hook, insert it into next leaf, take off 2 loops, then 3, which brings you into the middle of the cross; take off 2 loops, then the remaining loops on the hook; make 3 chain, and repeat.

Make the fringe of drawn threads from the toweling; draw several lengths through each chain-stitch and knot them together. This fringe will take more time and be more expensive than if made with crochet cotton, which will answer the same purpose, although, of course, not so novel and soft. The towel should have a very narrow hem, and the bordering sewn on with fine cotton.

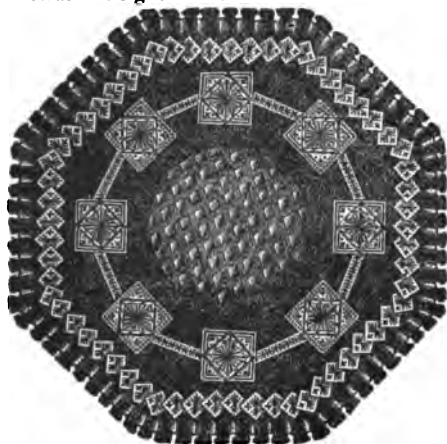
BORDER FOR TOWELS, ETC.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY.—This border is suitable for trimming towels of coarse white linen. It is worked with



BORDER FOR BASKETS, TIDIES, ETC.—CROSS STITCH EMBROIDERY AND DRAWN-WORK.

cardboard between two pieces of flannel, so as to keep it flat when closed; this is also worked to match, and a strap stitched on for the small pair of scissors. When the lining is made it should be firmly sewn round the edges of the canvas, and

red cotton in cross stitch over three threads of the material in height and width.



LAMP MAT.

LAMP MAT.—This mat is made out of brown velvet and cloth, two octagonal pieces, each measuring ten inches across. Then cut out two pieces of cardboard the same size. In the centre of the upper piece of card cut out a circle four inches wide, and cover the remaining part with brown velvet, over which is an appliqué of brown perforated cardboard. Then cut out a square of white, and a diamond of brown perforated cardboard; the brown is sewn on to the white with point russe, and plain stitches of brown and white silks. The white cardboard is worked in plain and Smyrna stitch with brown silk. In the centre of the lower piece of card, which is lined with cloth, is a circular piece of brown stamped velvet sewn over wadding. Round the outer edge of the mat is a narrow box-pleated ruching of brown satin ribbon, and a border of the separate squares of white perforated cardboard, worked with bronze silk in point russe. Between the larger squares are narrow bands of perforated cardboard worked in Smyrna stitch with bronze silk.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FASHION, that fickle goddess, decrees for the autumn small bonnets and large, round hats.

The bonnets are small capote shapes, with the front slightly rolled backward or projecting on top, yet very close on the sides. The crowns are stiff, and of medium size, with or without a curtain band. These, as well as most round hats, will be worn quite far back on the head, and are furnished with strings. The round hats are large English turbans, with the brim rolled up all around, but not close to the crown; or else they are in Rubens and Gainsborough shapes, with one side—the left—turned up higher than the other. For smaller hats is a close turban, and also a medium size in the shape of the English walking-hat; the latter has a low broad crown, and a broad brim turned up on each side, but not close against the crown; this gives a broader appearance than has been used in this shape, and leaves a space that is to be filled in by long and very thick ostrich plumes.

Red is the color that will be most used in fall millinery; it is used for the entire bonnet, or else in combination with other colors. The fur beaver bonnets and hats are imported in dull red, myrtle green, bronze, coachmen's drab, Capucine brown, peacock blue, and the various shades of purple, also in white and black; the latter are especially lustrous, and are very handsome when trimmed with many plumes of the same color, and long ornaments of gold or of jet.

Plaids, stripes and plain red stuffs of either bright or dark shades are used for combining with plain goods, and to serve for trimmings, as the foundation of the suit is usually plain. Thus a dress of brown wool has the single-breasted cut-away basque, and the double kilt skirt of plain wool, with a Byron collar and cuffs of velvet of the same shade. To brighten this sombre dress, Madras plaid wool is used, with brown for the

foundation, barred and striped with old gold, dull red and dark green. This plaid is used in a wide, straight scarf, somewhat in fichu shape, yet placed much lower on the shoulders than fichus are, and fastened low on the bust, where it terminates in a broad loop and two square ends. A wider plaid scarf then forms a short and much-wrinkled apron with ends hanging behind. A Madras kerchief of velvet of the same colors of the plaid trims the round hat of plush, and a breast and aigrette are stuck in the left side quite far forward. A coachmen's drab cloth costume of dark shade has purple-striped wool for bordering the overskirt, and two kilt flounces, and for the collar and folded cravat on the double-breasted cut-away basque. Black dresses illuminated with red are in especial favor in Paris. One of these is black cashmere made in Jersey fashion, with the plain corsage laced behind with a red silk lacing-string; the sleeves are flowing, and are turned back from the wrist half way up the arm to show a red Surah facing. The skirt is kilted, and the overskirt has a deep apron-front much wrinkled near the top, while the back has scarfs that form long loops showing a red Surah lining. To border the apron are two rows of red wool balls, like those formerly used in fringe; these balls are strung, and hang in loops that give a very pretty finish. Other black wool costumes with cut-away basque and single skirt ruffled up the front have a red Surah Directoire collar, which is smooth and stiff in the back, but is gathered on the front revers. The red also appears on the cuffs, which are slit open on the upper seam, and instead of clinging to the sleeves, fall open and backward, as if made of the sleeve lining carelessly turned up on the outside. The basque is faced with red, the ruffles on the front are lined with it, and there is a narrow red frill like a balayouse around the skirt. Long red ostrich plumes are then worn on the bonnet.

It will be observed that very deep collars are

becoming general, and to persons of fair complexion they are very becoming. There is a great deal of caprice shown in the composition of these collars, which are made of batiste, mousseline, lace or embroidered tulle, and combined with plain or brocaded Surah, which is embroidered with silk of various colors. These deep collars frequently have a broad binding, or rather a sort of revers, of plain or brocaded Surah, which is cut bias. With such collars are worn cuffs to match, and turned down on the outside of the sleeves, which are growing more and more plain and tight. For those who are very anxious to follow the fashion closely, there are at present but two kinds of sleeves, either the half-long sleeve, which leaves the arm exposed, or the plain sleeve, which her-

metically incloses the arm, and even the wrist. The cuffs are frequently made very deep for such plain and tight sleeves. It is well to become familiar with this form of sleeve (which is not becoming to all ladies), as it is very certain that next winter no other kind will be worn for morning toilettes. Moreover, everything returns to excessive flatness. High-necked corsages will be made very long, and entirely clinging. Skirts also are again made clinging, but are trimmed with puffs in the back. In a word, the problem which the dressmakers seem to be trying to solve is this: to obtain the appearance of fullness, with flatness in reality; to make clinging garments, moulded on the figure, and trim them with a host of draperies, garnitures, ruches, laces, etc.

Notes and Comments.

TWO numbers more, and we close the volume for 1880. No previous volume, if we may judge from the large number of approving letters received from subscribers this year, has met with so favorable a reception. That it meets a household want which no other magazine supplies, is fairly admitted; and as to do this has been our constant aim and effort, it is no small source of gratification to know that we have met so wide an approval and so cordial a welcome.

For our next volume, we are already arranging new attractions and perfecting our plans for making the magazine still more acceptable, and for giving it a still higher interest and value. In excellence and beauty, and in all that goes to make up a periodical especially adapted to American households, the HOME shall continue to be the leading magazine of its class.

Our Prospectus for 1881, which will be ready for club-getters by October 1st, will appear in the next number of our magazine.

The Children's Country Week.

MANY of our readers, no doubt, have heard something of the Country Week, inaugurated in this city by Mrs. Eliza Sproat Turner. Perhaps they will be glad to learn that this season, the society has greatly enlarged its sphere of usefulness. Last year, it provided for six hundred and seventy-eight poor children; this year, so far, for more than one thousand.

The object of the association is to procure invitations for little ones who most need them, at farm-houses and in country towns. Those who cannot be provided for in this way, are put to board, in quiet places, for about the same time. Any incidental needs are also supplied.

Unlike most charities, for this no begging has been done. Money comes freely, and without

personal solicitation. The railroads offer free transportation, and country residents, for miles around, have opened their doors. Those who have pleasant, country homes—those who are going away to escape the city's heat—all seem glad to share their privileges with those less favored.

The children benefited are picked out, as a general thing, from the poorest, on condition that they have no contagious disease, and that they behave well while away. It often happens that an invitation is extended, or that a little one finds a way to a permanent home. The managers recommend that a child proving naughty or unsatisfactory for any reason, be returned at once—but such a thing occurs very seldom. Some of the friends of the association, however, have felt their hearts warm over those who had to be left out—so, this year, a new experiment has been tried, that of providing for “baddish” boys who could not safely be trusted in families. Mrs. Holston, of Bridgeport, Pennsylvania, wrote: “Send them to me without hats, shoes or characters.” This lady entertained nineteen, for a week, and she has given a most encouraging account of the behavior of all—so that the experiment may be considered a success. Hence, the ladies hope to be able in future to provide for all, good and bad alike.

The question has been raised as to whether a week in the country, among beautiful sights and sounds, would not make the children discontented and unhappy afterward. This has not proved to be the case. To many, the visit has been a turning-point in their lives. The pleasant memory is always with them, and they study and work all the harder in consequence, in the hope of having the same privilege next year. It has given to many high ideals, and the hope some day of being able to leave the crowded city altogether, and really have a country home. Furthermore, as we have said, some have, in consequence, found permanent places. The Country Week, indeed, has attracted much attention among legislators, physicians, clergymen and journalists, and the conclusion universally reached, is, that it is among the most efficient of the moral and sanitary institutions of a great city.

We would add that children are not the only

ones benefited by the Country Week. Young working-women and sick mothers, with their babies, are also given the advantages of rest and fresh air.

President, Mrs. Hannah P. Baker; Secretary, Mrs. Eliza S. Turner. Office of the society, 1429 Market Street, Philadelphia.

"The Annals of a Baby."

BY special arrangement with the author of "The Annals of a Baby," that most charming of all the series of books of which "Helen's Babies" was the initial volume, we commence its publication in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE, and will complete the entire story in three numbers. If any of our readers have had the pleasure of meeting with these "Annals" before, we know that they will thank us for giving them the opportunity to renew that pleasure. From those who meet it here for the first time, it cannot fail to receive a cordial and delighted welcome.

The New Century Cooking-School.

THIS experiment, in which the housekeepers of Philadelphia are much interested, will probably be of interest also to housekeepers in the country at large. The ladies chiefly concerned in the enterprise, state that their object is two-fold. First, to elevate cooking in the eyes of cultivated women by making it a fine art. Second, to increase its value as a business, by issuing graded certificates to those who learn, with a view of earning a living by it. Among the advantages resulting, they believe that, in the first place, a lady may conduct a household more economically, and not be at the mercy of an ignorant servant; second, it will assure a servant of easily finding a good place, and enable her to protect herself against an unscrupulous employer.

The school is held at No. 1112 Girard Street. (Those unacquainted with Philadelphia are cautioned not to confound this with Girard Avenue). Among the latest items of interest, is the proposal to establish a normal class, so that the managers will be able to send teachers out to the smaller towns and villages. This fall, it is intended to place the association upon a regular business footing, as a limited stock company, issuing certificates of stock.

The terms for instruction are quite low, but deductions are made in special cases, those who cannot afford to pay being instructed gratuitously. Classes from ward organizations and other benevolent associations are received at low rates, as one of the chief objects of the association is to put domestic instruction within the reach of the poor. It is obvious that the teaching of those whose improvement the ladies hold most at heart, will not make the school self-supporting; so, it is a worthy object for occasional assistance.

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Subscriptions may be sent to Mrs. Charlotte Peirce, Treasurer of the Cooking-school Association; questions or communications to Mrs. E. S. Turner, President of the Cooking-school, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

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HOME MAGAZINE



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"NO YOU DON'T."—Page 68.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

No. 11.



THE LAPPET-MOTH.

PROTECTIVE COLORS OF ANIMALS.

WHAT abundant food for thought is contained in the above phrase. Immediately the mind grasps the idea that color was bestowed upon animals by the All-wise Creator, not merely, as it were, by fancy or caprice, but in direct benevolence, giving them a better chance of lengthening their little lives. Proofs of this theory are so numerous as to seem well-nigh overwhelming.

Perhaps the most striking illustrations of this fact may be found in the insect world. Here grays, and browns, and olives harmonize with lichens, and wood, and stone, affording the creatures so colored a good means of concealment.

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And yet some insects are exceedingly conspicuous, as witness the brilliant tints of many species of butterflies. But this, so far from disproving the theory, tends, as we shall see, to confirm it.

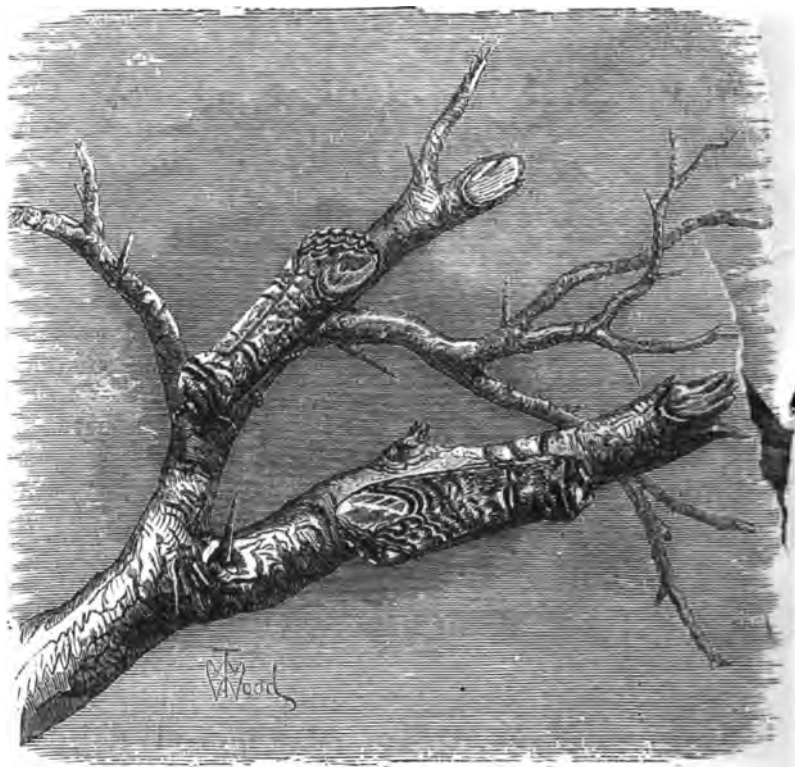
As may be seen from our illustrations, the Buff-tip moth so contracts its wings as to look exactly like a large piece of broken stick, the yellow patch at the extremity of the wings giving the appearance of the freshly-broken end. The Lappet-moth, when at rest, so disposes its rich brown wings as to seem, both in shape and color, like a dead leaf. In the case of other moths, we have those which settle among lichens and in the trunks of trees, being almost entirely concealed by the colors by which they are surrounded. Some, which strongly resemble bits of mortar, make stone walls their

(621)

favorite resting-places. It has been noticed, also, that moths which are on the wing in autumn and winter, partake of the prevailing hues of these seasons—autumnal moths are generally yellow and brown, like much of the foliage then visible, and many winter moths are of gray and silvery tints.

Gorgeous colors, however, as we have said, are no evidence of non-protection. These best harmonize with the bright and vivid hues of the leaves, the flowers and the sky. A familiar example of the hiding-power in a conspicuous insect may be found in the orange-tip butterfly, which,

great difficulty. It is when at rest that it requires protection, and this it obtains by its color and markings on the under surface, and by its peculiar habits. The upper wings have an acute lengthened apex, which is exactly the shape of the tip of the leaf of many tropical trees and shrubs; while the hind wings are produced into a short, narrow tail, which well represents the stalk of a leaf. Between these points runs a dark curved line, representing the mid-rib, and from this radiate a few oblique markings for the veins of the leaf. The color of the under side of the wings closely imitates that of dead leaves, but it varies almost infinitely



THE BUFF-TIP MOTH.

though easily seen on the wing, is perfectly concealed when resting in the evening in its favorite position among the umbels of the wood-parsley. Its under surface is beautifully mottled with green and white, which strikingly assimilate with the green and white flower-heads of this plant. Much more wonderful, however, and perhaps the most wonderful of all imitative insects, is the leaf-butterfly of India. This is a rather large and handsome butterfly, of a deep bluish color, with a broad orange band across the wings. It is thus sufficiently conspicuous; but it flies very quickly, and in a zigzag manner, so as to be caught with

through shades of bright yellow, reddish, ochre, brown and ashy, just as leaves vary in their different stages of drying and decay. Even more remarkable is the manner in which the diseases and decay of leaves are represented by powdered dots and blotches, often gathered into little groups, so as to imitate in a most marvelous way the various fungi which attack dying leaves. But to render the disguise effective, it is necessary that the insect should assume the position of a leaf, and this it does most perfectly. It always settles on an upright twig or branch, holding on by its fore-legs, while its body, concealed between the lower

margin of the wings, rests against the stem, which the extremity of the tail, representing the stalk, just touches. The head and antennæ are concealed between the front margins of the wings, and thus nothing is seen at a little distance but what appears to be a dead leaf still attached to the branch. Yet further, the creature seems to have an instinct which leads it to prefer to rest among dead or decaying leaves, which are often very persistent on bushes in the tropical forests; and this combination of form, color, marking, habit and instinct produces a degree of concealment which is perfectly startling. You see this gay

ences of this kind, and knowing exactly what to look for, you are able sometimes to detect it in repose, and are then more than ever amazed at the completeness of the deception, and at the same time profoundly impressed with the protection that must be afforded by this wonderful disguise—a protection whose effect is seen in the wide range and extreme abundance of the species.

The tropics abound with other examples of insects equally well-protected. The best-known are the leaf-insects of the genus *Phyllium*, whose wings and wing-covers are broad and flat, shaped and veined exactly like leaves, while their legs



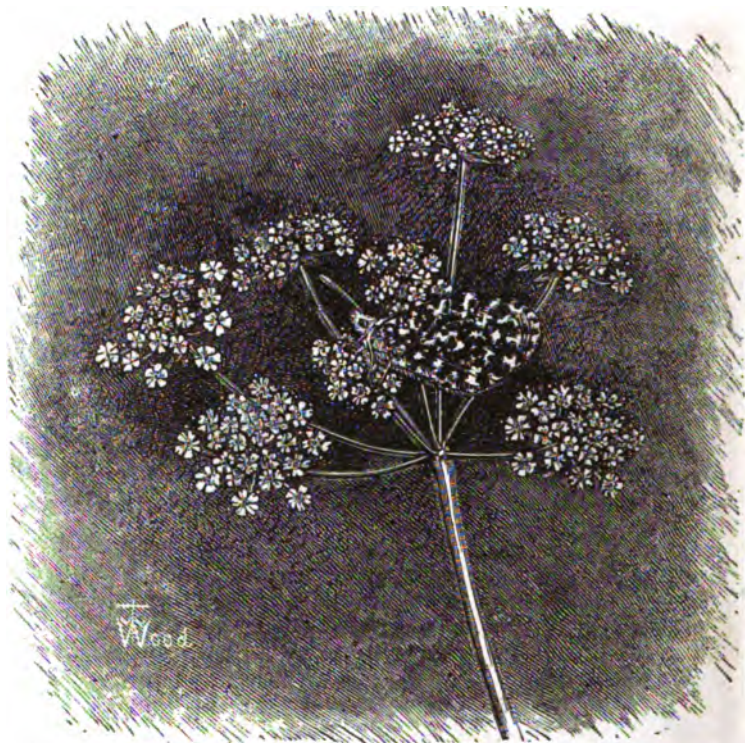
LEAF-BUTTERFLY OF INDIA.

butterfly careering along a forest path, and suddenly rest on a shrub not three yards from you. Approaching carefully, you look for it in vain, and may often have to touch the branches before it will dart out from under your very eyes. Again you follow it, and mark the branch on which it has seemed to rest, but in vain you creep forward and scan every twig and leaf. You see nothing but foliage—some green, some brown and decaying—till the insect again starts forth, and you find that you have been actually gazing upon it without being able to see any difference between it and the surrounding leaves. After repeated experi-

head and thorax have all flat dilatations, like the stipules of many plants; and the whole being of the exact green tint of the foliage of the plant they live on, it is actually impossible to detect them when they are not in motion. The walking-stick insects, or spectres, are equally curious. These are long, cylindrical insects, often nearly a foot in length, and of the exact color of pieces of greenish or brown sticks. If they have wings, these fold up closely, and are concealed under wing-covers of the same stick-like appearance; while the head and legs are so shaped and jointed as either to fit closely on to the stick-like body, or to appear like

branched twigs. These creatures hang about shrubs in the forests, and can seldom be distinguished from small twigs and branches which have fallen from the trees overhead. They remain quite motionless during the day, and feed at night, and they hang across the foliage, holding on by two or three of their legs only, while the others are closely fitted to the body, and they thus give themselves that unsymmetrical appearance which belongs to accidentally-broken twigs. A few of the species are still further protected by curious green, leafy excrescences all over the body, so as to look exactly like a piece of dead twig overgrown with a delicate moss. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace,

out rigidly like sticks, which they resemble in shape as well as in color. Every one knows, however, that there are a number of very brightly-colored caterpillars, and it may be asked how these are protected, or why the others need protection if these can do without it. Bright-colored caterpillars, such as the *Jacobaeæ*, and the hairy and spiny ones feed freely by day, fearless of observation, while the green and brown hide, seeking their food at night. Repeated observations have shown that birds and even frogs, lizards and spiders greedily eat the less showy ones, universally rejecting the gaudy—so the conclusion may be drawn that, in the latter case, the little creatures



THE ORANGE-TIP BUTTERFLY.

F. L. S., to whom we owe much of our knowledge on this subject, says that such a one was brought to him in Borneo by a Dyak, who assured him that moss had grown over the insect while alive, and it was only by very close examination that it could be discovered that the supposed moss was really part of the integument of the insect.

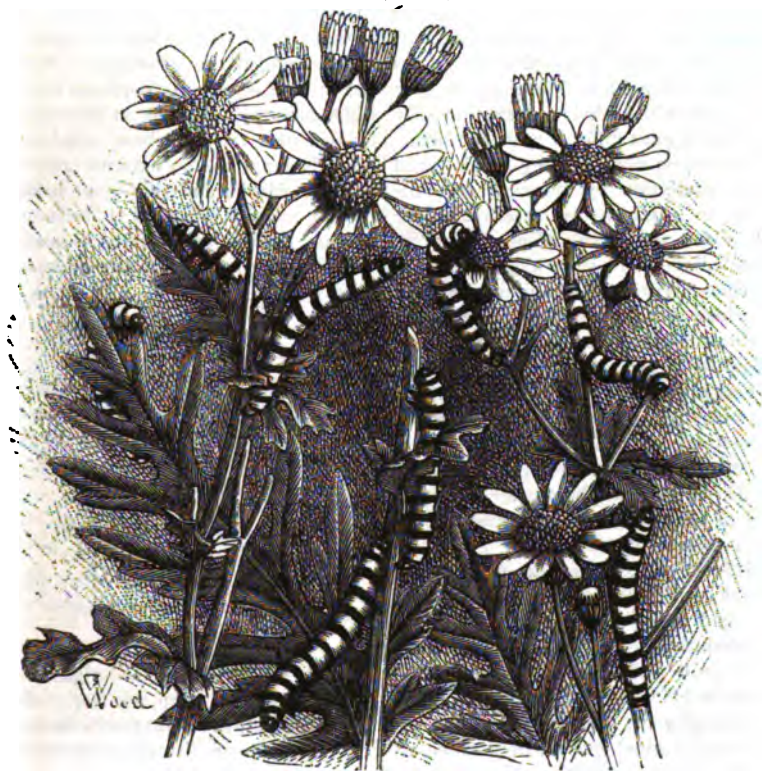
Among caterpillars protective coloring is the most general and conspicuous. An immense number of these creatures are green, corresponding with the tints of the leaves on which they feed, or brown when they rest on bark and twigs; while a large number of the larvæ of the Geometridæ or Loopers have the habit of holding themselves

need no protection, being unfit for the food of other animals. In the same way, the beautiful "calico-bug" or "lady-bird," differs from other beetles, in having no means of defense and seeking none, presumably for a similar reason. The rainbow-tints of many moths and butterflies may properly be imputed to a like cause. But there are other modes of protection, besides a nauseous taste, which renders concealment unnecessary. Many insects are armed with stings, or shells, or spines, so as to be practically uneatable—we all know how gay are the colors of wasps, and bees, and hornets. Sometimes, as we have intimated, brilliant hues themselves form the best protection.

An excellent example of this is afforded by the caterpillar of the Emperor moth. The green body, adorned with pink spots is pre-eminently beautiful, and in most situations, conspicuous; but it feeds on heather, and its colors then so completely harmonize with the young, green shoots and small, pink flowers, that it is with difficulty detected.

So far we have confined our attention to insects, but we may find the protective influence of color apparent throughout the whole range of animated nature. Nocturnal animals, such as mice, rats, bats and moles, are all of dusky or blackish hues, and are therefore very difficult to be seen at night, when alone they move about; while during the

green, exactly corresponding with the vegetation among which they dwell. The curious geckos—flat lizards, with dilated toes, which cling to the trunks of trees or to rocks—are often finely marbled with green and gray, so as exactly to resemble the lichen-covered surface to which they cling. Many fishes, also, present examples of protective coloring. Such as rest on the bottom, like the flounder, skate, sole or Miller's Thumb, are invariably of the color of the bottom, and often singularly speckled, so as to resemble sand or gravel. Such as swim near the surface of the water are almost always dark-bluish or greenish above, and white beneath, colors which evidently



JACOBÆE CATERPILARS.

day they conceal themselves in holes or underground. When concealment by day as well as by night is required, as in the case of owls and goat-suckers, we find dusky, mottled tints, assimilating with bark or earth during the day, and not very showy at night. Some nocturnal animals, however, as in the case of the polecat, are quite conspicuous. But here, its universally-dreaded odor is a most effective protection.

Among reptiles protective tints are very apparent. Lizards and snakes, in temperate climates, are all more or less brown or olive-tinged—this is the case, also, with nocturnal snakes of all latitudes. In the tropics alone, reptiles are often of a vivid

tend to their concealment from enemies in the air above them or in the water below. The gayly-tinted fishes from warm seas are many of them well concealed when surrounded by the brilliant sea-weeds, corals, sea-anemones and other marine animals, which make the sea-bottom sometimes resemble a fantastic flower-garden. The pipe-fish and sea-horses are excellent examples of this style of coloring. Some of them are greenish, resembling floating sea-weed; but in Australia there is a large species which is covered with curious leafy appendages, and all of a brilliant red shade, and this lives among red sea-weed, and is then perfectly concealed.

Passing upward in the animal scale, let us glance for a moment at birds. In northern latitudes, the region of deciduous trees, anything approaching a pure green in the plumage of a bird is unknown, while brown or olive is the almost universal body-color. These tints are least conspicuous among the leafless trees and bushes, which prevail for so large a part of the year, and when the need of protection is greatest. Contrast with these, the brilliant colors of the birds of tropical countries. Here, in the evergreen forests, and nowhere else, do we meet with those whose ground-color is green. Parrots, which are confined to such regions, are generally green, with small patches of vivid tints. In the Eastern tropical islands, many pigeons are as green as parrots, and there are numbers of other groups which are of the same hue. These all frequent thick foliage, with which their colors so exactly harmonize that it is most difficult to detect them.

Larger animals also give striking examples of the theory of protection by colors, their tints corresponding to their habits, needs and the countries in which they live. Canon Tristram, who has traveled much in the Sahara, thus describes the characteristics of its animal life: "In the desert, where neither trees, brushwood, nor even undulations of the surface, afford the slightest protection against its foes, a modification of color which shall assimilate an animal to that of the surrounding country is absolutely necessary. Hence, without exception, the upper plumage of every bird, whether lark, chat, sylvian or sand-grouse, and also the fur of all the smaller mammals, and the skin of all the snakes and lizards, is of one uniform isabelline or sand color." This is not a characteristic of one desert, but of all. In a recent account of the Steppe of Eriwan, in Asia Minor, it is said that "a remarkable feature of the animal inhabitants of the Steppe, insects and lizards, is the most perfect coincidence of their coloring with the coloring of the Steppe." More prominent examples of this prevalent hue are such animals as the camel and the lion, which are exactly of the usual tints of sand and sandy rock.

In the arctic regions, these reddish-yellows are entirely wanting, and instead of them appears pure white, or in a few cases dark brown or black, where conspicuousness seems of more importance than concealment. All the bears of the globe are brown or black, except the polar bear, which is white. The polar hare, the snow-bunting, the snowy-owl and the jer-falcon, are also white or nearly so; while the arctic fox, the ermine and the Alpine hare, change white in winter, as does the Highland ptarmigan. This bird is a fine example of protective coloring, for its summer plumage so exactly harmonizes with the lichen-covered stones among which it delights to sit, that

a person may walk through a flock without seeing a single bird; and when it changes to white in winter it is equally protected amid the snow which covers the mountains. A striking exception to the usual white covering of arctic animals is the musk-ox. This is of a dark-brown color, easily seen among the snow and ice, but the reason of this is not difficult to explain. The musk-ox is gregarious, and derives its protection from this habit. A solitary strayed animal would soon become the prey of polar bears or even of the arctic foxes; it is therefore of more importance that it should see its comrades at a distance, and so be able to rejoin them, than that it should be concealed from its few enemies. Another case, is that of the sable, which retains its rich brown fur throughout the severity of a Siberian winter, but at that season it frequents trees, feeding on fruits and berries, and is so active that it catches birds among the branches. Again, the common raven is found in the extreme arctic regions, but is always black; and this is probably because it has no enemies, while, as it feeds on carrion, it does not need to be concealed from its prey.

Wonderful indeed are the works of the Maker of all!

H.

SLUMBER SONG.

GOOD-NIGHT! Good-night!
O laughing heart, to rest depart!
Leave dance and song, leave game and jest;
Repose is best—is best—is best—
Good-night!

Good-night! Good-night!
O grieving heart, to rest depart!
Cease empty strife, cease weary quest;
Repose is best—is best—is best—
Good-night!

Good-night! Good-night!
Nor laugh, nor weep, nor fear to sleep!
Through all the night One wakes above,
And shields us with His love—His love—
Good-night! HELEN HERBERT.

GEORGE ELIOT, in her "Felix Holt," makes Esther—a young girl just waking into thought—say to her father: "That must be the best life." "What life, my dear child?" "Why, that where one bears and does everything because of some great and strong feeling, so that this and that in one's circumstances don't signify." She uttered a deeper truth than she imagined. The best life, the most valuable and the most solidly happy, is one which is so full of something out of self—so intent on some noble enterprise, or rendered so enthusiastic by an ideal of what life should be—that the events which ripple its surface do not disturb its full and deep undercurrent.

LITTLE-GIRL GOSLING.
A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

"EXILDA, am I, or is Rayna Rodney crazy?" Alonzo Walmsley worried his blonde mustache with one hand while the fingers of the other twirled a dainty note. "Dod was in the office yesterday. You know Doddie, Rayna's regular 'small boy' brother. Seeing him then and there it occurred to me to give the little girl a ride behind my bonnie bays this afternoon. She doesn't have any too much pleasure of that sort, and I know how hugely she would enjoy that. I fancied the breeze bringing the color into her cheeks; her dreamy eyes kindling in the glow of sunshine, and her tongue running from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe,' as a girl's will under such circumstances. I'm not the least bit in love, Ilda. Since that affair of Anna Theresa's ended I've almost abandoned the idea of matrimony, but the scene I conjured up made my heart go 'pit-a-pat,' like Zekiel's. Knowing well any verbal message rolls right off of Doddie's base-ball of a brain, the upshot of the matter was I penned a little note requesting the pleasure, etc. Only this and nothing more. This morning brings her reply. She accepts the invitation and asks me to marry her."

Miss Exilda Walmsley, a stately maiden of thirty, some five years her brother's senior, thought there must be some mistake. In order to convince her, Alonzo rather reluctantly placed the scented missive in her shapely hands. It ran thus:

"Miss Rodney accepts the innvetation with thanks. How kind of you to think of it. Please call at three. I hope the day will prove favorabel. Would you mind marrien?"

The name and date followed, and this was all. Daintiest chirography failed to conceal the writer's neglect of such educational advantages as had been afforded her, still there was a charm in the simple school-girl phraseology which caused Lonz Walmsley's sister to ponder seriously and even then refuse to accept her brother's interpretation of that curious sentence: "Would you mind marrien?"

"I was well acquainted with Amanda Rodney before she married and went South," said Exilda, knitting her blonde eyebrows over that innocent document. "I don't know much about these younger daughters. If I remember rightly Rayna's only seventeen, but it seems to me she isn't the sort of girl to take advantage of leap year and propose. Especially in this abrupt way."

"There it is though," remarked Alonzo.

Sure enough, there it was. There was no vaulting over, creeping under, getting around or staring it out of countenance. It pointed to the

felicity or infelicity of wedlock as plain as letters on a sign post. "Would you mind marrien?" However, Miss Walmsley, loyal to her convictions and her sex, declined to accept the evidence.

"Did this reach you by mail?" she inquired.

"No. Dod brought it."

"Then it is barely possible, is it not, that some one is enjoying a joke at your expense and hers? Have you anything in her handwriting?"

"Nothing but a little poem she copied under my supervision."

"If you've no objection suppose we compare that with this."

Having acted upon this suggestion, sister and brother mutually agreed that there was no doubt about Rayna's having penned the note. After some further conversation, during which Exilda firmly maintained her first position, while Alonzo as firmly adhered to his, he announced it as his intention to "Take Raynie out and leave the rest to her."

After which conclusion Exilda withdrew, leaving our perplexed friend to his reflections.

During Exilda's and Amanda's intimacy, Lonz Walmsley called occasionally at Rodney's. For the sake of escorting his sister home, however, not for his own pleasure, although it was always said to be a delightful place to visit. Young gentleman like he held himself aloof from the, then, juvenile members of the family. Six years after Amanda's marriage, and some eight or ten months previous to the opening of my story, he discovered the youngest daughter's budding charms, and renewed the acquaintance just in time to prevent its dying out entirely.

There was enough for comfort and hospitality under the Rodney roof, and something to spare doubtless. In addition to this sound sense and good breeding characterized the young ladies deportment, still, the world of pleasure and fashion—Lonz Walmsley's world—was not aware of their existence. They dressed tastefully, entertained delightfully, received informally, and our society-wearied hero soon contracted the habit of spending so much time there, Mr. Rodney begun to ask: "Which of my girls does he want?"

"It must be Juliet," hazarded Mrs. Rodney. "Fair men almost invariably prefer brunettes."

"I think it's Isabel," put in Augustus. "I heard them quoting poetry the other night."

Until the arrival of that tiny note no one, even Raynie herself, dreamed of its being Little-girl Gosling—her father's pet name for his favorite child.

"Get Juliet to write an answer, and you copy it," suggested Isabel. "You know you never can be trusted to write or speak correctly."

Little-girl Gosling refused to listen to this well-meant advice, and, after penning half a dozen notes in as many different styles, dashed off the

one into which we peeped, then trilled a song of triumph.

Alonzo, tall, graceful, blue-eyed, blonde-bearded, had always been her hero. When his name was mentioned in connection with Isabel's, that "ladye faire" invariably tossed her nineteen-year-old head and declared him to be "too ancient" for her. Juliet, who had allowed Augustus to put in an appearance between herself and her sisters, was, unknown to the family, on the eve of giving herself away to a wealthy Cuban.

It was left Raynie, then, our little "fancy free" maid, to become absorbed in the hitherto non-committal young gentleman, to welcome every visit with a beating heart, and dream over every trivial attention with flushing cheeks. What a drive theirs was when it came off, as it did.

The Rodneys not owning a carriage themselves, and Rayna being too young for special attentions from the sterner sex, had not, as Lonz said, any too much of that sort of pleasure.

Yes, it was an enchanting drive through an enchanted country. The hills stood out against the sky like cameos, the orchards were dappled with apples rosy or russet, pears dropped from their boughs like golden tears, peaches blushed behind leafy veils, plums purpled the branches, quinces revealed their neighborhood, and the full corn in the ear dipped its green banners. Under reaches of woodland there brooded "a silence more eloquent than song." Bronze, gold and scarlet touches—hints of the gorgeousness to be—were on the branches, while through the many-pillared aisles floated subtle suggestions of pine boughs, bruised herbs and "the moist, rich smell of rotting leaves."

Lonz Walmsley was not disappointed in his companion. She proved to be all he anticipated, and more. What a sweet face it was, too, that brightened or saddened, looked saucy or demure, as the theme inspired or the mood moved her.

All the way our hero studied her closely, and the more he did so the more strongly he became convinced that in spite of a former love affair's disastrous ending, he wouldn't a bit "mind marrying" had not this pretty young creature "flung herself at his head." He was not quite certain he liked "that style of girl," or one who "could do that sort of thing," under any circumstances, however modest and charming her general deportment. Consequently his original intention was carried out. He made no allusion to her singular proposal, nor did she.

"Any way," thought Alonzo, "she's but a child, a lovable, inexperienced child. It isn't right to expect her to come up to a woman's measure. How nice it would be to guard, pet, instruct her; to have her with me always. Maybe she thinks it's all settled, and will expect me to ask her to name the day. However, I'll wait and see."

The short day waned as they sped homeward, and through the clear ambers of the west pushed the moon's shining bow, and trembled the "little white star." Silver and gold lights made Raynie Rodney's sweet face look almost saintly as she rested one instant in Alonzo's arms in her descent from the carriage at her father's door. Silver, gold and crimson streamed over her when the door opened, and Doddie pushed out with a small Scotch terrier in his arms.

"She's been frettin' after you awful," he said, tightening his grip on the now animated bundle. "She went under the sofa, and I couldn't get her out for anything till she heard you."

"You wouldn't say whether I might bring her along or not," said Raynie, catching up the shaggy thing, leaning her smooth cheek against the rough head and at the same time turning upon Alonzo a half-smiling, half-saucy face. "She's been grieving her little dog heart out after me. Now see what you've done."

"I beg pardon," replied Alonzo. "I've no recollection of your having asked any such permission. I assuredly should have had no objection."

"Ah, no, who could?" returned Raynie, still caressing the dog. "She's the most affectionate creature ever lived. A friend of mine owned her, and she took so to me he had to give her up. I've only had her three days."

Alonzo lingered, not because he was interested in the animal's history, but because the little girl looked so charming.

"I'm sorry to have parted you over three hours, then; but indeed I've no recollection of your asking me if she should go along. When did you do so?"

"When I answered your note," replied Raynie, a shyness creeping over her face and manner at the recollection of all this cost her, also certain ink-stains on the envelope. "I said—don't you remember—would you mind Marion?"

Even Little-girl Gosling noticed a remarkable change in Lonz Walmsley's countenance and manner. He began some remark, he reddened, laughed, choked, then suddenly put an end to this transformation scene by flinging himself into the carriage, lifting his hat, and driving pell-mell down the street.

They are to be married, of course, and that, too, before long. Exilda threatens to present the bride a first-class spelling-book. Little-girl Gosling's a bright young thing, however, and by and by, when she's as old, will know as much as the rest of us.

MADGE CARROL.

If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.



O FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

O FAIREST of the rural maids!
 Thy birth was in the forest shades;
 Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
 Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
 Were ever in the sylvan wild;
 And all the beauty of the place
 Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
 Is in the light shade of thy locks;
 Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
 Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
 And silent waters heaven is seen;
 Their lashes are the herbs that look
 On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
 Are not more sinless than thy breast;
 The holy peace that fills the air
 Of those calm solitudes, is there.

WM. C. BRYANT.

AUNT BECKY.

ONE day last fall we sat writing busily in the afternoon, never looking out of the window, even though the autumn airs came in delightfully as they stirred the yellow leaves of the maples and made the crimson sassafras quiver and glow like a thing of life. A gentle tapping on the sill, and a voice said: "We want to run around a little, while Aunt Becky is at our house, and I do wish you'd put away your other self and come with us. The day is fine and we thought we would visit the old grave-yard and some of the old places that Becky knew when she was a girl."

Now this Becky was an elderly maiden lady who was born and brought up in the neighborhood. Every inch of the ground is familiar; every object speaks to her; every old house, and barn, and tree, and knoll tell her a story. Dear old creature! We opened our desk and put away everything and were ready in five minutes.

As we walked down the lane she pointed to a wide-spreading elm over in the fallow field, saying, with a little sigh: "Yon's the tree that a paezel of us girls took shelter under one time when we were going to a quilting at Nate Lowrie's; I didn't want to start so soon for I mistrusted there would be a shower; I'd seen Kite, our dog, eating grass the night before, and that's a sure sign of rain. We were all drippin' wet when we got to Nate's, and we put on whatever we could get hold of until our clothes dried. I'll never forget that time. One of the girls dressed all up in his clothes, and another put on old Granny Lowrie's old-fashioned linsey-woolsey gown and dress-handkerchief about her neck, and even the white cambric cap with the wide, flopping border; and another put on old man Flint's quarterly-meetin' clothes, even to the black bombazette stock, and such times as we did have chasing one another was powerful funny. You see Reub Flint was an old homeless critter, a good Methody he was, and he lived round among the brethren, hereabouts and thereabouts, making his home among all of them. Dear me, there's not more than three of the girls left who cut up so that day, and they all had a prospect for a longer life than I had, for I was powerfully afflicted with the as'ma when I was young."

As we walked along, Becky's little stream of talk flowed evenly as a rill. Everything was full of incident. We, my neighbor and myself, found pleasure in listening to her. As we passed the site of the old school-house, Becky stopped and said: "There stands the old walnut-tree yet, and there is the crab-apple, and the wild cherry, and the bluff bank above the spring, and there is the rock where Tom Wilders cut his forehead, but, ah me, the railroad has played the mischief with everything!"

An old house stood out in a field at the roadside. Becky said: "I never could go home without stopping to see old Auntie Glenn's dear old cottage," so we clambered over the high rail fence and held up our skirts out of the reach of the burdocks, and beggar-burs, and Spanish needles that crowded the fence corners, and picked out our steps among the weeds and stones until we stood inside the tumble-down log-cabin. Among the other reminiscences that came fresh to Becky's mind was that of a wedding, and the bride stood there beside the window, and the preacher here by the door with both hands leaning on the back of a chair, and he looked down and said over the words as fast as he could talk, and in his embarrassment he called the groom Phillipian instead of Philemon; and then when he sat down he placed himself so near the edge of the chair that he tipped up one leg in the air before he caught himself. And at night they had a dance, and when the bride took off her slippers all the girls stood in a huddle, and when she threw it it fell on Mary Barton's shoulder, and they knew that Mary would be married first, though no fellow was paying 'tentions to her. And it came about sure enough that Mary married the little, red-headed school-master who taught one term in Birch Hollow and boarded at her uncle's, and at that time Mary hadn't mor'n said, "how de do" to the gentleman. They had met at singing-schools, but he always sat among the bass singers and she at the other end of the school-house among the trebles.

And thus Becky ran on, every object giving her a text. Why it was quite like reading a story, quite like an old man's soliloquy as he sat out in the sunshine mumbling over the old-time incidents of all his past life. And we kept close beside Becky, and said: "Well I declare!" and, "Really!" and, "Did I ever!"

When she walked up the shaky stairs and her black hat caught films and cobwebs that covered it like a veil, we followed after. Her cotton-gloved hand clutched mine, as she whispered: "It was in that corner the mother died. I'll never, never forget that night! It was summer time, and a storm rose slowly in the west, and got blacker and blacker, and 'long about the turn of the night she fell asleep, though her eyes kept openin' every little bit, but we could see that she was easier. About the time the storm broke, death came. Oh, it was terrible! The winds blew furiously, and the trees just lashed themselves, and the thunder roared, and the lightning blazed, while inside the house the family was givin' way to their sorrow. There was old man Glenn, and Jim, and Lucy, and the two little boys, and some of the neighbors was tryin' to comfort them and consolin' them with pious talk, but it did no good. Just as she was givin' up the ghost a peal of

thunder shook the house till it rocked, and that made her open her black eyes their very widest, and strange as it may seem we could not close them after she was gone. For my part I did not think queer of it, but old Mis. Storer shook her head and signified that it meant something."

Here Becky puckered her mouth and folded her hands, and walked to the window to look out. I followed after and sat down on a nail-keg a-near, and said: "Had Mis. Storer any superstitious whims or notions about the woman's eyes keeping open after she was dead? Seems to me it was owing to a contraction of the muscles of the eyelids, nothing more."

"Well," said Becky, "it's not for the like of me to be telling tales of the dead and gone, specially them that never harmed me or mine, but old Mis. Storer had known Katy Glenn when she was Katy Sloan, and she said a prettier, fresher, sweeter girl no one in the valley ever looked upon. When Katy was about seventeen years old she worked at the tavern in the village nearest her home, and among the boarders there was a handsome young fellow who was reading medicine. It all came about somehow that he and Katy were engaged, and his people objected to the match, because she was a tavern-girl, and they laid plans to break the engagement. It was pitiful no doubt, and in the end he went away to Virginia, and the poor girl was left—a mother but not a wife. Her family did not want the child, and they persuaded her to give it away to the miller's wife who had just lost hers by scarlet-fever. She did so, the little, toddling mite not quite one year old, running everywhere as nimble as a ground sparrow, and the second day after it was taken to its new home, it ran into the mill-race and was drowned. Katy's grief was powerful, you could have heard her scream half a mile as she stood holding the dripping little corpse in her arms. Everybody pitied the girl, and were mad enough at all those who had wronged her to hang them on the nearest trees. Well, for six nights Katy never closed an eye in sleep; she just lay and moaned-like, and held her hands on her forehead and over her eyes to shut out the sight of her dead baby. All they could do they couldn't close the eyelids of that poor little corpse! If they pressed them down and laid pennies on them, they would slowly shove off, and the strange, staring eyes look right at a body as though they were begging a favor or pleading for pity. People thought it was the sorrowful eyes wide open that haunted Katy. You see she took all the blame on herself. She said if she had kept it, had stuck to the little thing through thick and thin, it would 'a' been better for her, and it might 'a' lived and led a useful life, and been a blessing to her and to the world. She fretted powerfully, and used to sit beside its grave and go on at a fearful rate. And

though she married Zekel Glenn and lived to raise a nice family, the old sorrow never left her, and when she died and her eyes refused to shut like, some of the old neighbors said it was a judgment on her for giving away the baby; that it was a sort of a reminder, though for my part I think it was neither one nor the other; that it just happened so. Might 'a' been because of the storm, and that she heard it and it gave her a sudden surprise or scare, just as the soul was parting from the body as you may say. No," said Becky, "I don't go much on these queer superstitious notions that some folks have."

And here while I looked up at the cobwebby-rafters to which stuck bits of twiggy birds'-nests, glued together so compactly, and took note of the dried herbs, and the yellow-jackets' gray old domiciles, and thought of that time when the storm at midnight rocked the poor little cabin while the awful mystery of death and its revelations reigned within these humble walls, Becky sighed and ran the wide hem of her calico apron in a stripping way through her fingers—just like a little embarrassed girl. She acted just as if she had something to say, and was feeling her way to see if it was proper to do so. I understood by intuitiveness, as it were. There was something of a confiding nature that the poor old girl wanted to say; I was not mistaken, we women can divine this in a minute's time, so, as old Tim Lynch used to say, "I used soothing means," to draw out the revelation. I said: "Well—well—we all see a great many changes in this life of ours; some see a good many trials while others appear to slide along easily with never a trouble at all, but in the end one is about as well off as another," and here I sighed, and picked carelessly at the splinters in the rough window sill.

This little speech had the desired effect. Becky leaned over with her elbows on her knees, and said: "Zekel Glenn used to have a cousin who made his home among his relatives about here, Ephraim, by name; he used to pay some 'tentions to me when I was a girl, and I don't know but I might have had him only for mother. You see she was always so picky about little things. Ephraim was a fiddler, one of the best fiddlers I ever heard, and mother said no fiddler ever amounted to anything. Why, if he worked through the day time and could do a job of fiddling at night and make something extra, I should call that good management! I never had any trouble with mammy only about that one bean of mine. She fairly hated him. Why she got so she didn't speak to him or notice him at all, and one time when she stuck a fork over the door-latch to keep him out, it was more than he could stand, and he never came back again. Why, Ruzilla, I took to my bed on the head of it, and I didn't eat a mouthful for mor'n a fortnight! I didn't want

to see anybody, or talk to anybody, or nothing. I just laid and looked at the chinkin' in the wall, day after day. Folks thought it was my old complaint ailed me, but it was nothing only I was broken-hearted! Law me, it was as bad as sickness!" and here Becky shook her head mournfully.

"What became of him?" I asked, interested and amused.

"Married Mary Jane Billings and moved out to the Reserve. I did hear that some of his family had the milk sickness, but that's all I know of them. After mammy died, I went West with sister Joanna, but I never took a notion to any one else, with a view to matrimony. One old fellow, a widower with five children, talked round as though he'd a liking for me, but he never told me face to face. It's all the same if he had; Ephraim's image fills my heart. I don't want to marry nobody. Poor mammy, I forgive her; she meant it for the best, I suppose."

"Oh, well," I said, rising and shaking the wrinkles out of my second-best alpaca, "maybe it was for the better, and you may live to thank your stars that you did not marry in your girlhood. I think a single life is full of enjoyment; one has such a fine chance for doing good. You can go and come when you please, and there is no one to say, 'do this,' or 'do that,' or 'madam, you must obey me.'"

At this we both laughed, and gathering up our skirts, we crept down the dusty stairway, stooping, so as to avoid bumping our heads on the low timbers and joists. Yes, yes, the old house was full of stories; it was like an old, smoky book in a smoky binding, falling into tatters!

The neighbor who had gone into the old house with us was leaning over the bars conversing with an elderly woman in a buggy at the roadside. She said to the woman as she drove off: "Well, you and your old man come over, then, on Sunday, and bring Eph with you. Tell him I'll be as glad to see him as though he was one of my brothers."

"Well, I'll do so," said the woman in the buggy, and she jerked the lines and drove off so fast that the empty butter and lard crocks in the back of the buggy fairly danced and jingled.

"Now let us go to the graveyard next," said Becky, slipping her arm into mine.

"Did you ever?" said the neighbor, Mrs. Bennett. "How lucky for you old acquaintances! Why we'll have to get up a picnic, I guess. She's just telling me that Ephraim Taft came yesterday on a visit, and that his wife is dead, and his last daughter is married, and he's left alone without even a housekeeper. Oh, I'll be so glad to see Eph, as we always called him. You mind him, Becky?"

Here Becky's fingers tightened on my poor arm,

and pinched me so I really did think I'd have to cry out "Enough!"

The woman continued: "Oh, he could play 'Moneymusk' and the 'Devil's Dream' like witch-work! Seems to me if I'd hear him play them again I'd forget my years and my standing in the church, and go a-prancing and a-waltzing over the floor. Mrs. Britt says he struck out this morning to see the old landmarks and visit all the old places. Dear me, I mean to kill the fattest old hen in the yard, and I'll get all of you old acquaintances together, and won't we have a time!"

I pinched dear old Becky till she caught her breath, but neither of us breathed a word, only I said: "O Mrs. Bennett, you are one of the kindest, best, jolliest women that ever was, and please don't forget to invite me to your party. I'm a marriageable woman, and your old boy Ephraim is left alone without a housekeeper, and who knows what might come to pass!"

We three went into the graveyard and paused under the big hickory-tree where stood the gray old frame of the bier on which coffins were carried. We looked around. There, under the willow, lay the Martin family; there by the stile the Taylors; there, next the Livingston monument, was buried all the Stuarts, from the old judge down to Ella's baby; and there, where the wild roses tangled and clambered like net-work, slept dear old pastor Rockaway and his blessed wife Esther Ann; and here, where the sod was so smooth, and compact, and sweetly shorn, and tended, was the grave of the little Newtons who were drowned. We walked slowly along the gravel walk down to the end of the yard, where lay the old neighbors who first settled in Cedar Valley; they were all buried close together, as they had lived, peaceful and in good friendship all their lives. The lot occupied by the Glenn family was surrounded by a dense privet hedge. We parted the glossy leaves and entered. We stepped back. We intruded. A fine-looking man, a little past middle age, was sitting on one of the low-lying slabs, his back turned toward us. We attempted to retreat, when his eye caught a view of the face of Mrs. Bennett, and the two, with exclamations of delight, shook hands most cordially.

"Dear old Eph!" she said, patting his shoulder. "I am so glad to see you! I just heard of your arrival, and was planning how to get all the old boys and girls of 1848 together at my house. Say, you mind Becky, don't you, Eph—Becky Goodman? I believe you will remember her."

And their two good right hands crossed palms, and they looked into each other's faces with eyes sharpened by olden memories, and they shook and shook; and then when Becky modestly endeavored to let go his hand, it wouldn't loosen its

clasp, but shook as though it meant dead earnestness.

Then I said: "Mrs. Bennett, did you see that new monument of John Crawford's? It is so modest and unpretending, I want you to see it."

And we turned our backs on the twain, just met after long, long years, and went to see the beautiful pinky-gray marble at the other side of the yard. And Becky sat down beside Ephraim on the great stone slab behind the green, glossy curtain of privet leaves; and the poor dears began, away back at that time when ugly mammy stuck a fork over the door-latch to debar the entrance of the gay young fiddler, and they talked on and on, and dinner waited in two or three homes for them, and wasn't eaten for dinner at all, because they didn't remember that it was customary for people to eat at noon. They were not hungry. They fared on food that nourished both soul and body as they sat there among the graves, oblivious to everything but themselves.

It was almost twilight when they parted, Becky and Ephraim, at the gate under the locust-trees at the home where she was visiting. And even there they lingered, and when they shook hands they shook long and tenderly, and both their faces were radiant, as though the dawn of a newer and a better day was breaking.

The next morning a tilting carriage stood at the gate, and impatient steeds champed the bits and pawed the green turf. The twain went out riding together. Ephraim made a cheerful widower, the folks said, and a merrier old maid than Becky they had not seen for many a day. And so they rode, and walked, and talked for a week or more, and then when neighbor Bennett invited us all to her house, one Thursday afternoon, the minister was invited, too; and the occasion was no common one, either, for Ephraim and Becky joined hands, and henceforth through life they will walk together, one in heart.

And so it came about that patient waiting was no loss to Becky, and that after all the years gone by she became the bride of the attractive young fiddler, and will adorn his home and comfort his life, and be to him companion, and counselor and friend.

ROSELLA RICE.

SOLID GROUND.—Never affect to be other than you are—either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say, "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say, "I do know." Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it," "I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me," "I cannot afford the money you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over a precipice.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

A BALLAD STORY.

SHE sat in her ragged frock, with her shoeless, naked feet, outside the gates of a large and beauteous garden—a little, pale-faced, wan-looking child, with thick, matted hair hanging round her thin cheeks and shading her large, hazel eyes, that had in them a sad, weary, wistful look.

In the beautiful garden, on which her constant gaze was fixed, the noble children, whose home was there, were playing also, but so differently from the ragged children beside her. They had the earth, and the stones, and the leaves for toys; these others had some beautiful-looking things—hoops and sticks, covered with red and white—which the elder ones tossed to one another; and the little ones had lovely dolls, and a horse, and wagon, and balls. And Annie had come daily to her seat beneath an old oak-tree to watch these happy children at their play; and soon she found that one amongst them never played, but lay on a rug with a crimson shawl thrown over him, and the others gathered handfuls of flowers and fruits to bring him, and made him umpire to their games, and many times came and kissed his pale, sweet face. And thenceforth Annie would go nowhere, so long as she could crawl, but to the old oak-tree to watch the little invalid. The toys and the ruddy-healthy children had lost their charm now that pale face lived in her little heart. One day she ventured to go close to the fence, and, leaning against it, kept her faithful watch. She had been there but a short time when she heard a voice say: "Oh! what a poor, sorry-looking child. Let me give her a flower, please, nurse. Here, little girl." And he smiled a soft, faint smile at the very thin, small hand "stretched out so eagerly" to grasp the sweet, blush rose he had given her; but the smile vanished quickly, and he said, "I am tired, nurse, take me in."

"And I am tired, so tired," murmured Annie, as she crawled slowly away, holding fast the beautiful blossom in her hand.

She went at once, on reaching her home, to the little, miserable room where she slept with her brothers and sisters, and flung herself down on what was called a bed that she shared with her youngest sister. Many a night, in stillness and darkness, the child had lain burnt with fever and racked with pain, staring out at the small, unshaded window at the stars glimmering in the sky, at the moon sailing there in its glorious beauty, bathing all nature with its soft, silvery light, like God's blessing on His beautiful works, or watching the faint streak of dawn, listening to the glad hymn of the awakened birds, and wondering if she should ever feel glad to wake—ever feel as though she would sing for joy as those happy little birds seemed to do. She grew weaker every

day, she knew that, and she was so tired now that she could not get up to go to tea with the others. The poor mother brought her some, and sat on the bed, trying to make her eat a little, but she could not fancy the bread and salt butter; she drank the tea eagerly—she was always thirsty—and she showed her mother the beautiful rose the little sick gentleman had given her, and asked to have it put into water and placed of the chair close beside her.

"I should like to go inside those gates to that beautiful garden, and sit beside him always, mother," she said.

"Ah! they wouldn't let such as us in there, dear," answered her mother. "I'll come in again presently to see about you, if you don't want to come in the sitting-room."

And the mother, with her eyes filled with tears, tears wrung from her weary heart, for the hopelessness of any joy, or comfort, or cure to be found for her child in this world, went into the other room to feed the others.

For some days Annie lay in her bed, unable, unwilling to move, occupying herself with tending the rose which had opened beautifully in the water, and which the child talked to in soft, caressing tones, as if to another little child. One day, when the sun was streaming into the small room, she asked to be dressed and helped to her old seat beneath the oak tree. It was not far, but she could scarcely, even with her mother's help, get there. They seated her on the little mossy knoll she had chosen, from which she could see the happy children; but he was not there—the sweet little "white face had vanished, the little feet gone away."

There was a grand funeral at the old village church; and a very tiny coffin was laid in the newly-dug grave. Flowers covered it, as they had covered the little waxen form therein, and the muffled bell kept tolling all the day, and the little happy children cared not for toys or play, but sat huddled together with tears in their once bright eyes—tears for the sorrow that had come to them all.

Annie was very, very ill, and in a weak, low voice she asked for whom the bell was tolling. The little lord had gone home to Heaven, her mother told her. A sweet, bright smile illumined her poor, thin face, and laying her head back on her pillow, she said, "I shall soon see him again, then," and in a few moments she was asleep. Poor little lassie, as she slept there she saw a bright, bright light filling all the little room, and she heard a sound of many sweet voices singing a hymn she had learned to sing in her Sunday-school:

"There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the Blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry—

A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally."

And as they sang she saw the ceiling of the room rising higher and higher; and above, instead of the discolored plaster, a pure, bright blue sky, and two fair angels holding in their arms two children.

One is the "pale, pale face" that has lived in her dreams, and the other herself surely! "There every little pilgrim shall rest eternally"—not only the nobleman, but the beggar maid would find rest and happiness; there in that bright home, where there were no tears, no sufferings, no gilded gates to separate the rich from the poor, all equal in the sight of the Divine eyes.

"Take me—take me," she cries, holding out her thin, weak arms.

"I am here, Annie dear; I'm here. Mother is beside you."

"Mother! Oh! do not hold me; we are going home together."

And a smile of divine beauty illumined all her face as she fell back in her mother's arms, at rest forever.

"And that high-born child and the beggar
Passed homewards side by side;
For the ways of men are narrow,
But the gates of Heaven are wide."

AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."

THE CLERK'S MARRIAGE.

"YOU are a brave young man, or a very foolish one."

"Why do you say that?"

"To think of marriage."

"What has bravery or folly to do in the case?"

"The young lady is poor."

"I do not wed for money."

"There would be some hope for you if she were the possessor of twenty or thirty thousand dollars. But being as poor as yourself, the folly of this purpose stands out in bold relief. Look before you leap, my friend; there's trouble for you on the other side."

"I am not sordid, Mr. Blair." The young man's fine face glowed, and his eyes flashed with repressed indignation.

"Not sordid enough, Adrian, for marriage, as society is now constituted. There are two sides to this question of marriage: the sentimental side, and the matter-of-fact side. Now, you have looked only at the sentimental side. Suppose we consider the matter-of-fact aspects. You are a clerk, receiving a salary of twelve hundred dollars. How much have you saved?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"Nothing! So much the worse. If it costs you twelve hundred dollars per annum to live, from whence is to come the means of supporting a wife and family?"

"Oh, I've been careless and wasteful in expenditure, as most young men are. I had only myself to provide for, and was self-indulgent. But that will cease, of course."

"Granted, for argument's sake. The young lady you propose to marry is named Rosa Newell?"

"Yes."

"A charming girl; well educated; finely accomplished; used to good society, as we say, and just suited for my friend Adrian, if she had money, or he an income of five thousand a year. But the idea of making her a happy wife, in the City of New York, on twelve hundred dollars, is simply preposterous. It can't be done, sir; and the attempt will prove ruinous to the happiness of both parties to so foolish an arrangement. It is a matter of the easiest demonstration, Adrian; and I wonder so good an accountant as you are should not, ere this, have tried the question by mathematical rules. Let me do it for you. And, first, we look at Rosa's present sphere of life. She has a home with Mr. Hart, an uncle, and is living in rather a luxurious way. Mr. Hart is a man who thinks a great deal of appearances, and maintains a domestic establishment that does not cost less than five thousand dollars a year. His house-rent is equal to your whole salary. Now, in taking Rosa from this home, into what kind of a one can you place her?"

A sober hue of thought came over the young man's face.

"You cannot afford to rent a house at even one-half the cost of Mr. Hart's, even if you were able to buy furniture," continued Mr. Blair.

"We shall board, of course," said Adrian. "Housekeeping is not to be thought of in the beginning."

"If not in the beginning, how afterward?"

The young man looked a trifle bewildered, but did not answer.

"What are you now paying for board?"

"Ten dollars a week."

"You would require a parlor and bed-room after marriage?"

"Yes."

"At a cost of not less than twenty dollars a week."

Adrian sighed.

"We could scarcely afford the parlor."

"Scarcely," said his friend. "Well, we give up the parlor, and take a pleasant front chamber on the second floor, at fifteen dollars a week. But the house is not first-class, nor the location very desirable. These are not to be had in New York at fifteen dollars a week. We cannot afford for

Rosa the elegances of her present home. Five dollars a week more for washing and *et ceteras*, and your income is drawn upon at the rate of one thousand and forty dollars a year. One hundred and sixty dollars left for clothing and all other expenses! And, so far, it has taken nearly three times that sum to meet your own demands. It has a bad look, Adrian."

"I was wasteful and self-indulgent," replied the young man, in a voice from which the confident tone had departed. "It will scarcely cost Rosa and me for clothing one-half of what I expended."

"Say one-half, and your income will not reach the demand. What was your tailor's bill last year?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Say three hundred, including boots, hats, *et cetera*."

"Yes"

"You could scarcely get this below a hundred."

"Perhaps not."

The young man's voice was growing husky.

"That will leave sixty dollars for your wife's clothing, and nothing for pleasures, recreations or unanticipated but unavoidable expenses. And if it be so with you two in good health, what will be the condition of things in sickness, and with children to support and educate? Adrian, my young friend, there is debt, embarrassment, disappointment and a miserable life before you. Pause and retrace your steps before it is too late. If you love Rosa, spare her from this impending fate. Leave her in her pleasant home, or to grace that of a man better able than you to provide her with the external blessings of life. You cannot marry on twelve hundred dollars a year, and it is folly to think of it."

"We could get boarding for twelve dollars a week," said Adrian.

"That would scarcely help the matter at all. At best, it would only make a difference in the amount of your indebtedness at the close of each year. It is folly to think of it, my young friend. You can't afford to marry."

"It has a dark look, but there is no holding up now," replied Adrian, in a gloomy way. "We have mutually pledged each other, and the day of our marriage has been appointed."

"I'm sorry for you," said the friend, a bachelor of forty, who, on an income of two thousand a year, could see no possible chance for a happy marriage in the City of New York, and preferred celibacy to the embarrassments which he saw hundreds of his friends encounter in their attempts to live in a style out of all proportion to their resources. "I'm sorry for you," he repeated; "but if you will bend your neck to the yoke, you must not complain of the burden you find yourself compelled to bear."

Strange as it may appear, the young clerk,

Henry Adrian, had never before looked this matter of income, expenditure and style of living fairly in the front. The actual aspect of the case, when clearly seen, threw his mind into a state of troubled bewilderment. He went over and over again the calculations suggested by Mr. Blair, a

he looked at the truth, the more heavily came the pressure of its stony weight upon his heart. To go forward was little less than madness, yet how could he hold back now?

Rosa sat alone, reading, in one of her uncle's handsome parlors, waiting for her lover. He was



"ADRIAN AND HIS WIFE WERE ON THE PIAZZA, PREPARED TO RECEIVE HIM."—p. 638.

bookkeeper in the establishment where he was employed, cutting off a little from one proposed expenditure and another, but not being able to get the cost of living down to the range of his salary, except when the style was so far below that in which his wife must move, that he turned half sick from its contemplation. The more steadily

later than usual; so late that her book began to lose its interest, and at last lay closed on her lap, while a shade fell over her expectant face. A single glance at Rosa's countenance revealed the fact that she was a girl of some character. There was no soft, voluptuous languor about her, but an erectness of position as she sat, and a firmness of

tone in all her features, that indicated an active mind and self-reliance.

An hour later than usual, Adrian came.

"Are you sick, Henry?" asked Rosa, as she took his hand, and fixed her eyes on his sober face.

"Not sick, but troubled in mind," he replied, without evasion.

"Why are you troubled, Henry?" And Rosa drew an arm tenderly around her lover.

"Sit down, and I will tell you. The trouble concerns us both, Rosa."

The young girl's face grew pale. They sat down close together, holding each other's hands. But in Adrian's countenance there was a resolute expression, such as we see in the countenance of a man who has settled a question of difficult solution.

"The day fixed for our marriage is only two months distant," he said.

The tone in which he spoke chilled the heart of Rosa. She did not answer, but kept her gaze on his face.

"Rosa, we must reconsider this matter. We have acted without forethought."

Her face became paler, her lips fell apart, her eyes had a frightened expression.

"I love you, Rosa, tenderly, truly. My heart is not turning from you. I would hasten, rather than retard, the day of our marriage. But there are considerations beyond that day, which have presented themselves, and demand thoughtfulness. In a word, Rosa, I cannot afford to marry. My income will not justify the step."

The frightened look went out of Rosa's eyes.

"It was wrong in me ever to have sought your love."

Her hand tightened on his, and she shrank closer to his side.

"I am a clerk, with an income of only twelve hundred dollars, and I do not see much beyond to hope for. Rosa, the furniture of these parlors cost twice the amount of my salary. The rent of the home in which you now live is equal to what I receive in a year. I cannot take you from all this elegance into a third-class boarding-house, the best my means will provide. No, no, Rosa; it would be unjust, selfish, wrong, cruel. How blind in me ever to have thought of so degrading the one I love!"

The young man was strongly agitated.

"And this is all that troubles you, Henry?"

"Is it not enough? Can I look at the two alternatives that present themselves, and not grow heart-sick? If we marry, what is before us? Humiliation, deprivation and all the ills that poverty brings for you, and debt, trouble and a life-long embarrassment for me. If we separate, each taking different ways in life—O Rosa, Rosa,

I am not strong enough to choose that alternative!"

And his form trembled under the pressure of excitement.

"You love me, Henry?" The voice of Rosa was calm, yet burdened with feeling.

"As my own life, darling! Have I not said so a hundred times?"

"And even as my life do I love you, Henry."

For several moments her face lay hidden in his bosom. Then lifting it, Rosa said: "I am glad you have spoken on this subject, Henry. I could not approach it myself, but, now that we have it before us, let it be well considered. Your income is twelve hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"A sum large enough to supply all the real wants of two persons who have independence enough not to be enslaved by a mere love of appearances."

"Why, darling, it will require more than half of my salary to pay for respectable boarding."

"Taking it for granted that, after our marriage, I am to sit down in a boarding-house, with hands folded, an idle dependent on your labor. But I shall not so construe my relation to my husband. I will be a helpmeet for him. I will stand by his side, sharing life's burdens."

"All that is in your heart, darling, I know," returned Adrian. "But we are hedged round with social forms that act as a hindrance. You cannot help me. Society will demand of us a certain style of living, and we must conform to it, or be pushed aside from all circles of refinement, taste and intelligence. I cannot accept this ostracism for you, Rosa. It is not right."

"As if a false, heartless world were more to me than a true, loving husband! Henry, the central point of social happiness is home; as the home is, so will our lives be—rather let me say, as we are, so will our homes be—centres of gloom or brightness. What others think of us is really of little account in making up the sum of our enjoyments as we pass through life; but what we are in ourselves is everything. We must be the centres of our own world of happiness, or our lives will be incomplete. Can a fine establishment like this in which I live in weak dependence, fill the measure of my desires? Can it bring peace and contentment? No, no, Henry. The humblest apartments, shared with you, would be a palace to my soul instead. I am not speaking with the romantic enthusiasm of an ardent girl, but soberly, truthfully, Henry. No, dearest, we will not make our lives wretched by living apart, because we cannot make a fair appearance in other people's eyes. God has given us love for each other, and the means of happiness if we will use them. Let us take His good gifts in thankfulness. You have an income of twelve hundred dollars. We must

not expect to live as those do who have as many thousands a year. Be that folly far from us, Henry! I am equal to the self-denial it will require, if the word 'self-denial' is to be used. Are not you also? O Henry! is there any joy to be imagined beyond that which flows from the conjunction of two loving hearts? And shall pride and a weak spirit of social conformity come in to rob us of our blessing?"

The young man had come, sternly resolved to put off the day of marriage. He parted from his betrothed that night, looking forward with golden-hued hopes of its arrival. They had talked over the future practically and sensibly. The lover's fond pride, which had looked to a fair social appearance for his young wife, gave place to a better view of things. He saw that his love had fixed itself upon a true woman, and that in the humbler sphere in which their lot was cast all attainable happiness was in store for them, if they would but open their hearts in an orderly way for its reception. One thing said to him by Rosa in that evening's talk we repeat for the sake of young wives or maidens on the eve of marriage:

"Be mine, dear Henry," she said, "the task of ordering and regulating our domestic affairs in conformity with your means. I will give all thought to that. Your income is fixed, and I shall know exactly the range of expenditure we must adopt. Do not fear debt and embarrassment. These wretched forms shall never enter your home while I stand sentinel at the door. If the husband gives his life to care and work, shall not the wife do the same? If he provide to the best of his ability, shall not she dispense with wise frugality his earning? She that fails to do this, is not worthy of her position."

"And so you are bent on this folly?" said the bachelor clerk, on the day preceding that on which Adrian was to be married.

"Yes, if you choose to call it folly," was the answer.

"Where are you going?"

"We shall go nowhere."

"What! Not make a bridal tour?"

"No. A clerk who only receives a salary of twelve hundred dollars can't afford to spend two hundred in making a bridal tour."

Mr. Blair shrugged his shoulders and arched his eyebrows, as much as to say: "If I couldn't afford a bridal tour, I'd not marry."

On the day after Adrian's wedding, he was at his usual place in the counting-house. He received from his fellow-clerks a few feeble congratulations. Most of them thought him a fool to burden himself with a wife not worth a dollar.

"When I marry, I'll better my condition—not make it worse," was the unspoken thought of more than one.

"Where are you boarding?" asked Mr. Blair,

indifferently, two or three weeks after Adrian's marriage.

"Nowhere," was replied. "We are at house-keeping."

"What?"

"At housekeeping."

"What is your rent?"

"Two hundred dollars, and half of that my wise, good little wife is to pay in music-lessons to our landlady's daughters. We have two pleasant rooms in a fine old country mansion in New Jersey, not an hour's ride from the office here. I furnished these with the money it would have taken for the usual bridal tour. Rosa has the use of the kitchen, and insists on doing her own cooking and housework for the present. I demurred, and do demur; but she says that 'work is worship,' if performed conscientiously and dutifully, as she is performing it. And, with all this, we are very happy, Mr. Blair, as you shall witness. To-morrow you must pay us a visit, take tea and spend the evening."

Mr. Blair accepted the invitation. He had met Rosa occasionally before her marriage, and knew her to be a bright, accomplished young woman, fitted to move in refined and intelligent circles, and he felt some curiosity to see her in the new position of mistress and maid to her own household. The train took Mr. Blair to within a short distance of the home where Henry Adrian and his courageous wife were located. A few minutes' walk brought him to the old place, with its fine, healthy, country aspect. Expecting him by that train, Adrian and his wife were on the piazza, prepared to receive him, and after the customary greetings they led him up-stairs to their own apartments—not with stammering apologies for their poor home; but with such ease and self-possession—with such a happy light in their eyes, and with such loving smiles about their lips—that Mr. Blair found himself all at once transferred to an earthly paradise. As soon as opportunity came for observation, he became interested in noting what was around him.

The furniture of the room into which he had been ushered could scarcely have been plainer. In the centre stood a small breakfast-table, covered with a snowy cloth, and set for three persons. Four cane-seat chairs, a work-stand, a hanging-shelf for books, a mantle ornament or two of no special value, an ingrain carpet on the floor, and plain white curtains looped back with blue ribbons, made up the complete inventory. No, not the complete inventory, for there was a piano against the wall, the dark case and plain style of which showed it to be no recent purchase. The instrument had been Rosa's, as the observant visitor correctly inferred.

After a pleasant talk of some minutes, Rosa left the room, and not long after returned, bearing a

tray on which were tea, toast, butter, biscuit, cold tongue and sweetmeats. There was a beautiful glow on her face as she entered, but nothing of shame or hurt pride. With her own fair hands she arranged the table, and then took her place at the head to serve her husband and his friend.

The heart of Mr. Blair glowed and stirred with a new impulse as he looked into the pure, sweet, happy face of the young wife, as she poured the tea and served the meal which she had prepared.

After supper, Rosa removed the tea-things, and was absent nearly half an hour. She returned through her chamber, which adjoined their little parlor, breakfast and sitting-room, all in one, with just the slightest change in her attire, and looking as fresh, happy and beautiful as if entering a drawing-room filled with company. The evening passed in reading, music and pleasant conversation. As Mr. Blair was about retiring, Adrian said: "Do you think now that we were fools to marry?"

Rosa stood with her hand drawn within one arm of her husband and clasped, and with a face radiantly happy.

A shade crept over Mr. Blair's countenance.

"No, not fools, but wise, as others might be, if they were only courageous enough to do as you have done. Mrs. Adrian," and he took the young wife's hand, "I honor your bravery, your independence, your true love that cannot be overshadowed by worldliness, that mildew of the heart, that blight on our social life. You are a thousand times happier in your dutiful seclusion than any fashion-loving wife or slave to external appearances can ever be."

"I love my husband, and I live for him," Rosa leaned closer to the manly form by her side. "I understood when we married that he was a life-toiler; that our home would be established and sustained by the work of his hands; and I understood as well that I was not his superior, but only his equal, and that if it was right and honorable for him to work, it could be no less right and honorable for me. Was I to sit idle, and have a servant to wait on me, when his was a lot of toil? No—no—no! I had my part to perform as well as he, and I am performing it to the best of my ability."

"You are a true woman, a wise woman, a good woman," said Mr. Blair, with ardor; "and you will be as happy as you deserve to be. I thought Henry a fool to marry on twelve hundred dollars, and told him so. But I take back my words. If such women as you were plentiful, we could all marry, and find our salaries ample. Good-night, and may God bless you!"

And the bachelor clerk, who could not afford to marry on two thousand dollars a year, went to his lonely home—lonely, though peopled thickly—

and sitting down in his desolate chamber, dreamed over the sweet picture of domestic felicity he had seen, and sighed for a like sweet hiding-place from the world, and all false protection and heartless show.

T. S. A.

CARINA.

CARINA, see the stars look down
From out the quiet, solemn sky,
And song-birds twitter soft and low
Because they hear thee passing by.
The night wind lifts thy tresses bright,
Tossing them gayly here and there,
And marvels 'neath their shade to find
A brow so radiantly fair.

Carina Mia! tell me, sweet,
How is one loving heart to guess
Whether the other keeps for it
A single thought of tenderness?
Ah! see how quick the answer comes
In the swift flash, so keenly bright,
That, sweeping o'er the upturned face,
Floods it with soft and tender light!

But, O Carina! canst thou know
How sweetly mad this love of mine
That treasures up each word and look,
Or dainty little touch of thine,
Counting, as miser doth his hoard,
Each plaintive sigh or gentle smile
Thou deignest to bestow on one
Who loves thee more and more the while?

Carina! lo, the stars grow pale
Before the lovelight in thine eyes;
Hearing the love-tones in thy voice,
The song-birds hush in sweet surprise;
While undisturbed thy tresses lie,
And the night wind, with touch as light
As any lover's, leaves a kiss
Among their waves so softly bright.

RUTH ARGYLE.

INJURED ONES.—A number of people possess what may be called an aptitude for injury. They not only accept it at every turn and receive it at every pore, but actually seem to hunt it up and lie in wait for it. Nothing falls that does not hit them; nothing breaks that does not hurt them; nothing happens in any way that they do not reap a golden harvest of wrong from it. These people are miserable, as a matter of course—that goes without saying; but they would be utterly and hopelessly miserable if they could not at any moment scrape the substance of an injury together to solace some heavy hour destitute of other excitement.

WHICH WAY.

MRS. HUNTLEY, with quick step, was leaving M'Cready's wholesale and retail grocery store, after punctually settling the month's account, when, glancing up at a window in the hotel opposite, she was sure she recognized in the marked and pleasant lineaments of the lady idly gazing down into the street the features of an old friend and schoolmate.

Mrs. Huntley crossed the street, and, ascending the stairs to the parlor, was soon in the embrace of the companion of her girlhood.

Ellen Earl was making a brief stay in town, called hither on some business matters relating to legal claims on the family estate. Having an immediate appointment with her lawyer, only a brief interview was possible, and the friends parted with the understanding that Ellen would spend the afternoon of the next day at Mrs. Huntley's house, and meet several mutual friends residing in the same town.

"I did not know that our old friend Fanny Osgood was living here," said Ellen. "It will be indeed a great pleasure to meet her and the others of whom you speak. I knew that your home was here some years ago, but did not know whether you had removed, and doubted whether I would have time to hunt you up in this large town. People change so, too; I could not know that I would find you the same Kitty Huntley of old, that you are!" and a moisture came to the eyes of the sensitive, reticent, yet large-souled woman, who had seen many experiences, and not always the sunny side of life.

The next morning, as Mrs. Huntley was giving the children their little lessons, the servant came up to announce a caller.

"She did not give her name, but seemed to be in a great hurry. She was in a hurry before when I let her in," said Janet. "She's only been here once since I came to live with you."

"Is it Mrs. Osgood?"

"Oh, yes'm, that's the name. I remember her now."

Mrs. Huntley quickly, but with the bright serenity that was habitual to her, descended to the parlor and greeted her friend.

"Never mind, don't make me too comfortable," said the guest, as Mrs. Huntley drew an easier chair. "I can only stay a very few moments. I stopped on the way to the committee meeting to make my 'regrets' in person, and tell you how very sorry I am that it is impossible for me to accept your kind invitation for this afternoon to meet Ellen Earl. I found your note when I got home from the missionary meeting yesterday afternoon."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Huntley. "Ellen leaves early to-morrow morning, and she expressed especial pleasure in the expectation of meeting

you. I am to send the carriage out for Hetty Ford, and I thought we would get together as many of the old set as possible."

"I would like to come," said Mrs. Osgood, putting back from her brow the disheveled locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray, that clustered around her temples, "but everything is in a tangle, and I really can't take the time. We must work in faith, you know, while the day lasts, even if we don't see any fruit. Sometimes I get most discouraged."

"Stay here this morning, and let us talk it over," said Mrs. Huntley, reaching for a bit of embroidery that, with threaded needle, peered temptingly from the little fancy work-table.

"Oh, I can't think of such a thing! We have to make arrangements about the church festival, you know, and I have to report at the committee meeting this morning as to who will give cake and cream, and attend the tables. Then I must go and see about a sewing-woman that is giving me a heap of trouble."

"My seamstress is a treasure, and she leaves me to-morrow. She can go to you if you wish to engage her," suggested Mrs. Huntley.

"One is enough at a time, and rather too much," returned Mrs. Osgood. "The poor woman I employed—a perfect stranger to me—was distressingly in need of work, and we must help such cases, you know. I hired a machine for her to use at my house. I was sick, and she worried me into saying she could take it home to her room, so as to use evenings. I meant to 'change my mind' about it next day. But she sent an express-wagon for it in fifteen minutes after I gave my consent. I suspected she had stolen a lot of passementerie trimming, and I did not want to offend her and have trouble till I got it back again. So I had to let the sewing machine go. Early this morning I got a message from the agent of the firm I rented it of, saying that they would have me arrested for letting that machine go out of my possession. My husband has been sick in bed two or three days. He is nervous as a witch; he heard the man talk, and it worries him in his weak state. I promised him I would see the firm and the woman, too, before I came home, and have it all settled up. So you see I have *my hands full*. I am always in some kind of 'a scrape,' I believe, and yet I do try to do good, and I don't believe I'm a bit of a 'shirk.'"

Mrs. Huntley smiled. "I am not sure that I know just what you mean."

"No, of course you do not. You have no similar experiences. You have 'a way of your own' in doing your church work, and nothing ever clashes with you. Yet you do twice the good I do."

"I don't do any good," said Mrs. Huntley, quietly, with great candor of tone.

"That's nonsense, now," said the animated lady. "It's good, one kind of good, to think of everybody and make people happy, as you do. For instance, Ellen Earl. She is good as gold, but you know she never was one of the attractive kind, nor one that had or expected much social attention. She only came here yesterday, yet you manage to find it out, call on her and arrange a little welcome for her, and 'bid' us all; though I used to be twice as intimate with the family—that is, with the cousin that lived with them—than you were with Ellen or Lou, either. She will tell over to the whole clan when she gets home what a pleasant time you made for her, and I'm glad of it. But I shouldn't have had the time, as you see. And there you are working on that embroidery for the festival. What a quantity of it you have done. I expect there will be one or two of my 'pensioners' waiting for me when I get home—poor people I'm helping. I'm driven to death, and I don't seem to be prospered, either. I tried to do a little good in helping that woman, but I'm afraid I've only encouraged her in evil; and I'm almost sure she stole money from me as well as dress-trimming, and it was money my sister sent to have me purchase her a dress with. Do tell me what your 'way' is—what the secret is of your doing so much good so *smoothly* as you do."

"I don't do any good," again repeated the quiet tones.

"You never was a bit of a hypocrite, and I never thought you were. I don't see how you can sit there and say you 'don't do any good.'"

A little momentary struggle showed itself in Mrs. Huntley's face.

"All good is the Lord's, and from Him," she said, with drooping eyes. "If we try to put away evils as sins against Him, He helps us, and then His 'good' flows in. There are no vacuums in spiritual life any more than in natural life. If we put away evil—and that is our 'part' to do—good flows in from the Lord."

"That is a new view of things to me," said straightforward Mrs. Osgood. "But do you mean to say you don't try to do good?"

Mrs. Huntley smiled. "It takes me all the time to fight evil, I fear," she said. "We must, of course, compel ourselves to do right even if it is distasteful to us at the first. But I am not very wise. I am afraid I would not always know what was good, in the practical perplexities of life, if I did not see by shunning the opposite evil."

"Has every good thing an opposite evil?" spoke Mrs. Osgood, in surprise.

"Yes, I find I can only see my duty, and the way for my 'feet to walk,' by avoiding the evil. When I do so, light flows in."

"Won't you state it more plainly? This is all news to me."

"You can easily see, as regards Ellen, that

there was no merit, even in a social point of view, in my 'managing to find her out,' as you call it."

"You were not fighting evil then, were you?" laughingly interrupted Mrs. Osgood.

"Yes, the evil of indebtedness, the injustice of unnecessary debt. I always settle our housekeeping bills the last of every month. I knew M'Cready would be perfectly willing to wait, or presumed he would, and it was a real temptation to let the matter wait, and to stay at home, using the funds for another purpose. But payment was due, according to understanding. I put away, fought against, the sin against charity and what I call dishonesty, and went. There was no merit in it. It was only right; it was the way that you call 'smooth.' Mr. M'Cready, however, was making out bank payments, meeting some notes due, and he thanked me for coming within banking hours. My feet were in the plain way of ordinary duty, nothing more. I glanced up at a window and saw Ellen. There was no merit in that. The Lord's Providence brought us together. I was glad enough!"

"I never thought it was a 'sin against charity' not to pay a debt!" was the only response Mrs. Osgood made.

"Charity is love. That is the meaning of the word. It is not love to our neighbor to withhold what is due him. If all paid just wages, and acted in love in yielding both service and pay, there would not be so much need for benevolent societies."

"I've often put off the payment of a bill, or of wages, to contribute to some relief association in need," said the lady, frankly.

"I would not dare," said Mrs. Huntley. "If my feet strayed out of the plain way of love to my neighbor, I should fear no blessing would follow."

"I knew you had some 'way of your own.' Please tell me how you act by this theory. It is not clear to me about shunning evils," said Mrs. Osgood.

Mrs. Huntley saw that her friend was in earnest, and proceeded: "If I put away disorder from my home, emphatically fighting it as an evil, I have order as a result. If I shun extravagance and unwise expenditure, I have thrift. If I combat idleness and waste of time, I have a degree of leisure enabling me to do such dainty work as this," and she smoothed out the embroidery. "If I drive back the quick, angry tone, my words calm rather than irritate. If I avoid becoming a mere parasite on the church, I was going to say, I contribute the support owed and which is due to the maintenance of the ordinances. I do it with pleasure, it is true; but when we have done all, we are unprofitable servants. There is no merit in it. It is only the normal condition of things, which evil indulged interrupts. We are to resist the evil. That is our part. There is none that doeth good, no not one. There is none good save One, that is

God. To claim as ours the good wrought through us, is to rob God."

"This is new to me as a foreign tongue," said Mrs. Osgood. "I was always taught to 'do good.' Sermons urge us to increased activity in religious work. Societies, and meetings, and home benevolence, and entertainment of strangers, drive me from morning till night. It is now time I met that committee; the devotional exercises must be over now; and it will take me twenty minutes to get there, and no doubt the chat and questions will detain me a long time after the hour of closing. It is hard to get away, you know, where every one suggests something and wants you to wait a minute," and the lady glanced apprehensively at the pretty cuckoo clock above the mantle. "I am late, tired, disturbed, hurried. What evil, according to your way of looking at things, shall I shun this hour? How shall I get harmonious? Show me how to practically use your theories."

"My dear friend, do you really want me to try to serve you in this manner?"

"Yes; you have some manner of discernment or principle of action, which I have called 'your way.' I have long seen it in your family and in your activities as a church member. I want to get at the secret."

"There is no secret," said Mrs. Huntley, as she took a piece of paper and a pencil and wrote rapidly a list of names. "It seems to me that the first evil to shun here is loneliness and need of attention on the part of your sick husband. At the same time you are responsible to our committee for the service you engaged to perform. Here is a list of names of the contributors to the festival. I have put ice cream against Mrs. You-man's name. She always gives it. Now you fill out the list of promised donations against the respective names. I will send John with this statement to the ladies, accompanying it with the message that sickness in your family prevents your attendance."

"Now," resumed Mrs. Huntley, having rung for John and given him instructions, "avoid injury to the good you have done that woman in employing her. Avoid counteracting the impression of your Christian kindness. Do not take away her character. Theft is not proved. What seems crooked, may possibly be explained. If not, and she is guilty, your tenderness and forbearance may win her to confession and reform. If this is not the case, the remembrance of it may come to her years hence. Genuine love revealed never can die. Avoid irritation and upbraiding even if you cause an arrest. Go in the love that first prompted you to befriend. Avoid, too, the very 'appearance of evil' with the sewing-machine company, even though they have been rude. Then you will go smooth and unruffled to cheer your weary and anxious patient when you get home."

Sudden moisture came to Mrs. Osgood's eyes.

"I feel clearer, calmer already," she said, rising at once and folding her shawl more closely around her tall and graceful figure. "I will not wait to discuss the principle, but everything seems clear. My 'way' has always been to ignore evils, pushing blindly for the good. But the evils are there, I see now, and they trap me at every step."

With a cordial hand-grasp the friends parted, and with elastic step Mrs. Osgood proceeded down the street.

"That's a lady, and no mistake!" said the representative of the sewing-machine firm when the gracious, frank, yet dignified apology was thought over after the caller had quitted the rooms.

"It appears to me just as if an angel had been in here!" said the sewing-woman, as she threw her apron over her face to hide the starting tears. "I can't get over it!" and feelings long sleeping, stirred, as Mrs. Osgood's footsteps were retreating down the rickety, tenement-house stairs, and waking memories of girlhood in a Christian home came like a benediction to blend with new aspirations in a tried and tempted, grieving heart.

A new light was in Mrs. Osgood's face, a new tone in her voice when she entered the room where her husband was wearily turning on his pillow.

"Has anything happened?" he asked, with a brightening look.

"Why?"

"You look so happy. That bonnet is very becoming, Fanny, and you look so rested."

"How do you feel, Robert?" Mrs. Osgood asked, after giving a brief outline of business transacted since morning.

"A little faint," was the reply. "I shall feel better when I have eaten something."

"You don't mean to say that you haven't had anything since I went away, do you? I gave Jane very particular instructions just how to cook your rice, and to bring it up when the children had their lunch."

"The rice was very well cooked. It looked tempting, but I could not eat it. You had salt mackerel for breakfast, didn't you?"

"There was some cooked," said Mrs. Osgood.

"I thought so. That was it. The plate had not been washed, I judge. A bit of the fish-skin stuck to it and showed me what the horrible flavor was! It took away the little appetite I had."

"I should think so!" exclaimed his wife, and then with a sudden change of expression and manifestation of feeling which Mr. Osgood was entirely unprepared for, his wife said, with starting tears and suppressed laughter contending with each other: "O Robert, that is just an excellent, if homely, illustration of all the good I ever tried to do in my life. Painstaking, careful offer-

ings on unwashed plates. Wasted labor and material, only fit to be rejected with disgust. The unfought, unremoved, tolerated evils permeating and spoiling all the hard-wrought good. I see it. Oh, I see it. It is clear as the light of day!"

"What in the world do you mean, Fanny?"

"The way to 'learn to do well,' is to 'cease to do evil' first. The Word puts it first. 'Cease to do evil, learn to do well.'"

"Well?"

"I will tell you what I mean by and by. I must go and take off my things and shake the dust off now."

In a very short time Mrs. Osgood reappeared bearing a waiter tempting with fresh damask of snowy whiteness, delicate china, shining silver and a lunch prepared by her own hands, with fragrant tea."

"This is nice," said Mr. Osgood. "No uncanny flavors here!"

"I am going to try to get rid of the bad flavors, Robert. I believe my scolding, fretful ways with the children spoil the real instruction and training I try to give them, and it's one reason I have so much trouble with the servants, too."

Mr. Osgood was too intensely surprised to make any immediate response. He was a genial, patient, facetious man, an upright, professing Christian. He respected and sympathized with his wife's principles and her "hobby" for "doing good." Why such right motives should work out such astounding results as they often did was one of the mysteries Mr. Osgood frequently reflected upon but never mentioned.

"I am sure, Fanny, you always try to do what is right in everything," he finally remarked, in a sympathizing tone.

"But it makes so much difference whether we take the Lord's way to do it or our own way. I was so irritated with that sewing-woman I could not have gone to her in positive love and with tender words. But when I went, looking to the Lord for strength to keep from sinning against Him by being harsh and vindictive, it just made me humble and seemed to bring Him so near, and the words seemed given me to say. It seems as though He was so ready to help us and do all for us if we just put the evil out of the way."

In the evening Mr. Osgood felt so much better that he sat in the family sitting-room, in dressing-gown and slippers.

When the children's study hour was over and little Frank's problems were not finished, peremptory words rose to Mrs. Osgood's lips. She was going to say, "Now I give you just fifteen minutes by the clock to get the answer to those two problems." She checked herself a moment, and said instead: "Come here, my son, and let me help you."

"Have you got time, mamma?" in surprised tones.

"Certainly, my boy."

The principle mastered, the grateful child lingered to say, bashfully: "You're a nice mamma," before gathering up his books and saying "good-night."

Just then Mrs. Huntley, Ellen Earl and Hatty Ford and others came in.

"We've adjourned our session devoted to 'Auld Lang Syne' memories to hold a brief postscript of a meeting here," said Mrs. Huntley.

Mr. Osgood congratulated himself on being up "in state" to receive them.

"These brief, severe attacks of mine that lead to long, nervous prostration afterward are getting less frequent for a year or two. Seeing so many old friends ought to cure me quite," he said, in answer to their inquiries, and to relieve their apprehensions of intruding on a sick man.

As the bevy broke up later, the invalid said: "Your old reminiscences make me feel as though I was a young man again 'paying attention' to my wife, in Summerfield."

"I haven't seen her look so young and happy since her wedding day," said Hatty Ford. "So we'll make believe it's true."

"I am trying your 'way' in my home," said Fanny Osgood to Mrs. Huntley, as they stood aside to notice an opening rose in the window-garden while Hatty put on her wraps. "I hope I shall always walk in it, for, my dear friend, I believe it's the Lord's 'way,' and if it makes us feel our *hileness*, it shows us His strength and brings His tenderness and condescension very near, making us to dwell safely. My feet have only *entered* the way," she added, "but I see 'men as trees walking.' I believe my family are happier already on account of the new light that has dawned upon me."

MARY E. COMSTOCK.

HYACINTHS.—The double hyacinth is almost a creature of the last two hundred years, and all the older flowers are blue, purple or white in the illustrations to the works of Dodoens, for example, or John Gerarde. The crimson, the carmine and the tender yellow tints which now make hyacinths so prized among spring flowers are new. In about the year 1680 Peter Voorhelm, a Dutch grower of single hyacinths, who had carefully weeded out any plants that showed a tendency to become double, fell ill, and during his sickness several double seedlings showed themselves, and assumed so much beauty that Voorhelm had not the heart, when he recovered, to kill them. He found his tenderness to the double hyacinths pay very well, for bulbs of them soon began to sell for one thousand florins and two thousand florins in the same country which had just recovered from the tulip mania.

THE JEWISH BIBLE.

THE most ancient version of the Holy Scriptures is that known as the Septuagint; and it originated in a very curious way, the bibliomania of a heathen king. This was the Egyptian monarch, Ptolemy Philadelphus, second of the line, to whose indefatigable collecting powers the famous library of Alexandria principally owed its wonderful and varied resources.

This library began in a museum, which was not at all a collection of curiosities, but an institution of learning, composed of deeply-studious men, who were busied in philosophical and scientific researches. No expense was spared on this pet college of the Ptolemies, and the buildings were magnificent. The king who established it, immediately began to make a collection of books for the use of the members of the institution. This was attended with great expense, as every book that was added to the collection required to be transcribed with a pen on parchment or papyrus with infinite labor and care. Great numbers of scribes were constantly employed upon this work at the museum.

The kings who were most interested in forming this library would seize the books that were possessed by individual scholars, or that were deposited in the various cities of their dominions, and then causing beautiful copies of them to be made by the scribes of the museum, they would retain the originals for the great Alexandrian Library, and give the copies to the men or the cities that had been thus despoiled. In the same manner they would borrow, as they called it, from all travelers who visited Egypt, any valuable books which they might have in their possession, and, retaining the originals, give them back copies instead. In process of time, the library increased to four hundred thousand volumes.

Ptolemy Philadelphus resolved to make his pet library as great a wonder as the famous Pharos, in which he took so much pride; and with this view, he determined to procure either copies or originals—the latter if possible—of all the books in the world. Scholars were set at work in the museum to read and study with fresh diligence; and with more zeal than principle, messengers were dispatched to different countries to ascertain what books were to be found among other nations, and secure prizes wherever it was possible. When the originals could not be seized, neither expense, labor nor stratagem was spared to make as perfect copies as possible of the coveted volumes.

Athens afforded the richest spoils to these literary highwaymen in the works of the most celebrated Greek historians. This valuable "haul" was fairly gloated over; and after making exquisite copies of the volumes, the originals were safely transferred to the Alexandrian Library, and the

copies returned to the defrauded owners, handsomely accompanied by a large sum of money as an equivalent for the difference in value! Truly, it must have caused consternation among book-owners in those days to hear that Ptolemy Philadelphus intended to "borrow" some volumes.

This passion for book-collecting finally brought the Egyptian king in contact with the Jews; and it was speedily whispered to him that this "peculiar people" had especial claims upon his interest, for they treasured in their temple at Jerusalem some sacred writings which formed a very complete and interesting history of their nation from the earliest time, and included several volumes of sacred prophecy and poetry. These wonderful books were the Hebrew Scriptures of the Old Testament, and had never yet been seen by any nation but the Jews, while even among them only the priests and the very learned could handle and read them. To take these sacred books from the Holy City, and to allow the profane eyes of Pagans and idolaters to rest upon them, would have been nothing short of desecration; while, as the Jewish language was unknown beyond the precincts of Judea and Galilee, the sight would have been no benefit to other nations.

But this account of rare and precious volumes, as yet unseen by outsiders, so fired the enthusiasm of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who displayed the most dogged perseverance in his favorite mania, that he resolved to secure these treasured writings at any cost. The Jews were not easy to get at in any way, as they held themselves aloof from all other nations; and to appropriate their whole literature at one fell swoop was a feat that required careful consideration. But it was also a feat that, if crowned with success, would shine as the most dazzling of all the exploits which had hitherto enriched the grand library.

In his wildest dreams, however, the king did not lift his eyes to the originals in this case; copies of such precious volumes would be sufficient triumph; and Ptolemy decided to have a copy made in the ancient Hebrew, and also a translation of the same into Greek, because of the numerous Greek and Roman scholars who flocked to Alexandria to benefit by the advantages afforded them by the various institutions of learning established there by this Egyptian monarch.

The subject of the acquisition of the Hebrew Scriptures having been diligently turned over in the mind of Ptolemy Philadelphus, he was finally visited by a happy inspiration. The thought had suggested itself that such a request from an Egyptian king would be less favorably received by the Jews because, "during certain wars which had taken place in previous reigns, a considerable number of prisoners had been taken by the Egyptians and had been brought to Egypt as captives;

where they had been sold to the inhabitants, and were scattered over the land as slaves. They were employed as servile laborers in tilling the fields, or in turning enormous wheels to pump up water from the Nile. The masters of these helpless bondmen conceived, like other slaveholders, that they had a right of property in their slaves."

The king's grand idea was to give these slaves their freedom and permission to return to their native land, in the hope that such unusual conduct on the part of an Egyptian monarch would so please the Jews as a nation that his cherished desire of obtaining a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures would be granted. He paid a very high sum to those who held the Jewish slaves for their ransom, ancient historians asserting that one hundred and twenty thousand captives were liberated at an expense of six hundred talents, or about six hundred thousand dollars.

This, however, was only the beginning of the munificent expenditure by which Ptolemy accomplished his object. A splendid embassy was sent to Jerusalem, with such magnificent presents and such reverential letters to the high priest that the ambassadors were received with the highest honors. The humble request preferred by the Egyptian monarch that he should be allowed to make a copy of those wonderful sacred writings of which he had heard such accounts, and which he should regard as the brightest ornaments of his already famous library, was granted without the least opposition.

The Jewish priests had copies made in a style of magnificence to correspond with the lavish generosity of the heathen king, with illuminated golden letters; and not only this, but at Ptolemy's suggestion six Hebrew scholars from each tribe, who were thoroughly versed both in Hebrew and Greek, were dispatched to Alexandria for the express purpose of making at the museum a more careful and thorough translation than could elsewhere be accomplished of these valuable writings into pure Greek. The work of these seventy-two translators was called the Septuagint, from *Septuaginta duo*—seventy-two.

Hitherto no one out of Judea had cared for, or even known of, these Hebrew Scriptures; but the trouble and expense bestowed upon their possession by Ptolemy Philadelphus, soon made them famous. The Greek and Roman scholars who resorted to Alexandria found them both interesting and instructive as curious works of history; and although not regarded as books of Divine authority, a certain acquaintance with them became the fashion in literary circles of those days. The Septuagint translation was freely copied, and found its way to other countries besides Egypt; then copies of these copies were made, until, by degrees, scholars all over the world became familiar with the most ancient version of the Bible.

When Christianity had finally extended over the Roman empire, the priests and monks looked with even a stronger interest than the old scholars had felt upon this early translation of so important a portion of the Sacred Scriptures. They made new copies for abbeys, monasteries and colleges; and when the art of printing was discovered, this book was one of the first on which the powers of typography were tried.

The work of the seventy-two scribes has long since perished, but not the power they set in motion. No ancient copies of the Septuagint remain; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever, and hundreds of thousands of copies of the Holy Bible now take the place of the few carefully-guarded Hebrew writings which roused the ambitious energy of Egypt's monarch over two thousand years ago.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

TRIFLES.

O H, dare not call them trifles
Unworthy of regard;
Do not despise the pebbles
That travelers' steps retard.
The lofty mount, the towering rock,
The frowning precipice,
Cause not so many tired feet,
Make not delay like these.

Did rocks rise boldly in our path,
Deep chasms stretch before,
We'd scale the one, the other cross,
And reach green fields once more.
But walking, every moment
Exposed to sudden pain
From thorns or pebbles deftly hid,
We arm ourselves in vain.

What wonder that the heart grows sick
While wearily, in pain,
We fight our fight with trifles
That but attack again.
When least alarmed, when all unarmed,
When free from doubts and fears,
With sudden, overpowering force
We feel their sharpened spears.

Talk not of heroes' battles then,
Or victors' laurels won,
If only foemen brave have faced,
The conflict's but begun.
But when the trifling trials
Are met with spirits calm,
Silently met and conquered,
Then yield the victor's palm.

RUBY ROSS.

THE TREASURE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF E. SOUVESTRE.

A YOUNG girl and an old man were seated in a small room, the furniture of which was exceedingly poor but carefully kept, showing the efforts of a poverty which yet did not despair. Order, taste and neatness gave to the poor room a sort of elegance. Every object was in its place, the bricks of the floor were washed with care, the faded hangings were free from stain and the window was trimmed with little curtains of coarse muslin upon which numerous darnings formed a kind of embroidery. A few pots of common flowers outside the half-open window perfumed the air with their sweet odors.

The sun was setting; a purple light illuminated the humble dwelling, touching the pretty face of the young girl and sporting in the white hair of the old man. The old soldier (for such he was), was seated in a rush-bottomed arm-chair, which industrious solicitude had furnished with cushions stuffed with tow and covered with odd pieces of calico. An old foot-stove used as a stool sustained his maimed feet, and the only a. m. which remained to him, rested upon a small table where lay a meerschaum and an embroidered tobacco-pouch. He had one of those faces wrinkled and bold, in which frankness tempers the harshness. A gray mustache hid the slight smile which played upon his lips while his eyes rested upon the young girl.

She was about twenty years old; a brunette with mobile features where the feelings showed themselves in rapid changes. Her face resembled a clear stream which allows us to see the treasures of its pebbly bottom. She held a newspaper, from which she was reading to the old soldier. Suddenly she stopped and listened to some sound.

"What is it?" demanded the old man.

"Nothing," replied the girl, whose face expressed disappointment.

"You thought you heard Charles," said the soldier.

"That is true," said the girl, blushing a little; "his day's work should be finished, and it is the hour when he returns."

"When he returns," repeated Vincent, with a tone of vexation.

Suzanne opened her lips to justify her cousin; but her judgment, without doubt, protested against this intention, for she stopped embarrassed, and then fell into a reverie.

The old soldier passed the hand which remained to him over his mustache and commenced to twist it impatiently.

"Our conscript plays a bad march," said he at last; "he leaves his work to run to the public houses and the *fêtes* and returns home in an ill-humor; all that will end badly for him and for us."

"Do not say that, my uncle, you will bring him bad luck," replied the young girl, in a grieved tone. "This is a bad time, but I hope. For some time my cousin has had notions. He has no longer the courage to work."

"And why not?"

"Because he says he has nothing to hope for. He believes that all his efforts for the future are useless, and thinks that it is best to live from day to day without care and without hope."

"Ah! Is that his plan?" replied the old man, frowning. "Ah, well, he has not the honor of having invented it. We had also in our regiment such logicians, who excused themselves from leaving the camp, under the pretext that the route was too long, and who lagged in the depots while their companions entered Madrid, Berlin and Vienna. Thy cousin knows not that by means of putting one foot before the other, the shortest legs can make the journey to Rome."

"Ah! if you could make him comprehend that!" said Suzanne, with fervor. "I have tried faithfully to convert him, by counting how much a good workman like him could save; but when I arrive at the sum, he shrugs his shoulders and says that women know nothing about accounts."

"And then you despair, poor child," continued Vincent, with a tender smile; "I see now why thou hast so often red eyes."

"My uncle, I assure you—"

"I see what makes thee forget to water thy flowers and why I hear thee sing no more."

"My uncle—"

Suzanne, confused, lowered her eyes and rolled up the corner of the paper. Vincent laid his hand upon her head.

"Does she think that I am going to scold her?" said he, in a tone, brusque, yet kind. "Is it not perfectly natural that you should be interested in Charles who is your cousin, and who one day I hope—"

The young girl made a movement.

"Well! we will not speak of that; I always forget that with you young girls it is necessary to be ignorant of what one knows. We will speak no more of it, I promise you; let us return to this worthless fellow for whom thou hast a friendship—that is the proper word, is it not—and who has also a friendship for thee."

Suzanne shook her head.

"That is, he had at one time," said she; "but since some time. If you knew how cold he is! How much he has the air of being tired of all things."

"Yes," replied Vincent, thoughtfully, "when one has tasted the amusements of the great world, the pleasures of the household appear insipid; we know all about that, my girl; many of us have passed through that."

"But they have been cured," observed Suzanne;

"so may Charles be cured. It will be sufficient, perhaps, that you should speak to him, my uncle."

The old man made a gesture of incredulity.

"Such infirmities cannot be cured by words," replied he, "but by deeds; one cannot easily find a wiser man than a good soldier; he has experience, gained through fatigue and the baptism of fire. Thy cousin, see you, lacks the will, because he cannot see the goal. It will be necessary to show such a goal as will restore his courage; but that is not an easy matter—I will think of it."

"There! That is surely he now," interrupted the young girl, who had recognized the quick step of her cousin upon the stairs.

"Then silence in the ranks!" said the old soldier. "Let us not have an air thinking of anything special, and take up your reading."

Suzanne obeyed, but the trembling of her voice would have quickly revealed her emotion to an attentive observer. While her eyes followed the printed lines and her mouth pronounced the words mechanically, her ear and her thought were entirely on her cousin who had just opened the door and deposited his cap upon the table in the middle of the room.

Taking the reading as an excuse for silence, the young workman saluted neither his uncle nor his cousin, but approaching the window leaned against it with folded arms.

Suzanne continued to read without comprehending what she was saying. She was in that mosaic of news separated and often contradictory, which is grouped under the common title of "*various facts*." Charles, who had at first appeared inattentive, at last seemed to listen as if in spite of himself. After several announcements of robberies, fires and accidents, the young girl came to the following article:

"A poor peddler of Besançon, named Pierre Lefève, wishing at any sacrifice to make a fortune, conceived the idea of going to India, which he had heard was the country for gold and diamonds. He sold the little he possessed, reached Bordeaux and embarked in the capacity of under cook in an American vessel. Eighteen years rolled by, during which time no one had heard of Pierre Lefève. At last his relatives received a letter announcing that he would return shortly; the letter also stated that the ex-peddler, after unutterable fatigue and strange vicissitudes, would arrive in France blind of an eye and maimed of an arm, but the possessor of a fortune valued at two millions."

Charles, who had listened to the article with an increasing attention, could not resist an exclamation.

"Two millions!" repeated he, with surprise.

"That will be sufficient to buy him a glass-eye and a false arm," said the old soldier, ironically.

"See the good luck!" said Charles, who had not listened to the reflection of his uncle.

"And that he has not done with comfort to himself," added Vincent.

"Eighteen years of unutterable fatigue," repeated Suzanne, confirming him with the expressions of the paper.

"What of that, when he has a fortune in the end?" replied Charles, with quickness. "The difficulty is neither in undertaking a bad route nor in enduring hardships to reach a good shelter, but in marching to arrive nowhere."

"Then," replied the young girl, whose eyes were raised timidly to her cousin, "then you envy the fate of the peddler: you would give all your years of youth, one of your eyes, one of your hands—"

"For two millions," interrupted Charles, "certainly! You have only to find me a buyer at that price, Suzanne, and I will assure you a dot for pin-money."

The young girl turned away her head without replying; her heart was grieved, and tears glistened in her eyes. Vincent was equally silent, but he commenced again to twist his mustache with a morose air.

There was a long silence; each of the three actors in the scene was occupied with his own thoughts. The noise of the clock which struck eight, recalled Suzanne. She raised her head quickly and commenced to set the table for the evening repast.

The meal was sad and short. Charles, who had passed the latter part of the day with his friends at the public house, had no wish for food, and Suzanne had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honor to the frugal supper, for the trials of a soldier's life had accustomed his stomach to maintain its rights under all circumstances, but he was quickly satisfied, and returned to his arm-chair near the window.

After the room was put in order, Suzanne, who wished to be alone, took up a candle, embraced her uncle and retired to the small room above, which she occupied. Vincent and the young workman found themselves *tête-à-tête*.

Charles rose to bid his uncle good-evening, when the old soldier made him a sign to draw the bolt of the door and come nearer.

"I have something to tell you," said he, seriously.

Charles, who expected reproaches, remained standing before the old man, but Vincent made him a sign to be seated.

"Have you thought well of the words which you spoke just now?" said he, regarding his nephew fixedly. "Would you really be capable of making a long effort to obtain a fortune?"

"Can you doubt it, my uncle?" replied Charles, surprised at the question.

"Then you would consent to have patience to work without stopping and to change your present habits?"

"If it would profit me anything. But why do you ask me such questions?"

"I am going to tell you," said the old soldier, who opened a drawer in a little bureau, in which he kept the old newspapers taken by one of the lodgers.

He searched for some time among the printed leaves, finally selecting one, he opened it and showed Charles an article which he marked with his finger-nail. The young workman read it in a low voice.

"Some advances had just been made to the Spanish government upon the subject of a deposit hid in the ground, upon the bank of the Duero, after the battle of Salamanca. It appeared that during that famous retreat, a company, belonging to the first division, and which was charged with the care of several caissons, was separated from the body of the army by a detachment of soldiers so much superior, that all efforts at resistance were useless. The officer who commanded it, seeing that there was no hope of making way through the enemy, took advantage of the night to bury the caissons, with the help of some of the soldiers in whom he had the most confidence; then, sure that no one would be able to discover the hidden caissons, he ordered his little troop to disperse, in order that they might attempt to escape separately through the lines of the enemy. Some of them succeeded in regaining the division; but the officer and the men who knew the place where the caissons had been buried all perished in the flight. We are assured that the caissons contained all the money belonging to the army, that is to say a sum of nearly three millions."

Charles stopped and looked at the old soldier with sparkling eyes.

"Were you a part of that company?" cried he.

"I was a part of it," replied Vincent.

"You know the place of that deposit?"

"I was one of those whom the captain sent to make the deposit, and the only one of them who escaped the balls of the enemy."

"Then you could give the indications and assist in finding it?" replied Charles, quickly.

"The more easily that the captain made us take a line by two hills and a rock, in order that we might be able to recognize the place at a future time."

Charles bounded from his seat.

"Then your fortune is made," cried he, with animation. "Why have you not told this? The French government would have accepted any propositions from you."

"Perhaps," said Vincent; "but any way it would have been useless."

"Why?"

"Spain has refused to give the permission already solicited. Thou wilt see."

He handed the young man a second journal, which indeed announced that a demand relating to the search for the deposit hidden by the French in 1812 upon the border of the Duero had been rejected by the government of Madrid.

"But what need of permission?" objected Charles. "What necessity is there to make a search officially when it can be done without noise? Once upon the place, and the land bought, who could hinder one from digging it up?—who would suspect the discovery?"

"I have thought of that many times this thirty years," replied the soldier; "but where can the sum necessary for the journey and the purchase be obtained?"

"Can you not apply to some rich man and tell him the secret?"

"But what means of making him believe it, or of preventing him from abusing our confidence in case he should believe us? Or if chance should hinder our success? It might happen, as in the fable which you read the other day to your cousin, that, in sharing, the lion should keep all the prey. To what good then, tell me, would all be? For the few years which remain to me, it is not worth while to take so much trouble. The deuce take the millions which I must go after. I have two hundred francs pension for daily rations and tobacco. I care for any more as little as I care for a body of Cossacks."

"Then you will let this occasion escape you?" replied Charles, with a feverish excitement.

"You will refuse wealth?"

"For myself, certainly," replied the old man; "but for you it is another thing. I see that you are ambitious; that nothing would be troublesome to you that would take you into the company of the millionaires. Ah, well, pick up the sum necessary for the journey and I will share with you."

"Is it possible? Will you?"

"Gain two thousand francs; at that price I will give thee a treasure. Will that do?"

"That is splendid, uncle!" cried Charles, with much excitement. Then, recollecting himself, he added, in a sad tone: "But how to collect so much money! I shall never be able to do it."

"Work with courage, and bring me thy wages regularly each week, and I promise thee success."

"Think, my uncle, that the savings of a workman are trifling."

"That is my business."

"How many years will it take?"

"You have just now offered eighteen years, with an eye and an arm in addition."

"Ah, if I was sure!"

"Of acquiring a treasure? I swear it to you by the ashes of the little corporal."

That was the old soldier's strongest oath. Charles was forced to consider the offer as being serious. Vincent encouraged him again, repeating that he had his future in his own hands, and the young man went to bed resolved to use his utmost effort.

But the secret which his uncle had confided to him had awakened such great hopes that he could not sleep. He passed the night in a sort of fever, calculating the means of soonest gaining the necessary sum, considering how he should employ his future wealth, and going through, one after another, as if they were realities, all the chimeras of which he took pleasure in dreaming.

When Suzanne came down the next morning, he had already gone out to his work. Vincent, seeing her astonishment, nodded his head and smiled, but said nothing; he had recommended secrecy to the young workman, and he intended to keep the secret himself. Besides, it was best to see if Charles would persevere in his new resolutions.

The first months were the hardest. The young bookbinder had formed habits which were difficult to break; continuous work was insupportable to him. He was obliged to renounce the capriciousness which heretofore had been his only rule of action, to surmount fatigue and disgust, and to resist the importunities of his old comrades. All this was at first an arduous task; many times his courage failed, and he was upon the point of falling into his old dissipations; but the importance of the end to be obtained reanimated him. He brought his wages home to the old soldier, and as the sum augmented from week to week, he felt always a renewed hope which strengthened his courage; it was a very small step toward the end, but still a step.

Moreover, each day the effort became easier. Man resembles a vessel, of which the sails are the passions; turn them to the winds of the world, and the man is carried around by all the currents, and thrown on all the reefs; but set the sails with good sense, and navigation will become less dangerous; throw the anchor of habit in the chosen place, and there will be nothing more to fear.

Thus it happened to the young workman. According as his life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. The assiduity with which he worked all day, rendered his sleep sweet; abandoning his noisy companions gave a new charm to his uncle and his cousin. The latter had renewed her kind familiarity. Employing herself only for Vincent and Charles, she succeeded in transforming each meeting into a *fête*. Each day some new surprise, some charming attention, bound up their affection with bands of joy and tenderness. Charles was much astonished to find in his cousin qualities and graces which he had never remarked before. She became insensi-

bly more necessary to him. Unaware, the aim of his life changed; the hope of the treasure promised by Vincent was no longer his sole motive power; in each action he thought, he wished to merit her approbation, to become more dear to her. The human mind is a kind of moral daguerreotype; surround it with images of order, courage and devotion, illuminate it with the sun of tenderness, each image will print itself and remain forever fixed.

The life which Charles was leading extinguished, little by little, his fierce ambition; he saw the simple happiness which was nearest to him; his paradise was no longer a fairy land of the Arabian Nights, but a little place filled with those he loved. All this, however, took place almost unknown to him. The young workman let himself drift in the current of his nature without studying if each wave carried him backward or forward. His transformation, visible to those who lived with him, was unknown to himself; he recognized no change, only that he felt more tranquil and happy. The only novelty that he perceived in his feelings was his love for Suzanne; she began to be mixed in all his projects, and he could see his life only with her.

This element of happiness modified all his wishes of the future. The millions of money, instead of being the principal object, were now only means to an end; he regarded them as an important addition to his hopes, but only as accessories. His greatest wish was to know if his love was returned.

He was walking one evening up and down the little room, while Vincent and Suzanne were talking together by the stove. They were talking of Charles's master, who, after thirty years of laborious and honest work, intended to sell out his business, and retire with his wife into the country.

"There is a couple who know how to have paradise upon earth," said the old soldier; "always agreeing, always in good humor, always at work."

"Yes," replied Suzanne, "the richest might envy their lot."

Charles stopped suddenly in front of the young girl.

"Do you wish that your husband should love you as much, Suzanne?" demanded he, looking at her.

"Yes, certainly—if that can be," replied the young girl, smiling and blushing a little.

"It can be," replied Charles, quickly, "and for that you have only to say a word."

"What word, my cousin?" said Suzanne, stammering.

"Consent to become my wife." And as he saw her surprise and confusion, he added: "Do not let that trouble you, Suzanne. I have wished for a long time to ask you that question; I have been waiting for a reason, which my uncle knows; but you see my heart has spoken in spite of myself."

And now be as frank as I am. Hide nothing of what you feel; our uncle there listens to us, and he will chide us if we say anything wrong."

The young man drew near his cousin and pressed her hand in his; his voice trembled, his eyes were wet with unshed tears. Suzanne remained trembling with downcast face, and the old soldier looked at them both with a smile partly affectionate and partly bantering.

At last he pushed the young girl gently toward Charles, saying gayly: "Go speak, cunning little one."

"Suzanne, one word, only one word, pray," resumed Charles, who still held his cousin's hand. "Will you accept me for your husband?"

She hid her face upon his shoulder with an inarticulate "Yes."

"Ah, well then!" cried Vincent, striking his knees. "But that *yes* was hard to get out. Your hands, and let somebody hug me. I leave you this evening for yourselves, to-morrow we will talk of business."

The next day he took his nephew aside and informed him that the sum necessary for their voyage was complete, and that they could now set out for Spain whenever they wished.

This news, which should have delighted Charles, caused him instead a grievous shock. He must then leave Suzanne at the very moment when they were commencing to exchange expressions of their love; run all the chances of a long and troublesome journey, when it would be so pleasant to remain. He almost cursed the millions that he must go so far to find. Since the interest of his life had changed, his desire for riches seemed quenched. What need now of so much gold to buy happiness? He had already found true joy.

However, he said nothing to his uncle, but declared that he was ready to go.

The old soldier charged himself with the preparations; and for that purpose he went out several successive days, accompanied by Suzanne. At last he announced to Charles that nothing remained but to take their places. During the absence of the young girl one day, he desired his nephew to follow him for this object, and as the fatigue experienced the last few days had rendered his wounds painful, he took a hackney coach.

Vincent had taken care to procure beforehand the newspapers which had mentioned the famous deposit made upon the border of the Duero; when he found himself alone with Charles, he handed him the papers, and asked him to examine them, and ascertain if they contained any information which would be of use to them.

The young man read over first the details which he already knew, then the announcement of the refusal of the Spanish government, and finally an account of fruitless researches by some merchants of Barcelona. He thought he had read all the

documents, when his eyes fell upon a letter signed Pierre Dufour.

"Pierre Dufour," repeated Vincent; "that was the name of the quarter-master of the company."

"That is indeed the title that he takes," replied Charles.

"God be thanked; I believed the brave *garçon* was in the other world. Let us see what he says; he was the confidant of the captain."

Instead of answering, Charles cried out. He had just run through the letter, and a change came over his face.

"Well, what is there, then?" tranquilly demanded Vincent.

"What is there?" repeated the young man.

"There is what, if this Dufour speaks true, makes the voyage useless."

"Why?"

"Because the caissons were not filled with money, but powder."

Vincent looked at his nephew, and burst out laughing.

"Ah, it was powder!" cried he; "that is the reason why, before they were buried, the men discharged the cartridges."

"You knew about it?"

"Since I saw it," replied the old man, good-naturedly.

"But, then, you have deceived me," cried the young man; "you did not believe in the existence of the millions hid in the ground, and your promise was a jest."

"That is a truth," replied the soldier, seriously. "I promised thee a treasure, and thou shalt have it, only we will not go to Spain to look for it."

"What do you mean?"

"Thou shalt know."

The coach stopped before a shop; the two travelers descended and entered the shop. Charles recognized the workshop of his former master, but repaired, painted and furnished with all the necessary tools. He was just going to ask an explanation of what he saw, when his eyes fell upon the name of the proprietor above the counter in gold letters; it was his own name! At the same instant the door back of the shop opened; he perceived a fire burning brightly, a table set, and Suzanne, who, smiling, made a sign to him to enter.

Vincent leaned toward him, and, seizing his hand, said: "Behold the treasure that I have promised thee—a good business which will give thee a living, and a good wife who will make thee happy. All which thou seest here has been gained by thee and belongs to thee. Do not trouble thyself that I have deceived thee. Thou didst not wish to drink happiness, and I did as nurses do who rub the cup with honey when the child pushes it away. Now that thou knowest in what a happy life consists, and hast tasted it, I hope thou wilt no longer refuse it.

M. S. PRESTON.

SOME AILMENTS INCIDENTAL TO OLD AGE.

A GREEN, or, as some call it, a "hearty" old age, is what we all hope to live to, if we hope to live to be old at all. Whether we do so or not depends greatly upon how we use ourselves in the days of our youth and prime of manhood. But, contrary to what the poet says, I hold that it is not at all necessary for the aged to have, as a rule, "weary days and nights of sleepless pain." No, nor for the old to wish youth to come again. There is a land where youth blooms eternal; let us rather look forward than backward. There is no greater blessing that can be enjoyed in old age than that of contentment. In the case of the aged, contentment really is a continual feast. It is a habit, therefore, that ought to be cultivated, if only for these two reasons: first, that fretfulness aggravates any ailment or chronic disease one may be suffering from—owing to the effect the mind has over the body; and, secondly, that a fretful man (or woman) is less likely to be loved by those around him, upon whom he is really dependent for the comforts of his daily life; for let him be as rich as Cæsar, and able to command all the luxuries life can give, I think it is better to deserve than command, and better to be loved for one's self than toadies to for one's wealth.

It is not at all necessary that age should always ache, and by proper precautions many ailments incidental to old people may be warded off, and nearly all that have been acquired may be mitigated if not entirely cured.

The disease known by medical men as senile bronchitis comes uppermost to my mind; it is little less than a bad cough, with copious expectoration of frothy phlegm and matter. It is usually easiest in summer and on fine sunshiny days, and worst in winter and dark, gloomy weather. In other words, the secretion is diminished by life in the warmth of the sun, and increased by cold; diminished by the exhilaration of spirits caused by a fine day, and increased by the gloom of a dull one, and this latter is simply a proof of what I said just now about fretfulness always aggravating any present disorder. Take a case in point: an old man who, verging on eighty, has always been used to an active out-of-door life, and, although suffering from severe senile bronchitis, still takes walks abroad every fine forenoon, is confined to the house on a rainy day; he will still take his exercise up and down the room, pausing oft to gaze longingly through the windows, and wondering, while he bemoans his hard fate, if it ever means to clear up. This very worry of mind then increases both cough and expectoration; he at once thinks he is "booked" for another world. "Bless my heart," he will say to his wife, "did ever you see the like? Did you ever in your born

days hear such a cough? Ah, my dear, you won't have me long now!"

But presently the sun "blinks" out. He brightens up, forgets his cough, and lays aside the cordial mixture—both objects of untiring interest to him all this forenoon.

"I'll take my stick," he says, "and run down and see how poor old so-and-so is to-day."

He goes out, and a couple of hours after he returns humming a tune, looking, aye, and feeling just twenty years younger, and his very first question to his wife is: "Dinner ready yet, my dear?"

This is no imaginary sketch, and I could give you fifty, nay, a hundred like it.

On the other hand, do you not think with me that the following case is also instructive? Old John W. W——, not so old either, having only just seen the allotted span, spends a small fortune over physic, and the whole of every day in his huge arm-chair, all too close to the fire. He coughs a deal, groans and grumbles a deal more, is always sure he won't live many hours, but generally manages to pull through somehow. Wouldn't have the window open an inch, though I know it would do him a yard of good; says he couldn't walk half a mile to save his life, though I know he could run the distance with the same end in view. His wife and daughter are kind to him, and dread him a little; his grandchildren fear him, and I should require the inducement of a bigger fee than he has ever yet paid me, to remain longer at a time in his bed-room than five minutes, so stuffy is it. Now, do you not think with me that he is not only guilty of making himself and every one around him wretched, but also of shortening his days? To speak kindly to the aged, to be ever patient with them, and to listen with some degree of attention to their whims are sacred duties that the medical practitioner has to perform, yet one cannot help at times being cross with a case like this.

Well, I fear that to many the symptoms of senile bronchitis, or the catarrh of old people, are too well-known to need description; and those who so suffer will do well to take good care of themselves, without over-doing it. The exercise should be moderate—that is, never carried to the verge of fatigue; at the same time it is no reason, on a fine day, why a patient should come to the house at once, when he feels a little tired; let him take heart of grace and rest for a short time in a sunny corner, out of the draught, then continue the walk.

Elderly people are often subject to apoplexy especially such as live too freely, or who are subject to fits of rage and excitement. Such people should never overload the stomach, should sleep in a well-ventilated room and bathe the head well in cold water every morning. If there is occasional

giddiness it may arise from too much blood, and indicate purging and spare diet; but if the person himself is of spare habit the giddiness calls aloud for good food, an iron tonic and draughts of milk fresh from the cow in all cases where the stomach can stand them. All that friends can do when an attack comes on is to send for the doctor speedily, put the patient in a well-ventilated room, in a reclining-chair, with the head well back, apply cold water to the head, and place the legs in hot water with a handful of mustard in it.

Sleeplessness is a common concomitant of gathering years. I but mention it to warn my readers against the use of sleeping draughts, which do but act artificially and hardly ever fail to ultimately shorten life; pure air, very well-ventilated bedroom, exercise and a light supper, are the only safe narcotics in old age. Old people, by the way, do not need so much sleep as the younger folks, and if they retire early they ought to be up betimes.

I may add in conclusion that the aged, being very sensitive to cold, should wear warm though light clothing, with flannel next the skin—the clothes being loose, not tight; they should have their bed-rooms and bed-clothes well aired, and for the purposes of warmth and ventilation a little bit of fire in the bed-room. The bed-clothes should be soft and warm without being heavy, and the surroundings cheerful in appearance.

RUNNING ASHORE.

[At the investigation into the cause of the burning of the *Seawanhaka*, Captain Smith, when asked what he did after the discovery of the fire, replied, simply: "Oh, I ran her ashore."]

TWAS nothing heroic; just merely a turn
Of the wheel, and a grasp that was steady and firm,
And an eye clear and keen. Yet there rose, for some cause,
At that simple act, a whole nation's applause.

Captain Smith he was called; and he started that day
With hundreds of passengers, happy and gay;
Sweet melodies floated away on the breeze,
And cares were forgotten with light-hearted ease.

Sad eyes, that had gazed since they opened on life
On naught but distress and continual strife,
With the wolf at the door, 'gan to sparkle with mirth,
And joy, it appeared, had bewitched the whole earth.

Old men became gallants; old women coquettes;
Old feuds were forgotten, as well as old debts;
Young hearts by bright eyes beaming love were entranced,
Till Cupid became so delighted he danced.

The sea smiled in ripples, which merrily chased
Around the brave ship in a frolicsome race.
No clouds to be seen to betoken disaster,
And songs, shouts and laughter rose louder and faster.

The captain, the meanwhile, stood grasping the wheel,
And smiled as he heard the loud peal after peal
Of laughter; then thought, as they plowed on their way,
Of the hundreds of lives in his keeping that day.

Below, where the ship's mighty heart pulsed with life,
The fire-fiends groaned in a desperate strife
To burst the strong, iron-bound walls that confined.
Then woe to the daughters and sons of mankind!

Then laugh, old and young, and rejoice while you may,
But many, I ween, laughed their last on that day;
For dark and unseen fell the shadow of fate
Upon the stanch ship with its precious soul-freight.

"FIRE! FIRE! *God help us, we're afire!*" The yell
Rang out from below like a message from hell.

"Fire! Fire!" Song changed into shriek at the shout,
And mirth's gleeful frolic to terror's wild rout.

See there! how already shoot up from below
The fierce hissing flames with their blood-crimson glow!

How they writhe like exultant, fell demons of death
That blast with a touch of their torturing breath.

The captain stood spell-bound at first, when he heard
That cry; then next moment the mighty wheel whirled
As spun by a giant. "God help us to run
Her bow in the shallows! It's all can be done."

Can that? Is there time? With what terrible speed
The flames lick their way in their devilish greed!
"Hello! Can you stand by your posts?" was the cry
To the men down below, and "Ay! Ay! sir, we'll try,"

Came back. "Then full headway. We'll run her ashore,

God giving us strength, in but four minutes more."
Four minutes! Already he feels the fierce heat
And hears the dry planks crackle close to his feet.

Speed on, noble ship, in thy last dying throes,
For need more imperative never arose.

"One minute is all that is needed," he said,
But the spokes in his hands are like hot, molten lead.

The flames hiss around him in furious rage,
And reach for his life. See, the wheel is ablaze.
One moment—then oh, what a cheer! as they feel
At last, on the bottom, the grate of the keel!

And now, I suppose, you're aware what it was
He did make the nation rise up in applause.
Heroic? Oh, no. Simple duty—no more—
Upheld him that day! he just "ran her ashore."

E. J. WHEELER.

THE ANNALS OF A BABY.*

IV.

BABY'S NURSE.

THE Young Mother was in despair; Baby was no light weight, and her heart was heavy; her arms were tired, and her mind was worried; because for nearly two weeks the Young Mother had been Baby's only nurse. Not that all ministrations for her child were not sweet and holy as ever; not that Baby's little body was not more precious than fine gold; but the extra care and fatigue added to her other duties, the confinement to the house, the weariness of an imperative work which required attention to be constantly on the alert and yet left no trace of its exaction, was beginning to tell on her whole nature, of which the flesh was weaker than the willing spirit. For the Young Mother had had sad experiences of helps and hinderances in the shape of Nursemaids; she had come to consider Baby's life as a "brand snatched from the burning" of incompetency and ignorance, and, from the utter carelessness and unmotherliness of those who went about as accomplished handmaids, had almost been inclined to credit the doctrine of total depravity. So that she had grown cautious and particular in her selection of a new girl; and having conceived certain transcendental ideas that at the root of all service to humanity, whether from high or low, there must be Love as an inspirer and instigator of faithful duty, it was not very likely she would very soon find requisite fitness in the Hibernian material that generally applied for the situation, with a much stronger interest in wages and perquisites than in the labor and tenderness which was expected for them.

And if Baby could have spoken in any other language than a coo and a cry, what a tale the small creature could have unfolded of torments manifold and infantile endurance! of the brawny Ceit who tossed the tiny form in the air, too frightened to make vocal protest, and who trotted her bony limbs persistently, kneading the sensitive flesh with bumps and bruises, and who vigorously stuck promiscuous pins through the soft raiment without the slightest regard to the position of the points; of the sly, sleek "professioner," who surreptitiously administered paregoric that she might slip away to the pious enjoyment of love-feasts with an admirer who waited at the back gate; of the French *bonne*, whose broken chatter banished sleep, and whose sole idea of infant needs was confined to a perambulator on the most crowded streets; of the middle-aged familiar, whose "sober and honest" character was attested by a private bottle which proved detrimental to her charge to the extent of sundry knocks and falls; and of the half-grown assistance who ate up all the pap, and proclaimed aloud that "Baby was wisely swellin' with too much stuffin'."

It seemed as if through the very innocence and helplessness of her Baby the Young Mother had first learned the moral destitution, the lack of all sense of responsibility which leavens so much human nature with wickedness and vice; it made her heart-sick sometimes to feel her trust in her

fellow-creatures so rudely disturbed, and to comprehend how much the lower strata of people required educating and elevating; yet, as she knew from her own experience that men and women were not all alike, and that the world held sweetest and best as well as warped and worst, so she kept also her faith that even in the hardest and basest there was something, if it could be got at, by which each might be lifted to a higher level; and as she pondered these things often in the pure charity of her soul, she had the strong longing of impressible spirits to instruct and uplift the ignorant and the evil; only in these individual cases her own environment proved too strong for her, and Baby's life, health and comfort were too dear and too important to afford time and patience for experiment. So, with her instincts sharpened by fresh knowledge and maternal anxiety, she watched and waited for another servitor in whom feeling and fidelity should equal self-interest, and control the enmity cultivated toward employers. She grew, too, to understand that if her overflowing mother's love was not proof against the monotony and weariness of care-taking, it could hardly be considered an unmitigated privilege by a stranger to have the constant guardianship of the most angelic baby that ever breathed; and a great compassion fell upon her for those to whom labor, unlightened by affection, is a necessity and a grievance.

So day after day went by, and as one after another candidate for the place was rejected, the sympathetic Grandmothers, who had hopefully haunted Intelligence Offices, began to think she was too hard to suit, and were inclined to leave her to her own devices at last in the search. The hearty Grandfathers told her she was getting thin and pale with her impracticable fancies, and that she had better put up with any Bridget that came along, rather than wear out her youth and beauty in a hunt for the undiscoverable; and even the Young Husband gently reproved her for supposing she could ever receive heart-work for hire. The Young Aunties fluttered in, turn about, with sisterly desire to help and relieve; they each chirped and played a little while with delighted Baby, like the veriest bright and happy children, and while the novelty lasted Baby responded to their enthusiasm and entertainment with all gladness and gaiety that called forth an unfailing ingenuity of pet names. But when Baby's attention was no longer to be cajoled with caressing tones or tapping on the window-panes; when it came to the uninteresting task of holding for any length of time a growing and unmindful weight; when there were unaccountable wails to be soothed, and distracting screams to be pacified or explained, then the Young Aunties felt that they had mistaken their vocation, and looked so forlorn and tired, and tried so hard to be patient, that the Young Mother always made some excuse to release them, and contrived to send them home without having their confidence entirely shaken in Baby's perfections. But the Poor Relation came in occasionally when she could spare time, and gladly gave the Young Mother some little comfortable rest, while Baby nestled contentedly in the willing arms that never wearied of well-doing, and who, while she thus eased another's burden, forgot her own awhile, as, looking into the tiny face, she dreamed many a dream of the might have been.

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It was now one of those rare and lovely days, when summer, lingering long through the autumn, brings all that she can of light, and heat, and color to crown her ensuing departure; when the warmth was like early June, and the sky a July heaven, while through all the air was a soft and scarcely perceptible haze which sheds upon the October world that indescribable pensiveness which is not sadness, and yet which tempers joy. And to indulge in this last spell of the season's sweetness, the Young Mother had brought Baby to the open parlor window, who looked out in serene quietude at opposite trees and passing sights. There was a solemn stillness in the atmosphere, such as sometimes comes with the changing of the leaves, as if nature waited in sweet expectancy of crimson and gold for the coming silence of the snows or the gathering storms of winter, and the whole circumstance of time and conditions touched and filled the gentle heart with yearning without pain which lies among those deep things of God which brings the divine into human life. As she sat there, holding her Baby in her arms, a woman came slowly along on the other side and paused before the window—a woman, haggard, jaded, dust-stained; young in years as the Young Mother, but with the flowers of youth withered on the pale cheeks and pallid mouth. An image of desolate dejection, she had moved on till Baby's face caught her aimless sight, and wild light flashed into her dreary eyes; she tossed up her arms and stood still, looking over with such hungry, wistful gaze as made her whole pitiful figure almost pathetic; then, as if involuntarily drawn by an irresistible attraction, she crossed the street and came close to the house. The Young Mother shrank just a little, for at the first moment she thought the poor creature was insane; but her innate delicacy prevented her from showing fear or aversion, and the mood of the day and season was still upon her; besides, such a thin, thin hand was laid upon the sill, and such a wan eager countenance was lifted to her own, that her compassion welled up into words.

"What is it?" she said, with such womanly sympathy in her voice that it was like balm to the wounded. "Are you sick, or in want? Can I help you?"

And the woman gave a short, gasping sob, and stretched out her hands to her. "Only let me kiss your baby!" she cried.

The Young Mother naturally hesitated, but the woman went on: "Oh, it is so long since I have seen a baby! Ah, madam! you are good, you are happy; you don't know sorrow; you don't know sin; you don't know what it is to have lost your baby and to go about the world with empty arms and despairing heart. Mine is gone—gone! but it seems to me if a baby's pure lips could but touch mine again, I would be more fit to die!"

With an intuition like an inspiration the Young Mother saw that this being had wronged her own womanhood, and had suffered through her motherhood; that the sin and the suffering had been too great for her to bear, and that she was about to take her life to end it all. An exceeding pity flashed the tears into her eyes; the sin shocked her, but the evident suffering and punishment atoned. She could not send away, perhaps to her death, another fellow-creature, if a word or deed of hers might stay her; a woman, poor, wan and

distressed, who wanted nothing but a baby's kiss, was surely worth saving; a woman who grieved for a dead baby must have that in her that a little child could lead; and perhaps the dear Father in Heaven had sent this fallen sister to her Baby for redemption! She paused a little space as these thoughts filled her mind—paused, looking down into the sad face, over which there gradually rose a deep flush of shame as the silence was misinterpreted into scorn; then the worn figure turned to go away with a fresh bitterness gathering in the heart. But the Young Mother leaned forward, and laid a hand on her shoulder. "Wait!" she said, and rose up from the window. She went to the door with her baby on her breast, passed down the steps, took the thin hand in her own, and led the surprised woman into the house—into the house and up-stairs to her own chamber, placed her in her own low chair, and laid the Baby in her arms. Bewildered by this unexpected kindness, the woman sat silent; but when the soiled bonnet was gently removed, and a soft touch smoothed her hair, she looked up into the sweet face bending over her, and beheld there such a loving sympathy, that all the flood-gates were opened, and she lifted up her heart and wept—wept as the Young Mother had never seen any one weep before, with the speechless agony of an overcharged spirit, till at last the other, in the fullness of compassion, put her arms about her and rested the drooping head upon her pure bosom; and after awhile, when there came a peace after the tempest of tears, she brought food and water, that cleansing and refreshing might give strength and comfort; and when her strange guest thanked her in broken tones, she said, tenderly as one would touch a bleeding sore: "Would you mind telling me your story? Maybe it will give me some idea of how I can help you."

The woman wrung her hands. "Ah! you have been so good, so good!" she cried. "Let me go! let me go! There is no help for such as I! There is nothing left, nothing, but to get out of the world! You have held my head upon your breast, you have put your clean arms about me, you have given your Baby into mine! That is enough! You might be sorry, if you knew all about me, that you ever touched or spoke to me! Oh, let me go!"

But the Young Mother held her, and pleaded with her, and bade her believe that her heart was not a stone; that because of their mutual womanhood and motherhood she could not let her go forth again without some effort to do her good: that they were alone there with God and each other, and she might speak freely, if thereby might come healing to her; that she must not think of judgment and condemnation, but only that she was bringing her sorrow to a sister and a friend. Then the woman wept again, but tenderness prevailed, and after a little she told all her miserable tale—told it with tears and terrible effort—told it with unaffected earnestness and simple pathos—told it as one only tells a heart-history in the supreme crisis of an unhappy life.

She was left an orphan when too young to remember her parents, and had been taken in charge by some distant relatives who owned a large and lucrative farm. They were cold, selfish, puritanical people, with too much pride to let one of their own blood go to the poor-house—whose sole idea

of child-training was filling the stomach and clothing the back, and who were only kind because they had no provocation to be otherwise, for this child grew to be sufficiently useful to earn all she received. She had been educated at the country school, where, having absorbed all there was to teach, she had learned, among other acquirements to keep accounts and sew beautifully; so that she willingly acted as clerk and seamstress, and took her share in the lighter labors of her home. She looked after and loved the dumb creatures, with a friendliness the greater that she had not many human interests. The cows and horses knew her, the sheep came at her call, the poultry clustered round her and the pigeons lighted on her shoulders; she made hay in the fields, picked wild flowers in the woods, berries by the brook-side. Even her duties were light to her, because youth and health sets a glad heart singing at even the heaviest work; and altogether she lived a peaceful, happy, idyllic life, till womanhood imperceptibly dawned on her, ignorant as a little child about everything except her own experience, and scarcely conscious that there was any larger world beyond the limits of the farm.

Then came a day when one was thrown from his horse in a roadside near by, and with much hurt carried into the house, to be laid down for weeks of weariness and pain; he was left pretty much to her care and attendance, for the elder people had too much to do—little patience with the delicate requirement of sickness and refinement. Then came the long, bright summer hours of convalescence, when, with books brought from the city, he opened up a new world to the young girl sitting at his feet, with upraised face all aglow, drinking in the poetry of love and the poison of unconscious passion. The young simplicity, the unworldly trust, the tender face were fair and sweet to the ennuied man of the world, and to the fickle sense gave the new attraction of change from familiar interests. And so, not being entirely a fiend, without perhaps intending evil, he won the unreasoning worship of an unconventional heart; while her careless guardians noticed nothing, considering her still a child, after the fashion of those who do not realize the growing years in others, and have no particular intuition of affection to guide them to the truth.

At last the days and hours of his stay were numbered; time and occasion stirred the man's uncontrolled blood. Cunning words were spoken; practiced eloquence bewitched; vows and promises were made—and how was this inexperienced girl to know the true from the false? All the centred and innate love, which had hitherto found so little response, was poured out like water from a pure fount. And she was so innocent—so innocent and untaught, and felt only that Love was sacred, and conceived of no evil that could come of it; cared only that she was his—his, body and soul, and rejoiced that she had all her life before her to think of and adore him. Only the bitter pain of parting stabbed her happy dream, and the days grew suddenly long and lonely, weighed upon her waiting spirit, buoyed up also with the sure hope that he would come again. She thought it was his continued absence, her morning expectation and nightly disappointment, the yearning wonder of unbroken trust that no word ever came to her, which made her step so heavy, her face so wan

and her work so tiresome and distasteful. She was so innocent—so innocent and ignorant that she comprehended neither her physical suffering, or even that she had sinned. Some interior sense—not shame, but surprise and uneasiness—made her hide herself from curious looks and significant glances, until, in her very innocence and ignorance, feeling as if life was slipping away from her, and that she could not, must not die till he came to her again, she must needs ask relief from her pain. Then was opened upon her the torrent of questions and reproach, scorn and knowledge, and thus she learned that she had sinned and fallen, and was no more fit to dwell with the virtuous and right-minded. Confused and crushed, maddened by jibe and curse, she fled away to the great city where he lived, to search for him there, and find love, and rest, and justice. She had little money and no friends, so she managed to get enough needlework from the stores to give her sustenance while she walked the streets week after week, looking into the faces of the passers-by, always watching, always searching, for she knew naught of him but his name—and in a large metropolis what is one man in the myriad of rushing throngs? Up and down, back and forth, night and day, in sunshine and in rain, in frost and snow she went, with her wistful eyes and sinking soul; always watching, always searching; keeping hope alive with his remembered words; clinging still to her faith in him, because she yet knew so little of the world and humanity. Up and down, back and forth, after nights of tears and through days of anguish, in cold, and hunger, and bodily torment, till nature could hold out no more, and she fell fainting by the way, to be picked up as a cumberer of the streets and sent to one of those hospitals with which charity sanctifies the worst Babylon. Here her baby was born, and upon the darkness of her despairing desolation there fell the solemn and awful sweetness of a mother's love, that mighty and instinctive gush of tenderness with which a woman envelops the one thing which is indeed her very own.

But she would not linger, even for her child's sake; and with her infant in her arms, she sought work, and again commenced her weary search. Sometimes, when rare opportunity occurred, she asked for him; but as she came in contact with none of his order, she received no information; and once again she haunted the streets, always looking for the one face she never saw. But her baby comforted her. Like Correggio's Madonna, she knelt before it worshipping, felt as if an angel dwelt with her; knew herself to be purified and forgiven in the divine eyes by the holiness of her motherhood, and her heart and hope waxed strong in her body weakened by want and exposure. But one day, even more restless than usual with her ever constant waiting, she had gone abroad, up and down, back and forth, watching and searching still, till she came upon a crowd gathered about a church door, looking for a new-made bride to come forth in the splendor of wealth and the glory of beauty; the wedding-bells rang gayly through the clear air; the merry group chatted and jested; the fine carriages blocked up the highway. She stood still, as she did in all such musterings to gaze expectantly on the faces around, never thinking of the couple that the white-robed priest was blessing in the midst of a stately com-

pany—a poor, sad, deserted mother, in a faded dress, with a quiet baby in her arms. There was a stir, an opening of doors, a rush of music, a flashing of diamonds and gleaming of white garments, and then over the pealing of the bells, through the marriage march of the organ, rose a terrible cry of murdered hope, as a stricken woman fell insensible at the bridegroom's feet, and the shrinking bride beheld a pale baby caught up from the folds of her costly lace. Did he know her, after those many months, so changed from the brightness and bloom of happy and glowing girlhood? Did remorse, then and there, strike a sharp fang into his conscience to sting with memory through all eternity? Who knows? He made no sign. He led his wife around the prostrate form, placed her in her carriage with tender and assuring words, turned again and gave money to a by-stander for the unfortunate being who had so unseasonably swooned, and then sank back upon the satin cushions beside his bride, and was whirled away to luxury and ease, honor and high place. And the wedding-bells filled the air with their glad pealings, the music of the organ rolled out from the magnificent church, and humble hands lifted mother and babe out of the way of the gay assembly which poured out from that ceremony which had proclaimed before the altar that God had joined together those two! She also went her way from the church door, accompanied by misery and uncomfited even by her child. She wandered on, wandered on day and night, up and down, back and forth, watching no longer, searching no more, but as one stunned by a blow or walking in a dream; her money gone—for she would take none of his; too wretched to work. cast out and roofless in her poverty; with the streets and houses, men and women, trees and sky, all like shadows in a strange vision; even the baby at her breast seemed unreal, like a phantom carried in sleep, till its plaintive moans pierced to the depths where maternity survived, though all else was slain, and roused her to the bitterness and sharp agony of reality. She begged for a pittance to preserve her child; she grew frantic at the cries she could not still; she clasped it close to her bosom to give it warmth; she called out to the passers-by to look at her baby, to tell her what was the matter with it—oh! what was the matter with it? and what should she do? And some stopped and did look, and shook their heads, and went on, and some thought she was insane; and she knelt down in the shades of evening on the cold stones, and prayed and prayed to the Great Power that seemed so far off, while His Angel Death stood so near by; and then she gazed down at the little white face grown suddenly still, and went wholly mad.

It was long past midnight, when a noisy group of such women as only haunt the streets at such hours, came laughing and capering out of a heated dance revel, singing their loose songs, and chaffing each other in that fictitious gayety born of wine and excitement; on they flung, a half dozen reckless and ruined creatures, caring naught for man or heaven, with their mirth-ringing hollow beneath the stars, and their peacock plumes mellowed by the moonlight; on they came to where a single figure stood upon the pavement, holding a dead baby in her arms, and babbling of brooks and fields. They paused, at first wonder-

ing at the burst of childish talk that greeted them, and then closed round about her in a ring of sad and pitying faces.

Perhaps it was the young visage, so wan and pathetic, that touched them; perhaps it was the dead baby that awed them; perhaps the dethroned mind that shocked them; or perhaps from their own experience they divined something of her unhappy story. Their levity died away, their quips and quirks were silenced, their bacchanal song was strangled by a sigh, their hearts and eyes filled up, and all that came out from them was pure, womanly in look, in voice, in deed. They took the small, cold form reverently out of the straining arms; with tender words and gentle caress they soothed the perturbed spirit, and lovingly and kindly as sisters led her to their own abiding place, and ministered to her in turn during a long and life-threatening illness, with the care, the patience, the generosity of closest kinship; and while she lay alike unconscious of good offices and personal grief, took her little infant and placed it solemnly, with church service of chant and scripture, in its grave within a suburban cemetery, shedding tears over the "earth to earth" that might have washed white many a sin and relieved more than one memory.

While she was sick and weak they were all forbearance and goodness toward her, but with the faint bloom of returning strength their former indifference and carelessness came back, and they spake many a bitter truth, in their flippant way, of the world and men that subverted any dawning hope of help to be gathered therefrom; and they shared with her freely and unsparingly, without counting the cost of their ill-gained gold. She had no other friends; in the whole wide world she had not one to go to for succor, for counsel, for upholding; none cared for her save only these in a sort of fellowship of good-will; she was reckless of herself, ruined as they were, with hell-fire in the past and an outlook of despair in the future. So she was fain to stay with them, to become one of them, to strive to drown in wild orgies the gnawing recollections, to smother beneath the life of the senses the unceasing struggle of a tortured soul. For a whole year she drifted through the slough of shameful circumstance, endeavoring in a mad whirl of excitement to harden her nature to her state, in the abandonment of license to find oblivion or distraction. But in vain—in vain! The nights avenged the days; her dead baby came to her in dreams, lay in her bosom as she slept, touched her with its tiny hands, filled her empty arms; the ghost of her slaughtered love rose up stainless beside her darker deeds; even the dumb creatures she had known called to her from afar, and drew a near and looked at her with wistful eyes as if they grieved for her lost condition; through the loudest revelry she heard her child's moaning wail, and could not shut out with wine or wassail from her inward sight the last look of its dying eyes. There was no escaping from the witness within her; she fought the incarnate spirit with every carnal weapon, but the still, small voice could not be silenced; and at last there grew upon her such a horror of her course, such a loathing of herself, such a longing for emancipation from evil doings and disgraceful ties, that she sank into a brooding melancholy that, without speech, irritated and reproached her companions. And then

these women, who had rescued her in madness, nursed her in illness, ministered to her in want, buried her baby—scoffed at her sadness, satirized her scruples, jeered and jested at the signs of lingering principle. Gratitude gave her endurance; she could never, never forget that they had once been kind, and tender, and true. So one day she called them all together, told them in touching words that she must go out from them, must belong to them no more; parted among them all she had gained in that unhappy year of dress and trinkets, embraced them all over and over, and went forth in her old faded robe to seek for work and peace. But work was not to be found; at the old places where they knew and pitied her once, they asked for her record now, and would have none of her; and she discovered, too, that some change in the times had made the field scanty and the laborers many; so she passed through a hard probation of starvation and distress that assailed her with temptation, and tried her through and through, soul and body. She fancied that her own self-scorn was reflected in every one's eyes and echoed in every voice, till she was almost filled with a dread of human beings, yet in her terrible loneliness craved something to solace her yearning solitude. And then she bethought her of the farm-creatures she had loved; they were not human, and cared not if the caressing hand belonged to sinner or to saint, and perhaps they had not forgotten her; for though it seemed so long ago to her, it had really been but a little while in the calendar of men since she had been with them. So she had gone all that long distance just to look again upon the fields where her childhood had been spent, and to seek a little grain of comfort from the animals she had fed and nurtured. It was such a little hope left out of all that life had once had for her! and it cost her some last sacrifice and left her penniless. She had been to the familiar meadows, where she had made hay and picked clover in the past, where the peace of God which passeth understanding rested in the sunshine and stillness, and soothed her mind and nerves; but the dogs had barked at her, the lambs fled away from her, the cows looked at her with unconscious eyes, and a strange farm-hand had driven her off as an intruding tramp. The dumb creatures had forgotten her; she was so changed by her sin and her sorrow; she knew all of them, but she had become only a stranger, even to the dun Alderney she had reared up from birth.

And now she was going back to the great city to find her baby's grave, and die there—death was the only merciful thing in this world for such as she! Only, as she had passed on her footsore way through this sweet town, she had suddenly seen the Young Mother and her Baby sitting at the window; all her heart leaped up at the sight—it was the first baby she had seen since her own was taken from her. Some invisible power seemed to draw her across the street; she thought if she could only touch the little hands, press the little face, it would be like a blessing to her! That to kiss once more a baby's pure lips would be like the baptism of Christ, though her sins were scarlet as blood! And now more than that had come to her—more than had ever come to her in her life before—a good woman had put her arms about her, and had not spurned her, because she, too, had been a mother! But oh! let her go now—let her

go—it was more than she could bear—let her go to her own baby!

The Young Mother had listened with tears running down her cheeks; in her heart of hearts she had felt that every word was truth, and never before in her love-sheltered existence had she realized the wickedness and wretchedness of a world outside her own. As she listened, she had thought—thought with reason contending with that charity which overcometh all things—should she keep her, this waif from the under-world of vice, this woman torn with suffering, strife and repentance? Should she hold her fast as a precious soul to be saved from wrath to come? or should she send her forth again from a haven of refuge and safety to fresh hardship, contumely and suicide, and so have before her conscience an accusing figure forever and forever? Could she bring her young sisters into the atmosphere of one so tainted? Could she trust her child with one who had been dragged through the mud of the earth? Was sin contagious from the body? Ah! her little babe had lain in those stained arms, had smiled in that face, and had taken no harm. Was it infectious from the spirit? Surely this woman's soul was purified by penitence! Only speech and action could convey evil; could she not guard against that? Ought she not to give her a trial? Would it not be time enough to turn her away when her influence proved corrupt? Should she help her? Should she save her? Dared she, who was happy, and had her own Baby safe, thrust out another, who was most miserable, and whose baby was dead? Whose baby was dead! Her tears welled out—the charity that overcometh had won the day. She was no longer to her a sinner, an outcast, a Magdalen, but only a mother whose baby was dead.

And when the other said more quietly, "You know all now; you can only think badly of me like all the rest!" she took the thin hands in hers, and answered: "I think you have been more sinned against than sinning, and that the dear Father in Heaven has brought you to me. Will you stay with me, and take care of my Baby? I have great need of some one who will put love into this work, and maybe after awhile my little one will comfort you for your own."

Surprised by this unexpected offer, she, to whom kindness was so unusual, looked up as one astounded.

"You will take me?" she said, slowly; "you will keep me? You will give me your Baby?"

"I will give you more," replied the Young Mother. "I will give you Love and a Great Trust. And you can help or harm me much; for if you are loyal and faithful to me and yourself, you will give me a larger and surer confidence in all humanity; but if you do not deal righteously and truly with me, I shall never dare to listen to the voice of my own soul again! You see it is an experiment for both."

The woman bowed down her head, and there was silence between them for a minute. Then she lifted her eyes with a new light in them.

"I could not have dreamed there was anything left for me in this world to do!" she answered. "I will live, since you do not think me unworthy of such a trust, if only to try and prove to you

that there is something true in me still! I will stay with you. I will be faithful."

And as a sign and token of their compact, the Young Mother lifted Baby from its crib, and laid her on the other's breast.

"Oh, my baby! my own baby!" she broke out, "I must see my baby's grave!"

"Not now, dear," said the Young Mother. "I cannot let you leave me yet. Some day we will go there together!"

The whole family, as they came in and out, passed judgment on the New Nurse. When the Young Father found her installed in his home, he privately remarked to his wife that she looked rather delicate for such a weight as Baby was getting to be; and the Young Mother put her arms about him, and replied: "Dearest love, she has had hard times; we will make her stronger among us; and just see how Baby takes to her!" and she never told him any more than that, she who kept nothing else hid from him all through her life. Grandfather Number Two said he "was glad that Baby had got any kind of a nurse at last, so that he could hear something else talked about!" But Grandfather Number One studied the pale face more than once as he played with Baby; and one day, when the Young Mother went with him out of the room, he put his arms round her, and bade "God bless her for a good lass! For there has been a sore life in there," he said, "and she is finding peace with my dear girl!"

"O papa!" she whispered, "how do you know?"

"I know nothing of your Nurse," he answered, "but I can tell a good work when I see it!"

"O papa, papa!" she murmured; "it isn't me; it is all the Baby! Don't you see that it is Baby who is healing and helping her?" And Grandfather Number One laid her face against his for a moment, and went quietly forth.

The Grandmothers were inclined to be decidedly critical at first, in consequence of ineffectual visits to the Intelligence Offices, and from disapproval of taking in a servant without a reference; but they could not help but notice her patience and loving care of her charge, and when they beheld her sewing were completely won over, and went about proclaiming her a treasure. And the Young Aunties wondered that she shrank from them a little, and was so shy when they were so gay and gracious with her; but Baby loved her—that was evident enough—and so they were determined to be good to her; and soon after the faded dress had been taken away by the Young Mother, and destroyed entirely from being a reminder of the past, Baby's Nurse was many times overcome with thoughtful little gifts of collars and cuffs, aprons and ribbons, and generous overflowings of young and gushing hearts. While from the Poor Relation, whose instinctive sympathy divined that here was one who sorrowed greatly, there came sometimes such gentle words of strength, such upholding of the sinking spirit, that the tried soul clung to her saving grace as though this other woman had indeed been a holy priest ordained of God. And the Fat Nurse, dropping in one day with her basket and umbrella, watched her keenly with her twinkling eyes, and said afterward to the Young Mother: "You've did well by your Baby, mum; for she's got the

Mother-heart, and that's the best recommendation any nurse can have!"

One day, when the following Spring had made all the earth green, the Young Mother and the New Nurse went away to the great city, passing through its noise and bustle to another city on its quiet borders, whose people were very still in their last homes—the silent City of the Dead; and among the lowly graves of the poor found a little mound grown over with waving grass and golden buttercups; and what befell there of remembrance and remorse, of weeping and consolation, gratitude and goodness, the two women locked up in their hearts, and never spoke of again; but, before they came away, the lonely grave was covered over with myrtle, and set round with roses, and when next they saw it there was a small, white stone at the head, on which was only cut, "In memory of a Baby," for this child had died without a name.

And the New Nurse lived all her long years with them, and kept her promise, and was faithful to the end. She came to be like one of their own family, and was respected and trusted, loved and looked up to. It was she who took all their new-born children in her arms, and tenderly laid out all their dead; she dressed the young for their bridal, and closed the eyes of the old; she rejoiced in their joy, sorrowed with their sorrow, shared their burdens; and the next generation never thought but that she had always been one of them. A weird sort of wisdom from much introspection fell on her, and many an earnest word of hers took root for salvation in restless or wayward hearts; fruits meet for repentance marked all her unassuming way; her eyes shone with a beautiful peace; and she who had been cast down and desolate, made gladness for the angels in Heaven.

Many years afterward, when Baby had grown to be a young lady, when the Young Father had become a rich and renowned citizen and the Young Mother a wise and well-beloved matron, much courted in the social life of the great city where she visited, she met the man who had wrought this ruin, prosperous and debonair, esteemed and honored, the cynosure of fashion, head and front of his admiring circle still. It struck him with strange novelty and curious wonder that this one woman, so sought after and distinguished, should meet him always with cold eyes, or turn from him with averted glances. It made him uneasy, this Epicurean who shrank from a crumpled rose-leaf, and that any one human being should disdain or discountenance him was a skeleton at his life-long feast that must speedily be banished. So, watching one night at a great assembly till he had seen her a little apart, with the graceful effrontery of a practiced man of the world, he ventured to question her of the why and thus. She turned her sweet, fair face full upon him all kindling with long-kept indignation and contempt, and spoke out from her sincere heart the stinging answer: "For twenty years I have sheltered in my house the woman whose life you ruined, whose youth you destroyed; and I therefore deem you unworthy even of her scorn! You are loathsome as a lie! and I forbid you ever to approach or speak to me again!"

He winced and writhed under her righteous

anger and plain-spoken words, that like a sharp knife had cut into his vanity and his memory; he slipped away from her speechless and cowed; and whether or not his conscience ever reproached him with remorseful remembrances, he never forgot the crumpled rose-leaf in his career—the expressed odium of one honest spirit.

And never in all the days of her life did this true woman breathe to any one else, Father or Mother, husband, sister or child, that other woman's secret of a Baby's Grave.

V.

THE CRIPPLED SISTER.

ON her bed she lay day after day, year in and year out, white and helpless, with large eyes melancholy with the sadness of long suffering. Only the unwearied hands rested not, and the active brain never ceased from thinking. What dreams of health and happiness, what disappointed hopes, what unspoken repinings, what agonies of despair, what rebellious reflections, what wrestlings with destiny, what strivings for patience, had been worked off upon the exquisite embroidery that grew under her delicate fingers! for always before her was a snowy, diaphanous muslin, with its fine tracery of leaves and flowers, vines and fruit, and into every branch and every blossom she wove her life, and by the perfectly wrought designs she won the cost of her living. One day it would be a lovely wedding-dress that was spread over her humble couch, and out of her tender blessings on the bride, her sweet fancies of a bliss she could never know, there would be evolved a wonderful result of interwoven beauty, with a poetic meaning in it all that perhaps the wearer would never guess; and only the worker, touching gently her undivined creation, would know that each design was significant of a good wish—the lilies for purity, the roses for love, the wheat for plenty, the heart's ease for content. Or it would be an infant's robe to be made rich and rare with unrivaled adornment, and little would the pleased mother suspect the yearnings over the untried future and the visions of its coming life that were wrought through and through her child's dainty garment; how upon each thread-born wreath there hung prayers for the coming years, and how every festoon had felt the prophetic outlook of a solitary spirit to whom a new-born babe seemed like an angel fresh from God, to be once more, when earthly career was over, a bearer of palm-branches in the universal heaven. Or, once in awhile, they would bring her a spotless shroud to fashion for the dead, and would find unexpectedly laid upon it some mystic emblem to grace the grave, an amaranth or a winged globe, to symbolize to hearts that looked thereon the sweet everlasting Beyond. For never unto others went forth the bitterness of tortured flesh or prisoned existence; the white roses that she raised were the flowers of silence; the womanhood that was in her naturally taught her repression; the unselfishness of her spirit held her back from saddening others; and her thought of God and want of outer experience gave her a trust and faith that could overcome at last her weariness, her isolation, her doubts. But there were times—oh! there were times when the frail body went through the very Valley of the

Shadow of Death; when the pain, the impotence, the unquiet of a separated lot would stir the tried soul with inward storms of revolt and longing; when the unuttered heart-cries were as piercing and tempestuous in unseen ears as those of a strong man in his agony. But Love was about her always; and, as unto those to whom little is given, spontaneous gratitude is great for that little—the suffusing glow of thankfulness for returning ease, the throb of sincere joy at a new attention, the bursting of sunlight into her room, the sight of the calm, blue sky, the sound of a tender voice, would still the tumult, and through the shining point of her needle her discontent would flow into lines of beauty, and peace would return with the needed pursuit, and by counting over her pleasures she conquered her pain. For much and many ministered to her. The Aged Father and Mother added to her wisdom, poured out for her the hoary experiences of accumulated years, caressed her with their withered hands, shone upon her with their wrinkled faces, where affection beamed brighter than their eyes; and she, who was the Poor Relation in other homes, but the Light of the Household here, she never tired in her tendence; she who, without a word, knew all that passed within the kindred mind, whose sweet sympathy soothed, whose genial cheerfulness uplifted, whose arms were around her in the night-watches of suffering, whose days never brought forgetfulness of a single loving care, and who was at once Sister, Friend and Physician of soul and body. Then there were those abroad who came to her in kindness, often bringing gifts of thoughtfulness and overflowing compassion. The Grandfathers would come, thumping their gold-headed canes upon the floor and her nerves, with hearty salutations, and the very breath of fresh outer air on their portly persons and ruddy faces; and the chirpy Grandmothers, with their gossip talk of the younger generation, and something nice to tempt the delicate taste, made from an old family receipt that none possessed but themselves. And the Young Aunties, by twos and threes—bright and beautiful with youth, full of lightness and mirth, gleeful with girlhood's quips and quirks, and always ready to relate all that was going on in their happy world—the last party, the latest fashion, the newest books, blushing confidences, tremulous hopes, sometimes the sentimental woes and imaginary ills; sure always of a cordial listener and faithful adviser, and rarely thinking that their gayety and grace might cause a pang to one to whom youth and beauty and the world beyond her chamber-walls were evermore denied. Then her bird sang for her such a delicious song that it awakened marvelous harmonies within, and was sometimes echoed by strains unheard of mortal ears; for that one voice concentrated for her the chorused music of the groves; the liquid notes linked themselves to the harmony of the spheres, and an awe-inspiring refrain of cherubim and seraphim seemed to float to her from the far-off Everlasting! And when the little golden songster tucked his head under his wing at night, her fancy went out all over the earth, and saw in all climes birds of all kinds and plumage nestling into slumber, and her eyes filled with yearning tears over these feathered innocents, which were thus her only link with God's dumb creatures. And as she gazed out of her window at the small patch of sky she could see therefrom, the

floating clouds wore varied shapes for her—shapes beautiful or fantastic, making always a changing panorama of which she never tired. Sometimes it was a dark dragon, with overlapping scales and forked tongue; anon a soft, gray vision of clustered towers and spires; and again weird and witching faces would form and dissolve against the serene blue; sometimes a white angel with outspread wings would hover over her, and sometimes the sunset glories would make a gorgeous garden of heavenly blossoms before her eyes; but oftenest a snowy dove would brood in the great immensity, and then she felt as if the Spirit filled her heart and mind, and lifted her in aspiration till she was no longer a crippled and pain-stricken body, but only a chosen soul taken behind the veil of flesh and sense to behold the secret mysteries of being. Thus in her quiet room, in the silence and solitude of a separated life, she was neither desolate, nor despairing, nor deprived of the solace which the good God gives to all who have hearts to feel. But, nevertheless, one thing troubled her much: others did so much for her; some one, it seemed to her, was always bringing her help or pleasure; but there was so little she could do for any one! Her Father in Heaven was loving and bountiful in His mercies to her, but there was nothing she could do for Him! Praise Him, like her bird, she sometimes did from the very depths of her nature; but she longed, almost infinitely at times, to reach out toward His children on the earth, and repay to them her debt to Him. In her own home the proceeds of her daily work assisted in maintaining the life that was there, and secured her from becoming a burden upon much-taxed and slender resources. But still this was so little, so little, and she knew not how to do more, her world was so narrow and she came in contact with so few. Her heart was full as a fountain of its waters, but she had no direction in which to pour out the overflow; the sacred hour of opportunity had not arrived—the right chord had not yet been struck.

One day they sent the Baby to see her—the bright-eyed, rosy-mouthed Baby, with the little golden rings of hair fringing the dainty cap, and the tiny dimpled hand stretching out to her from beneath the embroidered cape of the long cloak. It was almost the only Baby she remembered ever to have known, for the Young Aunties were not born in her neighborhood, and it was so long since there had been a baby in the family. Instantly a new tenderness and vague yearning sprang up in her soul; perhaps the woman's regret that never, never would the blessing of Motherhood be hers, mingled with the other expressions on her pale face; perhaps, too, there was something more which told that only alone could the lonely spirit grapple with and overcome these unusual emotions, for Baby's Nurse, wise from her own experiences, quietly took off Baby's wraps, laid the soft white-robed creature in her arms, and went swiftly from the room. She remained away but a little while, not long enough to tire too much the fragile arms; but in that time the Crippled Sister had shed drops and drops of shining tears over the placid Baby, who looked up at her with strangely wise eyes, not frightened at her unfamiliar face, but as if also pondering the secret things of the heart, for babies sometimes seem so freshly come from Paradise, that either memories or meditation

over unseen marvels appear to hold them in temporary stillness and contemplation, and to give a sense of speechless knowledge past our understanding who have come so far away from the wonder-world which is the source of life and light.

"O Baby, Baby!" she said, in her very heart of hearts, "you are a miracle! for you are a soul—one of God's souls born into this world—this world where souls struggle and suffer! How I wish—oh, how I wish that I, even I, crippled and useless, could stand between you and all the pain of the future! Sweet, tender blossom, dear innocent birdie, why cannot you always be a Baby? why must you grow up to be crowned with thorns, to be crucified, as every soul must be, before you go back to that other life! Blessings may come to you—blessings will come to you, for you are the Baby of love and hope; but oh, you new-made darling! you have come into a hard world, for you have been born a woman!"

For it suddenly seemed to the Crippled Sister as if she had never before so keenly felt or fancied the strife, the poverty, the crime of this earth, as when she looked upon this untired, sinless being, and there dawned upon her a sudden terrible dream of the might be of any human existence; all the agony and rebellion of her own years rolled up, and momentarily smote down her long patience, but out of it arose a longing almost divine, to shelter, to shield, not this one only, but all young and untainted lives, from the wrath and evil to come. With that singular outlook born of solitude and imagination, she beheld countless homes where babies bloomed—babies, all to be men and women some day—and she shuddered as she thought what men and women were in the world, and how even the sweetest and purest knew sorrow and needed strength. And she—she who would fain have suffered, in her great hour of yearning over a baby and her race, that the many might be made white from their sins again—what could she do? What could she do? It seemed to her as if she was the smallest, most useless, most impotent creation in the universe, lying there growing almost weary under the weight of a single mortal Baby. But the child was God's angel and brought His message! She always said afterwards, if it had not been for the Baby she never would have gained the idea, for as Baby lay quite still looking solemnly up at her, thoughts and plans flashed in upon her like electric sparks struck from the innocent presence.

In a few minutes it had all come into her mind, clear and vivid as a reading of God's word; the Baby's little hand had touched the waiting chord; through the Baby's pure eyes she had seen her opportunity; the Baby had given her at last a work to do for her Father in Heaven and her race on earth. And as if this Baby had divined that its mission was ended, and as if it had just dawned upon its infantile sense that the glowing face bending over its own was that of neither Mother nor Nurse, it set up a very human cry, and the latter came in, put on the long white cloak, held up the pouting mouth to be kissed by pale, quivering lips, and carried her charge away, pondering in her own heart what manner of emotions the Child had awakened in the Crippled Sister's spirit.

A few days afterwards the Light of the Household went forth into the poor places of the neighborhood, and brought in, one by one, shrinking

children, with shabby garments and shy glances; little girls ungathered into schools, untaught of ignorant parents who were slaves of labor, to whom was preached no Gospel of salvation from idleness, weakness or vice. These, allured in unwillingly at first, hard enough for a time to keep together, came at last into this quiet chamber as to a holy shrine, sat earnestly at the feet of a pale, patient teacher, and learned the ways of truth and right, took from her untiring zeal a shield of work or wisdom to defend them in days to come from dependence, debasement and ruin. Day by day—for a few minutes only sometimes, sometimes for hours, according to her fluctuating strength—she had them with her, pouring out the garnered stores of unforgetten reading in simple language, and opening up new worlds for unformed minds; peopling for them with her sweet fancy the woods, the streams, the air, with as beautiful spiritings as the old fantastic shapes of pagan lore; showing them what she saw in the sky; telling them what her bird sang to her, breathing into their receptive souls the peace and good-will that angels hymn to mankind, clothing common facts in such attractive forms that knowledge grew to be better than choice gold, and making labor so sacred and honorable in their eyes, that to do seemed well as to be wise. It was slow work, slow and anxious and earnest, taking more patience than the bearing of pain, calling upon the deepest fountains of love for all the charity that suffereth long and hopeth all things; for ignorance, habit and inherited traits are formidable fortresses to assail, and can only be overcome by continuance in well-doing. Clumsy fingers and unopened minds were equally difficult to guide and to train; but when the heart was once won the will grew strong, and out of her untiring effort came evidence of fine fruition at last.

In the poor homes where they belonged the mothers listened with a sort of awe to the accounts of this pale lady, lying always on her couch, covered with the white, fleecy folds of her delicate work, and giving out to little rapt listeners thoughts that would abide with them all their lives; and the first result of this feeling was clean faces and smooth pinafores. Then the children's talk brought new ideas to the laboring fathers that brightened the weary toil, and something gentler seemed to steal into the hard and bare existences, and so the sweet influences radiated farther than she could feel, and her work was wider than she knew.

After awhile Christmas was drawing near, and one day there was an interesting assemblage of these small scholars in a room where one of them lived, whose mother was a washerwoman, and upon tubs and buckets they were seated in a circle, with their childish countenances expressive of anxious meditation. The weather was cold, and the devices to secure warmth, mostly consisting of capes and shawls belonging to grown-up people and much too large for their present wearers, gave them generally the appearance of animated bundles with a face at one end, and the tips of very worn shoes—sometimes of bare toes, peeping out of the other; and the subject of their meeting and consultation was, How to Get a Christmas Present for the Crippled Sister, and What It Should Be.

No thought of expediency or custom entered these youthful and inexperienced minds; it was a

matter of pure love and gratitude, or, as one of them put it, "She's bin mighty good and lovin' to us, and we want to do suthin' to make her feel we know it!" The leader of the meeting was a grave little damsel with quiet eyes, who seemed to take a natural precedence.

"Now, Anner Mariar," she said to a buzzing wee thing beside her, "there ain't no use in guessin' and talkin' so much; let's count up; each girl say how much she can give; we've got to know that first of all. You begin, Anner Mariar; how much are you goin' to have by Christmas?"

"Well," chirped out this small being from the folds of a large red muffler, "I'm a goin' to settle down and take a place to mind Mrs. M'Goffin's baby next door; it's an awful big baby, and drefful cross, but I guess I kin do it, and get my share for the teacher! I'm to have twenty-five cents a week, but I have to give Mam most of it, cos' I can't work out, and go the Lady's, and help her, too! but I kin save five cents a week off anyhow! It ain't much, but it's better'n nothin', and Lord knows I'll earn it with that baby!"

"There, now, Anner Mariar, that'll do; let somebody else say something, will you?" interposed the youthful President. "Jane O'Connor, what do you think you'll have?"

The O'Connor's child wound herself very tight in a big plaid shawl.

"I'm goin' to do chores in the mornin' for a boardin'-house, carry up the coals and sich, and they're to pay me ten cents a day. I spec' the old man will take a good deal of it for gin, but I mean to screw a quarter of it out anyhow, if I have to fight for it!"

"So far so good," observed the approving Chief. "Nettie Blane, it's your turn!"

Nettie looked down abashed by the superior facilities of her companions, and spoke in a rather low and tremulous tone.

"I ain't likely to have a chance to earn any money; but Uncle Jim—he's a sailor, you know—he brought me two lovely shells home from his last voyage; they're all smooth and pink inside, such a beautiful color, and have got scalloped edges just like lace, and I thought maybe I could sell them!"

Hereupon ensued an animated discussion as to the probability of the market value of these treasures, and much advice as to places where there would be most likelihood of disposing of them. Little Nettie's cheeks flushed as pink as the shells themselves with excitement over the subject, and her youthful soul experienced the first pain and joy of sacrifice.

Then the question of resources was put to each of the others in turn, and each made some hopeful reply. One had an uncle who always gave her something for Christmas, and she thought she could coax him to present it a few days beforehand; and one had a tin bank into which she had dropped all the few pennies she had received for two or three years, and she was willing to contribute all of them; and so on through the whole group, till a rough estimate was made by the grave little President, after much struggling with the arithmetical problem, and the financial committee rose up from the tubs and buckets in quite tumultuous delight at the amount of the uncollected sum. They circled round for some minutes in rather noisy glee, till the small Chief called them

unceremoniously to order by standing on a tub and exclaiming: "Look here! We have found out How To Do It, but we haven't made up our minds yet What It Is To Be!"

There was an immediate subsidence at this suggestion, and the important deliberation was resumed. This was a very serious question indeed, as it was no longer a matter requiring individual responsibility, but a general decision and consent, and the tone of the discussion became much more argumentative. "What It Should Be" was one of those puzzles requiring experience in intuition to decide, and wild and extravagant were some of the first propositions by the more thoughtless and those uninitiated into the cost of things.

"I tell you what," said Anna Maria, "there's nothin' like a big cake! there was one stayed in the baker's window ever so long till last Christmas, and it was all over shinin' white icin', and it had a yaller, and a red, and a blue rose right on top; and oh, my! it was just splendid. I used to stand, and stand, and stand, and look at it till my toes were a-most froze, just a-thinkin' what an awful lot of nice eatin' there was in it! Now, I say let it be a cake, for it's so good and so Christmassy!"

"Anner Marier," remarked the small President, "you're just crazy! Have you any idear what that cake cost? Besides, the Lady gets enough to eat, and she isn't the sort as is always thinking of her stomach."

Anna Maria was quenched for a moment, but retained a sense of injury at being thus unceremoniously snubbed, which only waited for an opportunity to be vented.

Directly the O'Connor's child observed that she thought it would be nice to give the Lady a whole lot of fine thread for her work, because she used so much all the time.

"Thread!" contemptuously retorted Anna Maria, "who ever heard tell of thread for a Christmas present!"

"It's a heap more useful nor a cake!" replied the other.

"Pooh!" said Anna Maria, "people never gets useful things at Christmas, only something pretty to look at, and good things to eat."

"Well, anyhow, I guess she wouldn't care about a cake!"

"I bet she would then!"

"She wouldn't!"

"She would!"

"Hold yer tongue!"

"I won't!"

"Then take that!" and the O'Connor's child gave Anna Maria a quick slap on the cheek. Anna Maria, not having been trained in the Scripture doctrine of turning the other cheek when she was smitten once, was about to return the blow, when the little Chief, with her face all aglow, stepped in between the excited parties.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourselves, after all the blessed things the Lady's bin teaching us! Didn't she read us out of the Good Book one day, 'Little children, love one another!' and talk to us about it till we couldn't most of us a-help crying? And you two ain't no better nor you had never heard it at all! Do you think she'd care about a cake, or anything at all, if she knew you'd bin fighting over it? Now, you just kiss and make up, and don't have no more such sass!" And Anna Maria and the O'Connor's child were quite overcome,

and fell upon each other's necks and kissed, and then sat lovingly down together on the same tub.

Then, after this, strange and various articles were proposed, to which many objections were raised, principally by the little President, who seemed to think her most important duty was to keep the intended expenditure within the limits of the probable amount, for which purpose she was obliged to do a good many sums out loud. The puzzle was growing deeper, and the likelihood of a decision seemed farther off than ever, when Nettie Blane said, in her soft voice: "I know what the Lady loves more than anything else, and that's flowers! Why, just here awhile ago, before it got so cold, I found a bunch of wild posies growing alongside the road as I was going to her house; they were just common things, but I picked them and took them to her, and you just ought to have seen her over them! Her face lit all up, she was so pleased, and do you know that for a minute she looked like she never was sick at all; and she kind of petted them with her fingers, and thanked me so nice that I never was so glad of doing anything in my life! Now, don't you all think she'd rather have flowers—real nice flowers, I mean, like you see young gentlemen taking to their sweethearts; not anything we could find, but something we'd have to buy?"

The unconscious poetry in this little girl's soul had vaguely divined that material gifts were not delicate enough for this lonely spirit who communed with things unseen. Nettie's earnestness enforced her idea, which seemed to impress the fancies of her companions, till one exclaimed: "But flowers die so soon, and then she would never have nothin' to keep to make her feel that we'd bin thinkin' of her!"

An anxious shade fell over Nettie Blane's face, that however instantly brightened with a new thought.

"Oh, yes she would," she said, "because she'd always remember! Don't you know, somehow, if you once get a thing, you've always got it, even if you don't see it! If I sell my shells, it don't much matter really, because whenever I think about them they'll always be in my heart, and I'll always know that Uncle Jim he brought them to me over the sea!"

The wise intuitions of the little philosopher struck the poetic chord in the small, surrounding humans. Some one murmured: "Things ought to be awful pretty to be remembered always!" And the general consent seemed to settle without dispute that a basket of flowers would be the very sweetest thing in the world to give.

"And I know of a man who keeps a hot-house just out of town," said the young President, "and he looks good-humored and kind, so maybe he'll give us something real nice for what we'll have to pay!"

And soon after the meeting dispersed, each one going her way, with the sense of quite an important aim embellishing the future.

The day before Christmas, as the big, burly and rosy owner of the conservatory just out of town was sorting his choicest blooms for a large wedding which was to take place in the evening, with a deftness hardly to have been expected from the size of his fingers, the door of the hot-house suddenly opened, and a squadron of a dozen or more

small girls, headed by a grave-eyed little damsel, entered in solemn procession.

"Bless my soul!" said the Gentle Giant, turning his bluff, bright face toward them, "what do you young ones want?"

For an instant they had stood quite still, looking about them in wonder and delight; for the whole place was so filled with rare and lovely blossoms that its atmosphere, color and profusion was like a concentration of the tropics. Anna Maria nudged the O'Connor's child to look at yellow oranges ripening amid their own foliage, and murmured: "Oh, my! they're really growin' there, they are!"

And Nettie Blane's tender gaze lingered on the white camellias and clustered azaleas, as if for the first time in her life she had realized a fulfilled sense of perfect beauty. But the Young Leader, deeply impressed with the importance of her errand, had never taken her eyes off the hearty countenance of the Big Gardener, and was not to be diverted from its practical pursuit by any allurements of tint or odor, and in her quiet voice replied to his surprised salutation: "If you please, sir, we want to buy a basket of flowers."

The man dropped the two or three buds he held in his hand, turned entirely around, and gave one steady look down the whole line; he saw at once that they were not likely to want flowers for themselves, and imagined that one or two had been sent on a message, and that the rest had accompanied these.

"You—want—to—buy," he said, slowly.

"Yes, sir, a basket of flowers, if you please."

"Who for? and why are there so many of you?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. You see, sir, there's a dear, kind Lady, and she's a cripple, and never gets off a low kind of bed she lays on, and works all the time the most beautiful brodering flowers you ever seen. And she teaches us; we go there to her room, and she tells us—oh, she tells us such sweet things about everything, and she tries to make us good, and we're learning ever so much from her! So we thought we'd like to give her a Christmas present, and we've all saved up till we think we've got enough; and because she never can go out to see anything a-growing, and just loves flowers like they were alive, we made up our minds to take her some; because we all give something toward it we all came together about it; and if you please, sir, we'd like as nice a basketful as you can make up for our money."

The rosy face bloomed out bright as one of his own blossoms; the round eyes grew wonderfully soft and moist, as the big, burly man stooped and kissed the small speaker, and said, with just a touch of huskiness in his voice: "Well, you're a blessed little party! You just go round, all of you, and pick out what you'd like to have, and I'll fix them up for you!"

There was an immediate stir in the young procession, an evident delight in this permission, and an intention to put it instantly into practice, when the Small Leader called out: "You keep still there, will you? I've got something else to say!"

Curiosity restored order, and she again addressed the gardener.

"Ain't those grand flowers very dear? You see, sir, we don't want anything we can't pay for all right; because, you know, if you were to go

and put in out of goodness something that ought to cost more than we've got the money for, it would be you a-giving, not us! Besides, if it was too fine, the Lady would be worried with thinking where we'd got enough to do it with! So if you will please to give us something as nice as you can for just what we can pay for it, we will be so much obliged. We've got this much money; please to count it, sir, and see if it will do!" And she handed him a rather battered tin match-box containing the accumulated contributions in small coins, as they had been gradually brought in as they were gained.

And as the Gentle Giant took the minute box in his big hands he had to cough to keep down an uncomfortable choking in his throat, and which became even more troublesome when Nettie Blane stepped up to him, and said: "If we can afford it, sir, could you put in a Lily? because it seems as if she ought to have white flowers, and I know she loves lilies because she always sets so many of them in her work; and I heard her say one day—like to herself—that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

The Big Gardener by this time was too much touched to keep quite calm.

"Here," he said to the Little Leader, "you count out this money, and tell me how much it is, and I'll do the best I can for it!"

As the grave voice enumerated the amount, piece by piece, the rest looked and listened with an eager pride in the limited sum which was pathetic to behold, as every penny of it had been earned by some sort of sacrifice. And when the Big Gardener took a basket and went round his hot-house collecting here and there his simplest blooms, all these keen eyes watched him in unbroken silence, and not one of them stirred a gaze from his fingers as he laid in the moss, propped a superb, stainless lily in the centre, and arranged round it with exquisite taste, violets and heart's-ease, and delicate, pure blossoms; in breathless quiet they noted every flower that was woven into its place, little thinking that these commoner plants which they were used to see in summer were almost as costly as foreign growths in winter; and it was not till the whole was finished that they broke out into exclamations of satisfaction.

"This must be a mighty good woman to make you love her so!" said the man as he handed over the basket to the careful hold of the Little Leader.

"Good!" answered Nettie Blane, "she's a-most an angel; it seems like she ought never to do anything but stand up close to the Throne with just such lilies in her hand!"

For Nettie's inmost heart was stirred by the flowers and the occasion.

The Big Gardener looked at her a second as if he thought she might have been a stray cherub herself.

"That's all your own gift," he said, pointing to the lily-crowned basket; "but would you mind taking her a little present from me, too?"

There was a pause in general fear lest his superior resources might eclipse the glory of their own offering; the Gentle Giant smiled and answered the unexpressed thought.

"It shall only be one flower," he said; and as a single flower in their inexperienced eyes could not possibly compare with a basketful, a happy assent was immediately given.

He went round among his plants to where bloomed one magnificent blossom, the only one of its kind in the green-house. For months and months he had nurtured this particular growth with the utmost care, training it toward the production of this one flower with the solicitude of a father for a child, knowing that its rarity and splendor would bring an immense price; but now, with a glowing face, he broke it unhesitatingly from the stalk, and without a sensation of regret, placed it in Nettie Blane's hand.

"Oh, thank you!" said Nettie's glad voice, "I will give it to her with your compliments."

And then the Big Gardener kissed every one of them as they passed out, and stood at his hot-house door, and watched the little procession as it wound out of sight with the Little Leader at the head, carrying the Basket of Flowers.

The Crippled Sister was lying on her low couch, working a butterfly on a white shroud—for the dead knew not Christmas, and wait for no one's holiday; and as the emblem of immortality spread its wings beneath her glancing needle, she crooned over to herself the song that the angels sang to the wondering shepherds so many centuries ago; and as the "Good-will toward men" dropped from her lips, her chamber door opened, and the Light of the Household entered in, followed by the procession of children bearing their precious burden. The Light of the Household had tears in her eyes and a quiver about her mouth as she said, "Dear Sister, the little ones have brought you a Christmas present!" for she had met them at the hall-door, and divined all the sweet story from their few words of explanation.

Then the Little Leader stepped forward with the basket of flowers, and as the Crippled Sister took it in her hands the shroud fell aside, but even in the living delight of the Present, the butterfly of Immortality rested on her bosom below the shining flower of the Annunciation; and as the children stood round the bed in their poor clothes, and some of their hands hardened by toil, it dawned upon her how they had worked and sacrificed to bring her this token of love, and her heart was almost too full for words, and tears of purest, saddest joy dropped like rain upon the violets and heart's-ease that represented to her the tender gratitude of those innocent souls. "It is so beautiful! so beautiful!" she murmured, and they fairly thrilled to think she meant their happy gift; but Nettie Blane alone felt that it was of their feelings she spoke, and as if to crown the season's offering of good-will, she laid the single gorgeous blossom beside their own present, saying: "The Big Gardener sent you this, too, ma'am, with his compliments, because he said you 'must be a mighty good woman to make us love you so much.'"

Then the rich color flooded the Crippled Sister's cheek and brow, and her eyes shone, and she seemed to grow transfigured before their very sight into angelic youth and beauty, and her voice was almost like a song as she cried out: "O my darlings! you have made me so rich to-day, for you have brought me not only these lovely, lovely flowers, but something I thought never could come into my lonely life—the free, blessed Love of Children!" And she kissed them all over and over, and when they lingered as though loth to

leave her, her spirit seemed inspired to speak to them from the text of the flowers; through the Big Gardener's rare blossom she seemed to bring before them the wonders, the glories, the very atmosphere of the East; they saw the palms of India and the gardens of Damascus, the roses of Persia and the cedars of Lebanon; and out of the simple blooms of their own sweet gift she wove tender stories and lessons that would cling in their memories to heart's-ease and violets as long as they lived; and she told them at last that the great old artists, when they painted their pictures of the Angel bringing Good News to Mary, the Mother of Christ, always placed just such another white Lily in his hand; and that it was sign and token of message and promise. And somehow, as she talked, these poor, little, narrow lives felt themselves grow nearer to the angels; and when, after they had all joined together in singing for her the Christmas hymn, they went out to their humble homes with their hearts upraised in "Glory to God on high," because they felt, in their vague way, that in that one room at least there was "peace on earth and good-will toward men."

And the Light of the Household leaned over the Crippled Sister with a half sob in her tone as she said: "This is a happy Christmas, dear?"

"Ah, yes!" answered she. "And it all came from the precious Baby; for if it had not been for the Baby, I should never have thought of these other children! Kneel down, sister, and say a Christmas prayer for the dear Children and the darling Baby!"

VI.

BABY'S PARTY.

BABY was going into short frocks; and the Young Aunties had all assembled in Baby's home in order to assist the Young Mother in cutting down the long robes which had hitherto covered Baby's restless little feet. They were a gay and happy party as they sat around the pile of dainty white garments, one ripping, another cutting and the rest sewing with nimble and willing fingers, while Baby lay in the midst, and greatly interrupted the work and merry chat; for first one Young Auntie would stop to coo back to the chirping crows, and then a general flow of baby talk would suspend the flashing thimbles; then another Young Auntie, having to do a little necessary measuring of Baby's tiny person, must needs dandle the small creature awhile to each of the other Aunties, until the fun grew fast and furious, and Baby wild with infantile delight; and then another Auntie was moved to kiss the rosy mouth because "the little darling was too sweet to live," and all the other Young Aunties felt called upon to follow suit, until at last the Young Mother called the party to order, using her gold thimble as a gavel, and crying out in a loud voice that she had something important to say. Curiosity conquered the spirit of frolic, and the small fetsch was left in peace by its feminine worshipers until all the say was said; the neglected cambric was resumed and the bright needles began to fly again in this charming sewing-circle.

"I have been thinking," spoke the Young Mother, when some stillness was restored, "that I should like to celebrate in some way or other

Baby's change into short clothes; suppose we have a Baby party?"

Then the sluices of talk opened up; exclamations of "Capital!" "Glorious!" "What a nice idea!" echoed from the Young Aunties, and then began to flow a stream of plans and suggestions.

"How many babies do we know?" "Shall all the rest come in short dresses like our Baby?" "Won't it be lovely to see such a lot of new baby shoes?" "All the Nurses will have to come, so it will be a Nurses' party, too!" "What will the Babies get to eat?" "Pap and arrow-root?" "Wouldn't it be rich to ladle boiled milk out of the big punch-bowl?" "What entertainment for the Nurses?" "Oh, unlimited tea and toast!" "Guess there'll have to be a supply of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup!" "Wonder if they'll all bring their rattles?" "Our Baby must have a coral to assist the concert!" "Ho! Baby! you're going to have a Ball! a grand Baby Ball! And all the fairy godmothers are coming, and all the Baby Princesses, with rings on their fingers and bells on their toes!"

Down came the authoritative gold thimble again to quiet the confusion of tongues.

"That is not the kind of party at all that I want to have," said the Young Mother. "Now, girls, do be still awhile till I tell you what my thought has been about it. We all know what a blessing our precious Baby is; how we all love her, and what a pleasure she is to us all—is she not?"

"Yes, indeed," rang out the Aunties, "she's just a dimpled angel, and worth her weight in gold!"

"Then," continued the Young Mother, speaking very softly and tenderly, "it seems to me so selfish to keep all the happiness of her to ourselves, when we might make her the source of sweetness and enjoyment to others. Now, you know, girls, that rich people's children get and have everything—our Baby couldn't do much for them; it isn't to the happy infants who have corals and rattles, arrow-root and pap in plenty, that I want to give my Baby's party, but for the poor little creatures that never have heard a rattle or saw a bowl of good boiled milk in their short lives. Oh, ever since my Baby was born there has come up to me so often the cry of the children—the children who are not sheltered and cared for as mine is; and I have wept over the mothers who must weep over their little ones, because they have so little to give them in a world that must be so hard to them! Can we do nothing for these? Can we not give these babies a party, and make it an occasion of kindness and rejoicing?"

The Young Aunties were silent now, and most of the bright eyes were moist with the dew of feeling; their impressionable hearts and fancies had gone out to those other babies so different in all their surroundings from their own family pet. But one of the gay young girls—partly because she did not like the unusual sensation of gravity which had settled upon her sunny spirits, and partly from a naturally practical as well as fastidious turn of mind—suddenly exclaimed: "But poor people's babies always smell so badly, and are so dreadfully dirty! they are so sour and slobbery, and generally wear yellow flannel petticoats!"

"Ah, dear!" answered the Young Mother, "how

can they be nice and sweet as our Baby, when the parents have to toil so hard, so early and so late, that there is hardly time to make the merest necessities of life? Besides, you must remember that there are some mothers so poor that they cannot afford even to buy soap!"

"O Sister, soap is so cheap!" cried the practical Young Auntie.

"Yes—to us. But to them bread is so dear; and bread is the necessity and soap the luxury."

The practical Young Auntie was practical no longer; to be too poor to procure soap was a depth of distress to which her imagination had never descended. She had an immediate vision of a rich Soap-boiler whose advances she had always scorned, but who loomed up now in her mind as a possible universal benefactor; and in a momentary fancy she was herself standing at the door of his factory, dispensing bars of soap to a dirty crowd, as nuns deal out food to the beggars at the gate of a convent, and somehow the Soap boiler did not seem so low down in the social scale of humanity as before; he became instead a kind of apostle to redeem the Great Unwashed.

Her passing reverie was interrupted by the Young Mother's voice, as she continued: "Don't you think we could contrive at our party to provide these poor babies with some of the necessities that their mothers have so much trouble to obtain for them, and that, perhaps, will leave them a little of their hard-earned money for other things?"

"Soap, for instance," said the Young Auntie, who had scarcely got away from the Soap-boiler and his factory door.

The generous hearts of the Young Aunties were stirred, and the consultation was long and deep; and the girls went out of Baby's home with a thoughtful pucker in each smooth forehead, occasioned by profound consideration of each one's share in the new enterprise, and with much eager talk of the ways and means, and all they meant to do.

And lo! as the practical Young Auntie wended her way homeward, by a strange coincidence whom she should see meet, face to face, but the Soap-boiler himself! and with a vague intention of securing future soap for scented babies, she absolutely allowed herself to return his respectful bow with a pleasant nod, whereupon the audacious Soap-boiler, who had hitherto secretly admired her afar off, took the liberty of joining her fair highness upon the open street. Once this man who thus dared would have been met with haughtiness and silence, and would soon have been made to feel that he was no fit escort for an aristocratic Young Auntie, albeit he had all the seeming of a presentable and courteous gentleman; but somehow, in the last hour soap had taken on a new dignity, and its manufacturer did not seem so near to the scum of the earth as before. So, involuntarily, she was almost gracious, and was surprised to find that the despised individual was well educated, had refined tastes, and even some beautiful enthusiasms; and in her astonishment and humility at having so under-estimated a human soul because of a worldly business, she actually invited the Soap-boiler to Baby's party. Afterwards she felt half ashamed of it, and laughed ironically to herself as she pictured him entering in the midst of assembled babies, dragging in a great box full

of brown soap. And at last it tormented her so that she had asked him, that she began to dream about him, and her nights were haunted by saponaceous visions until she almost began to envy those to whom soap was a luxury.

Soon the deft fingers of the Young Aunties began to fly in preparation; bundles of bright zephyrs adorned their tables; balls of worsted were forever being pounced upon by sportive kittens; odds and ends of yarn strewed each familiar place; every admirer was called upon to hold entangling skeins; and all their lighter talk was interspersed with grave counting of stitches, till it might have been thought that each one was weaving a Penelope's web, which was never to be finished. And they pursued the Grandfathers for coin to purchase Shetland wool, and tormented them perpetually for contributions to knitting-needles, till the Grandfathers—who, however, paid out on every demand, and were always rewarded by a kiss from rosy lips—grumbled after the fashion of men when their pockets are touched, growled greatly over the “nonsense of it all,” and declared that “babies were a nuisance anyhow!” and that “our Baby was too much spoiled!” at all of which the Young Aunties chaffed and coaxed, and came off triumphant. But the hearty Grandmothers entered into the spirit of the thing with real goodwill, and gave excellent service in the cause. And the Poor Relation sent her small donation, neat, and pure, and simple as herself, and the Crippled Sister wrought night and day as she could at her share of the sweet work.

And so came on the day of Baby's party, a day when the sun was shining and warm hearts were glowing; when Baby's home was made bright with flowers, and in the midst thereof stood a great basket, heaped up to overflowing with all kinds of warm, and useful, and pretty baby garments. Baby herself was dressed in her first short frock, much to her own intense delight, as she could thus uninterruptedly play with her disclosed feet, for the first time covered with the wee-eat pair of colored slippers, which her round eyes contemplated with curious observation, and her chubby fingers began immediately to try and pull off. Never yet had she beheld anything so fascinating; and to kick the small phenomena back and forth, and crow with self-approbation, seemed to have become her crowning satisfaction.

The first to arrive were the Grandfathers and Grandmothers, the latter each carrying a bundle of last contributions, and the former, half-laughing and half-grumbling, protesting that the whole thing was an absurdity; that there were enough paupers in the world, without encouraging poor folks to bring any more into existence; that women, anyhow, always had more sentimentality than common sense; that because there was one Baby in the family, there was no reason to go mad over a whole lot of other babies! But the wary Young Mother held her little one up for them to kiss, and that stopped their further speech, for they immediately began to amuse and entice the infant with the gold heads of their canes, and straightway became as foolish over Baby as any woman belonging to them.

Then came in the Young Aunties, one or two at a time, in the prettiest of simple toilets, and with the sweetest of youthful, happy faces all aglow with the excitement of benevolence, and all eagerness

and exclamations over Baby's loveliness in its new attire; and with one Young Auntie entered the undaunted Soap-boiler, who had waylaid her on the road under the pretense that he felt rather shy at going alone to a party where he knew so few—much to her dismay, as she had over and over again repented the momentary enthusiasm of humanity which caused her to give the invitation, and had hoped that he had forgotten it; but somehow, as she crossed the threshold with him, blushing with an unsubdued caste pride or shame, she could not help but watch very narrowly the reception accorded him, and her light heart was greatly relieved to see that he was warmly greeted by the Grandfathers, who, being sensible men of the world, thought a good deal more of a man's character than his business; that he was cordially welcomed by the Young Father and Mother, whose sense of hospitality did not permit them to exhibit any surprise, or any other feeling than pleasure, at his presence; and above all, that the other Young Aunties sufficiently concealed their amazement and scorn under the mask of distant courtesy; but because she did perceive, notwithstanding, that in their innermost hearts they were looking down on her escort, her own rose up in involuntary championship, and made her so gracious and respectful to him that he enthroned her Queen of his Life forever.

Then the pure presence of the Poor Relation entered like a blessing in their midst, and there was a softness and tenderness in every one's manner as she moved from one to another in salutation, which showed that angels are not always entertained unaware.

And at last, hearty and cheery, with her big black coal-scuttle bonnet tied under her double chin, and in one hand the inevitable cotton umbrella—stout in the stick and faded in the stuff—while the other grasped the bulging basket whose lid was tightly secured with green ribbons, in rolled the Fat Nurse, who, still panting and blowing, having been settled on a wide seat with Baby trotting away on one knee, proceeded dexterously to open with a single hand that mysterious basket without which she was never known to appear, and about whose contents there had always been more or less curiosity; and behold, when the lid was uplifted, there was the capacious interior filled to the brim with carefully-packed sucking-bottles, while the mellow voice poured out an explanation: “You see, when this 'ere precious Baby sent me an invite to come to the party—cos, perhaps, I might help some of the poor mothers with my experience—thinks I to myself, now I'd like to do something for them poor little mites as don't get much nussin', nor any too much vittles or comfort; but I have them belongin' to me as I have to take care of, and so have mighty little money to indulge my feelings with, and I lay awake two or three nights off and on a-cogitatin' and ruminatin' how I should make it out, and at last I just set out mornin' after mornin' with that basket of mine, and went to every house where I had nussed, and asked the ladies to give me all the bottles they had done with for poor women as couldn't buy 'em; but I didn't get enough, as babies keep comin' on in most families, and bottles, like the long clothes, are apt to descend to the next; so I went around every place where I could find a lot of bottles that could be made to

do, and fixed 'em up with tops as don't cost much, you know, and there they are, and welcome!"

The Young Aunties told her that she was "a real, dear, good old soul!" and the Grandmothers patted her on the shoulder and praised her good sense, while to the glistening sight of the Poor Relation these plain bottles sparkled like diamonds; but the Young Mother, thanking her warmly, brought the moisture to the small, twinkling eyes half-buried in the fat cheeks, by stooping over and tenderly kissing the coarse, good-humored mouth, for though the Fat Nurse was homely, common and ungrammatical, though she wore a frilled cap and a bombazine coal-scuttle, and carried a faded, cotton umbrella, and though her "profession" was not the most exalted walk in life, still this Young Mother saw under all this the kind and generous heart, and only felt that "by their fruits ye shall know them!" And lo! at last, when they were thus gathered together, and waiting for the babies, the primmest of footmen, in the trimmest of livery, delivered with careful precision a very large package and a very short note, and all the assembled group were quite struck dumb to think that it had never entered any of their minds to ask Aunt Hannah; for the unexpected missive simply said:

"As you have forgotten to invite me to the Baby's party, I send, by bearer, my contribution to the same, hoping it may be found useful and acceptable."

The Young Aunties immediately thought of that grim fairy of the story-books who is always left out at the christening, and comes in at the last moment, furious at the slight, to counteract all the good gifts of the other fairy godmothers. But though their Aunt Hannah seemed a very grim fairy indeed to the Young Aunties, there was nothing malicious in her gift; for, when the package was opened, there lay a score of violet and dove-colored merino Babies' cloaks, warm and wadded, suitable and plain; and as they all stood in a group looking at these there came a fresh tenderness into the face of one of the Grandfathers.

"We let Hannah too much alone," he softly said, at length. "Poor thing! she never forgets;" and then noticing the curious looks on the Young Aunties' countenances, he added: "Ah! girls, Aunt Hannah is homely and old now, but she was once as young, and pretty, and happy as any of you. My sister had a great sorrow long ago, and these little things tell me that she has never forgotten. We must all go and see her more. Her life must be lonely enough in her big, empty house. Go and see her, girls—go and see your Aunt Hannah!"

And as he turned away there were tears standing in the eyes that had just looked into the past.

And hardly had the cloaks been laid out of sight when mothers and babies commenced to arrive. It was a pathetic sight to see them all collected together. All were scrupulously clean, in spite of the Young Auntie's foreboding, and some of the infantile faces fairly shone as if they had been well rubbed into unusual whiteness; and though there were indeed a few yellow flannel petticoats, these obnoxious garments had at least no shadow of dirt on them, while the poor dresses of the mothers were mended, and washed, and made as decent as possible, for it was a very rare

holiday, and all seemed to have striven to be in everything becoming. The babies themselves were many of them scrawny, and pale, and miserable to behold, but not particularly noisy, for the silent patience of endurance enters early into the spirits of the very poor, and their occasional cries of want and pain were more of feeble whines than the healthy roar of indulgent infancy. It stirred the hearts of the women to notice how lean and bony some of the tiny arms were, and how pinched and old a few of the little faces; but still some were round, and rosy, and lusty—evidences of Nature's success in spite of circumstances, and with sound lungs, which, however, they were much too interested in the novel scene to use.

There was thin and tired-looking Mary Maloney, who took in washing, and whose equally lean baby had never known any other cradle than a broken wash-tub, and who, when no kindly neighbor took care of her child during her absence, carried her washes home on one arm, and her baby on the other. And there was a consumptive seamstress, whose weird and unnaturally quiet infant looked like a little shriveled-up old monkey, with preternaturally keen and cunning eyes; and big, bouncing Kitty Flanagan, with a heart as ample as her broad bosom, on which reposed too sickly twins, the legacy of a dead daughter, and which tremendous charge the generous soul had accepted with a resignation which was almost cheerfulness, though she had to work almost day and night to keep the life in them, and some besides who were dependent upon her. And there were many others gathered in from the byways and hedges of life, and to whom need and sorrow were all too familiar, and pleasure a luxury they had scarcely ever known; so that in all these hard lives, so worn, so weary with toil and care, so unlovely and unbrightened, this sweet occasion of Baby's party became the Day of Days. After the bustle of reception was over, and all were comfortably seated around the parlor, the Young Mother moved a small table in the midst, on which was laid the large, new Family Bible, which had been one of her wedding presents, and on the blank leaves of which between the Testaments the only records were her own marriage and that of Baby's birth. She read, half-shyly and with tender grace, the beautiful story of the Star of Bethlehem; and when she paused, some of these poor mothers, who perhaps had never even heard a line of the Good Book before, felt as if a new sacredness had fallen on their own babies, since a little child had once been worshiped by the Wise Men of the East. Then she turned the cherished pages a little farther on, and again read only three verses, the three most beautiful verses that ever touched the universal heart of humanity; and it seemed to all those untutored natures, who through all the burden of maternity had felt the throb of love, that this blessed voice which eighteen hundred years before, had rebuked the disciples, still spoke to each one of them, and bade them "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," and because "of such is the kingdom of Heaven," there fell the holiness of possible angelhood upon each unseemly waif, and for a space there was a reverend silence as if the hands of Christ were in reality being laid upon the little ones, and even the babies themselves kept wonderfully quiet. Then one of the

Young Aunties rose up and went to the piano, and sang this sweet benediction of children :

"To Thee, O God! whose face
Their angels still behold,
We bring these children, that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

"And as the blessing falls
Upon each youthful brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord!
To keep them pure as now."

And the hearts of the mothers were so full that tears fell down on the wan faces of the babies; and then all the Young Aunties gathered together around the instrument, and chanted, in their clear, fresh tones, "The Mother's Hymn," that our honored Bryant wrote out of his poet's wisdom and insight; and the unfamiliar light and glow upon their mothers' countenances, made them so strange to their babies, that they raised up their voices also and wept aloud. Then the doors were thrown open, and in was borne, not only one puuch-bowl of boiled milk, but another, borrowed from the Grandmothers, brimming over with arrow-root pap; and there was great frolic and fun among the busy Young Aunties filling up the Fat Nurse's acceptable bottles, and soon a gentle, gurgling sound proclaimed that the whole assembly were ecstatically at peace; while the Fat Nurse sat in the midst, beaming all over with delight at the appropriateness and usefulness of her present, and dealing out advice here and there, after the decided fashion of one having authority.

"You needn't tell me, Mrs. Maloney, that if that child of yours had such feedin' every day it would ever get plump and healthy! It ain't vittles it wants so much as air! Yes, air! Don't I know well enough how you folks shut yourselves up in your room, and patch up every crack and cranny to keep out a draught? Ain't you afraid as death of a shiver, and keep every window down for fear of a bit of chilliness? You think close air is warm air. Now, if you'd put any sort of a cover over your baby, and then fling up your sashes, and let in the blessed breezes till the smell and the mustiness were all cleared out, and there was a chance to breathe something that you couldn't cut with a knife, your child would gain a little flesh and color, and you, too, for that matter! You're just killing your baby with foul air; that's all that ails it; and it's a good deal better to be a trifle cold than to be dyin' by inches! Well, I know, my dear soul, that coal is dear, and every one can't afford a fire; but a little of the Lord's good, fresh air to sweeten your home won't freeze you to death!"

And then she unhesitatingly accused another conscious mother of giving her baby paregoric to make it sleep at night, or while she was at work, as it was easy to be seen that the small creature was one of the restless, nervous sort who are always teething and always crying. No denial or excuse could deceive that practiced eye; but instead of a severe and indignant protest, she imparted a piece of information: "Don't you know what a sugar-tag is? You just take a cracker and pound it up—crackers don't cost as much as paregoric, and one will do two or three times—and sweeten it a little, and tie it up tight in a bit of rag; stick it into your baby's mouth, and it will

suck away at it, and keep still for hours; try that, and throw your paregoric bottle away anyhow; for cryin' is natural, but stupor ain't."

And while she delivered her oracular injunctions, the Young Aunties were amused to notice that the Soap-boiler, sitting quietly near by, listened to her quite attentively, as though he thought the Fat Nurse was a character; who knew what she was about, and was well worth hearing; and she, nothing daunted by her unusual audience, gave these ignorant mothers, in a few moments, more instruction on the proper physical rearing of their children, than perhaps they had ever learned in all their lives before.

Soon after, when the Babies were all inwardly refreshed, and many of them asleep, all the cushions and pillows in the house were brought into requisition, and all the sofas and arm-chairs were filled, and the Fat Nurse, Baby's own Nurse, the two Grandmothers and the Poor Relation were left to mind them all, while the mothers were ushered into the dining-room, where a plentiful repast had been prepared. The Young Mother had brought out all her prettiest china and finest glass, and her table was set and garnished as though her guests were the best of her friends; and the Grandfathers sat at either end and carved for the hungry eaters till their faces glowed with the exercise; and the Young Father and Mother, the Young Aunties and the Soap-boiler waited on them, and the latter acquitted himself so gracefully, was so thoughtful and considerate, and so gentle and courteous to each poor woman as though she had been the highest lady in the land, that one Young Auntie in particular, watching him critically, began to think him the noblest and truest gentleman she ever saw, and remembered the old story of Gareth, who served in the palace kitchen for a year and a day before he proved himself one of the gallantest knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

After they had returned to the parlor, and each mother was gathering up her own offspring, the Young Mother noticed the Grandfathers standing together and looking on. Directly they said a few words to each other, and then suddenly disappeared; and amid the greater freedom of chatter which had begun, she heard their gold-headed canes striking the hall-floor, and the front door closing behind them. For half an instant she was mortified, but then reflected that there must be something more than weariness and disgust behind their departure, and she felt confident that in a little while they would be back again, as they had not spoken to her before going out.

Then the Young Aunties struck up a gay song with a well-known chorus, in which most joined, and then another and another, and when the laughter and noise became a little more than decorous, the great basket was borne in all heaped up with gifts. Everything that mothers could desire for their babies was there. Warm things, soft things, woolen things, fleecy things, knit things and woven things, and even a rattle spiece for every baby present; and the Young Mother and Young Aunties had great joy in the delivery, first placing each article in Baby's tiny hands, to be given by her to each other baby, so that everything should be considered as Baby's own gift to the little ones.

The pleasure and gratitude of the mothers was

pathetic to observe. Some were loud in their thanks, but some could hardly speak at all; and one of these, dumb with too much feeling, sank upon her knees and kissed the Young Mother's bountiful hands. But the climax was reached when Aunt Hannah's cloaks were brought forward and dealt out. Hardly, in their wildest dreams had these poor women hoped to ever have anything for their infants so dainty and comfortable; and when they were told that these had been sent to them by a lonely old lady who had no children of her own, the mother-soul vented themselves in all manner of quaint and tender blessings and good wishes for her whose generous heart had thus, amid her solitude, remembered the children of the poor.

Then every baby was invested with its new garments, submitting to the operation with unusual serenity, as if they, too, were charmed with their acceptable possessions; and in truth, the appearance of many was so improved by these pretty and bright additions to their scant attire, that the mothers were quite elated with pride, and grew eloquent in their praise of each fresh article.

And when the bustle of admiration had a little subsided, Kitty Flanagan, with the twins pressed to her ample bosom, decked in their new array and each enveloped in one of Aunt Hannah's cloaks, arose, and begged to be allowed to make a few remarks; and when a surprised silence was thus secured, she said, right out of her full heart: "Shure, and it's not meself that often shpakes out before my beththers; but it would be too mane to thim that has thrated us so splindidly if there was niver a one to say a word for the rist; and troth, I am just shure that I exprise the sintiment of ivery mother prisent when I wish that all the saints may guard the swate Baby as gave this party; and may the blissing of the Lord God Almighty and the love of the Virgin Mary be upon this house and all thim that's in it!" and she extended the twins, one on each arm, and waved them as if in benediction, and sat down with a very red face, while all the mothers cried, "Amen!"

There was a little awkward pause of emotion; the mouth of the Young Mother quivered; the Young Aunties' eyes were very moist, and those of the Poor Relation shone as with a light; the Grandmothers coughed, and the Soap-boiler turned suddenly and looked out of the window, while the Young Father shook as much of Kitty Flanagan's hand as could be released from her hold of the twins.

And lo! when the time came for departure, there on either side of the parlor door stood a bareheaded Grandfather, each with a roll of crisp bank-notes in his hand; and as every woman passed out one of these was put in her hand with a "God bless you!" or "Good luck to you!" by these sly old Grandfathers alternately—who had slipped away to the bank together, at the time the Young Mother was so sorry to see them leave the house, in order to secure this pile of bright, clean bills, and be back again to bestow them thus at the moment of departure; and when the last mother and baby had disappeared through the door, the Young Mother and all the Young Aunties fell upon them, and kissed them over and over for being such "precious, good old darlings!"

And everybody said that Baby's party had been a grand success, and there was that sweet glow of happiness in the heart of each that came to them inasmuch as they had done it to the least of these, His little ones; and the Poor Relation remembered that when Simon Peter answered to Jesus, "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee," He said unto him, "Feed my lambs."

After this the audacious Soap-boiler became more and more attentive to one particular Young Auntie, who slowly and reluctantly, but involuntarily, yielded to his advances, much to the astonishment and amusement of the other Young Aunties, who watched the affair with much satirical interest, and chaffed her unmercifully, after the fashion of thoughtless girls who did not care to see anything serious behind the mirth of a good joke. One day she would find a cake of fancy soap upon her toilet-table, with the compliments of the Soap-boiler directed in the unmistakable handwriting of a mischievous Young Auntie; another time she would find her own soap spirited away from its dish, and the address of the factory left in its place; and sometimes small bouquets ingeniously cut out of variegated soap would be surreptitiously arranged around her room; and the very name of soap began to be such a torture to this perplexed Young Auntie that she blushed at its very mention; until one day the Fat Nurse came in to say that there had just been left at her house, for distribution among the poor mothers who were at Baby's party, a dozen barrels of crackers and as many more of sugar, "to help keep the babies quiet," and an accompanying envelope full of orders for coal, so that "the same babies might be kept warm enough to get some pure air;" and in the midst of the wondering who the generous donor could be, this Young Auntie recollecting how attentively the Soap-boiler had listened to the Fat Nurse's instructions to the mothers on the day of Baby's party, felt, with a great rush of tenderness, that it could have been only he who had done this good thing, and her heart went out to him to be his forever and forever. So that, when she came into her room a day or two after, and saw a caricature prominently placed over her mantelpiece, representing her admirer with a leather apron tied around his waist, and a big stick in his hand stirring a steaming kettle of soft-soap, and was aware of the peeping faces of the assembled Young Aunties watching through the crack of the door the effect of their latest attempt at ridicule, she indignantly tore down the picture, rent it into shreds and stamped on them, and then flinging wide the door, cried out in her anger and anguish, "That it was a mean shame to vilify a noble gentleman; that they knew as well as she did that, though he owned the factory, he did no such work there; that he had inherited his business from his father, and whatever they might think of it, had made it by his honorable dealing the peer of any other; that he was a good man and true, and that—that—they might say what they pleased about it, but she loved him—oh, she loved him!"

There was no more chaff after that. The Young Aunties were all conscience-stricken immediately; they rushed into the room; they put their arms around her, and caressed her and cried over her; said they were only in fun, and begged her to forgive them; and praised the Soap-boiler with an

affectionate hypocrisy that brought her soul content; though they were very much surprised to find that the Grandfathers were mightily pleased with the match, on account of the good name and great uprightness of the suitor's character.

And on the day of the wedding, in fidelity to the apostleship of cleanliness and appreciation of

soap, a large box of the same was left at the home of each poor mother, who, at first, perhaps did not connect this unexpected and remarkable gift with the gay Young Auntie who had helped to make them all so happy on that memorable day of Baby's Party.

MRS. SARAH B. STEBBINS.

(To be continued.)

The Home Circle.

FROM MY CORNER.

No. 52.

THE summer is over at last. How thankfully I write the words each time that season passes now; for what good does the heat of summer bring me, these later years, that outweighs the pain? Yes, the summer is over at last, with its heat, its long, weary days, and its usual accompaniment of sickness. Again the death-angel hovered over our home, brooding so close for a time that its nearness cast a gloom, almost as if its presence were really within. But the powers of life were victorious in the end, and slowly, back through tedious convalescence, came the dear one. Now we can thankfully gather together once more about our usual occupations.

But all are worn somewhat in body and mind, and glad to take some change and diversion in various ways. I have come once more to the dear little country home which I have so often visited for rest and cheer. The mother-face, so young and yet so motherly; the mother-heart, so warm and tender that it can hold a large place for me, besides its own treasures; the counsel and companionship derived from such true friendship, all strengthened me.

And the daughter, still so sweet and fair, so full of playful brightness one hour and womanly seriousness the next, makes a light in the house and in my heart with her presence. She takes me about to show me whatever new thing she has added to her treasures of room ornamentation since I was here before. One that I noticed and liked particularly was a cornucopia made of a cow's horn, scraped very smooth and painted black. The open end was bound with gilt paper, a narrow ribbon or bright cord tied to each end to suspend it from a nail on the wall, and the side that hung outward covered with small embossed pictures of various designs and bright colors. It was really a handsome article. Then in the centre of each of the lavender-colored window-shades was tacked a spreading bunch of ferns, large and small, which made a lovely little picture. I have seen these before on walls and white muslin curtains for bed-rooms, and they look very pretty for some time.

Right here, while mentioning ferns, I must tell of something beautiful and much appreciated that came to me before the summer faded. Tearing open an envelope from Mr. Arthur one day, I found inside a letter bearing a *foreign postmark*. New Zealand! How strange! A place clear out of our world, rarely heard of in this quiet little corner. Opening it eagerly, I feasted my eyes on the loveliest ferns I ever saw. Spray after spray

of various kinds, and little bunches of feathery green moss, as delicate as could be; and two large leaves of the lemon verbena, or citronella—sweetest of all leaves to me. What a message they brought away over the far south seas, and across the mountains and plains—a message of thoughtful kindness, which will always live in my heart. Some of these ferns have been added to my keepsake wreath, where they will be pleasant reminders, as well as adding greatly to its beauty.

Lying here, near Floy's window, on this soft, autumnal afternoon, the sunset glory having just died from out the sky, I look out upon one of the most beautiful pictures of nature. The trees below the garden and meadow completely hide the town lying at the foot of the hill, and afar over their tops I first catch glimpses of the river flowing sleepily along, then of its green banks on the other side, merging into the forest of cotton-wood. Beyond it the ground rises gradually, and fields and broad stretches of prairie land seem, at this distance, to lie on a level with the tree-tops. Then comes a range of hills, and lastly the grand old mountains, dim and shadowy in the soft, hazy atmosphere, seeming almost to lose themselves in the sky. Above them, in the almost colorless ether, banks of fleecy clouds, white, or softly tinted with gray, hang low and motionless, so calm and still is the air.

I gaze until my senses are filled with beauty, and my soul strangely stirred, sometimes with a feeling of half-sadness, sometimes a deep, quiet rapture. Now the thought comes over me—I know not what suggested it—that the fading of this beautiful day is like the fading and dying of a beautiful, useful life. The sunshine that has brightened the lives of others, the sweet and pleasant graces that have been like balmy airs, the hours filled with deeds of use and kindness—all are gone, and now the closing scene is being enacted. It makes me think of Keble's beautiful lines:

"Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sits 'round the autumnal sun;
But then sight fails—no heart may know
The bliss when life is done."

Last night, after it grew too dark to write, I still watched the earth and sky until the last gleams of daylight faded into darkness. Then soon through the trees a glorious moon looked down full upon us, filling the night with soft radiance, throwing shadows of the leaves on the ground, on the caement and on the little portico without, where vines clambered over the lattice and swayed in the light breeze.

I wonder why it is that to some minds there is always something melancholy in watching the moonlight. It has been so with me ever since I was grown. It is always subduing, and of later years brings memories, and a wistful, longing feeling, different from that of any other time.

As the evening wore on, a cousin of Floy's came in; the guitar was brought out, and we sang some of the sweet old songs—"The moon on the leaf," "Midnight Hour," and "The dew is on the blossom;" ending with some old hymns—"Sweet hour of prayer," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Dear associations these last hold for me. One we used to sing at the twilight hour, gathered together in the porch; the other was taught me by the dear brown-eyed woman a few years ago when she visited us, and I sang it often after that for one who, worn with age and care, slowly passed away to the other world. Many a night, after hours of weary pain, she would have me sing it before she could go to sleep, and it soothed her more than anything else. To me it seems the sweetest hymn ever written or sung. How many hearts have been lifted, soothed, comforted and encouraged by its words.

"Out of my stony griefs, altars I'd raise,
So through my woes, to be nearer, my God, to Thee."

Yes, it is oftener our woes that bring us nearest. When all is bright and fair, and our lives glide smoothly on a summer sea, then we too often think we can easily get along by ourselves, and are forgetful of the sustaining Hand; but let trouble come, and the heart be sick with woe, and we fly to the Rock, ready to cling there until we can feel

"All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given."

So let us cling ever, sure of safety nowhere else, whether cloud or sunshine surround us.

LICHEN.

MOTHER.

MOTHER! What a world of tenderness there is in the simple word! What hosts of recollections are clinging about it! The first dear word our baby lips framed; the one word that fell as music all through our childhood; the rich soprano of the home melody, linking all the other chords together.

Dear, loving mother! The little child clings trustingly to the helping hand, and falls to sweetest slumbers in the protecting arms. The boy, treading out and on to the farther bounds of childhood's enchanted land, tosses aside books and ball whenever a shadow dims his sky, and goes to mother for comfort. She can dispel the clouds; she can brighten every pleasure a thousand fold; she holds the magic key that unlocks all of life's most secret springs. The man, grown weary with all his striving with the world, all his battling with wrong, all his hopes, and fears, and aspirations, comes back to mother—comes with the old trust, as in other years, to lay his fevered head, safe and sheltered, in those dear arms, and be comforted as only mother can comfort. The woman—"my girl," mother always says, be she young or old, maiden or wife—comes to fall into many of the old-fashioned thoughts and ways for mother's sake. And when overburdened, sad and heart-sick, when all adrift, shadowed over and shut in

by clouds of doubt and fear, whose hand can soothe and smooth life's ills away but mother's? Whose eye can see beyond the clouds? Whose voice can sing to our souls, that above it all God's blessed sunlight is always burning with steady radiance? Who but mother?

Precious name! Speak it gently, aye, reverently—mother! She has suffered much, loved and waited long, ever hopeful, prayerful; "our household angel." Pray God that time's silver be sparingly sprinkled among the tresses we love so well. Pray God always and ever to bless and keep mother. MRS. CHARLOTTE E. FISHER.

HOME TOPICS.

WE do not have the best facilities for bathing here at the "Nest," but we manage to make a good use of such means as lie within our reach. In the girls' rooms up-stairs we have mats, made by cutting a circle of oil-cloth about three feet in diameter, and sewing the edge over a large rope or hoop, to make a rim. One can stand on this without fear of wetting or splashing the carpet. This, with a pair of mittens made out of coarse, Turkish toweling, and a small towel of the same is all that is necessary. The mittens are better than a sponge, for all one has to do is to dip the hands into the water and rub quickly over the body, taking care to wet the head first.

One's bath should not always be the same. We find an occasional bath with salt and water to have the effect of a tonic. At other times, a spoonful of ammonia is good, put into a pailful of tepid water, especially for those who perspire freely; at other times a fine, warm, Castile soap-suds; and frequently, clear, cold water. The latter when one experiences a sense of lassitude, weariness or a desire to sleep at untimely hours.

Every girl honestly desires to be attractive. While every woman cannot be beautiful, she can be absolutely charming. She can be intelligent, and that is one of the most potent charms; she can be cheerful, and that is a charm above all price; and she can have pretty, kindly ways that will make everybody love her. She can be so gracious that her presence is as sunshine and dew, and her coming will be hailed as a source of pleasure. Perseverance will accomplish results the most gratifying. To those wishing to be beautiful, we say, good health is the key to beauty. The healthy woman can snap her fingers in the face of the world. Health is more to be desired than wealth, for it brings to its possessor a joy that even the most exquisite beauty is powerless to bestow. Every woman ought to have an intelligent knowledge of hygiene and physiology. Then she would not dare to wear tight clothing, knowing the fearful consequences; to overload her stomach with improper food, or to expose herself to inclement weather; to go with insufficient clothing, or to risk her health improperly during contagion. A knowledge of the commonest facts in hygiene would prevent all this. She would learn that in this busy, bustling, working life we all live, nothing is so necessary as rest—rest that comes in time to prevent chronic diseases and ruined constitutions.

A fine, clear skin is not possible without pure blood, and this can only be insured by strict atten-

tion to diet. One must learn to deny herself tea and coffee, pork, pastry and many articles of food that she likes; must learn to eat slowly and at regular hours; must be cheerful and hopeful, ready to laugh, and sing, and enjoy the simple pleasures of life. To keep this good blood pure, requires plenty of exercise in the open air. "The skin must be kept clean," a voice says from over our shoulder, "and I see you have forgotten one of the best things yet, and you must not forget to tell the girls that soda—saleratus—is invaluable in real warm water for bathing purposes. Put enough in the water to make it feel a little slippery or sudsy; it is very sweet and cleansing, but should be rinsed off the face, neck and hands well, for fear of sunburn." "Yes, I see," says the woman's voice beside us, "you have left out none of the requisites, you have spoken of food, exercise, bathing, fresh air and sunshine. They are the cosmetics that nature keeps in her laboratory to deal out to the girls, and they should never stoop to use any substitutes. The paltry subterfuges of art should be scorned by every pure-minded girl."

We would never make war on freckles. They make a plain face piquant and roguish. Only yesterday, one of the professors, in speaking of a young lady visitor, said: "Her freckles are her charm, they match her brown eyes and her sunny smiles, and give her face such a rare, roguish expression." They can be coaxed away with sour buttermilk-wash, lemon-juice, vinegar and bruised tansy, but the first ride out in the sunshine will bring them all back again, browner than at first. They are "the stolen kisses of the sun."

To prevent sunburn, one should not wash immediately before going out. Let the entire and thorough ablution be at night, this will in a measure save the complexion when necessarily exposed.

To make the hair soft and abundant brush it often and wash the roots of it with a small brush dipped in warm water with a trifle of any cleansing fluid in it, say borax, which is very sweet, and clean, and cooling.

The teeth should be washed and brushed daily, the mouth rinsed after each meal. Care should be taken not to use a harsh brush, or one that would injure the gums.

Take care of the figure. Bring out all the good points possible, and if there be any defects, the latitude of fashion will allow them to be hidden by some contrivance which will enhance and beautify. Make your clothing to fit your body, not your body to fit your clothes. Wear shoes that are comfortable, and easy, and neat, even though they are larger than any other girl of your acquaintance wears. Who cares! What can measure with your own comfort? Tight shoes are a source of discomfort, and the origin of corns, tender joints, bunions, ingrowing toe-nails, and worst of all, defective vision. Many a girl wears glasses, and rumor says "injured her eyesight by hard study," when the truth is, that her shoes were two sizes too small. We have an understanding with our shoe dealer, and when one of the girls authorizes us to select her shoes, we invariably get the size that best fits her foot. The jolly dealer knows what number to mark them, and is it any wonder that Celia says no one can select good, comfortable, easy shoes to suit her half so well as Aunt Chatty.

When a young lady wears glasses, and says she injured her sight studying while at the seminary, one may doubt the assertion—there is room for a doubt. We do not assert this maliciously nor in a spirit of unkindness, but on the word of two good old physicians, grown gray in long years of successful practice.

When we wrote, "make the garment to fit the body," there came directly up before us the job of work on which Esther's busy fingers were flying. It may not be out of place to mention it just here, lest we forget it altogether. A lady came one day lately with a silk dress to be made over into something newer. She was tired of the way it was made, with skirt and polonaise trimmed with lace. The fit of the polonaise was excellent, and Esther's quick eye saw a solution instantly. The lady wished to have a shirred and flounced skirt, elaborately trimmed and a basque quite plain. Because the polonaise fit so well, the length of the basque was measured and cut off, and the lower part of the polonaise made the princess skirt. The box-pleating around the skirt remained the same as before. The front was trimmed with lace and headed with passementerie or beaded jet, trimmed to simulate a double front. The back part was draped. The basque was trimmed with satin cord and a simulated fichu of lace headed with jet trimming. This last suggestion was Esther's. The basque did not come high enough about the neck, and the woman was thin and spare about the shoulders, so the fichu trimming hid the pieced places, and gave the thin shoulders the appearance of plumpness. What a pity all dress-makers have not the eye of the artist and the skillful tact to make beauty, and harmony, and good taste come at their bidding. Cut-glass buttons were used to match the sparkle of the bead trimming. The dress was made walking length. The price for making over will not exceed four dollars, because the basque was ready made, no ripping required and no change in the sleeves and cuffs.

Aunt Chatty herself has something new, too, and just to help those girls who are obliged to study economy, we will tell you about it. A pretty dolman is nice and dressy, isn't it? We thought so last spring when the girls from the lake came to our public society one evening, but we never thought of getting one, till one day our old-fashioned sister-in-law, Levi's wife, asked us if we hadn't something to exchange for her black silk shawl. She said it had been lying in her trunk for years, and she was afraid it would mildew. We had no use for it, but we always think black silk is as good as a bank check, so we told her we would give her our cashmere dress. When the shawl came we laid it away until one day one of the girls suggested that such elegant silk would make a beautiful dolman if Chatty was not too kind to cut it to pieces. Chatty wasn't. The shawl was large and cut to good advantage. We had it trimmed with that pretty, modern fringe, silk and chenille, headed with beaded passementerie. It is made to fasten in front and bows of gros grain ribbon set on, to each of which is attached a bit of the fringe to simulate a tassel. To take away the plainness of the back a trimming of lace, headed with jet, extends down the two curved seams, and a zigzag fall of lace reaches quite to the bottom. A standing collar completes the garment. It is really pretty, and we often loan it to the girls to

wear. Indeed, sometimes we are half-inclined to think that when the girls urged us to cut the beautiful silk shawl they were slyly adjusting their own claims, and maturing plans that we did not suspect. However, it is all right, and we love the darlings all the same for their cunning, roguish tricks. Who could withstand their winsome ways, we wonder?

But our thoughts have ran away from the starting point, and the quiet "home topics" lie away back in the serious mood with which we commenced writing. We wanted to tell the girls right fairly our mind on one subject that some of them need to hear of—"the fellows," "the beaux." We meant to scold them soundly before we rounded up this last message of ours in 1880. But this afternoon the Woman's Missionary Society meets in Millwood, and the secretary—ourselves—has all her minutes and reports to put into good reading order by two o'clock. So good-bye, girls—let us all come again, God willing—but, if we meet not again in this circle, so full of friendly, and cordial good-will, and good cheer, can we not take to our hearts the restful promise, that,

"Far out of sight while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, *I shall be satisfied.*"

CHATTY BROOKS.

GOSSIP.

MY DEAR GIRLS: Some one has written that "gossip keeps the heart warm." It seems to me, rather, that it kindles a fire in the heart which consumes the warmth of human love, and leaves instead thereof only the bitterness of gall and the defilement of pitch, which either embitter or tarnish everything they touch.

The habit of gossip may begin in thoughtlessness, in the desire to say something interesting; and, alas, what is so generally found entertaining, or so eagerly listened to, as reports of what this or that person has done or said; so what is more natural, to one who thinks only of self, than to bring themselves into notice by such means; at first, perhaps, there is no intention of telling what is untrue, or of doing harm, but the story, of course, must be made effective, and, if possible, startling. This is done, consciously or unconsciously, by suppressing some things and adding others, by making the shadows deep and strong. The capacity for story-telling develops rapidly, truth and falsehood become so involved in the narrator's mind, that it is difficult to distinguish them, and at last it is impossible.

Self-exaltation seems to be one of the strongest incitements to the indulgence of this vice; the idea seems to prevail that finding and displaying black spots on the fair fame of others, shows the purity and spotlessness of the critic. Shall we never, never learn that the way to make ourselves appear clean is not by throwing mud at some one else?

There can be no possible computation of the extinction of family trust and affection, of the friendships dissolved and love-ties broken, of the sorrow caused and the lives embittered, and even ruined (in a worldly sense), by this most unholy practice.

Avoid, my dear girls, all the avenues leading to

the possibility of your becoming such servers of iniquity; if you find yourselves speaking of others unkindly, uncharitably, fault-findingly, stop at once. Do not allow yourselves to get into the habit of watching others critically; in the silence only of your own hearts, endeavor to put a charitable construction on their acts and doings.

We cannot judge of a book by a fragmentary word here and there; no more can we judge a life by an occasional act, of which we can see neither the beginning nor the ending, of which we have no idea of the motives nor the connecting links; we cannot read their thoughts, and perhaps, were we in their places, should not do as well as they have done. At all events, we have no right to judge them. When we know how impossible it is for us always to do right, no matter how hard we try, it should teach us charity for and sympathy with others.

Life is hard enough for us all if we try to fill it as much as possible with the love that is always faithful, that thinketh no evil, that is long-suffering, and yet is always kind. It is our duty to love one another. Have we not had the highest teaching to that effect? And how dare we, who fall so far short in our efforts to follow the one perfect example, and who have so much to be forgiven us—how dare we judge others?

"Oh, pity one another, my children! Pity, I implore you, each other's weakness, pity each other's sorrows, but most of all pity each other's sin. For, could ye but see aright, the sin, and the sorrow, and the weakness are one. Hold no bitterness in your hearts one against another. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Forgive as ye would be forgiven. Speak only of others as you are willing that others should speak of you. Love one another; show your discipleship by your power of loving.

AUNTIE.

MODESTY.—The virtue or grace of maidenliness in girls is one that the present age does not very highly esteem. It is a more successful thing to be "jolly" than to be gentle and modest, and a girl who would "get on" finds it necessary to distinguish herself by wearing rumpled hair, or a flame-colored ulster great-coat, or departing in some other way from the graces of her sex. Where life is crowded and rapid in its movements, notoriety is almost as necessary to ambitious young women as to proprietors of patent medicines. Thus it is not strange that maidenliness should be hustled out of existence. It is a virtue which is not in harmony with the modern "environment." It must disappear, like the duty of revenge and the practice of tattooing.

THERE is much ridicule thrown upon castles in the air; but there never was one on earth that was not once the imagination of some fertile brain, nor was there ever an intelligent piece of labor of any kind that did not form the centre of a group of airy existences in the mind of the performer.

It is useless to endeavor to make a child control his temper if you give way to your own, to tell him to be truthful while you are not strictly so, to inculcate neatness while careless of your own dress. The little folk are keen observers, and will not respect you unless you are worthy. Be careful not to impose unnecessary restrictions—to forbid nothing without reason.

Evenings with the Poets.

ANNA.

CLOSE now her azure eyes
With gentle fingers;
See what a happy smile
On her lip lingers.
From the soft, dimpled cheek,
Once blushing brightly,
Lift every golden lock
Tenderly, lightly.

Over the snowy breast,
Pulseless forever,
Clasp the fair little hands
Lightly together.
Leave her thus—thus asleep—
Life's fever over;
Never shall pain again
Trouble or move her.

All the long, lonely night,
Moaning and tossing,
How was her spirit grieved,
Death's river crossing.
But Christ was on the waves,
Tenderly calling,
And His strong arm of love
Kept her from falling.

Yield we our idol up
At the grave's portal—
We in our love forgot
That she was mortal.
But the sad angel, Death,
Loved our fair blossom,
And the dear little form
Pressed to his bosom.

Let us not mourn that these
Love ties must sever;
Though we shall see her face
On earth never,
May we soon go to her,
Blest and forgiven—
May her frail little hand
Lead us to Heaven!

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

THAT CALF.

AN old farmer, one morn, hurried out to his
barn,
Where the cattle were standing, and said,
While they trembled with fright: "Now which
of you, last night,
Shut the barn door, while I was in bed?"
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little Spot, she was down in the lot,
And the way the rest did was a shame;
For not one, night before, saw her close up the
door,
But they said that she did, all the same;
For they always made her bear the blame.

Said the horse, Dapple Gray, "I was not up this
way
Last night, as I now recollect;"
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns,
And said, "Where's the one to object, very
high,
If I say, 'tis *that calf*, I suspect?"

"It is too wicked now," said the old brindle cow,
"To accuse honest folks of such tricks;"
Said the cock in the tree, "I am sure 'twasn't
me;"
All the sheep just said, "Bah!"—there were
six—
And they thought now *that calf's* in a fix!

"Of course we all knew 'twas the wrong thing to
do,"
Cried the chickens; "Of course," mewed the cat.
"I suppose," said the mule, "some folks think
me a fool,
But I'm not quite so simple as that—
Well, *that calf* never knows what she's at."

Just then the poor calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
"Did you shut my barn-door?" said the farmer
once more;
And she answered, "I did, sir, last night,
For I thought that to close it was right."

Now each beast shook his head. "She'll catch it,"
they said;
"Serve her right, for her meddlesome way."
Cried the farmer, "Come here, little bossy, my dear,
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your fortune is made from to-day."

"Very strangely, last night, I forgot the door
quite,
And if you had not closed it so neat,
All the colts had slipped in, and gone straight to
the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat;
They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each beast of them all began loudly to bawl;
The mule tried to smile, the cock crew.
"Little Spotty, my dear, you're the favorite here,"
They all cried. "We're so glad it was you!"
But *that calf* only answered them, "Boo!"

PHOEBE CARY.

VIOLETS IN NOVEMBER.

SWEET souls! for her they lingered,
Though sere the meadow lies;
They are a-kin, the darlings,
To violets in her eyes.

Life, too, hath its November,
Its gray and chilly skies;
Oh, when to her it cometh
May violets surprise!

FANNY FALES.

Young Ladies' Department.

HOW TO STUDY A LANGUAGE.

THAT is, if you are not at school, or if you have not a private teacher. In either of these cases, you have a method laid out for you. But, if you are obliged to depend altogether upon your own exertions, in the matter of study, you will most likely hit upon a plan of your own. And, in endeavoring to do so, the following suggestions may be of some benefit to you.

If you have a good knowledge of English grammar, half the battle is won. If you have not, you may find it profitable to procure a copy of Hart's elementary grammar, and learn, at least the large print, thoroughly. You need not, however, spend so much time upon it as is usually spent in the schools—it will be sufficient to gain a general idea of the technicalities of language, referring to the authority, Gould Brown's Grammar of English Grammars, when in doubt. This book you will find in any public library.

Assuring yourself that you "know your grammar," avoid troubling yourself with the rules of the new tongue. Skip preliminaries, and attack it boldly. The grammars of modern languages are so much alike that it is a mere waste of time to attempt learning another when you already know one—the differences are so few and so striking that they can readily be detected, and it is they only that need to be impressed. (At least, this is true so far as I know).

Don't attempt, at first, to read or translate the finest work in any particular literature. Take something with which you are already familiar, so that, in case of doubt, you can refer to an English version. For instance, the New Testament. There are many advantages in beginning your studies with this work, among which may be mentioned: First, In nearly all modern languages, it holds the highest rank as a classic. Second, You are well acquainted with its contents, and can readily compare it with your own Testament. Third, Its indirect advantages in improving your taste and mode of expression. Fourth, Its cheapness.

Arm yourself, then, with a New Testament in the desired language and a dictionary. In some languages (perhaps many), the nouns and verbs differ from those of English, in their modes of termination. If you have taken up Latin, you can procure a little book containing a table of these terminations, for twenty-five cents. If French, you will most likely find them in the front of your dictionary. As to other languages, perhaps some friend can give you the needed information upon this point. If you really think you must have a grammar, get one, by all means—but I would advise you to consult it very sparingly, at this stage. One word as to books—don't be above buying them at a second-hand store, if need be.

Open your foreign Testament at the second chapter of Matthew, and begin at once to translate. Yes, translate—even if you don't know the language. Write out every word in the first verse in English—surely, you can use your dictionary, your table of terminations, your own sense, and, as a

last resort, your English Testament, and find out how nearly right you are. Proceed in this way, no matter how slowly at first. From a few verses you can easily go on to one chapter, and then several, at last being able to dispense with pen and ink, with the dictionary, and finally with the English translation altogether.

The result indicated, however, will not come all at once. You will find many a cause for doubt, many an occasion for discouragement. Still, you will often be surprised to discover how much you have actually accomplished.

Having finished translating the Testament, begin at the beginning again and read it through. If I mistake not, you will find little more difficulty in doing so than in reading English. Perhaps it took you six months to translate; probably it will take you only one month to read. Now, though far from having a thorough knowledge of the chosen tongue, you have a grasp upon it which will soon enable you to use it profitably.

Next, take a simple poem or story with which you are tolerably familiar by translations. Read it slowly and carefully, writing out the more difficult passages, hunting up, of course, any word that you do not know. Gradually accustom yourself to work away from the idea that you really are using a foreign language—that is, learn to take in the sense so well that you are scarcely conscious that you receive it through any medium at all. In other words, break yourself of the habit of translating in your mind, but actually *think* in French (or Spanish, Italian, etc., as the case may be).

Shall I repeat that this cannot be done all at once? Keep on reading, however. From the easier poems and stories, pass on to the difficult and the classical. Paradoxical as it may sound, the harder the way becomes the easier you will find it. All good libraries contain most of the works that you want.

Why do you wish to learn a language? To read its literature? Then, if you are determined to work hard, and if you love your pursuit, you can accomplish this end without a teacher. But if you want to speak and pronounce correctly—if you want the thorough knowledge that will enable you to pass a trying examination—then you do need instruction. But, unless you have plenty of time and money, there is no use in your spending very much of either, until you can read and understand by yourself; then you may profitably take a few lessons by way of finishing, so as to perfect yourself, as nearly as possible, in pronunciation and in the little idioms which you cannot learn from books. Pronunciation, however, can scarce be thoroughly learned unless you are thrown among people who actually use the language.

By this, or a similar method—in fact, by cutting loose from traditions and depending on yourself—you can learn a tongue in a tithe of the time usually given to it. And, for your further encouragement, let me add, that when you know one language you know half of another, and you will soon discover how to continue your studies better than any one could tell you.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

Health Department.

HOW NOT TO TAKE COLD.

DR. BEVERLY ROBINSON, in a lecture on "Colds and their Consequences," gave the following good, practical suggestions:

If you start to walk home from a down-town office, and carry your coat on your arm because the walking makes you feel warm, you are liable to take cold. Therefore, don't do it. If you should take the same walk after eating a hearty dinner, your full stomach would be a protection to you, but even then my advice would be, Don't take the risk. A person properly clothed may walk in a strong wind for a long time without taking cold, but if he sits in a room where there is a slight draught, he may take a severe cold in a very few minutes. Therefore, don't sit in a room where there is a draught.

Unless you are affected by peculiar nervous conditions, you should take a cold sponge bath in the morning, and not wash yourself in warm water. Plunge baths in cold water are not recommended; neither is it necessary to apply the sponge bath all over the body. Occasional Turkish baths are good, but those who have not taken them should be advised by a physician before trying them. Warm mufflers worn about the neck do not protect you against taking cold, but, on the contrary render you extremely liable to take cold as soon as you take them off. They make the throat tender.

Ladies ought to wear warmer flannel under-

clothing than they now do, if one may judge from the articles one sees hanging in the show-windows of the shops. People take cold from inhaling cold air through their mouth oftener, perhaps, than by any other way. Ladies dress themselves up in heavy furs, go riding in their carriages, and when they get home, wonder where they got that cold. It was by talking in the cold, open air, and thus exposing the mucous membranes of the throat. The best protection under such circumstances is to keep the mouth shut. If people must keep their mouths open in a chilly atmosphere, they ought to wear a filter.

Above all, be careful of your feet in cold, damp weather. Have thick soles on your shoes, and if caught out in a rain which lasts so long as to wet through your shoes despite the thick soles, put on dry stockings as soon as you get home. But in cold, wet, slushy weather, don't be caught out without overshoes. Rubbers are unhealthy, unless care is taken to remove them as soon as you get under shelter. They arrest all evaporation through the pores of the leather. Cork soles are a good invention.

When you go into the house or your office, after being out in the cold, don't go at once and stick yourself by the register, but take off your coat, walk up and down the room a little, and get warm gradually. Warming yourself up over a register just before going out in the cold is one of the worst things you can do.

The Temperance Cause.

BEER.

IT is claimed by brewers throughout the United States that beer (by which is generally meant lager beer) is really a friend of temperance, if not actually conducive thereto. The different brewers' journals refer boastingly to the reports of the brewers of malt liquors, which yearly show an enormous increase, as evidence of the fact claimed. It is boldly asserted that whisky, brandy and other "hard stuffs," alone produce drunkenness as seen at the present day, and make drunkards, and fill drunkards' graves. That malt liquors, being weaker and less potent in their effects, appeal more powerfully to the "popular" taste, lessen to a great extent the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits, and that, consequently, the gentlemanly and respectable manufacturers of the former are entitled to a place among the reformers of mankind, but little, if any, lower than Murphy or Gough.

Manifestly, a more insidious doctrine was never sought to be inculcated among men. The proposition is entirely false, is calculated to deceive and hoodwink those prone to a moderate indulgence in the inebriating cup, and to nullify and prostrate the efforts of total abstinence advocates.

Statistics need not be repeated to show that drunkenness, or, more properly, the drinking of intoxicating liquors, is greatly on the increase, despite the efforts of temperance reformers. The United States International Revenue Office alone affords abundant evidence of this deplorable fact, in the greatly augmenting receipts from the manufacturers of both spirituous and malt liquors.

A discussion of the best methods of temperance reform has no place here. Let us direct our attention to beer. It is a mild beverage. We are told it contains but two or three per cent. of alcohol; and, also, that the average man can imbibe one and one-half ounces of absolute alcohol before the "poison-line" is reached. It is conceded that no one ever became a drunkard, or becomes addicted to the use of intoxicants, in a day. No young man, or old man, ever began his imbibitions with the "three or four fingers" of gin or brandy, or a "whisky straight." He is obliged to commence on a light drink, and to take it quite in homeopathic doses at first, until his system becomes accustomed somewhat to the inevitably fatal poison. We might readily conceive how that in former days hundreds, perhaps thousands, were deterred from the commencement of the pernicious practice, because there were only strong drinks

(ale is termed "strong beer") with which to initiate the tempted individual; but in these "modern" times lager beer fully meets the demand for a weak beverage for the novice. It is made pleasant to the taste by the use of (to all but brewers) unknown drugs, and attractive to the eye by its sparkle and foam. A young man, under the pressure of seeming friendship, is easily lured into attempting a glass. It slightly exhilarates him, and his blood may, perchance, course through his veins with increased vigor, his eye become unusually bright, his conversation more brilliant; and cheered on by his friends(?), who applaud his departure from the "milk-and-water" policy, he may indulge a little further. He may experience no ill effects from this first "taste," and is quite ready to again experiment with the dangerous mixture, and increase his potations. After a time he finds himself able to drink equally with his fellows, imagines it benefits his system in arousing a false appetite for food and inducing sound slumber, until his "beer" becomes quite as essential as his dinner, and is no more to be omitted than his breakfast coffee.

But does it stop here? Does beer continue to "fill the bill?" Nay! This course of moderate drinking will doubtless continue a long time, but lager for only a comparatively short while suffices. Sooner or later, and with unerring certainty, the appetite for a stronger stimulant is formed; and when the victim finds his beer a *sine qua non*; when he is fairly in the toils of the insidious foe—the arch enemy, who, particularly in this respect, presents the temptation in its most pleasing form—then he is on the high road to drunkenness, then the fatal pit of the drunkard is open, even at his

feet, and his fall is imminent. But he does not pause. He heeds not the warnings of experience, disregards wise counsels of true friends, pursues his course, and ends—where? Go ask the thousands of widows and orphans who have felt the power of this fearful curse! The poverty and wretchedness of humanity everywhere bear witness to the terrible results. The destruction of many happy homes attest the consequences of the once moderate indulgence. For, arriving at the stage we left him, the miserable victim seems quite powerless to stop. Then ardent spirits alone can satisfy the cravings of his unnatural appetite; beer is only "slops" to him; and the deeper and more frequent his potations, the better his insatiable thirst is gratified. But only for the time being. There is now no cessation in the downward course. Manhood, self-esteem, self-respect, all are lost, and only the merciful interposition of an Omnipotent God can save him from inevitable ruin.

It is unnecessary to pursue this inquiry further. The beginning and the end are here portrayed, and none will say it is an extreme case. Observation and experience show it is the usual course—the sure means to the certain end. Beer caused it. Beer is a *mild* beverage. Beer contributes to temperance and sobriety(!) Beer conduces to health and long life(!) Beer advances the temporal and spiritual welfare of humanity(!) Beer manufacturers are friends of the temperance cause(!!) Brewers endow colleges, build seminaries and other institutions of learning. Brewers are eminently respectable and worthy citizens(?)

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, they have their reward."
G. G. S.

Housekeepers' Department.

RECIPES.

RICE CAKES.—A pint of flour, two eggs well beaten, a cup of cold, boiled rice, a teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient milk to make a rather thick batter; all well beaten together and cooked on a griddle.

SPIRALS.—Two eggs beaten quite light, with sufficient flour stirred in to make the mixture very stiff; add a pinch of salt and stir again, then roll out quite thin, cut strips about two inches wide and four long, and roll round the finger as if curling hair. Fry in butter a delicate golden shade, and sprinkle powdered sugar just before serving.

SAVORY OMELETTES.—Break three eggs into a flat dish, or large plate; add a little cream, chopped parsley, pepper and salt, according to taste. Beat them well together with a knife. Have ready a brisk, clear fire; put two ounces of butter into the omelette-pan; get it to a boil, then add in the mixture, and keep it well stirred and shaken. When set, tilt the pan so as to fold the omelette; then turn it out on a hot dish, and shape it lightly with the fingers.

PLAIN BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.—Cut the bread-and-butter in rather thick slices, lay them in a dish, strew a few currants over them, then an-

other layer of bread and currants, and so on until the dish be filled. Beat two eggs, with one pint of hot milk, and add a little allspice and nutmeg, sweeten to taste, pour over the bread in dish. Be careful to let it soak for half an hour before baking. Bake for half an hour.

TO MAKE RICE-CAKES.—To one pound of ground rice, add half pound of sifted sugar, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, mix well with half pound of butter, beat up four eggs and make into a wet paste, drop into buttered pat-pans, and bake in a quick oven.

USEFUL HINTS.

IVORY-BACKED BRUSHES, TO CLEAN.—These may be cleaned in a few minutes, without spoiling the ivory or softening the bristles, by rubbing dry bran into them, and shaking them well to free them from the grain.

SHETLAND SHAWLS, TO WASH.—A good method for washing Shetland shawls, a Scotch recipe. The water should be rather more than lukewarm, and white soap should be boiled and mixed up in the water before the shawl is put into it. It must be washed in two waters, and rinsed in rather

warmer water, to clear it entirely of the soap, otherwise it will get thick and hard. To a pint and a half of warm water put two teaspoonfuls of dissolved gum arabic, mix the water and gum well together, dip in the shawl and squeeze it two or three times, so that it should take equally all over, then wring it well out of this water, and wring it again in clean linen cloths. Pin it out square on a carpet, with a clean sheet or table-cloth under it, till thoroughly dry.

INK MARKS OR IRON MOULDS may be removed by placing a plate (a pewter one if possible) on the

top of a basinful of boiling water; then stretch the spot over the plate; wet it, and rub it with a small quantity of salts of lemon. When the stain has disappeared rinse the article in clean cold water.

GREASE-SPOTS—HOW TO REMOVE.—Grease from composite candles may be removed from any woolen cloth by stretching the spot greased over a very hot iron or before a brisk fire for ten or twelve minutes, taking care not to scorch the cloth, then rubbing the place whilst warm with a piece of the same material, and brushing it briskly the right way of the wool.

Nancy Needlework.



TIDY.



MUSIC FOLIO.

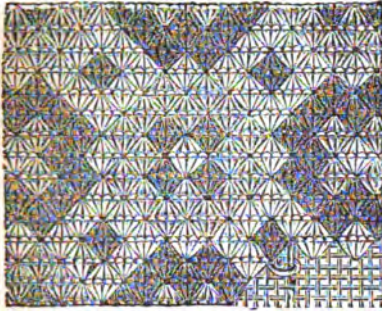
TIDY IN CROSS-STITCH AND OPEN-WORK—Ground of white Holbein lawn, trimmed round with white pillow-lace embroidered with blue thread. The ground is a square of about thirty inches wide, and is divided into stripes. For the close stripes blue twilled linen about six inches wide is sewn on to the lawn, after it has been embroidered with white thread in chain, knotted, herring-bone and plain stitch. On each side of these stripes is a fourfold strand of blue and another of white thread, sewn on with overcast stitches of the alternate color in reversed position. The other stripes have an open-worked design with a centre pattern in cross-stitch. For the open-work leave twelve threads on each side of the blue stripes, then three times alternately draw out six and leave three. Then draw out six and leave seven, which will join the outer edge of the cross-stitch stripes. Then work on the threads left

in the open-work pattern a herring-boning of light and dark blue threads. Every four of the threads left are then crossed with dark blue. The cross-stitch border work with three shades of blue thread. The ground is then turned down in a narrow hem, and stitched with blue.

MUSIC FOLIO—EMBROIDERY.—Folio of cardboard, covered with gray canvas cloth and bound with strips of dull red leather. Similar bands of leather are used on the canvas. The canvas cloth is embroidered in chain-stitch with two shades of Venetian-red crewels. The handle, of canvas, is bound and lined with red leather. Inside, the folio is lined with white moirée paper, and it is fastened by means of a spring clasp of bronze.

PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS.—This pattern consists of rows of raised spots. Each stitch is taken vertically over four threads of the ground; there

are four stitches in each spot, all of which are worked in the same hole of the canvas, and crossed in the centre with a horizontal stitch, which must



PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS.

take in the canvas also. The next row of spots is worked in a contrasting color, so that endless varieties of patterns can be devised by skillful arrangements of color.



BORDER FOR LINGERIE.

BORDER FOR LINGERIE—WHITE EMBROIDERY.—This border is worked on batiste or linen in satin, tent and button-hole stitch, with fine white embroidery cotton.



CRAVATTE.

CRAVATTE, OF FOULARD.—This cravat is cut out of a straight piece of striped foulard, forty-eight inches long by seven wide. It is hemmed along the lengthway of the material, and finished off at the ends with a pleating of cream-colored insertion, a band of striped foulard three inches wide, and a frill of cream-colored lace, also three inches wide.

Art at Home.

HARMONY OF COLORS.

WE often hear the expression a good eye for color, and it is this that you must have if you wish to become skillful in house decoration. A good eye for color is described by one who has written much about it as "an eye sensitive to the minutest influence of one color on another. Some people are by nature sensitive—instinctively they go right, but all may become so by education and observation." The appreciation of special colors depends much on our peculiar constitutions. To some yellow or reds are most agreeable; to others, blue or greens. We feel great delight in some combinations of color; others are indifferent or disagreeable to us. Ruskin tells us, and with truth, that at quiet, happy times we can best appreciate color. But we believe that the study of a few of the first principles of color is a help when we feel that we cannot trust to "our good eye," and that we may so educate that eye by observing the wonderful harmonies of nature in our woods and fields that at last it will learn to appreciate and choose.

You all know that there are three primary colors—yellow, red and blue—by the mixture of which all other colors are produced. From yellow and red, we have orange; from yellow and blue,

green; from red and blue, purple: which are called the complementals of the primary colors. These again produce a third series. Orange and green give olive; orange and purple, brown; green and purple, gray. In a harmonious arrangement, just as in a picture, all the primary colors should be present in some degree, or there will be a sense of incompleteness. A complemental color is so called because it fills up or completes the primary scale. Orange is the complemental of blue, purple of yellow, green of red; or, in other words, if yellow is the prevailing color, red and blue—that is purple—complements or fills up the scale; if red is the color, yellow and blue, that is green, is the complemental; if blue is the color, orange, composed of red and yellow, completes the scale. If you want a powerful contrast, you must remember that a complemental color placed near a primary color increases its intensity; at least it appears so to us. There is no change in the blue or orange, but such is the effect on us. But strong contrasts are not the only things needed; a harmonious blending of color is even more pleasant to the eye; and in the third series of colors—the olives, browns and grays—we shall find backgrounds for bright colors which are always satisfactory.

Have you seen daffodils growing in a very green

field in early spring? Are they as pleasant to your eye as when gathered and put in a brown pot, with a bit of warm-colored, dead fern? Why is it so? Because the yellow and blue-green are so predominant, so cold, and the warmth of red is wanting. Perhaps you have admired the early Veronica, with full, blue blossoms and deep, green leaves, when growing in the garden against a moss-grown wall covered with delicious olives and browns. You gather it and put it in a glass-basket, but it does not please you—it makes you shiver. And why? It is the absence of anything approaching red. For this reason colored vases

of rich brown and deep red, or blue and dull green, are so valuable in adding just the touch of color which is wanting in flowers.

Colors may be divided into warm and cold colors. Colors in which yellow or red predominate are warm, and they are cold where blue has the largest share. Yellow has the most light in it. Red is the strongest, most forcible color and blue has most shade and coolness.

Having now some principles of color firmly established in the mind. We will find it easy to utilize them in our crewel work and embroidery.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

THE newest wrap for fall and winter is known as the *Directoire*. This is a long, clinging mantle, consisting of two breadths, the back shaped by a middle seam, and the neck and shoulders defined by shirring. The back hangs open from the waist-line down, and the sleeves are formed of flowing, wing-like pieces from the arm-holes. For early autumn, such a cloak is made of fine camel's hair or cashmere, lined with red or old gold satin. Around the hem and sleeves, up and down the front and back, are rich frills of French lace, heavy fringe or jet. The neck is finished with a high, standing *ruche*, and the effect of the garment is heightened by loops and bows of double-faced ribbon, one side of which is black, the other of the color of the lining. If lace is used as a trimming, it is made to appear very much richer by bands of black satin. Later, such wraps will be made of cloth, or heavy silk and satin, lined and trimmed with fur.

Several novel modifications of the *Gabrielle* dress for a little girl are shown. One pretty style has an apron-front overskirt attached, beneath which are fastened the ends of a wide sash, which is brought back and tied in a broad bow. Under this, around the back breadth, is a broad flounce. Another has a *basque* back, which terminates in a number of loops and ends upon the back breadth of the skirt part. Still another has a deep, fancy collar resembling the hood of a cloak, lined and trimmed to correspond with the dress upon which it is seen. A fourth has the whole front, from shoulders to hem, cut away and filled in with a shirred piece of a contrasting color to the rest of the costume.

A pretty suit for a lady consists of a plain, round *basque* of heavy plush and a short skirt of camel's hair of the same shade. The *basque* is absolutely unornamented, not even a silk or satin piping marring its perfect neatness. Sometimes the skirt is trimmed with bands of the plush, but it is considered more elegant to confine the material to the *basque*. When any other trimming is used with the plush, it should be nothing but rich chenille fringe, as nothing else combines well with it. Camel's hair, intended to be worn with plush, comes woven just as heavy, but hangs in soft, graceful folds. The favorite shades for such suits are seal brown, gendarme blue, olive green and the various tints of plum.

Another pretty cloth suit is made with a long, outside wrap of the same material as the dress, furnished with a hood, which is lined and trimmed to correspond. The waist, though of cloth, is shirred, back and front, and finished with a broad, folded satin belt, to which is attached in the back, satin-lined jabots, to imitate the skirt of a *basque*. The overskirt is laid in a loose puff in front and terminates in two long ends in the back. The costume is finished by a kilt-pleating around the foot. No matter of what shade such a dress may be—plum, olive, gendarme blue or coachman's drab—it has a red silk *ruche* at the neck, and a narrow red *balayeuse* at the hem.

In fact, cloth dresses are more popular than ever. Some are of cheviot suitings, like gentlemen's wear, made as plainly as possible. Others are of quiet hues, combined with gay checks or plaids, in the form of collars, cuffs, scarf draperies, and so forth. Handkerchief suits are also imitated in cloth, regular-woven squares in gingham patterns being sold for this purpose.

New Publications.

FROM BRADLEY & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

The Ladies of the White House; or, in the Home of the Presidents. Being a Complete History of the Social and Domestic Lives of the Presidents from Washington to Hayes—1779-1880. By Laura C. Holloway, with numerous

portraits on steel and wood. In writing about the home-life of our Presidents, Mrs. Holloway has shown a fine appreciation of all that is pure and excellent in womanhood. Her book is not only good as to literary quality, but admirable in the taste, skill and good feeling displayed in the many characters and aspects of social life presented to

her readers. The sketch of Mrs. Hayes, with which this large and handsome volume closes, especially commends itself as of rare and exceptional interest. The book, which is handsomely printed and bound, is richly illustrated with steel portraits of all the ladies who have presided at the White House.

FROM JUAN LEWIS, No. 625 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Two of the Name. By Col. Juan Lewis. Quite an interesting, well-written novel, suitable to beguile the tedium of a long journey, or occupy a leisure hour. This is the first number of The Philadelphia Library, a contemplated series of stories, somewhat of the order of the Seaside Library.

FROM HENRY BARNARD, 28 MAIN STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.

Barnard's American Journal of Education, for July, 1880. This is published in quarterly numbers, March, July, September and December. Each number is composed of about two hundred and eight pages, the whole volume, eight hundred and thirty-two, forming a valuable encyclopædia of educational matters in general. Each part con-

tains a steel portrait of an eminent teacher and several woodcuts of educational buildings. The present number gives us instructive articles upon The Kindergarten, The Education of the Princes of France, Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, Old-time Methods of Teaching, and so forth. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the book is a facsimile of the New England Primer, with its quaint print, ugly woodcuts and Puritan morality, from the original plates of the edition made in 1844, which was itself a reprint of that of 1691. Price, \$1.00 for one quarterly number, \$4.00 for the whole yearly volume.

FROM STODDART & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

The Stage. By James E. Murdoch. With Biographical Sketch of the author, by J. Bunting. The well-known compiler of the work, himself an actor and reader of wide renown, has here chosen a subject with which he is thoroughly conversant. The work, though perhaps at times a trifle heavy in the eyes of those not especially interested in elocutionary work, is yet interspersed with instructive and interesting suggestions and facts, and will undoubtedly be deemed a valuable acquisition to this special class of literature by elocutionists and Shakespearean scholars.

Useful and Curious.

AN IMPROVED FLOWER-POT.—Mr. Peter Henderson recommends in the *American Agriculturist* a flower-pot with holes low down in the side instead of in the bottom. We have, he says, during the past six months, tried about a thousand, of sizes ranging from three inches to six inches in diameter, and find they are all we expected of them. All cultivators know the difficulty experienced when the ordinary flower-pot is placed on a bench covered with sand or soil; the outlet often becomes completely closed by the washing of the soil through the outlet, and, being closed by the sand, the drainage becomes stopped as completely as if there was no orifice at all in the bottom of the pot. Again, worms breed quickly in the sand or soil, and seem to take a special pleasure in crawling under and through the holes in the bottom of the pots, to get at the rich soil which they contain. This improved pot is safe from the first difficulty, as the holes, being on the sides of the pot, cannot be clogged by the sand; while it is far less tempting to the worm, as a special effort must be made before the hole can be reached. Still another advantage is that, as these orifices are placed above the bottom, air is admitted more freely to the roots, a matter which is very essential to the well-being of plants.

A MAN WHOM THE BEES UNDERSTAND.—The introduction of American honey in the comb into England has proved a success. A man on so thoroughly good terms with bees as was Mr. Hoge, the agent in this enterprise, certainly ought to succeed in selling the honey. The Prince of Wales, who manifested much interest in the honey re-

cently exhibited in the Kilburn show, has been presented with an American bee-hive. To Mr. Hoge, who explained the method of operating the hive, the prince expressed an opinion that the stories recorded of Mr. Wildman's command over bees must, to a great extent, have been mythical; but Mr. Hoge assured his royal highness that he could demonstrate to him that they were quite possible, and acting upon his assertion, he moved his hand about for a little while among the swarm of live bees which he had with him, when they began to cluster about his right hand, assuming the shape and appearance of a huge bunch of grapes. He then worked among the bees with his left hand, and at the word of command they began to shift and settle upon it; then, placing a little tube made of wire gauze between his teeth, the bees began to accumulate about his face, and hang like a long beard from his chin. He next coaxed the bees back into the hive. Mr. Thurber, the honey merchant, says that the secret of Mr. Hoge's and also of Mr. Wildman's control over their bees lies in securing the queen bee, which in Mr. Hoge's case was confined in a wire tube, which all the bees followed from one place to another.

THE "BABY-PLANT."—No curiosity exhibited in this city for years, says the Portland (Oregon) *Standard*, has attracted such general attention as that wonderful plant at Shannahan's Art Gallery. Fully three thousand people have visited the place to look upon the botanical wonder. It is said to be indigenous to Japan. Its technical term has not been ascertained, but it is known, and appro-

privately so, as the "Baby-Plant." It is of the genus lily, sometimes attaining the height of four feet, and blossoming semi-annually. The one of which we write is, however, not more than twelve inches in height, with leaves about six inches long and two inches wide. The flower is star-shaped, having five petals of handsome brown and yellow color. The calyx encircles and protects a tiny little figure that bears an exact resemblance to a nude baby, its little arms and legs outstretched and the eyes distinctly marked. Hovering over

the diminutive form is a small canopy, angel-shaped, having extended arms and wings, and peering closely into the face of the infant. The family of plants of which the "baby" is a member produce not only the specimen on exhibition, but also give perfect imitation, if such they can be designated, of different animals, insects and birds. Mrs. Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, has one of the later varieties, for which three hundred dollars was paid.

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1881.

AS stated in the last number, we are arranging for new attractions, and perfecting our plans for making the HOME MAGAZINE still more acceptable than it has ever been. No previous volume has given such general satisfaction, or received such warm commendations, as the one we are now closing. By referring to our advertisement for 1881, in this number, some of the many "good words" which have come to us from subscribers will be found. They are no half-way utterances, but clear, hearty and spontaneous.

For next year the HOME MAGAZINE will be as much better than it has ever been as it is possible for us to make it. There will be no material change in its character; only, as far as it can be achieved, a higher degree of excellence and a more perfect adaptation of every Department to the needs and interests of American homes. Most of the old and more favorite writers will be retained, while new literary talent will be secured in order still further to enrich its pages.

A still more careful supervision of manuscripts will be given by the editors, as in one or two exceptional instances articles have been passed into the magazine which, on the score of good taste, if for no other reason, have not been acceptable to some of our readers.

Mr. Arthur will commence a new serial in January, and later in the year we are promised one from the pen of Virginia F. Townsend, if her health, which has not been very good, should warrant her in undertaking the work. In a recent letter, she says: "I am not yet strong enough to dare to undertake one to commence in January, and cannot even give my word to begin a serial in July; but I am glad to tell you that my health has in some respects improved, and I hope to return to my work one of these days."

Our readers, with whom Miss Townsend has always been a favorite, will join us in the earnest hope that she may continue to improve in health, and that they may soon see her familiar name, and give her a hearty welcome in the opening chapters of one of her pure and charming ories.

"No You Don't."

IN this spirited picture an artist records one of the amusing episodes that sometimes give variety to a sketching tour. A country lassie has, at his solicitation, or in a merry freak, posed for him to draw her figure; but, ere his work is half finished, runs off laughing.

COMPOUND OXYGEN AS A PROTECTION FROM DISEASE.

The following, which is taken from a letter received from an old patient, dated June 5th, 1880, shows the effect of Compound Oxygen in keeping up vitality under circumstances of great fatigue, loss of rest, exposure to a fever, changed atmosphere and all the depressing influences attendant on the sickness and death of near and dear relatives.

"It (the Oxygen), has certainly been a blessing to me since I first tested its virtues. My father" (the late Judge —), "who was not at all inclined to like new remedies, often remarked that he believed in the Oxygen without understanding it, because he saw the good it did me.

"I have always thought it might have saved my father if he could have tried it at the beginning of his illness, but he contracted the fever when off on his circuit, and was dangerously ill when he reached home. I think, however, that the use of the Compound Oxygen saved me from contracting the fever.

"For ten weeks my sister and I nursed him constantly, day and night, she losing one-half and I the other of each night. I took the Oxygen regularly twice a day, and though feeble and much exhausted did not have any symptoms of the fever; while my sister, who did not use the Oxygen at all, took the fever and died. She, too, was very delicate, but I do not believe she would have had the fever if she had been using the Oxygen. We used every precautionary measure in the way of cleanliness, pure air, wholesome food, etc."

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DECEMBER,

1880.

THE NEW
PUBLIC L

ASTOR, L.

WINTER NUMBER

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAG



No. 12.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
PHILADELPHIA.

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"IN FOR A SCRAPE."

From a picture by KATE PERUGINI—Royal Academy Exhibition.



IN WINTER TIME.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

DECEMBER, 1880.

No. 12.



THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

VOL. XLVIII.—47.

From sheds new-roof'd with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

(683)
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I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding in gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our dear little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A PLEA FOR TOMBOYS.

WHO does not know the little girl who is a constant source of dread and mortification to her prim auntie, staid teacher and old-school grandma, by her "unladylike" ways? Who will climb trees, as agile as a monkey, often outshining her brothers in such feats? Who comes home, day after day, wet and draggled, unblushingly confessing that she has "been wading again?" Who races over the fields and through the lanes, on a bare-backed horse, seated boy-fashion, until the poor beast is out of breath, and she likewise, her hair and dress flying very much according to their own inanimate wills? Well, she exists, and I wish her counterparts existed everywhere.

Then, says one, you wish there were more rude and hoidenish girls? Most assuredly—that is, I wish more girls were laying in a good stock of health, and strength, and endurance for future days; I wish more girls bid as fair to keep young, even to the verge of old age; and I wish more girls took such an intense, earnest interest in living. I don't believe active sports ever hurt any girl yet, and I know of instances in which they have really done her good, even, perhaps, saving her life by imparting a vigor of constitution which subsequent sickness, however severe, could not undermine.

Do you suppose that womanly instincts, lady-like ones if you will, are the result only of training? Do they not wake within a girl, as part of her nature? Boys outgrow boyish pranks and become manly—is it to be supposed for a moment that girls do not develop in the same way?

Some writers have endeavored to show that there is an inherent difference in the masculine and feminine mind, because it manifests itself at an early age, boys liking noise and horses; girls, quiet and dolls, neither caring for what amuses the other. As to the inherent difference, and so forth—we are not discussing that at present; but, as to the illustration given, I unhesitatingly affirm that it is not true. Children like almost anything—and parents, considering it proper for boys to like noisy playthings, girls, quiet ones, give to each accordingly, and *then* draw their conclusions. But see how it is in a family in which no distinction of toys or sports has ever been made. Just as like as not, little brother may be seen promenading round hugging a doll, while little sister is executing an ear-splitting performance on a tin trumpet; and big brother and sister together may be engaged in harnessing their donkey to its wagon. At any rate, all live and thrive, and perhaps it would be difficult at times to tell which of the boys or girls could climb the highest tree, row the quickest stroke or shoot the swiftest arrow.

Tomboyism has other advantages than conducing to health and brightness of spirits. Think of the strong bonds of sympathy among the members of a family, to which it gives rise; of the precious associations which it must, in time, create. Will not the brothers take a far greater interest in a "tramping" expedition, if the sisters go too? Will not the young uncles and cousins rejoice all the more in the possession of fishing-nets, boats and ponies, if their fair relatives share their toils as well as divide their triumphs? And will the interest diminish when they all grow older and more dignified, and all together go off on sketching, botanical and geological excursions? As years creep on, will not all the companions of past days think joyfully, even tenderly, of the old-time adventures, the mischievous tricks, the gathered flowers and nuts, the woods explored, the streams sailed and the mountains climbed? Would they be willing to lose such sweet and pleasant memories? Ah, one way to enrich our future is to live so that we may enrich our past.

And now another good reason why girls should take part in active sports. When they become women they will have gained a stronger hold upon the affections of children. A mother, an aunt, a teacher or an elder sister, who has always gone through life determined to have a good time, is able to sympathize with little ones of a similar disposition, as none others can. Moreover, she is

better able to encourage a backward or sickly child, so as not only to provide for its present amusement, but for its future well-being. Furthermore, it answers the question, How shall a mother retain her influence over a vigorous boy? How provide him with suitable amusement, and keep him out of bad company? Boys would not be so likely to run into the street for their fun if they had enough at home—if their mothers were not fretted and nervous over a litter, a noise or a rough-and-tumble game. I know a lady who is an excellent shot at marbles—the consequence is, her son would rather play with her than any boy he knows. If women were not so afraid of being undignified, perhaps they would often be more dignified than they are—that is, perform the duties of womanhood in a far better manner.

A girl's familiarity with outdoor pastimes may, in after years, directly or indirectly, aid her in earning a living or caring for property. It will give her, at any rate, a greater amount of strength and endurance, which must add to the value of her efforts, whatever they may be. As a teacher, an artist, a scientist, she may need to do a great deal of rough walking. As a physician, as the owner of a mill or farm, she ought to understand the management of a horse, for the purpose of visiting her patients or overseeing her possessions; in fact, she may be obliged to carry on the farm herself. (Or the mill, either, but this scarcely involves outdoor pursuits). Women frequently manage boats. It is no uncommon thing for a woman to shoot birds, or catch fish for her own table, or pick her own apples and pears for market.

Perhaps one of the best reasons of all for a girl's cultivating her muscles, is the possibility of her being able to save life by it. When a ship is wrecked or even a boat capsized, it is usually women who are drowned, men mostly being able to swim. Girls who have jumped down hay-mows and off stacks, need never fear a burning house. We have all read of Western girls and women who escaped from wolves by climbing trees or fled from Indians by clinging to bare-backed horses. The names of Grace Darling and Ida Lewis are enough to prove how important it is that a girl should know how to row. In a thickly-settled community there is, perhaps, no good reason why a woman should use fire-arms, especially as they are dangerous playthings, but there have been instances in which women were obliged to defend themselves against burglars and wild beasts. By all these accomplishments, however, courage and presence of mind are developed, and these may be trusted in almost any emergency.

Few object, in these days, to croquet, gymnastics and employments of this character. But these are not enough. They partake too much of the nature of set performances. They lack the spontaneity, the interest, the excitement, and above all

the real *use* which belong to such amusements as driving, climbing, rafting, fishing, swimming, and the like. Let girls exercise themselves more according to nature, less according to art, and all will be well.

Of course, I do not mean, let a girl run wild, without any restraint whatever. No, exercise as much as ever a watchful supervision. But it is the height of cruelty to pin her down to her grammar, when she wants to be swaying in the top of the cherry-tree; to her sewing, when she would rather paddle her bare feet in the creek. School-books, domestic duties, company manners, and all that, come soon enough, and as it is, receive more time and thought than their share—leave a youthful spirit untrammelled a little longer and give it more room. Let the moral training be all right—and you need not fear but that this frolicking hoiden will develop into a fine scholar and an elegant lady.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

SAFE in the arms of the beautiful river,
Down where the willows stand steadfast in
ranks,

Tosses a boat on the bright waves that shiver
Lightly to bubbles and break on the banks.

Up where the pathway in still beauty lingers,
Bordered by daisies and fringes of dew,
Where the wild ivy-vine flaunts its red fingers
Wander two lovers with hearts leal and true.

Bird-haunted yet are the crimson-grown bowers,
Wide falls the sunshine and soft blows the breeze,
Amber and wine-colored leaves drift in showers,
Drops of gold gleam in the dark locust-trees.

"Come with me, Love, while the autumn is dying,
Crowned with the splendor she scatters so free;
Yonder the blue isle of lovers is lying,
Lost in the dark-purple mists of the sea.

"Birds in the willows with swift wings are glancing,
Pluming their flight to the far land of flowers;
Lightly my boat on the billow is dancing,
All the wide world and its beauty are ours."

Lips answer not, only lids drooping lowly
Veil the sweet story, so new and so old;
Cheek like a rose's heart crimsoning slowly,
White hand held close in the brown one's strong
fold.

Down through the sunshine they pass to the river,
On its blue bosom drift idly away;
Only they two in the wide world forever—
Life is a glory—a long, golden day.

MARJORIE MOORE.

BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

NO Christmas dinner, be it ever so bountiful, reaches its acme of enjoyment until the plum-pudding is borne in. Tender, and juicy, and fine-flavored though the turkey may be,

Maybe you have read the description of Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner a dozen times. But no matter. It is one of those choice bits of literary art-work of which we never grow weary; and you will thank us for giving you the opportunity to enjoy it once more:



with its rich accompaniments of oysters, and salads, and sauces, there is still a pleasure beyond, toward which thought keeps going as the crowning delight of the feast,

Who that has read Dickens's inimitable prose-poem, "The Christmas Carol," can ever forget the excitement which attended the bringing in of that famous pudding, the handiwork of Mrs. Cratchit.

"Then uprose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous

shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar near choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha war'n't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant—"not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchets hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credu-

lity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly ail along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchit, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda,

Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quatern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him."

LUCK is a good thing, but one cannot always afford to wait for it. Pluck is a better thing, because it is always ready to begin.

FESTIVE DEMORALIZATION.

A WRITER in *Chambers's Journal* makes the following just and pertinent remarks on the ridiculous absurdity and demoralizing influence of "toast-drinking" at public festivities:

It is a pity, we think, that social intercourse in our festivities should continue to be disfigured by the absurd old usage of drinking toasts. In nothing do men of good education and repute make themselves so ridiculous as when at the word of command they impulsively rise in a body, and with glasses of liquor in their hands, frantically, like so many lunatics, drink the health of some one, following up the ceremony by uproarious shouts and other manifestations of delight, at having done what they consider to be a great and good action. Such is what is called toasting with all the honors. The practice is no doubt ancient. It is identified with national traditions, it is fashionable, and it is acknowledged to be expressive of good feeling. But for all that, it is very irrational, and very much of a sham. Certainly, it is an encouragement to waste and intemperance.

In private life, toasting has almost entirely disappeared. A hundred years ago and less, it was rife in the extreme. Half a dozen men could not sit down to dinner without drinking toasts. In the event of any great victory, there was no end of toasting. The nation was for a time half insane in drinking the health of Nelson, Wellington or other successful commanders by sea and land. It was part of a young man's education to get familiar with a few toasts, which he could bring out when "called upon" in turn at evening entertainments. At the ripe age of fifty, he had become so hackneyed in toasting as never to be at a loss for a hero, or for a sentiment suitable to the character of the company. At the very least, he could give "The rising generation," "All ships at sea," or "May the wings of friendship never lose a feather." Curious and not a little melancholy to think what vast numbers of worthy people now gone to their rest habitually killed time in soaking and trying to amuse themselves over this kind of driveling nonsense. As yet, the popular mind had not been roused to inquiry on a variety of important questions. A great part of life was consumed in dawdling and drinking, as is still the case among certain classes in small country towns.

Discountenanced in general society, complimentary toasting holds its ground in public festivities. There, the libations are observed as copious, as provocative of oratorical display, and as much attended with senseless uproar, as ever. Corporation dinners, charity dinners, reception and farewell dinners, are all alike in these respects. Every toast must be prefaced by a drink all round. The quantity of champagne consumed on some occasions is immense. The removal of a

wagon-load of empty bottles not at all unusual. What may be the different degrees of intoxication, we shall not attempt to specify. One would not like to be too severe on a matter admitting of many extenuations. At the same time, we may be permitted to say that the example set at these festive demonstrations is not quite in accordance with the solemn counsels ordinarily uttered on the evils of intemperance. Men in high position who are nimble at toasting at grand dinners, do not seem to perceive that they are acting inconsistently in holding out a bad example to the poor, whom they are constantly lecturing on the terrible consequences of misexpenditure on drink.

* * * * *

Strangely, indeed, with all our advances in education and taste, certain drinking usages, patronized by persons of respectable character reputedly abstemious, continue to draw out a lingering existence, and so far are a scandal and matter for reproach. On this account, we venture with deference to recommend that an end should be put to all drinking usages whatsoever by general concurrence of feeling. That conspicuous and antiquated usage, toasting at public entertainments, should at all events cease. No doubt, there may be difficulties to overcome. Inveterate prejudices stand in the way, as they always do, when the reform of any kind of abuse is suggested. On the other hand, we are inclined to think that many who complain of the tediousness and absurdity of the toasting system at public banquets would be glad to see something more simple and rational substituted. To take the thing quietly, the first step in reform might consist in getting rid of the bellowing toast-master who acts as fogleman to the ceremonies. The next and more important step would be to drop "the honors"—that is to say, the blatant shouting, hurrahing, clapping of hands and stamping of feet. Last of all, the practice of *wishing* instead of *drinking* healths might be introduced, along with such complimentary remarks as are called for in the circumstances.

Evidently, the present usage cannot be continued without invoking the contempt of the classes who are preached to on their intemperate habits; and contempt is a serious obstacle to reform. How those wretched ne'er-do-weels, glad to seize an excuse, must derisively laugh at admonitions to abstain from drink, when they read of a titled chairman at a public festivity saying in a lively manner to a select company: "Fill your glasses, gentlemen, to the next toast which I have to give—The navy, army and reserved forces—with all the honors, if you please." And then follow the drinking and boisterous applause. We ask all who have participated in such saturnalia, if they have not in responding to the toast felt somewhat ashamed of themselves at the figure which they cut? Grave statesmen, reverend divines, learned

professionals, and sound men of business, taking part in a buffoonery which could only be excused in a parcel of children! Independently of this abasement, the participators must on consideration feel that they have contributed a very bad example to intemperate, who doubtless make unceremonious remarks on the subject: "Here have we been reprimanded and sent to prison by these magistrates and fine folks for taking a glass, while they swill no end of glasses in drinking toasts at these grand dinners of theirs." The subject is too painful to pursue, and we leave it to others. Surely, it would be possible, as we have hinted, to indulge in sentiments of loyalty and personal esteem without anything like Festive Demoralization.

DOCTORS' BILLS.

A PHYSICIAN gives the following amusing experience with a patient:

I was called at midnight to visit a gentleman who had just returned from a late dinner, where he had succeeded, by hasty eating, in lodging a large fish-bone in his throat. I provided myself with an emetic, a pair of œsophagus forceps, and other paraphernalia designed to give him relief, and hurriedly repaired to his room. I found him pacing up and down the floor with a look of intense distress and anxiety, occasionally running his fingers down his throat and gagging. He told me, in tones of despair, that he thought it was all up with him, but begged me, if the least glimmer of hope remained, to proceed at once in my efforts to relieve him. He extravagantly declared, in the generosity of spirit begot by the vividness of his fears, that he would give a million dollars to have that fish-bone removed. I assured him that such cases were frequent, and ordinarily not attended with much danger, before proceeding to carry out measures for relief. His fears underwent some diminution on the strength of this, and he then declared that fifty thousand dollars would no more than repay the skill and art required to extricate the unwelcome intruder. I smiled, and proceeded to introduce the forceps, but after several attempts failed to grasp the bone. His fears again induced him to mention a fabulous sum as the meed of the service that would expel the object of his terrors. I then gave him the emetic, its depressing effect causing his generosity to rise again, barometric-like, to a very high pressure. In a little while the emetic disburdened him of the greater part of his dinner, and with it up came the fish-bone. He gave a sigh and a look of relief, and solemnly looking toward me, said: "Doctor, I wouldn't have that thing in my throat again for five dollars!"

My fee eventually resolved itself into the "valuable experience" that the occasion afforded me.

"THIS IS THE WAY, WALK YE IN IT."

CHAPTER I.

"O MAMMA, mamma, I really cannot go! How very unkind of Aunt Marie! How could she tell of all I might have to give up! A whole year, too! So unreasonable! O mamma, I shall go out of my mind, I know I shall! Do, do say I need not go! What does money signify? I don't want her money! You and I are happy enough as we are, mamma."

And poor Hattie looked up with pleading brown eyes and tear-stained face, while she clasped her mother's hands as she knelt before her, and kissed them again and again.

"Must I go, mamma? Do you wish to get rid of me? I know I am tiresome, and not always so good and kind to my darling mother as I ought to be, but I love her, oh, so dearly, for all that! O mamma! dear, darling mamma! don't send me away." And Hattie burst once more into bitter weeping.

"Don't talk so, my child. You know I cannot bear to think of sending you away." And Mrs. Corbin kissed her daughter fondly, while the tears began to drop from her own eyes.

A step, brisk and firm, sounded along the garden-path, but neither mother nor daughter heeded it, and in a moment a young man stood in the open parlor doorway, his merry blue eyes and



"I DO NOT WISH TO GO, MAMMA," SHE URGED.—p. 691.

And her mother looked down at her, and then bent over her tenderly, far more moved than she chose to show; but she knew that she must on no account give way to her daughter's persuasions.

Mrs. Corbin was a widow, and Hattie was her only child. Her late husband's aunt, Miss Marie Corbin, an old lady, very rich, and if whimsical not unkind, had sent for Hattie, giving her mother to understand that she wished to keep her for a twelvemonth. The old lady had also hinted in her letter that she had an idea of making Hattie her heiress, therefore this invitation might by no means be treated lightly. Mrs. Corbin had learned in many early struggles how sad, and cold, and hard is a life of poverty, and she would fain have shielded her child from all that she had herself endured. But they were poor now, and, worse than that, the mother's little income would die with her.

handsome face expressing no little surprise at what he saw.

"Why, Aunt Mary and Hattie! What can be the matter? Nothing serious, I hope? Has Hattie been rebellious again?"

Hattie sprang up, and dashed away her tears.

"Oh, it's Charlie!" exclaimed Mrs. Corbin, with a look of relief. And then, in a few words, they told him of Aunt Marie's invitation.

"And here is the window open, and the fire nearly out, on a cold March day like this! Why, I wondered what had happened. Go? Why, go, of course, Hattie! What is to hinder you? It will be a pleasant change for you, I should think; to say nothing of all that may come of it."

Hattie strove not to show what she felt. And could Charlie let her go as easily as that? Surely, if she had been the veriest child, he might have shown a little more feeling. And she was not a

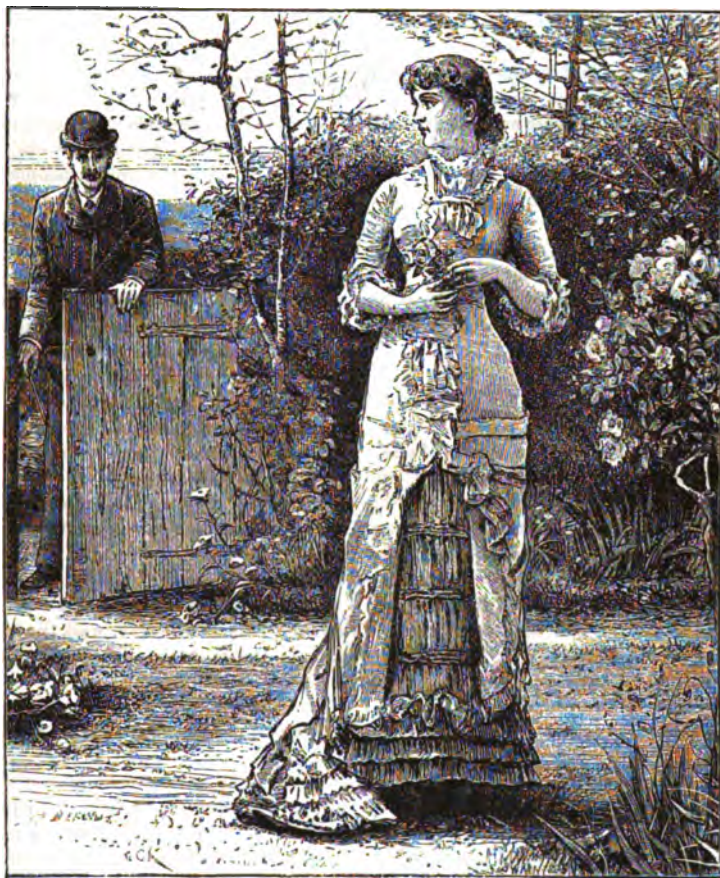
child, though her simple and secluded bringing-up had kept her far behind her actual age, which was two-and-twenty. She felt both hurt and indignant, and began stirring the fire vigorously, while Charlie himself closed the window.

And Mrs. Corbin sat still, watching them both, and in reality feeling almost as much disturbed at Charlie's off-hand manner as Hattie had done. He had called her (Mrs. Corbin) aunt, but he was not related to her, though she had brought him

before to-day, though Charlie had, quite unconsciously, sharply reminded her of it afresh.

It was later in the evening; Hattie was still gloomy and angry.

"I do not wish to go, mamma," she urged, as she sat shading her face from the tell-tale light of the lamp; while Charlie lay back in an easy chair, and glanced over the day's paper. "I do not like leaving my nest—my dear home; I have always been so happy in it; and I shall miss everybody



"THE CLICK OF THE GATE-LATCH ATTRACTED HER ATTENTION."—p. 692.

up from boyhood. And Charlie was getting on in the world now, having just started prosperously in a small business of his own.

Mrs. Corbin had once hoped that he and Hattie might have loved each other, but slowly and unwillingly of late she had come to see that she must make up her mind to be disappointed in the matter. Charlie Milton was the son of one of her earliest friends, but it seemed he would never be her son, very much though she wished it. Well, things in this life happen in a very contrary fashion (or appear to do so), as she had learned

so—and—and—oh, I can't, I can't go!" And Hattie began to sob again.

Charlie put down his paper; and Mrs. Corbin looked anxiously across from the letter which she was beginning to Aunt Marie.

"Look here, Hattie," said Charlie, seriously, and with great determination in his voice, "I think you are quite in the wrong, you know. It is such a grand chance for you; an opportunity, do you see, that may never knock at your door again as long as you live. Who can say what may be the end of it? You will feel leaving

home, of course, but you will soon get over that. When have you to go?"

"The day after to-morrow," and Hattie slowly and sadly wiped her eyes.

"So soon?" And Charlie looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he added: "I don't know how it is, but sometimes, all in a moment, things seem to happen as though"—and he paused, as if not quite knowing how to put his meaning into words.

"As though a Providence were behind," said Mrs. Corbin, suddenly. "As though a voice said urgently, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' You remember the text, Hattie? It was one of your poor father's favorites. And he used to say that if we disobeyed the voice, we were following in Jonah's footsteps—bringing more and more trouble and vexation upon ourselves, and but having to obey in the end.

And now the mother laid down her pen, and crossed over to her child.

"My dear Hattie," she said, softly, "God knows best. He only commands for our good. Save sorrow, then, and honor Him by learning your lesson, whatever it may be, and by obeying at once."

CHAPTER II.

HATTIE was on her way to Aunt Marie's. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her lips were quivering yet; but her veil was down, and she strove as far as might be to keep her emotion from the eyes of her fellow-passengers. She was taking her journey alone, for her mother could not afford to send any one with her, and besides, as Aunt Marie had said, she was old enough to take care of herself.

The train rushed along, soon leaving all loved and familiar waymarks behind, and Hattie could only in imagination sorrowfully look back upon the home she had left. Charlie had bidden her good-bye very unconcernedly, only saying that he supposed they would be hearing from her every day for awhile.

How cold, how unkind he had appeared to Hattie, and she pouted as she thought it all over. If he cared no more for her than that, she need not be so very sorry to come away. And yet he had so long been her friend, her companion, her brother, all in one, how could it be anything but hard to leave him?

She reached Aunt Marie's house at last. A roomy, handsome, comfortable dwelling it was, and Miss Corbin seemed quite inclined to be very kind and indulgent to her young niece.

But kindness could not make very much impression on Hattie just yet; and that first evening, how very long it seemed! But it was over at last, and she was conducted to her room.

And Hattie had never slept in such a room

before; and even in her sorrow and loneliness she looked at it and all in it admiringly, curiously, and yet, after all, carelessly, while she murmured to herself, with a sad little smile: "What do I care for it all in comparison with home and Charlie? But he will very soon almost forget that there ever was such a person as Hattie Corbin, even though she was foolish enough to think more of him than—"

But Hattie's voice trembled here, and tears began to fall again.

The days passed: spring was deepening into summer. Hattie, by and by, recovered her spirits. She was young; and then her days were so constantly and so pleasantly occupied in shopping, gardening, reading and fancy work, and in amusing herself with the young people, whom Aunt Marie, from time to time, invited to meet her. And then, too, Hattie received many invitations in return. And she wore pretty dresses, for Aunt Marie insisted upon it, and she was the envied recipient of the attentions, and admiration, and complimentary speeches of half the young men in the neighborhood, but Hattie would not allow one of them to go beyond simple friendship; and she valued nothing in her new life so much as a little reminder of that last evening at home, which she found one night on her dressing-table, on her return from a birthday party.

It was a text: Charlie had seen it in the village stationer's window, and purchased it, and Mrs. Corbin had had it framed and glazed. And these were the words:

And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.—ISA. xxx, 21.

It was a lovely autumn afternoon. Aunt Marie had gone to take tea with a friend, and Hattie had elected to stay at home alone.

She was standing now in the garden, thoughtfully and slowly gathering two or three late roses for the drawing-room.

"Nearly six months have passed," said she to herself, "since I left mamma and Charlie. I can scarcely believe it! I wonder if they will think me improved, and whether Aunt Marie will allow me to spend more than a day or two at home before settling down here for the winter." And at the last thought Hattie sighed.

Yes, she had certainly improved greatly; she looked more womanly, and her manner was not so pettish and spoilt as formerly; kindly discipline with Aunt Marie had worked wonders.

She was in the act of fastening one of the beautiful blush roses in the belt of her blue dress, when the click of the gate-latch attracted her attention. She looked—started—and looked again.

It was surely Charlie! The color rushed to her face. It could not be. Such good fortune surely could not have befallen her as a visit from Charlie! And he looked so handsome, and so happy! Why had he come? To tell her—and her color faded, and she turned cold and stiff in an instant—that he was going to marry Millie Wingfield, one of her old school-fellows, of whom Hattie had often felt inclined to be jealous in days gone by?

"Why, Charlie! How did you get here?" And Hattie held out her hand, but not altogether cordially. "You might have paid me a visit before, I think. How is Millie?"

Charlie glanced at her in surprise, as well he might, and then he grew offended in his turn.

"Millie! What do I know or care about her? You are just your old self, then, Hattie! I came to see you, but," and she frowned, "if you don't want me, I can go again."

"Now, Charlie," and Hattie smiled brightly, "come in, and don't be cross. How is my dear mamma?"

"Very well; and she sent her love, and bade me say that you were to treat me kindly, if you valued her good opinion."

Hattie looked at him wonderingly; he had not been used to trouble himself as to whether she treated him kindly or not.

A few minutes later the two sat together in Aunt Marie's handsome drawing-room, and Charlie looked round him with a sigh.

"And all this will be yours one day, I suppose, Hattie?"

"I don't know; if I stay here, and keep upon my good behavior, I suppose it may. But, oh!" she added, with sudden warmth and longing, "I wish I could come home again! I do so want my home!"

"Do you?" returned Charlie, softly. "We have missed you so much, Hattie, your mother and I."

"You have missed me, Charlie?"

"Of course I have; and equally of course, you have not missed me. Once here, and, I dare say, you were happy enough."

Hattie would not utter her thoughts, as she had been but too apt to do in old times; but, feeling the color leap into her face again, she turned away, and was silent.

"Hattie!"

"Well?"

"Say you missed me."

The brown eyes shyly met his; one glance was enough, and the next moment she was clasped in Charlie's arms, while he whispered in her ear: "Say you love me, Hattie."

Time went by unmeasured. The stars were out, and the moon was looking over the tree-tops, and Aunt Marie would soon be coming home.

"Did you care for me when I came away, Charlie?"

He hesitated, then honestly answered: "No, dear. I did not know what Hattie was to me till I lost her."

"And were you thinking of Millie Wingfield in those days?"

"Yes, but very soon after you went away I found that it was Hattie, not Millie, whom I wanted."

It was Hattie's wedding-day. She was at her own home now, and Aunt Marie was there also.

As Mrs. Corbin, with all a mother's fond pride, dressed her child in her bridal robes, she softly said: "It was a hard lesson, darling, but it was worth learning, was it not?"

"Yes, oh, yes, mamma! Oh, if I had not gone away, how miserable I should have been now! We never know what is good for us, do we, mamma? We cry at what is for our good, and we try to keep what will only do us harm; but if we would only go on step by step, just taking what comes, what a deal of trouble we should save ourselves, not to speak of anything higher."

And then Hattie went away to meet Charlie at church, in her heart giving thanks all the time for that which just a year ago had been her greatest trouble and annoyance.

And so it is with us all. We daily, and often hourly, give ourselves double and treble sorrow and vexation, because we will not take the little wholesome and needed discipline that comes to us, with patience, and in submission—because we will close our ears when we hear the voice behind us saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

THE "LIFT-CURE."—It is not enough to enjoy life yourself; indeed selfish enjoyment is always incomplete. Give your overlaid companions a lift with their loads. The "lift-cure," from a moral point of view, is a most significant phrase. Live while you live by helping others to enjoy life. Life is made up of little things; therefore do the little things which spread sunshine around your path. Hope, help, love—these are good words to speak and to hear spoken—good at the beginning of the year, good throughout the year, good at its close. Whether life be long or short, live while you live, not for yourself alone, but for yourself and for others.

SELF-MADE men are more certain than others of success in life for the reason that, so to speak, they are more thoroughly made. That is to say, with them the formation of character is more solid because it is the result of severe discipline, of a determined will, of a settled purpose.

FELICE:

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

CHRISTMAS is coming, and what a glad time it will be for the little ones! In thousands and thousands of homes, when breaks the Christmas morning, there will be sweet surprises, and hearts made happy by love-gifts.

Christmas is coming! You are waiting for it, children—waiting and wondering what gifts it will bring.

Shall I tell you, in this waiting-time, a Christmas story? I know one; it is about a little girl just nine years old. Her name was Felice, and she lived with her old grandmother in a small cottage that stood on the roadside, nearly a mile away from the village.

One day, just a week before Christmas, a man came riding by. He was closely wrapped in a heavy cloak, for the air was cold, and snow lay deep on the ground. His face had an unhappy look; and he rode along with his head bent forward and drawn down among the fur linings of his cloak.

As this horseman passed the cottage, he looked carelessly at its single small window, and then suddenly drew his rein and stopped. What did he see? Nothing very wonderful. Only two tiny cedar trees, not more than twelve inches high, each with gay ornaments, like flowers, on its slender branches—purple, and yellow, and scarlet.

He drew his rein and stopped. For a little while he sat gazing at the tiny Christmas trees, the hard, unhappy lines going slowly out of his face. Then he got down from his horse and went into the poor little cottage.

Felice was all alone, for her grandmother had gone to a neighbor's to get some wool to spin; but she was not afraid when the tall man came in, for though he had a cold, almost stern face, there was something kind in the dark eyes that looked into hers.

"All alone, my little maiden?" he said, as he looked around the room.

"Yes, sir," answered Felice; and the man thought he had never heard a sweeter voice. "Granny's gone for wool."

"Aren't you afraid to stay here all by yourself?" asked the man.

"Afraid?" There was a slight tone of wonder in the child's voice.

"Yes; it's so still and lonely."

"Granny says, if I think good thoughts, angels will come close to me, though I can't see them; and granny knows. I'm not afraid of them, sir."

Felice looked up into the man's face and saw it soften and change. He could not bear her steady gaze, and so turned a little from her.

"Won't you sit down, sir?" said Felice; and the stranger took one of the old wooden chairs in the room and sat down.

"So you are going to keep Christmas?" The man looked at the two tiny trees in the window, and as he did so his eyes rested on two or three more standing in a corner, but not dressed like the others. "But what do you want with so many trees?"

"O sir, they're for some of the poor children down in the village, who won't have any of their own," replied Felice.

The man seemed to catch his breath. A warm color came suddenly into his face. He turned and gazed for some moments, with a look of strange surprise, at Felice. How pure, and sweet, and innocent her face was! Not a line of self-approval there; nothing to show that a thought of anything but making the poor village children happy had ever crossed her mind.

"Did you dress them?" asked the man, rising and going to the window.

"Yes, sir; all myself. Granny has to spin."

He lifted one of the pots in which a tiny tree was planted, and looked at it closely. The little rosettes of bright cloth were neatly cut and tastefully arranged about the tree; while here and there hung a yellow immortelle, or purple amaranth.

He stood very still for awhile, and then drew a long sigh.

"Is your granny old?" he asked, as he came back from the window.

"Oh, yes, sir; she's very old. Her hair is white as snow."

"And so poor that she has to spin."

"Yes, sir; all day long."

"How old are you?"

"Nine," she answered.

"What is your name?"

"Felice."

The man sighed again. After a moment or two he drew himself up, and with a tone of reproof in his voice, said: "I think it would be better to help your poor old grandmother than to waste time in making Christmas trees for idle children, who might dress their own."

For a moment or two the man's words seemed to stun the child. She moved away from him, and her eyes had a frightened look. But this soon passed off, and the peace of a good conscience rested on her dear young face.

"You don't know, or you wouldn't say that," she answered, looking at him steadily.

He felt the rebuke of her eyes and words. The two gazed steadily at each other, but the man's eyes were first to turn away. A feeling that was almost reverence for the little maiden, came into his heart. She seemed to him more like an angel than a child.

"Are there many poor children in the village?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir! a great many." What a light! what a hopeful interest came into her face!

"Do you dress trees for them all?" inquired the stranger.

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Why not?"

A shadow fell down upon the child's face.

"Why not?" The man repeated his question.

"We are poor, granny and I," the little maiden answered, "and it takes money to buy the pots and bright cloth. We do all we can."

The stranger caught his breath again, like one a little scared. Then he bent down, and lifting the child gently, kissed her and went away.

That evening, just as the sun was going down, a man brought three boxes and left them at the cottage.

"Who sent them?" asked the grandmother.

But the man only said: "They are for you. That is all I know," and went away.

When they opened the boxes, what surprise and gladness filled their hearts! In one of them were a hundred little flower-pots; in another, pieces of gay-colored cloth, gold and silver paper, spangles and gilt balls; and in the other meal and bread, meat and dried fruit, and a purse containing a small sum of money.

Poor old granny and little Felice cried for very gladness of heart.

What a busy time they had for the next five or six days, making little trees out of cedar and pine branches, and dressing them up in gay Christmas attire for the poor village children!

"He'll come again, granny, I'm sure of it," Felice said, every day, as they worked at their pleasant task.

But she was mistaken. The stranger did not come, and Felice, who often went to the gate in front of their cottage to gaze up and down the road, looked for him in vain.

At last it was the day before Christmas, and the floor of their cottage was like a flower-garden. Every one of the hundred pots had its tiny Christmas tree, that stood up bravely in fine attire.

"What shall we do with them all?" asked Felice's grandmother, as she stood looking at the beautiful display.

"They are for the poor village children," answered Felice.

"Oh, yes! But there are so many. How shall we get them into the village? It would take us all day to carry them in; and it's bitter cold. See! the snow is beginning to fall. I don't know what we shall do."

And the old white-haired grandmother's face was troubled.

As they talked in their perplexity, they heard outside the sound of wheels, and looking from the

window, saw the man who had brought the three boxes. He came bustling in, rubbing his hands to warm them, and saying, as he entered: "Are the Christmas trees ready?"

There was no need of an answer, for he had but to look down upon the floor that was as gay and beautiful as a flower-bed.

"Ay! ay!" he said, replying to his own question. And then, without a word more, he commenced gathering them up and carrying them out. It was not long before every Christmas tree was in the man's wagon. After stowing away the last armful, the man jumped in and drove off without so much as saying "good-bye" to Granny and Felice, who had stood looking on in a bewildered, helpless kind of way, wondering at what they saw.

All day the snow fell, and Christmas Eve closed in dark and stormy upon the inmates of the little cottage. But the fire burned cheerily on their hearth, and their souls were full of peace; for, though they should not see it, they were sure that a hundred hearts would be made glad through the work of their hands. Sweet was their sleep that night, and in dreams they heard angel voices singing, "Peace on earth: good-will to men."

What a glorious Christmas morning was that which broke upon the world when next night drew aside her dusky curtains! Up into the clear, blue sky the sun arose, filling the air with sparkles like diamond dust, and giving to the snowy carpet that covered the earth the sheen of fretted silver.

"What is that, my child?" asked the grandmother. Their breakfast was over and she was at her wheel, just beginning to spin.

Felice looked from the window, and then called back in a hurried voice: "A carriage! And there's a lady getting out!"

Too much surprised to move, Felice and her grandmother stood still until the door opened and a stately woman came in, accompanied by a servant bearing a large bundle. But, with all her stateliness, the woman had a kind face, and her eyes were full of a tender interest.

"And this is little Felice?" she said, smiling down upon the wondering child. Then she stooped and kissed her.

"As you remembered His poor children at Christmas time, so our good Father in Heaven has put it into our hearts to remember you," the lady added, kissing Felice a second time.

Then she turned to the old grandmother, who was trembling with joy and wonder, and taking her thin, brown hand, that was shriveled by age and hardened by labor, kissed her on the forehead, saying as she did so, in a low, serious voice: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

For a little while all stood in reverent silence.

Then the lady said, in a cheery voice, her whole manner changing: "A merry Christmas, my good Dame Helder! And a merry Christmas, Felice! There's going to be a gay time among the village children, and you are both wanted."

At this the servant opened the bundle she carried, and the lady took from it a handsome new gown, warm underclothing and a woolen cloak for the grandmother, and one of the sweetest little dresses for Felice you ever saw, with plenty of other things to match.

What a busy, bustling, bewildering time there was in the cottage for the next half hour! Both Felice and her grandmother thought themselves dreaming all the while, and expected every moment to wake up.

As soon as they were all ready, and so changed that they would not have known themselves, they were taken into the carriage and driven away.

If their surprise was great at all this, it was doubled when, after riding for an hour, they found themselves entering the wide court-yard of a castle.

As the carriage drew up amid a group that were gathered around the castle door, the tall, dark man who had stopped at Dame Helder's cottage came out quickly, and lifting Felice in his arms, kissed her before all the people, and then carried her into the castle.

"I'm sure it's all a dream," said Felice in her heart, as she lay with shut eyes in the strong arms that held her very tenderly.

All at once a sound of many voices—children's voices—broke upon her ears. She opened her eyes. Was she in fairyland? It must be so, she thought, for surely nothing on earth could be half so gay and beautiful. She was in a large hall, hung round with banners and curtains, and decked with wreaths and festoons of evergreen. From the centre of the hall rose a great Christmas-tree, whose top touched the ceiling; and all its branches were laden with toys, and fruit, and rich confections.

Around the tree, at the bottom, a narrow stand had been placed, and on this, sweeping in a circle of beauty, stood the hundred little trees that Felice and her grandmother had dressed for the village children.

The man—he was lord of the castle, and the people in the village were his tenants—held Felice high up in his strong arms, so that she could see all the beautiful things in the hall, and the happy children dancing around the Christmas-tree. When she saw the circle of little trees, she could not keep the tears from rolling over her cheeks.

Then the lord of the castle set her in a crimson chair that stood on a platform at the upper end of the hall, and called to the children, who came running gayly down the floor. But when they saw a child beautifully dressed sitting in the

crimson chair, they grew silent and pressed closely around her.

"It is Felice!" suddenly cried out one of the children.

"Oh, it's our good Felice!" said another, clapping his hands.

And "Felice!" "Felice!" "Felice!" rang through the hall from a hundred glad voices.

But all this was too much for the excited child. The red flush began to fade out of her sweet face, and in its stead there came the pallor of faintness. At this moment the lady who had brought her from the cottage—she was wife to the lord of the castle—entered the great hall, and seeing how white Felice had grown, caught her up in her arms and carried her away to her own chamber.

Shall I tell you what happened after this? Felice did not go down again to the hall, where the children of the village spent the happiest Christmas they had ever known, and at evening went away, each taking some present for the poor father and mother at home. She had grown faint from excitement, and had to be kept quiet all day.

What happened next? Oh, well, this is what happened. The lord and lady of the castle had no children, and had grown selfish and careless of their poor tenants in the village. But now that the hand of this strangely sweet and gentle child had opened a door in their hearts, and taught them a lesson of good deeds, love went out toward her so strongly that they could not send her back from the castle. Every day that she remained there she grew lovelier in their eyes and dearer to their hearts, and at last one said to the other: "Let her be to us as our own child."

And it was answered: "Let it be so."

And it was so.

T. S. ARTHUR.

THOUGHT.—Thought is a constant though silent agent in making us what we are. It is with us in every waking hour. We have the power to cherish one class of thoughts and to dismiss another, to encourage those that lift us up and restrain those that drag us down. We can never stop thinking any more than we can stop breathing; but, as we can in a measure control the quality of the air that we breathe, so to a great extent we can determine what we will think about. It is quite as needful to turn away from evil or puerile thoughts as from books or companions of the same sort, and it is possible to occupy the mind so fully with what is good, noble and uplifting that there shall be no room nor desire to harbor what is false, low or injurious.

NINE-TENTHS of the worry of life is borrowed for nothing. Do your part; never leave it undone. Be industrious; be prudent; be courageous. Then throw anxiety to the winds. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; therefore do not borrow any for to-morrow.

NOTES ON THE IVY.

FROM the earliest times the ivy has been the theme of poets. As Washington Irving has well said: "The ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support by clasping together the tottering remains, and as it were embalming them in a verdure." The presence of this lovely creeper clinging about the ruined walls "of cell, and chapel, and refectory," does much to enhance the picturesque appearance of these stony relics of the past. The pretty foliage with its glossy hue, creeping over the gray old stones, and twining lovingly over broken windows and shattered tracery, is a sad but beautiful picture—the vigorous life contrasted with the decayed grandeur of the silent and deserted ruin, rich alone in the memories of bygone days. A child with its sunny hair, climbing on the knees of an old man whose locks are hoar with the winter of life, forms no greater contrast than the green ivy clinging to the buttresses of an old ruin.

More picturesque than useful, the ivy has, however, some reputed properties worth mentioning. The old physicians considered that a decoction of its leaves was an excellent sudorific, and further that its berries were a preventive against the plague. But Pliny gives the ivy credit for having a far more useful quality. If he is to be relied upon, its berries taken before wine have the effect of preventing intoxication. This notion, most probably, has some connection with the Bacchanalian fillet of ancient times, as well as with the more modern custom of using an ivy bough as the sign of a tavern. The plant is called the Bacchus-weed in old books of poems; for it seems to have constantly been associated with ale-houses and drinking. In the south of Europe and North Africa, the gum which exudes from the stem is considered to be a good remedy for toothache. But the use of this gum is probably attended with more satisfactory results as a bait for fish; for an old angler named Walker maintains that it proves a very attractive bait to the sunny tribe; and we have ourselves heard that worms, steeped in "ivy oil," form a tempting lure, but are unable to give directions for its preparation.

When the stems of the ivy grow to a great size, wood is formed; but it is not of much value. Cut into thin slices it has been used in some places for filtering liquids; and the wood of the roots has been manufactured into knife-strops; but it is seldom found of sufficient size to be used for any other purpose. However, it is quite possible to carve or turn the large stems of the ivy, as it takes a polish which brings out very clearly the curious zigzag black lines which seem to be a peculiar characteristic of the wood. The writer has a pair of richly marked candlesticks turned

from some ivy which grew round an aged elm.

Fortunately for lovers of ivy, it will grow almost anywhere; consequently many buildings can have their native ugliness most effectually concealed by the luxuriant foliage. But it is much to be regretted that those who love ivy and appreciate its decorative qualities are not more numerous. The comparatively small number of houses and walls covered with this cheap and unrivaled decoration plainly points to the fact that there are still many people who labor under the delusion that ivy renders a house damp. This is a common complaint brought against the plant; but a little reflection will show, that so far from rendering a building damp, a rich growth of ivy-leaves is the best protection against wet. Nothing could form a more effective protection from the rain than the glossy surface and close growth of the plant. Unlike almost every other kind of creeper, it is always in leaf, always beautiful and always a certain protection against wet. Moreover, ivy will often grow in situations where no other creeper can live. It seems able to thrive in secluded spots, where neither light nor sunshine can penetrate, and thus its value as a hardy evergreen is materially increased.

This property of adapting itself to circumstances is most strikingly illustrated by an incident related by Miss Strickland. The body of Catharine Parr, buried at Sudley, was disinterred, through curiosity, on several occasions. The last time the coffin was opened, "it was discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwined itself round the temples of the royal corpse. A berry had fallen there at the time of the previous exhumation, taken root, and then silently from day to day woven itself into this green sepulchral coronal."

THERE is one field where educated women are in demand. That is the home. The educated woman is the best wife, the best mother, the best housekeeper, the best economist. The "coming men" could afford to pay all the expenses of a full training for their future wives merely for the greater good they would receive from them. Six years of hard study are well invested, if for nothing more than to be able to answer a thousand questions which curious youngsters will be asking in a few years.

THE way to grow old is to be economical of life. If it be carelessly squandered in any way it cannot last so long as it otherwise might. Over-work kills a few; over-worry kills more, because it is more depressing and exhausting. The indulgence of the appetites and passions is still more fatal. Men who eat more than they need, drink more than is good for them, and indulge in other kinds of riotous living, spend life as they spend money.



"I WATCHED HIM THROUGH THE LATTICE."

I WATCHED him through the lattice
 As he went down the street,
 And all my heart went with him
 In many a wild pulse-beat.

'Twas in the gentle spring-time,
 At the vanishing of snow,
 And my sullen, stagnant nature
 Began to bloom and blow—

Began to feel within it
 Rise a strange, unearthly power,
 As the perfume rises softly
 In the newly-opened flower.

He brought me buds and blossoms,
 He brought me gladness, too;
 And I told him—told him truly,
 When he came to woo.

A heaven on earth, my master!
 My gracious lord, my king!
 I knew thee when I saw thee,
 And thy voice made silence ring.

The silences within me,
 That never had been broke,
 Passed into mystic music;
 They heard thee, and awoke.

The world says I am fickle,
 And that my heart is stone,
 But I feel through all my being
 That my soul and his are one.

His greatness ever lifts me
 Where holier light is given.
 How weak are thanks for blessings
 Which shall endure in Heaven!

HENRY GILMAN.

INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS AT HAMPTON.

IN a very interesting article in the September number of *Harper's Magazine*, there is a brief account of what our government is trying to do in the way of educating the Indians. Several schools for Indian youth have already been established, but the article refers only to the one at Hampton, Virginia. Here the pupils are from both the Indian and negro races. We take that portion of the article which refers to the former:

Confronted with this race (the negro), which is like a well-known inhabitant of our dwelling, we have the other ward, the Indian; for the United States government is trying also to do something in the way of education for this far-off and little-understood representative of the former owners of its land. While the negro has to pay his way at Hampton, the Indian is paid for by government. The Indians come from the far-off reservations escorted by the Indian agent who may have had orders to bring them on. They are to be kept in Hampton two years, and then sent back to their tribe to be as a little leaven. Perhaps it is not all we ought to do, but it is certainly something. It is at present an experiment on a very small scale for so large a government, but it is a beginning of what may be a large success.

There is no difficulty in finding boys whose families are willing to let them come, though it is only to the boys that any sign of affection is usually shown at parting. But to send a girl out of an Indian family means more work for all that are left. To diminish the number of bringers of wood and drawers of water is to impose additional burdens on all who remain. Thus in the last collection of Sioux youths from the Yankton agency there were only nine girls out of sixteen, though the agent made special efforts to find sixteen girls, and kept the chance open till the last minute. Again, the traditional want of respect for the intellectual capacity of the girls may be a reason why the Indian hesitates before tacitly admitting that it is worth while to try to do anything with a girl.

This is no race with long years of servitude behind them, and with the instincts of servitude burned into them by the fateful laws of heredity. But by these same laws they have burned into them a sense of wrong and injustice. They have stealthily watched the white man, and in their inmost souls they find a reluctant admission of the fact that he is their superior. They see that to hold their own, or even any smallest fraction of their own, they must learn his language and his ways. The admission is wrung from them by long years of steady watching of the tide of events. Like disrowned kings, their chiefs treat with the United States government. They do not want to yield, but the logic of facts is too strong for them

to resist. In their inmost hearts they, too, are ambitious to go the "white man's road," because they dimly feel that that is the channel in which the stream of the time runs. But they do not want to appear to want this or to acknowledge it.

While thus one of our wards comes to us trustfully and unconsciously to be petted, to be taught and praised, the other withdraws from our touch, stands aside, and assumes indifference to our words. But we may be very sure that nothing escapes that watchful eye or that tense ear. She does not want us to think she listens or cares. But she does not forget. She can not come to our side, like the other. She is a little afraid to acknowledge that she cares for us or for anything. She is too proud to ask a favor or to thank us for a kindness.

There seems to be a sort of intense self-consciousness in the Indian. He watches not only us, but himself, and in this again he is the exact opposite of the negro.

Is it not evident that for natures so entirely different, entirely different methods must be used?

When visitors are in the rooms of the colored classes at Hampton, the pupils are only stimulated to more activity. There is no sense of antagonism. But when visitors are in the Indian classes, the pupils become shy and distrustful. They seem conscious that they are the objects of curiosity and attention, and this, instead of pleasing them, frets them. They cannot be unconscious of themselves, and so they make very hard work for the teacher. The visitor feels as if in the way, and as if forced to retire. And I cannot believe it good for them to be visited in their class-rooms. Had I the power, I would put on the doors, "Positively no admittance," and they should be alone with their teacher, in whom they soon grow to have confidence. It seems a positive blocking of the road to subject them to scrutiny in the painful effort of their stiff minds to grasp a new language. The Indian does not mind being noticed if he is doing anything in which he excels. But when he does not excel, and is painfully conscious that he is doing his work very poorly, when he can follow so slowly the clear utterances of his teacher, and she only a young girl, his sense of mortification and humiliation makes him sullen.

Laughing Face will not even smile or show any sign of intelligence, nor will he condescend to respond in any way except by a grunt to his teacher's effort. All this before strangers. But when they are gone, Laughing Face, with much difficulty, writes on the board, "I sorry I not try," for his teacher.

Is it possible for us to imagine the state of bewilderment in the minds of these blanketed, forest people as, led by the Indian agent, they leave everything and every person they know, and travel for six days by steamboat and steam-cars on their way to Hampton and their first sight of the

ocean? Do they not notice what they see? On the journey they are seated for the first time in their lives at a table with some order in the food and dishes, and with knives and forks. Once only—the first time—tired and hungry, they make an involuntary movement to take the meat in their fingers: once only, for the observant eye notes that the “white man’s road” is by knives and forks; they furtively study his mode of handling these tools, and by the next meal handle them as if they had never eaten otherwise. They will touch no dishes except those with which they are familiar, till some white man has eaten of them. They watch, and then copy. And so, after days and nights, watchful of everything and everybody, but drawing their blankets over their heads if they observe any one watching them, they are landed at Old Point Comfort, and ride over the smooth, white road in the early morning through the salt-scented air to the school which is to be their home for two years. And there, what first awaits them?

There is a ceremony observed once a year in Rome which typifies Christian love and humility. Dirty and diseased beggars sit down, the men in one room the women in another, and before them kneel volunteers, who have never known poverty or distress, to wash their feet. There, before an old woman, ragged and filthy, kneels a countess in silk and jewels, and she seeks to imitate her Master by following His example in the washing of feet. Spectators are admitted to this strange scene, and look on, half-disgusted, half-touched, half in pity, half in reverence. But one need not go to Rome to have the lesson taught that all men are brothers, and that he is the true follower of the Master who shrinks from no help. The dirty pilgrims and beggars we shall find at Hampton, waiting shyly on the green before the door. And the noble lady is not wanting; only, instead of being an Italian, she is a New England girl, a princess in her own right, and instead of silks and jewels, she wears a calico dress. The countess daintily pours the water over the soiled feet, and returns to her carriage and her palace. The New England girl works for hours, and then goes into her class-room with weary feet and a tired flush all over her fine face; and the windows of heaven look out on both Rome and Hampton.

First, cleanliness. That is the primary lesson, and taught by hands which shrink from no duty, and voices touched by love and pity. Then, freshly clothed from head to foot, helped and smiled upon by every Indian and every negro that they meet, but saddened a little by the close cutting of the long, black hair, the girls are left free to wander about for the day, and learn a little of their surroundings.

There is a great difference between the full-blooded Indian and the half-breed in the matter

of exhibiting their curiosity. An Indian girl stands leaning on the balustrade of the piazza, her eyes turned toward the waters of the bay, but seemingly seeing nothing. She might as well be behind a red mask, for any shadow of expression on her face. You speak to her; she does not understand one word that you say, nor does she turn her head or eyes. Even a dog recognizes kindness in the tones of a voice, and the horse responds to a gentle hand. But her face is utterly expressionless. You touch the dusky cheek. You might as well touch a stone. But behind that mask she is watching you. She is learning every minute, but she will not let you know it. If she is touched, you will be none the wiser. If she is sorry, she will not ask your sympathy. Perhaps if the horse and dog had been kept on reservations, they might not be as appreciative as they are. You leave the girl and go into the knitting-room to see the busy machines and the growing piles of mittens. At the door timidly stands another Indian girl, of a lighter shade, who asks, curiously: “What is them girls doing?”

Encouraged, she goes up to a machine, and the negro girl who is turning it welcomes her, and talks pleasantly to her.

“You speak English?” we say.

“Oh, yes!” with a conscious pride of superiority; “my father and mother talk English.”

Her ears have been pierced, we notice, and they look as if she had worn very heavy rings. I touch them, saying: “What did you have your ears bored for?”

She draws her head away impatiently.

“Oh, I don’t wear ear-rings. *Too much like Indian!* There ain’t any holes there now.”

If she should happen into a fashionable reception, she might be sadly confused in her ideas. Now she is sure that ear-rings are “too much like Indian,” and she is eager to go on the “white man’s road,” and so is proud that there are no longer any holes in her ears. She sat behind the girls and listened while they sang at their work.

The next day the Indian boys and girls gather in their class-rooms. Girls of the normal schools of America, how would you teach them? Are you teachers enough for that? Do you know what that teaching is? There they sit before you. They do not understand one word of your spoken language. How will you go to work? There is real teaching to be done—no assigning of lessons. You are to teach them to speak, read and write all at once. Could you do it? How would you do it? Where will you begin? That is what the teachers at Hampton are doing—doing with a patience that never tires, with an energy that controls impossibilities, with a sympathy that wins its way behind that mask, and brings out feeling from apparent coldness. They are doing it for the Indian; but no one can work for another without

working for himself, and they are growing into real living teachers with a rapidity that no other work could give them, while to the Indian, the heard, the spoken and the written word are growing into one in his struggling mind. Does he appreciate it?

On Christmas night the Indian boys at Hampton contributed their share to the amusement of the occasion by a war-dance. They prepared their costumes unaided, and executed the dance with so much truth that it was absolutely frightful. But the next morning, when "clothed and in their right mind," they sat in their class-room, and their teacher said: "I was afraid I had lost my boys last night. I am glad to get you back again."

They answered as with one voice: "We are so glad to get back."

No, the Indian does not want to keep his own old track. He wants to go the "white man's road." Discrowned, disinherited, he stands, asking for help to travel on that road. But he is proud. He will not pick up the crust if we fling it to him in contempt. If we would help him, we must learn to feel his nature. If we treat him as we would treat the negro, we shall fail. We must respect his self-respect, and he will take our hand. We must respect his pride, and not complain that he has no feeling because he does not show it in our way. Far more than the negro he needs *fine* natures to deal with him. The negro laughs at his own mistakes; the Indian is fretted and irritated by his. In his original sovereignty he was hospitable, kindly and unsuspicious; in a position of inferiority he is treacherous, cruel and doubting. He can be won by honest dealing, and a voice which comes from a heart really anxious to help him. We are to set ourselves to discover how to meet him in his own way, and the universal solvent of all different ways is the earnest love and sympathy which are now at work at Hampton.

THE VENETIAN GLASS.

A YOUNG Italian, a Venetian by birth and education, and of exceeding beauty, married, and left her native land in the prime and glory of her youth. Her husband held a high appointment at the Russian court, and the southern lady felt the chill and rigor of the bleak north sadly at war with her health and charms. Years, nevertheless, passed swiftly; she was greatly admired, but, like too many beauties, she had laid up but little store of mental treasure to enrich those hours which are sure to crumble our beauties into dust, and must come if—if—we live long enough! By degrees younger women eclipsed her radiance—she was considered *passée*. The bitter truth was long concealed from her by self-love; but its knowledge came at last; the idea of ap-

proaching age haunted her day and night. She looked on the various pictures taken when she was the "observed of all observers," and did not think she could be changed.

She looked in her glass. There were gray lines among the thinning glories of her hair, and the liquid rouge was not of nature's hue. Suddenly it occurred to her that the fault was in her looking-glass! Poor thing! she tried the finest Russian—aye, and Parisian mirrors. They were all as untrue, the one as the other. All conspired in a fatal league against her sovereign beauty. If she could but have conveyed from Venice the glass at which she dressed her when a girl, she could see how she really looked. That glass was true—all others false! She wrote to her beloved country, and offered any money for the mirror, which, upon her father's death, had been sold with the old furniture. Delays occurred, and she often spoke of, and still more frequently thought of, her Venice glass. The *intimation* even of a wrinkle was attributed to a flaw in the Russian reflector, and anxiety and ill-temper dimmed the lustre of her eyes.

At last she received information that the precious relic was discovered, and would be forwarded immediately. With what anxiety did she watch its arrival! how carefully unpack her treasure! The frame was broken and tarnished, but the glass—the Venice glass—was hers again! A few moments elapsed before she placed the companion of her youth, with trembling hands, in the most advantageous light. A few minutes more before she dared to look into her oracle—before she ventured to read her doom. Her hour had arrived; she stood before her judge a *faded beauty*! Alas, for the ingratitude of women! The next chime of her golden timepiece marked the destruction of the object of her solitude. Frantic with disappointment, she shivered it into fragments, while tears—proud, bitter tears—coursed each other over her cheeks. She looked down upon the fragments that were scattered on the floor, and each threw back the distorted image of her own face.

WHATEVER you think proper to grant a child, let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer, and, above all, without making any condition. Grant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance; but let your refusal be irrevocable; let not importunity shake your resolution; let the particle "No," when once pronounced, be a wall of brass, which a child, after he has tried his strength against it, shall never more endeavor to shake.

A COMPLAINING person spoke of the freedom from care which a friend of his enjoyed, whereupon a neighbor said: "Your friend doubtless has as many troubles as you have—perhaps he has more—but he has the good sense not to whine about them."

A CHRISTIAN BABOO'S IDEAS ON MODERATE DRINKING.

I WAS greatly shocked to learn that two intelligent Christian ladies of my acquaintance—one of them an eminently successful Bible reader, and the other occupying an influential official position—were in the habit of using ale and beer as a beverage. Involuntarily expressing my astonishment, and uttering protest, I found that both were prepared to defend the practice from a sanitary point of view, under sanction of a physician, while both referred to eminent ministers who indulge in wine as a promoter of digestion and tonic agent.

While preparing from a scientific standpoint a statement of facts to embody in personal friendly notes to these ladies, the subject was one evening brought up in a social group of active Christian ladies, of which that eminent missionary, Miss H. G. Brittan, was the centre.

An intelligent, practical woman, who was in the habit of contributing largely to home-mission work in its various branches, spoke, with much perplexity evident in her tone.

"In city mission work, in the forlorn homes of Sunday-school and industrial-school scholars, and in nearly every branch of Christian work we take up," said the lady, "we find our efforts counteracted by the evils of strong drink. It does seem like treason in the camp for any of our sisters in work to tolerate it, much less defend its use by word and personal example. In all your 'perils by land and by sea,' Miss Brittan, your dangers in African jungles and adventures on 'India's coral strand,' be thankful you never had the insidious and powerful monster, intemperance, to fight!"

"And have I not had the enemy to battle—and without your weapons, too?" said Miss Brittan, dropping, momentarily, as she spoke, the bright Berlin wools and shimmering embroidery silk, by means of which tropical birds and flowers had, under her busy hands, been springing into life on the canvas.

So many years has Miss Brittan been winning the interest of the cruelly-secluded "ladies of high degree" in the zenanas of India, by means of her beautiful handicraft of various kinds, which gained her an entrance for higher teaching, that habit has made it a second nature for beautiful creations to spring up under her hands. The same story-telling power that brings to her applications from churches and Sunday-schools throughout the land to come with her stereopticon views and tell them of the East, had often charmed our little circle, and when she dropped her work and leaned back in the veteran bamboo chair that had been her companion in India so many years, we always prepared to listen and be astonished.

"Don't you know what we missionaries have

had to suffer on account of intemperance?" said Miss Brittan. "'Perils by sea,' encountered with a drunken captain and crew, are not as common now as during the years of my earlier voyages." And the speaker sketched vividly some of her experiences under such circumstances, when day after day the ship seemed likely to go to the bottom.

"But," added our graphic story-teller, "it is in just the way that you are beaten back in your endeavors here for the masses, that we in other lands are met by the same evil," and Miss Brittan told the following story, which is given, almost without exception, in her own language.

"At the native orphanage belonging to the Scotch kirk in Calcutta," said our narrator, "I found that the principal teacher that the children had was a catechist, one of the best native preachers, they told me, belonging to the Scotch kirk. He could preach exceedingly well, and had been a preacher and teacher for twelve years. His wife, Elizabeth, was one of my zennance teachers, a very nice little woman. They occupied rooms down-stairs on the same floor with the orphans. At this time I was taking charge of the school for some weeks during the superintendent's absence, she having gone for a rest. I had this catechist at the time as my teacher in the Bengali language. Once or twice when he came to me I thought he acted in a very silly manner, and I began to suspect him of drinking, but was almost angry with myself for the suspicion, as I had heard he was such a good man. One day, however, he came to me in such a condition that there was no doubting the fact. I immediately ordered him to his room, and sending for his wife, I asked her how long her husband had been in the habit of drinking. She burst out crying, and said: 'Oh, for many years. But, O ma'am, he is so much better now; he is not bad nearly so often as he used to be.'

"'Why, Elizabeth! does Dr. H.' (the minister of the Scotch kirk) 'know this?'"

"'Oh, no, Ma'am Sahib—and, oh, don't you tell him! Miss H.' (the lady superintendent whose place I was just filling for a short time) 'would never tell of him. Twice she has paid the money herself to get him out of prison, when the policemen have taken him up, so that Dr. H. should not know.'

"'Well, Elizabeth,' I said, 'I will never do that. Do you know it is a dreadful and wicked thing for him, a teacher, a minister, a preacher of the gospel, to be a drunkard—for the children, the servants and all those he preaches to, to know that he is a drunkard? Oh, it is dreadful! It will do so much harm to the cause of Christ.'

"The poor woman fell at my feet, and pleaded with me not to tell of him this time, for what would become of herself and her children if Dr. H. knew it and turned him out.

"I waited till he was perfectly sober, and then sent for him. I wished to have a long and serious talk with him. I was astonished at the bravado he manifested. I tried to show him the great sinfulness of his conduct before God, but he resolutely denied that it was a great sin. It was a little fault, to be sure, it was a little fault, but he did not consider it a great sin at all; though he did not attempt to deny that he was often perfectly drunk, and that when he was so he was ready to kill anybody, and had been put in the lock-up several times in consequence. I tried to show him kindly the evil of his course, but at length he got quite angry, and said he did not know why I talked to him so; that he only did what every other Christian did; that there was not a Padic Sahib (minister) in Calcutta but what did just the same, only I had not happened to see them when they had taken a little too much. I was shocked and indignant, and asked him how he dared say such a thing. He laughed a most scornful laugh, and said to me: 'Now I ask you, do you dare to tell me that Dr. H., and Dr. S., and Dr. L., and Mr. N.,' and he went on enumerating all the English clergymen of the different denominations, 'do not each and every one of them drink wine and beer every day?'

"I winced, and had to answer that I knew they all did. 'But,' I said, 'they only take a little; just what is needed, they think, for their health; they never get drunk.'

"He laughed again. 'I never,' he said, 'take anything like as much as they do; and is it my fault if it upsets me a little sooner than it does them? My head is not so strong as theirs. I can't bear as much as they do; and if I take two glasses of wine, and it makes me behave a little foolish, you say it is a great sin, while because their heads are a little stronger, they may take five or six glasses, and yet it is no sin. Besides, how can you tell that they do not sometimes take a little too much and forget themselves, the same as I do? Of course they would not let you see them in that state; it was only by accident that you found it out about me.'

"I found it was useless to argue with him. He had, as he said, the example of all the clergymen and Christians in India for what he did.

"A few nights afterward I spoke of this (not telling who the man was), when I was pleading the cause of temperance at our Bible meeting, where there were eighteen ministers and professing Christian men; I really believe all present were Christians; but instead of taking shame to themselves for such an example, they exclaimed at the impudence of the fellow! And when I quoted what St. Paul says—'If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no meat'—they all told me I was ridiculous, and that it was really fanatical of me to think that they must give up

that which was essential to their comfort for such a fellow as that.

"'And yet,' I said, 'many of you have given up home, and friends, and earthly comforts, to come out here to win these souls to Christ, and yet you are not willing to give up this one little thing for Christ.'

"I saw I had no power; they all voted me a fanatic on that subject. Oh, how is Christ wounded in the house of His friends!

"I felt it my duty to tell Dr. H. of the Scotch kirk all about it. He was deeply grieved; he had always placed such confidence in the catechist. He decided to wait and see if my remonstrance had any effect, and desired me to report to him at once if I found the man in that state again, as then of course he must dismiss him, for a drunkard could be neither a preacher nor a teacher.

"A few nights after, I was awakened between twelve and one by the most frightful screams and tumult, partly within and partly without the house. I threw on my dressing gown and slippers, and rushed down. There was our Christian Baboo, our catechist, furiously drunk—mad with intoxication—fighting with the servants. He had been out it seems to the servants' room dancing around with a large carving-knife. His wife, with her babe, had rushed for safety into the children's dormitory, and it was the shrieks of the frightened children and his efforts to break open the door that had aroused me. My heart sank within me, but as soon as the infuriated man saw me he marched off to the other end of the garden. I went down after him, followed by two or three of the servants (one I had sent to call a policeman, but as usual they preferred to keep out of harm's way, and it was not until all danger was over that one appeared). I went to our teacher and catechist. He was dancing around like a maniac, brandishing the knife, his eyes glaring furiously. I demanded that he should give me that knife. They are all afraid of an European no matter whether a lady or gentleman, when a tone of authority is used. I told him it was my knife, and asked him how he dare steal it. The servants stood at a little distance trembling with apprehension. They afterward said they were dreadfully afraid he would kill me. At the time I had not a bit of fear, though in just thinking it over afterward I was very much frightened. When I had spoken to him he lowered the knife. He was a tall man, over six feet high. Then he looked at me with a silly, ridiculous leer, and demanded who I was. I spoke very angrily, told him not to make such a fool of himself, but to give me my knife instantly. He looked at me very impudently for a moment, then suddenly, with an attempt at the most graceful politeness, handed me the knife, which I instantly gave to one of the servants to lock away safe. The Baboo then began what you

might call a wild Indian dance, whooping and yelling, like the veriest savage. We were a long way off from any European dwelling, and there was no one I could send for. I waited quietly until his savage dance was over. It seemed as though it would never stop, but as soon as he paused for an instant I went right up to him and caught hold of his arm, and in the most authoritative tone I could command, ordered him to go immediately to his room. Again he looked at me with a half-daring, half-subdued manner, and shouted: 'Who are you?'

"One whom it will be better for you to obey, instantly," I said, and urged him toward his room, the servants following close after me.

"We at length got him into his room, and after we had well barred and bolted him in, a policeman made his appearance.

"Think of such a spectacle as that witnessed by those heathen servants and the children whom we were trying to train to be Christians. And this man a professed Christian teacher, a catechist, one who insisted that he did nothing more than every Christian man and minister did, but that the effect was simply different in degree; that he did not take as much as they did, only his head was not quite so strong as theirs, and that very likely outward effects were marked with them occasionally only that there were no witnesses.

"English Christians, so far as my observation has extended, universally feel that they must drink. There was one true, noble man there, Mr. Robert Sest Monief, all honor to him, who had the courage to bear the scoffs and jeers of those who called him a fanatic, because he believed it a sin to set such an example to those poor natives. I am thankful to say that few, very few, if any of our American missionaries ever touch a drop of wine in that land except as medicine.

"I was invited," said Miss Brittan, in conclusion, "just three months before I last left Calcutta to a little dinner party. There were seven gentlemen present; six of them were either English clergymen or missionaries, and at each person's side were set five glasses. The largest one was used for beer or claret; the others for port, sherry, champagne and massahino, and every glass was used by each person present except myself; and when it was seen that I took nothing but water, a clergyman said to me, with a supercilious smile: 'Oh, that is one of your American absurdities. I should have thought you would have gotten over it by this time!'

"This is the moderate drinking indulged in by professing Christians that these poor heathen witness, for there were eight or ten servants around the table. I wish that advocates of moderate drinking could have witnessed its influence as an example as I did that night in its effects upon that poor, wretched preacher of the gospel. The re-

sult was he had to be degraded from his office as a preacher, he lost his place as a teacher, and soon died an awful death of delirium tremens; while the head of that church, the minister who had to degrade him from his office, and whose example he pleaded as an excuse, still continues his moderate drinking. The Hindoos, you know, had a proverb before the mutiny, that 'if every Englishmen should leave India there would be nothing to show they had ever been there but piles of empty bottles.'"

After the conclusion of Miss Brittan's recital there was a pause in the circle, which was composed of Christian workers in different departments of labor. The silence was broken by the thoughtful, emphatic inquiry from one of the number: "Isn't the real battle for foreign missions as well as home-mission work to be fought by the two great Christian nations, America and England, right at their own thresholds in crushing out this evil of intemperance?"

MARY E. COMSTOCK.

THE WOODEN HAT.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1780, a traveling millwright, footsore, and with the broadest Northern Doric accent, stopped at Soho, the engine factory of Boulton and Watt, and asked for work. His aspect was little better than one of beggary, and Boulton had bidden him God-speed to some other shop, when, as he was turning away sorrowfully, Boulton suddenly called him back.

"What kind of a hat's yon ye have on your head, me mon?"

"It's just timmer, sir."

"Timmer, me mon; let's look at it. Where did ye get it?"

"I just made it, sir, me ain sel."

"How did you make it?"

"I just turned it in the lathie."

"But it's oval, mon, and the lathe turns things round."

"Aweel! I just gar'd the lathie gang anither gate, to please me. I'd a long journey afore me, and I thoct to have a hat to keep out water, and I hadna muckle ailler to spare, and I made me ane."

By his inborn mechanism the man had invented an oval lathe, and made his hat, and the hat made his fortune. Boulton was not the man to lose so valuable a help, and so the after-famous William Murdock, the originator of locomotives and of lighting by gas, took suit and service under Boulton and Watt, and in 1784 made the first vehicle impelled by steam in England, and with the very hands and brain cunning that had before produced the "timmer hat."

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

A BROWN head, cuddled down on the edge of the wooden desk; two brown eyes, now eagerly scanning the column of words in the well-thumbed spelling-book, now closed while the eager lips repeated them over in their order.

That was what the stooping winter sun beheld as it peeped in at the low window of the basement school-room.

Over and over, up and down, until not only every word, but its exact place in the column, and every syllable and letter, stood plainly out before the mind's eye of the small student.

For there was a prize offered to the one who should stand the greatest number of times at the head of the second spelling-class in Peaseville school, and Mattie Ennis was quite sure that only Blanche Parker had a better chance of obtaining it than herself. Neither could "get above" the other; but Blanche, having nothing else to do, never missed a day at school, while there were younger children in Mattie's home, and her mother, being often ill and wearied, needed her help in their care, so she must sometimes "stay out." Then she had to go to the foot of the long class and work her way up again. Yet, in spite of this, she toiled on with good courage, for she knew that, after all, Blanche was only one "ticket" ahead of her, and "something might happen." One thing *had* happened already, at the time our story begins. Her mother, seeing how the child's heart was set upon success, had said she need not "stay out" again, "she would manage some way."

So Mattie was studying away, as I have told you, spelling the words in every possible manner, hoping that this one would be misspelled in one way and that one in some other, when "Second class, number one," sounded upon her ear.

It was not her teacher's voice, and, looking up, she saw, with joy, that one of the young men of the first class had been detailed to hear the recitation. There was more chance for her now, she felt, for he did not pronounce quite so plainly, and maybe *some one* would "miss."

But Mattie stood quite at the foot of the long class, having "left off head" only the day before, and though many words were missed, they were spelled by those above her, until the last but one was reached.

"Moross," called the pronouncer.

"M-o, mo, r-o-s, ross," replied number four.

"Try again."

"M-o, mo, r-o-ss, ross."

"Next," was the swift order, and number four could have stamped her small foot for vexation.

The next had no better success, and down the ranks sped the luckless word, in all varieties of shading, even including m-o-w, mo, and r-a-w-ss, ross, till it came almost to the foot, while Mattie

leaned breathlessly forward, fearing that somebody *would* spell it; and didn't *she* know exactly what the next to the last word was?

Quick as a flash, she took it up as the last syllable left her neighbor's lips.

"M-o, mo, r-o-s-e, ross, moross," said Mattie, though she knew the pronunciation was incorrect, for not to pronounce was "a miss," and she dared not correct the *pro tem* teacher. But his mistake was clear to all now.

"It isn't fair!" shouted half a dozen voices. "Mr. Weston, *shall* she go up? The word wasn't pronounced right."

Mr. Weston was busy with an advanced recitation, and gave no reply.

"Come up," called Bertie Kent, half-way up the class. "You spelled it right, anyway, and nobody else did."

"Go on," said the teacher, vexed at having his authority questioned.

And Mattie went, half-reluctantly, half-triumphantly, past her mates, some pleased, but more provoked at her success. But her tender conscience was touched, and she realized nothing more till the leader, having passed down, number two had answered to the roll-call. Still she hesitated, in a painful puzzle.

"Number three—perfect," answered Bertie Kent, in her place, in a loud, clear tone, and the hurried teacher passed on.

Bertie Kent had an ugly, red crescent on his cheek, and was perpetually "missing;" but, years after his life-lesson was closed, and his poor, disfigured face had crumbled into dust, Mattie remembered that day's kindness, and always with a warm, grateful thrill at her heart.

How blithely her little feet danced homeward that night! What a clatter of childish joy to pour into poor mamma's weary but sympathizing ear!

Mattie felt that she could work now with a redoubled zeal, and she felt sure of the prize, for Blanche had actually missed a day. She had seen the prizes, too, when Mr. Weston was showing them to a favorite pupil. They were common lithographs, in the rude art and glaring colors prevalent in that day, but, to the child's eyes, marvels of beauty.

"She was sure," she said, "which *she* should choose" for the winners were to be allowed a choice. It was one of "two such beautifully-dressed young ladies, trying to catch a lot of the *cunningest* little mice with the tongs;" and her tongue ran so incessantly about it that her mother declared she felt as if she should turn into a mouse herself from hearing it.

Mattie had two chances for it, for every one said the correct deportment prize was sure to be hers.

But alas for the vanity of a ten-year-old girl's expectations when the powers that be interfere!

Mattie had a step-father, who certainly felt no

love for her, though the patient, humble little thing strove hard to win it. He possessed, however, a great affection for his dignity, which was correspondingly easy to offend; and on one luckless occasion, just at this critical time, when her success was trembling in the balance, Mattie unconsciously transgressed. The mind of the potentate was not slow to devise the keenest punishment.

"Now, my lady," he cried, triumphantly, "you don't go to school again for a week."

Mattie was crushed. *Could* he mean it? Too surely he did. In vain the poor child protested that she had meant no harm. In vain she wept and plead for mercy. The man took pleasure in the writhings of his victim, so they strengthened instead of changing his resolution, and he had for everything the same answer, "I'll teach you to be sassy to me."

A queen, on the day of her coronation, might have seen her crown torn from her brow and trampled in the dust with far less agony than Mattie saw the reward of her winter's toil thus snatched from her hands. But she had no leisure for moaning. Baby must be coaxed to sleep, and a long, long process it was before she could steal away to her dingy room with its pallet of straw on the floor in one corner, and there sob out her bitter disappointment. Yet, for a wonder, there mingled with it no hard or angry feelings. She was too young, and her nature too submissive. *They* were to come later, when her mind should be fully enough developed to perceive the injustice, and her whole nature strong enough to rebel against it. Then what stinging scorn she felt for the mean nature that could so abuse its absolute power! But now it was only sore hurt and prostrate helplessness. Oh, the pitifulness of that needless and undeserved sorrow! One would almost have thought the angels would have come down to comfort her utter forlornness. But they did not, and the next morning broke, dull and gray, upon her misery. What long, long days were those! What an age it seemed before she was free to go back to what appeared now an utterly hopeless struggle. Yet she could not give it up, and, at last, the eventful day when the awards were to be made came round, tossing its sharp March snowflakes, with impudent carelessness, into the face of every one who had the hardihood to venture forth.

"Never mind if you *don't* get the prize," said her mother, as Mattie was tying on her hood to set out. "Your father says you may call that new engraving yours that he got the other day. The price is five dollars, and *those* little things can be bought anywhere for a shilling."

Now Mattie thought, in her own mind, that the engraving was very homely, and the mere calling of another person's property hers could not for a moment repay her for the loss of that beautiful thing which she might have earned "all herself,"

and which would have been "her very own," carried off, in triumph, from so many eager competitors. But she was too thoughtful and loving to let her dear mother perceive this, so she made a cheerful reply, and hurried away, with very little hope in her heart.

The long afternoon wore slowly away, but, at length, the last class had recited, and the school waited breathlessly for the distribution of prizes. Blanche Parker had just one "ticket" more than Mattie, and she chose the coveted picture. Mattie cared little, after that, when it was found that her "correct deportment cards" were exactly equaled by a grown-up young lady of the "first class." As, though "grown up" and the daughter of wealth, said young lady made no offer to relinquish her chance, the puzzled teacher proposed that they draw for the prize. They drew, and Mattie lost. So it ended, the day that might have been, but for tyrannical spite, such a joy, such a triumph to her that its aroma would have spread delightfully through many future years. She had no second opportunity. There were no more school-days for her until the times of prize-giving were over. All her life there was, right here, a sore, dark spot, where might, so easily, have smiled a sweet and pleasant memory. This is no fancy sketch; it is even brighter than was the reality; neither is it an obsolete experience. There are too many such parents and guardians, even in this enlightened day.

Be careful, be pitiful, ye who have power over little children, and hold their poor, young hearts in your, too often, ruthless hands. Oh, how seldom we remember that the wrong done to a child grows with its growth, a mar upon what should have been faultless, a scar borne through all its life, it may be, for aught we know, through all the cycles of eternity! Yea, and it may be a sword shall pierce through our own souls, also, at the memory of it in future days. And what dark and undreamed-of sentence may be set against our names therefor in the great Record. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones for," says the Tender Shepherd, "their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

ADA M. KENNICOTT.

GOODNESS.—A good mother, when her son was leaving the home of his childhood and going out into the great world, knowing that he was ambitious, gave him this parting injunction: "My son, remember that, though it is a good thing to be a great man, it is a great thing to be a good man." No sounder, no truer words were ever spoken. A great many may dazzle, but a good man is a beacon shining afar, by whose beneficent light a multitude are enabled to walk in safety. The best success is often achieved by the humblest; and an obscure life well spent is better than a wicked renown.

HOUSEHOLD SCENES.

"Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee."

Prov. xxv, 17.

SCENE FIRST.

MARY, get my clothes, I am going to town to-day." (That's the farmer's phraseology.)

MARY.—"Take a lunch with you, William."

WILLIAM.—"Oh, no; 't isn't worth while. I'll go with John" (his intimate friend) "to dinner; he always insists on it."

MARY.—"It makes trouble for Sarah to have unexpected company. I'd rather you would take a lunch."

WILLIAM.—"Now, pray, what is the difference? They have dinner anyway; and what is one more? Besides, they always cook bountifully. You women are so afraid of making trouble."

SCENE SECOND.

"John, come home early, please. Kate is washing, and baby is not so well as usual. I know you'll excuse a short dinner, as I am cook."

"Very well," replied the husband, as he fondly took leave of his girl-wife of two short years, not dreaming of the test of manhood that awaited him ere he should return to his loved and honored home.

The hand of the cottage clock pointed to ten minutes of twelve. The poor, tired wife, unaccustomed to cooking, glanced at her neatly-set table, and pronounced all things ready and in good order. But, hark! It is the voice of her liege-lord.

"Walk in and be seated. I'll get some fresh water."

John stepped into the dining-room, not so much for the water as to announce the guest—he who had refused a lunch in the morning.

Reader, if you be a man, just open with John that dining-room door, and "put yourself in his place." There stood the young wife, the picture of despair. She had cleaned the house, cooked the dinner and churned, all with her teething babe in her arms.

Do you wonder that John was, for the moment, speechless? His heart smote him with remorse, and he almost wished he had never been born.

"O John!" sobbed the wife, "how could you treat me so?"

JOHN.—"Don't worry, it is only William. I thought it would make no difference. He was in the office when I was about leaving, and what *else* could I do? I'll take care of baby while you finish dinner."

So, with baby and cool water, John bravely went into the cozy little parlor.

William was very pleasant, even to gushing. He led off on politics, then finance, and wound up on church discipline. Some one has said the "beauty of entertainment is being entertained." So it was with William.

For nearly an hour the little woman battled with pots and skillets, getting a new dinner, then donned a clean apron and rang the bell.

Kind reader, did you ever try to smile when your heart was breaking? This little woman did. With a face crimsoned from heat and exhaustion, her nervous system all unstrung, and eyes filled and burning with unshed tears, she was yet expected to be bright and pleasant.

Does not this true picture remind you of the man who was chained to a rock to die by torture? And then the "unkindest cut"—this unwelcome guest complimenting the delicious cooking!

"Would like your recipe for these tempting muffins. What broiler do you use?"

I will draw the curtain over the six weeks that followed. The nervous fever of the wife, the second-summer baby, with the care and nursing of both, developed that husband into a wiser and more considerate man. It was no longer a cross to him to leave his office full of men, without giving them a complimentary invitation to dine.

The text says: "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee."

When you extend a call until dinner or tea hour, and you are invited to remain, remember the text, and withdraw thyself; you are not expected, and therefore it will be very inconvenient for the hostess if you remain. She invites you out of courtesy generally. There are occasions when to refuse an invitation is in bad taste, but don't get a microscope to look for these occasions.

I have a friend who is a widow, and for the first few years of her great affliction (omitting the first year or two) her self-invited and chance guests would make themselves welcome, as they fancied, by alluding to her widowhood, and saying that they would recommend her as a housekeeper, etc. Just think of a refined and cultivated lady being subject to such barbarian rudeness!

Within twenty miles of where I am now sitting there lies in mother-earth the precious body of a lovely, Christian woman, whose death was the result of "too much company." During the sitting of a religious convention she overtaxed her strength and fell a victim to a low fever from which she never recovered. Five years an invalid, and death opened the door to a haven of rest. Often I have heard her say when tired and worn out, "I regard the grave only as a sweet resting place." This woman of God now rests in Heaven.

You meet by chance a man on his way home to dine; he invites you to bear him company and

dine with him. Don't be foolish enough to think he really wants you; far from it; he has not the moral courage to pass you without extending some sort of an apology for invitation. I have known the household machinery to run in side grooves for a whole week on account of chance company on washday. I might cite hundreds of instances where chance company has occasioned serious domestic volcanoes in the household, and a few instances of permanent estrangement.

Now, while the word reform is being heralded all over the land, let us grasp the spirit and inaugurate it in this direction. The time has past when we can, with impunity and without ceremony, accept invitations to dine when we know they are only given out of courtesy. Our servants are not what they were twenty years ago, when we could touch a spring, figuratively speaking, and a tempting meal would adorn our tables.

Times have changed, and we must change with them. I am a social being, and love companionship, indeed I am very fond of company, but I claim the right to say when, and whom, I shall entertain. I have oftentimes had a house filled with friends, whom I love dearly, and yet my tired body and overtaxed brain cried out for rest and received none.

I will cite you one noble example of how to go to the city and do your shopping and visit, yet make no trouble. Mrs. M. C. C. lives ten miles from the city, where she does her shopping. In the morning before leaving home she prepares a nice lunch, and about noon she, with her family, repair to their carriage in some quiet place and dine. In the afternoon she visits her friends and meets a cordial welcome everywhere. Aside from her consideration of her friends, she is one of the most delightful ladies I ever knew. In the evening she returns, having brightened many homes with her genial face, and yet inconvenienced no one. Remember this noble example.

Now do not judge her harshly who has given you this plain talk, for the worst enemy she has, if she has enemies, would scorn to call her stingy or narrow-minded. The greatest failing her friends think she has is "liberality to a fault."

Hoping that this kindly-meant suggestion of "reform in visiting," may lead to a movement which, when rightly inaugurated, will lift a burden from thousands of patient, overworked wives and mothers, I am, in kindness and love,

R. M. H.

LIVE FOR A PURPOSE.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest and food.
Pray Heaven for firmness, thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
And grace to give the praise, where all is ever due.

ALARM BELLS.

THE far-off echo of a clanging bell—
An echo that has grown
Faint in the distance, is as soft and low
As the alarm tone
That rings athro' the soul, yet it is clear,
And tells distinctly of a danger near.

Softly the sound comes, stealing thro' heart-cells
As music doth awake
When the wind-harp is touched, and yet the soul
At no time doth mistake
The warning note, the sound is very clear
That touches so the spirit's inner ear.

The angels warn us, ringing bells so sweet
They 'mind us of the tone
That might come from a chime of lily bells,
Vale lilies when, wind blown,
The dainty fluted cups inverted might
Give out the sound my spirit heard last night.

Cometh the warning, and my soul must hear
The while my lips are dumb;
As surely as the WARNING, to my heart
The foretold GRIEF doth come;
And if I fain would close mine inner ear,
The sound still trembles in more soft and clear.

And WHY not believe the angels warn us so?
We cannot put aside
The fact that premonitions come to us;
Is it unbelief, or pride,
That grows to a cruel smile when others hear
The story of the bells, to me so clear?

My soul is still with awe; her finest threads
Tremble; she cannot tell
What it may mean; she gathers up the sound
Like echoes in a shell;
She listens with an awe akin to fear;
The low sound comes, and the still soul *must* hear.

Let hard lips smile; we know when the sound
comes—
The sound that is to us
But echoes of the bells on God's fair hills;
Our soul is tremulous—
Not that we alway dread, but friends are dear
And we are lonely as they disappear;

The sweet, sweet faces that our kisses sealed.
We do not doubt—we KNOW
The angels ring the warning on God's hills
When a beloved must go
To meet, half-way, the angels, who draw near
And wait when the soft echoes touch our ear.

ADELAIDE STOUT.

THE ANNALS OF A BABY.*

VII.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

THE Poor Relation's Aged Father and Mother sat together in the vine-wreathed porch, in the glowing sunset of a mellow autumn day. The sky was all glorious with purple and gold; roseate clouds, fringed with their silver linings, floated like islands of the blest upon an amber sea; while piled up against the wide horizon were the transparent pinnacles and lustrous domes of an ethereal temple with gates of pearl guarded by white-winged angels; and just overhead spread the tender, melting blue, with its unutterable calm that soothes the soaring spirit with the peace of God which passeth understanding. And the leaves on the vines seemed to have caught the changing colors of the heavens, and had turned crimson and yellow, and on every light breeze some of them were shaken down upon the earth. With the Aged Father and Mother, too, the Sunset of Life was coming on apace, and, like the fading leaves, they also were passing away. And as the old man sat with his hands clasped on the top of his staff, and looked out with his dim eyes toward the iridescent West, its glow seemed to wrap them about with lingering warmth, and to make the needles shine as they clicked through the Aged Mother's knitting. They had been silent for a while, each thinking the thoughts that come to the very old—of a past full of memories, of a future so short in this world, so tinged with mingled feelings as it extended into the next.

"Wife," at length said the old man, "we, too, are going down—going down like the sun; we have borne the burden and heat of the day, and the shades of evening are gathering fast; we have had a hard life together; will you be sorry when the night comes on, and there is no more any work or device in the grave?"

"Not sorry, Father," she answered, with the sweet quavers of age in her mild voice, "for the grave is such a precious rest for these worn-out bodies; there will be no more aches or weariness there, and it is pleasant to think that for the part of us which is not body there is the Beyond, where one likes to believe there are no more tears. And, Father, if our lives have been hard in some respects, it has been very happy in others; surely it has been a great blessing that we have been spared to each other, that we have had all our good and ill together; and then, above all, there were the children!"

"The children!" replied the old man, a little bitterly, "were there ever children born into this world that were not a disappointment in some way or other to their parents?"

"Oh, not all, not all!" answered the Aged Mother. "Think of our Mary and her Crippled Sister!"

"Ay, ay," said the Aged Father, "they are good enough—true and tender; but then the lives they have had! All sorrow, and pain, and labor! It has been an ever-piercing thorn in my side that our girls could not have been sheltered in from every hardship and every grief—that they should not have had happy homes and little ones of their own, like that Baby who was here to-day! And

it might have been—it all might have been, if it had not been for the wickedness of that boy!"

"O Father, Father! don't say hard things of him, for it was not willful wickedness, only the folly and wildness of youth; and I am sure, if he had lived, he would have atoned long ago. Remember only that he was our first child—our eldest son!"

"I remember it only too well!" sternly replied the old man. "I remember my joy when he was born; what high hopes I built on him; how I worked for him, and watched his growth with such pride and gladness! I tell you, wife, that the love with which a father loves his eldest son passes the love of a woman, for he sees in him a fresher, newer self, and the embodiment of his race, and there is a sort of sadness and yearning in it, too, from his own knowledge of life; and I loved this son so, and tried to make him strong and wise. And after all, he dragged my name in the dust, and ruined us all over there in the Great City. I have never been the same man since."

"But, O Father!" and the clicking needles were silent, and fell into her lap, as she laid her withered hand on her husband's arm, and there was a sob amid the pleading tones; "think how heart-struck he must have been when he took his own life rather than face your wrath; think what an agony of suffering and shame our boy must have gone through when he could thus plunge into death to escape it! Oh, don't say it was cowardly, Father, for he was not himself when he did it! He was insane with remorse, for our John had been such a brave boy!" and the two wrinkled hands were wrung together, and a tear flashed down upon the bright needles.

The old man put his arm around the trembling form, and gently answered: "You are right, Mother dear; and it is not well for me to go back to that sad time, or to set a single act of temptation and wrong-doing against all the other years of affection and obedience. And after all, we had great comfort in our grave, steady Jamie!"

"But oh!" said the Aged Mother, all stirred up with these reminiscences, "it was hard, too, that he should have died in a foreign land, away from us all, and with only strangers to close his eyes!"

And a new shadow fell over the old man's face; the Aged Mother saw it, and her quivering arms went round his neck, and she pressed her white and wrinkled cheek against his wan face.

"Dear," she murmured, "it may seem a strange thing, but I very rarely think of our boys as dead or lost to us; mostly I look forward, and see them, radiant and beautiful, in that other world where I am going to meet them. Ah, Father, you will never be hard upon our Johnnie there, for all things will be made known to you then! and Jamie will be just your other self."

"Well, wife," answered the old man, softly, "I believe it may be so, for, after all, John really loved us, and by the love that was in him he may have been made meet for Heaven, and by love he shall be forgiven!"

The purple and gold of the setting sun flashed out more gloriously than ever; the white pinnacles and shining domes of the ethereal temple grew more and more luminous, and the tender blue above seemed to drop down its inexpressible calm like the very dew of heaven; the yellow autumn leaves floated awhile on the soft breeze

before they rested on the damp mould, and a silence more eloquent than words fell upon the Aged Father and Mother, as with clasped hands they still looked out toward the glowing West.

Then the aged woman said softly out of her reverie of remembrance: "Dear Father! you always think of the children as grown up; but they always come back to me, when I am alone, as little children still. Often and often I sit by the nursery fire in our old home, and they come in with their pattering feet, and group themselves about me in the twilight: Johnnie, with his curly head upon my knee; Jamie, always grave and steady, on his cricket in a corner of the hearth; our dear Mary, with the flames lighting up her golden hair and angel face; our poor, afflicted one, bright and restless then, dancing round me on her tiny feet; and the baby—O Father! the baby that never grew up, lying close upon my happy breast! See! I have only to close my eyes, and they are all there. I forget Johnnie's sin, and Jamie's far-away grave; I forget our Mary's toiling, lonely life, and the pains of her Crippled Sister; I forget the tears I shed for my baby; for I only behold the faces of their childhood—the innocent, sweet faces, untouched by the world and unspoiled by time! They come in and out to me all day long; I hear their young voices; I feel their clinging arms! They have been men and women, sinners and sufferers, but they are my little children always still!"

"Ah! would we could have kept them so," replied the old man, "keep them innocent, and unstained, and untried forever! for what do the years bring us all? And if all things had turned out well, in the course of nature and time our children would probably have turned to other interests, and wrung our hearts anyhow by separation! As it is, what has life brought them, and what has it brought us? Death and sorrow, and an old age of poverty and regrets!"

The Aged Mother clasped his hand firmly. "No, dear! no regrets for me. I have had my children; there is no regret for me in that—even about John; and in our deepest poverty I could always go back in my heart to our old home, and feel all the love-richness of my early motherhood. There is no poverty for a mother whose children have loved her! We cannot judge how life has dealt even with our own. How do we know but that Johnnie's sin may have been his salvation from worse, and that the Angel of Death may not have led him into some condition fitter for his nature? and if Jamie died, Jamie had lived well; there never can be any regrets about Jamie! and surely the lives of our Mary and her Crippled Sister are a daily lesson and blessing! And I have my baby in Heaven—my baby that never has grown up through all these years! Father, we must have no regrets at God's dealings with us. A higher wisdom than ours ordereth all things right!"

And the Aged Father bowed his head, and reverently said, "Amen!"

The light in the sunset sky was something wonderful to see; the very splendor of the innermost heavens seemed to glow through its magnificence of color; the waves of the amber sea spread farther and farther, and the silver-fringed islands deepened in their roseate hue; the wings of the angels guarding the gates of pearl were too luminous for eyes

to rest on; and the shining pinnacles and domes seemed to be wreathed with ascending flames; the measureless depths of the blue above were still calm with their unspeakable peace; and the dying leaves ceased for a little while to fall, but floated, floated softly still, as silence once more fell upon the Aged Father and Mother.

After a quiet space, the old man, with his dim eyes still looking outward toward the iridescent hues, said a little faintly, as the breeze lifted his snowy hair: "Wife, the days are very long; the sun is slow in going down; I am weary, and I would the end were come!"

And she answered gravely: "It cannot be far off, for our work is done and the darkness is drawing near."

The purple and gold lost a little of their brightness; the waves of the amber sea waxed paler and withdrew from the far-off verges; the roseate islands paled to a delicate pink; over the lustrous domes and pinnacles of the ethereal temple a scarcely perceptible white mist seemed to arise; at the gates of pearl the angel wings lost something of their dazzling sheen, and in the lovely blue overhead a grayish shadow mingled with its brooding peace; more and more of the crimson and yellow leaves slipped away from the thinning vines, were whirled about faster in the cooler air, and dropped swiftly upon the waiting mould.

The old man turned his dim eyes from the fading West to gaze upon the wrinkled face of his life-long companion.

"Dear," he said, "the night is dark and the grave is cold; but there is one thing that has never been dark to me, night or day—the light of your loving eyes; and one thing that has never been cold, even through the dreariest winter—the warmth of your wifely heart. God bless you, love of my youth and consoler of my age!"

And the worn old hand shook that caught hold of hers; the touch of it chilled her very life-blood, and a strange shadow passed over his aged face.

"Father, Father!" she gasped out, as she leaned over with pallid lips to kiss his, already cold and white, "do not leave me alone! take me with you to the children!"

"Come!" he just whispered with the last fleeting breath; "we will go together to our children!" and the shadow that was on his face passed over to hers.

The faint gleam of the purple and gold died out; the fading flush of rosy isles paled and paled, till even the silver lining lost its brightness; the glow of the amber sea was drawn inward from the gathering shades of evening that swept over it to the changing gates of pearl, where the angels' wings were soaring away in snowy, transparent clouds; while behind the dimming veil of mist the ethereal domes and pinnacles were dissolving like the baseless fabric of a vision; and over the peace of the heavenly blue the blackness of silent night was spreading fast. The crimson and yellow leaves had lost their color in the failing light, and lay an undistinguishable heap upon the dew-damp mould, while the last rays of the dying day lingered upon the staff which had fallen at the old man's feet, and upon the bright needles which would click in the busy fingers no more forever. And over the vine-wreathed porch the gray shadows of night crept about the Aged Father and

Mother, who sat very still together with clasped hands when the Sunset of Life was over.

VIII.

AUNT HANNAH.

AUNT HANNAH lived in a grim, gray mansion on the outskirts of the town, and to the gay Young Aunties, bright with their untried life and joyous with early hope, Aunt Hannah was a very grim and gray personage herself; for she resided alone in this large, empty house, full of the solid, heavy furniture of other days, keeping the casements always darkened, so that the rooms seemed haunted by gloomy shadows, and moving about therein with a grave, slow presence, as of one who carried a solemn weight. Nothing was ever awry in that silent house; the high-backed chairs stood straight against the wall in their accustomed places from year to year, and the big, old-fashioned bedsteads, with their canopies and draperies, were more like funeral catafalques than couches for the living. The primmest of footmen opened the hall-door to rare visitors with a subdued and sepulchral air, suggestive of an undertaker; and the fattest, laziest, nattiest of coachmen in antiquated coat and capes, drove the fat, lazy, shining old horses at a snail's pace when Aunt Hannah went in her roomy coach to make her annual duty call on her brother's family. Then the unwilling Young Aunties made expressive wry faces to each other on the stairs as they went down to endure her visit, and sat stiffly round the parlor, hammering their brains for stupid commonplaces with which to entertain her—with all their merry quips and quirks banished from their lips, and all their airy gossip laid aside as something too uncongenial for the chilling atmosphere of so severe a guest. Even the kindly Grandmother grew less cordial and more studiously polite with this reserved and solitary woman; and if the hearty Grandfather kissed his sister with warm welcoming, a tinge of sympathetic sadness seemed always to fall over him as he talked with her; and she, going not at all into the world, had but few subjects of conversation for them all, and it was with a great show of deference and stifled sighs of relief that their occasional intercourse terminated. And so Aunt Hannah dwelt apart in her grim and echoing house, a lonely woman little known. She manifested so little interest in the outer world, that it was only on family occasions that she was recalled or regarded as one of themselves. Possibly, if she had been poor and in want, the loving-kindness of these kindred hearts would have drawn her among them, and shared more of their own life with her. But Aunt Hannah was extremely rich; and while the worldly Grandmother sometimes thought of this with a spasmodic access of interest and attention, other members of the household seemed to make it an additional cause for distance. The Young Aunties had a vague understanding that some great sorrow had once made Aunt Hannah's days dark and dreary; but they had so many light matters of their own to engage their hearts and time, that they troubled their minds and memories very little with one they scarcely sought.

But the Young Mother's spirit was stirred within her by the present of little cloaks which Aunt

Hannah had sent to Baby's Party; and an unusual interest had been excited when Grandfather No. One had spoken with so much emotion of the forgotten fairy who had not been bidden to the festivity. She pondered these things in her heart of hearts, and her thoughts lingered about the grim, gray house and its grim, gray tenant. Surely, it seemed to her, that was a tender soul who had cared so considerably for the infants of the poor, and more and more she felt that in the woman's nature there must be sweet founts that might be reached by little hands; and there came over her a great yearning toward this unloved being, who, in her unremembered loneliness, had sent forth such a token of goodness to unknown babies. It occurred to her, that if the habitual barrier of reserve could be penetrated and the precious humanities within once aroused by some gentle ministry, that Aunt Hannah might be drawn out of her seclusion to be a power in the world and a benediction to others; and she was strongly moved to rise up and go to her with such greeting as should open the way to more familiar amenities. But the Young Mother was proud, and delicate, and quixotic as any uncalculating soul, and her cheek colored as she fancied that her motive might possibly be misunderstood; but a higher inspiration than that came upon her with the sudden pity that Aunt Hannah's very wealth should shut her away from the approaches of real affection. Still, it was not an easy matter to get nearer to an interior nature through the ordinary method of formal visits, and the Young Mother, who had been a gay girl herself, had been frozen up like all the other Young Aunties by the undemonstrative demeanor; but at last the idea dawned on her that as Aunt Hannah must have a feeling for babies—or she never would have furnished those dainty cloaks—perhaps Baby might be the very best means by which to find her innermost heart. So Baby was forthwith arrayed in all her glory, and borne by Baby's Nurse to the door of the grim, gray house, where Baby's Young Mother took her in her own arms, and was admitted alone, by the primmest of footmen, to the silence of the solitary halls.

Amid the oppressive shadows of the gloomy parlor she sat waiting with a beating heart for the grim, gray woman, over whose threshold, she compassionately meditated, no other baby had ever come. Then slowly, stately, coldly, plain and pale, Aunt Hannah entered; and before she could scarcely recognize her visitor in the dim light, the Young Mother had gone swiftly forward to her, and kissed her over and over on her lips, her eyes, her brow. People rarely kissed Aunt Hannah, and then not often with particular warmth, so that she was at once struck dumb with surprise.

Then the Young Mother spoke in her earnest, winning voice: "Dear Aunt Hannah, I am very sure you must love babies, so I have brought mine to see you."

And Baby, not a whit abashed by a stranger, put out her chubby arms, and cooed up into the new face as if she found nothing there to frighten, of grimness or of grayness; but a strange pallor spread over the worn countenance, and the Young Mother saw with dismay that her cold-mannered kinswoman had commenced to tremble as with a chill. But Baby put up one of her dimpled hands,

and touched the faded cheek, and the next instant the little golden-ringed head was clasped close to a heaving breast. The Young Mother was too amazed to speak; she stood still a moment while the older woman mastered her unexpected emotion, for she instantly divined that the sight of her child had touched the chord of some passionate sorrow which had never died. But Aunt Hannah strove to assume her usual deportment, and to converse upon ordinary topics, though she never lifted her eyes off Baby's small figure, and her lips quivered as she talked, till at last, as if the fountains of the great deep broke up, all at once she cried out suddenly: "A baby! a baby! In my arms! on my heart!"

"And why not?" softly said the Young Mother; "they are a woman's arms; it is a woman's heart!"

And Aunt Hannah looked at her as if half-frightened at having betrayed her feelings, and half-timidly, as if she scarcely expected to be believed.

"Dear," she said, "it must surprise you that I, of all people, should be so agitated at seeing your little one; but, do you know, it is the first time in all my life I ever held a baby in my arms!"

The Young Mother was almost shocked, knowing how often babies are more plentiful in the world than arms to hold them; but then it was Aunt Hannah, and Aunt Hannah had lived shut up from the world, babies included, this many a long year.

"Dear Auntie," she answered, "perhaps I have disturbed you too much by bringing Baby to you; but, you see, we all think so much of our blessing that I could not bear that there should be one member of the family who did not know her, and I wanted you to love our darling, too."

And Aunt Hannah answered her slowly and sadly: "It is a long time since I loved anything!"

The Young Mother laid her soft hand on the one that still clung to her child, and the elder woman broke out in quicker words: "I thought I should never love anything in this life again; and now you have brought me a baby—of all things to me, a baby! and it is stirring the old life in my heart once more!" and she drew the Young Mother close down to her, and whispered, half-gasping, as if each syllable came forth with a wrench of pain: "Don't you know—have you never heard—that I, too, was once a mother?"

"No, Auntie," answered the Young Mother, "I did not know that; and some day, dear, when you have come to love my Baby, will you tell me about yours?"

And Aunt Hannah drew her closer, closer, whispering still, as if she could not breathe aloud the secret sorrow of her soul: "Yes, I was once a mother, but I never had a baby!" and then answering the puzzled look which crossed the Young Mother's face, she added, with a great sob: "O child! my baby died before it was born."

And then the Young Mother understood that this disappointed hope had been the overflowing drop of despair in Aunt Hannah's bitter cup. What could she say to such a life-cherished grief, that had been a matter of so little moment in the family that it had been forgotten, or never spoken about, and yet which had helped to darken and make solitary this sad woman's whole existence. She laid her fair cheek against the worn face.

"Dear, dear Auntie," she said, "I can imagine how hard that was! To the mother-heart our child is always our child, and the greatness of the loss is not to be measured by the life!"

Aunt Hannah clung to her, held her tight, and the arms of both women were around the Baby.

"Child, child," she murmured, "for thirty years I have not spoken of this; I never, never could speak of it before; my heart was broken then, for I lost all at once—all at once! Come with me," she said, starting up, "I must tell you all now, for you are a woman and a mother, and you will understand. Your Baby's hands have torn away the seal of my silence!"

And with Baby making unresisted clutches at her brooch, she kept her in her arms as she walked up the broad staircase, followed by the Young Mother with her soul full of wonder and sympathy. She led the way through dimly-lighted passages and shaded rooms, to one which at first glance the Young Mother saw had been arranged as a nursery; for there was a costly cradle in a corner, covered with faded silk and rich lace grown yellow with time; and there was the dainty baby's basket, with the same color faded away by the years, and a coral and bells lying on the bureau in whose drawers she surmised there were laid away the little garments that had never been worn; and over the deep fireplace with its bright andirons, and piled-up unlighted logs, there hung a man's portrait which seemed to look down still upon Aunt Hannah's plain and aging features with a young and loving face. And there the two women sat down together, and as Aunt Hannah poured out the story of her past to the Young Mother, Baby fell asleep with its tiny, golden head nestled upon that bosom which had never before pillowed an infant's slumber.

"I was a very happy girl," she said, "not merry and gay as your bright young sisters very likely are among themselves, but rather grave and silent, and a little shy in my ways, but still truly and peacefully happy. You know your father and I lost our parents when we were children, but we grew up nevertheless under kindly and careful guardianship, and there was not a cloud in all the untroubled sky of my early years; and when love came to me it was so gradual, so natural and so sweet, that I never dreamed of the depth and intensity of my own nature; and all things went so smoothly and pleasantly for me as regards my marriage—for my husband was young, well-born, well thought of and very rich. And when he brought me home to this old house, which had been his father's before him, and welcomed me into its walls with a grace and earnestness as charming as it was precious, I lifted up my heart in wordless thanksgiving as the most blessed among women. We lived here two or three such happy, perfect years, that if it had not been for the memory of them I never, never, could have borne the crushing weight of the after desolation. Two or three years, and I had but one desire in the world. It seemed to me that a love so entire, so mutual, ought to blossom out in the crowning flower of a child that should be partly him and partly me, as the very personation and consecrated consummation of our blended spirits. And at last my desire was about to be fulfilled. Dear, I can hardly tell you, it was something so strange and

so sacred, with what lofty and holy aspirations I was filled. To be the author of a living soul, the originator of an immortal being, the selected instrument in the miracle of creation! Oh, the mystery, the awe, the glory of it, filled me with humility, with ecstasy, with daily worship. What a new world of visions and hopes opened on me; what an overwhelming sense of responsibility overmastered me; what a going forth and clinging to the divine comforted me! All my faculties enlarged, my instincts widened. I became part of the whole beating pulse of humanity, since, in my exaltation, all humanity seemed also to be parent to my child. And there were times when the divinity of love so flooded my soul that I realized the emanation of all existence from the Fatherhood of God. I longed with inexpressible yearning that this coming being should be in all things pure and unblemished and beautiful; and I, who was no more myself to myself, or of any worth save as the mother of my child, I was minutely careful of my acts, my thoughts, even of my surroundings. I studied and strictly conformed to physiological laws; I read only the loftiest and noblest books; I steadfastly put away from me every narrow or unelevating sentiment; I lived, moved and had my being in an atmosphere of exquisite harmony, inspiring pursuits and delicious reveries. I lived long, future years in my child's life; I peopled this old house and these silent rooms with other little shapes; I heard their footsteps on the stairs, their voices in the halls. I even lived in my children's children; and through it all always was the beloved face of their Father beaming on me, if possible, more tenderly as a Mother than a Wife. And I loved him so. I think only a woman can comprehend the added sense of belonging, the solemn realization of being really flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone, of being truly joined together beyond any possible chance of putting asunder, with which I loved my husband as the father of my child. And loving him so, living thus in my hopes and dreams, without a shadow as large as a man's hand to warn me of the wrath to come, I saw him go forth one day, strong in his youth, full of health, and happiness, and love, and in a single hour they had brought him home to me—quite dead! He had been thrown from his horse, had struck his temple in the fall, and had been killed instantly. After that I remember nothing more. When my mind came back to me, I recollected that my baby ought to have been born, and my first looks searched for it and my first words asked for it. They told me, a little sadly, but as if they felt it was but a small calamity compared with the greater loss, that it had died before it was born. Its father's death had slain it. When they told me that, I answered never a word, but turned my face to the wall and laid there for days like a stone. And it seemed to me as if my heart had turned to stone within me. What could others know of my dead hopes, my buried visions? What understanding could any one else have that I was torn asunder, had lost flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone, was a mere nothing and part of being in becoming less than a wife and mother—a mere desolate self, the wreck of what was once a complete woman! So I never said much to any one. My sorrow was deeper than words, almost deeper than tears; and I took up my life again in a dull sort of way, never

caring greatly for anything more, and have lived ever since alone with my dead. When I knew your Baby had been born, so near to me, my heart trembled toward it; and when I heard about your Baby's Party, somehow a tender feeling toward those little waifs came over me; and now that you have brought this little one here, see how the very sight and touch of a baby has pierced the long repression, and opened up the very secrets of my soul!"

With reverent and caressing hand the Young Mother drew the drooping head upon her shoulder.

"Dearest Auntie," she said, "because I, too, am a mother, I understand all of it—the joy, the aspiration, the hope, the awful sorrow and the life-long void. And I know—I know there can never be any love like the love you have lost on earth; but dear, dear Auntie! if you will let us all come about you, you do not know how tenderly we will all feel toward you, and what a real pleasure it will be to every one of us to be with you, to love you, to make your life a little less lonely. It is not good for any one to be alone so much; and with a heart so capable of loving, you would have more comfort than you think in giving out feelings to others. Dear Auntie, may I send Baby to you often, and bring the girls round to cheer you up?"

Aunt Hannah sat silent a moment. "Child," at length she answered, "there is so little in me to interest you young people! I have lived shut up with my past and my books so long, that your world is like a strange land to me; my ways are not your ways."

"You are our own dear Auntie," replied the Young Mother, "and we are going to love you, and make you love us just as you are. Only let your heart come out to us, and we will try and bring you a little happiness to brighten up this long gloom and solitude!"

And Aunt Hannah had tears in her eyes and sobs in her voice as she said: "Dear, you shall all come to me if you will, for I have been lonelier than any one knew, and I did not dare to let myself feel till this minute how much I longed for other souls."

And after that the two women talked long together; talked much of the family, and a little more of the dead, and naturally then upon that most universal of all subjects, the life beyond the grave, and the hope of meeting again the loved ones who had gone before. And when the Young Mother dwelt upon the beautiful faith, and spoke to Aunt Hannah as if her lost baby was surely an angel in the heavens, Aunt Hannah made sad reply: "Ah, dear, how do I know? No sign has ever been made me from the other side. And the best authorities cannot tell whether a human being is really a soul till the hour of its birth; and it is of souls we cherish our dreams of immortality. All these long years I have beat against the blind wall of an ignorance that can never be enlightened in this world. I have studied all that has been written about it, and at last—at last I can only say, 'I do not know!' This thought of the Beyond is with me always. To me my husband always is—no reason destroys that faith; but about my baby all is doubt! I think if I had seen its face I might have had more sureness, and I have spent hours upon hours trying to see with my heart how it might have looked; but it is always dim,

shadowy, far off from me—I cannot make it alive. I have lived in sorrow upon the memory of a dream.”

The Young Mother's heart was too full for speech. Here was a new phase of grief for which she knew no consolation; for she was not wise in metaphysics, and her simple trust had never known aught of those refinements of casuistry with which brooding and solitude torture searching intellects. Only the many, many melancholy days and unhappy nights of this life-long desolation rose up before her, and the sympathy of her whole loving nature welled over to this stricken woman who could not even look out to the realms above and behold her baby's face as 't were the face of an angel.

After that there began a new life about Aunt Hannah. Baby went to her every day; and in Baby's Nurse she instinctively perceived that there, too, was one who had suffered, and there came to be a gentle ministry of unspoken interest between the two that brought healing to each. Then the Young Aunties began to drop in—a little shyly and very respectfully at first, but soon warming up into their natural selves as more constant companionship wore off reserve on both sides; the quips and quirks came back in her presence, and the airy gossip was no longer withheld. Aunt Hannah's heart was younger than she knew, for all her youth had only been buried under her sudden and nourished affliction, and began to bubble up again in familiar intercourse with youthful spirits; and soon the old house was seldom without one or other of these gay and merry girls. The Grandfathers walked round of evenings to chat with her, and even talked with her sometimes of stocks, and markets, and business ventures, as one having many moneyed concerns, and said to each other that “Hannah was not wanting in good, sound sense.” The hearty Grandmothers trotted in and out on all sorts of errands, till Aunt Hannah was almost bewildered by the multiplicity of interests which dawned on her, and the deference with which these kindly old ladies regarded her opinions and suggestions. But in truth the hearts of all these women were touched to the core by the thought of that unused cradle in the empty room; and the remembrance of it made them very gentle and earnest toward the lonely woman. The Young Father and the Young Mother seemed to think there was no one like her, and the Poor Relation grew as dear to her as a sister. And Aunt Hannah was fast learning that the love of kindred and the exchange of intimate affection was the very sweetness of life itself.

And the solitary home commenced to blossom like a rose. First one window and then another was opened, till the glad sunlight filled every crack and cranny of the once silent halls and gloomy rooms. Then one Young Auntie and then another brought in a pot of flowers, and the color and beauty were like a welcome surprise where the shadows used to lurk, and in a little while all the sills were bright with blooms; and one day a blithe canary made the wondering walls ring with its echoing melody; and so came back life, and light, and music to the grim and gray old house.

And when a delicate pink tint settled on Aunt Hannah's faded cheek, and her eyes took to shin-

ing at the new order of things, the audacious Young Aunties never rested till they had arranged her hair in more modern style, and got her dress altered to the fashion of the day; and they rummaged through long-locked presses, and found rare old creamy laces and beautiful jewels, and took as much delight in decking her out with them as though they were children adorning a favorite doll; and then they danced around her in admiration, and marched her up to mirrors and bade her look how young and pretty she was growing, almost as pretty as the darling Baby herself—the Baby, who was the Young Aunties' highest standard of perfection; and wondered in their own hearts how they ever could have thought Aunt Hannah a grim and gray old woman; for love and companionship had freshened her face as well as her soul, and the strangeness and the sweetness of being sought and petted and made much of by these young people made her heart very warm and soft toward them, so that she was as pliable as wax in their hands, and they did nearly as they pleased with her. And a quaint, hidden humor began to sparkle dryly up in her talk which struck out answering fun from these merry girls, and so it came about in time that Aunt Hannah felt that she gave as much amusement as she shared.

Grandfather No. One was never tired of expressing his joy at his sister's altered ways, and Grandfather No. Two thought it was as good as a play; the Grandmothers said it was a “resurrection;” the Young Father told his wife she was a magician, and the Young Mother answered that it was the dear Baby who had wrought the miracle; but the Poor Relation, sitting in the twilight with the Crippled Sister, said that “it was all the goodness of God.”

The primmest of footmen was driven distracted by these remarkable changes, and was dimly conscious that they had reached even to him, and that he himself was no longer quite the same, either; he had to open the hall-door so often and answer so many cheerful voices, that his own lost something of its sepulchral tone, and with half a dozen gay young Aunties flying in and out all day long, asking all sorts of questions and giving all kinds of orders, it was impossible to maintain the solemnity of an undertaker; gradually, under the exactions of these busy spirits, the dignity of his office relaxed, and he found himself doing ever so many things that had no relation to his position as a footman, and quite incompatible with continued primness. At first, in the confidence of the lower regions, he was inclined to resent the increase and alterations of his functions, and said more than once that he “Couldn't stay where there was so many goings on, though he had lived with the Missus ever since he wore buttons.” But he never could get away from those Young Aunties; at the first prim sign of insubordination delivered in the most sepulchral tones, his puzzled brain was tormented with the wildest of chaff, and he retired to the lower regions again in utter bewilderment as to whether he was the most important or the most ridiculed footman that ever donned livery. Then the plants and the bird seemed to afford him unusual interest, and he was observed to steal into the rooms and take surreptitious sniffs at the flowers, while he almost surfeited the canary with furtive offerings of sugar. In a little while he

actually took to smiling paternally on the pranks of the Young Aunties, and in the course of time became the abject slave of these arbitrary damsels.

The fat coachman, as he himself expressed it, "was just turned topsy-turvy; scarcely knew if he was on his head or his heels with so much going and coming; and the horses were a-getting thin with exercising, and the flesh was a-wearing off his own bones!"

"Jeems," he said to the prim footman in a confidential conference in the lower regions, "Jeems, they ain't nateral, these rum changes. When folkses have lived such a lot of years along all quiet and easy, why they can't keep on comfortable without stirring everybody up I'm blowed if I can see?"

"But, after all," replied James, "the changes are kinder pleasant when you get used to 'em; we'd got so set into being gruesome that we didn't know there was anything better in the world till the Missus' relations came round. I'm sure I pretty near a-yawned my head off many a night in this very room for want of something to think about!"

"Well, I guess you got it now," said the fat coachman, "for I ain't hardly got time to think at all between 'em all. But it's them gals as aggravates me the worst. They're as full of tricks as monkeys, and you never know whether they're poking fun at you or not, even when they gives you an order."

"Oh," answered James, in the warmth of his new allegiance, "they're young and light-hearted; they don't mean harm; and I'm sure there ain't many young ladies as would be as free-spoken and cordial, even to old servants like us. They've a nice way of making you feel as if you were just as good as themselves, and know you won't presume on it."

"Entirely too free-spoken for my ideas," retorted the fat coachman; "for half the time you don't know what they're talking about; and there's one of 'em keeps a-calling me out of my name all the while, as if it was a joke, and a-proddin' at me about widders, as if I was given to gallivanting round. 'Mr. Weller,' she says to me, and she turns to the Missus, and says she, 'Now, Auntie, ain't he Mr. Weller out and out?' and the Missus she smiles, first at her and then at me—and I must say the Missus is a differing-looking woman since she took to smiling—and she says, 'Mr. Weller is an invallable coachman!' And then the young un she looks at me with a long face, and says very solemn, 'But, Mr. Weller, you must beware of the widders!' 'I don't know none!' says I, getting red, for, thinks I, 'maybe somebody's been telling lies about me!' 'Widders are dangerous, Mr. Weller,' she keeps on. 'Well, Miss,' says I, 'I ain't after no widders, and I ain't afeard o' none!' and the Missus she just laughs out, the first time I heard her laugh since she was like that same young un there, before the drefful time when they brought the Master home stiff and stark; and you know it kinder made me choke all up to hear her laugh again; and I makes my best bow, and says I 'If you please, Miss, I'll look out for widders, and I'll be Weller or anybody else, if it's going to make my Missus laugh like that!' and that there young un she just jumped up, and grabbed my hand, and shook it, and said she, 'You dear old Weller, if you ain't good enough to

be the blessed Pickwick himself!" There's another name she's got for me, and blow me if the whole of 'em ain't at it ever since, first one with their Weller and another with their Pickwick, and a-ordering me to drive to the Markess of Granby, when they mean the summer-house on the hill, and I just believe they're half cracked! and between 'em all, and the hosses a-falling off, and the everlasting stirring up, my capes is a-getting as loose as an old blouse!"

And the fat coachman kept on grumbling, but the roomy coach was kept always bright, the old horses groomed as sleek as satin, and the Young Aunties declared that his eyes twinkled in his fat cheeks when they called him Weller.

Some little time after Aunt Hannah had thus been restored to the activities of life, her conscience began to reproach her for her many years of indulgence in solitude and uselessness; she seemed to feel that she owed a debt to humanity for her long withdrawal from its interests and requirements, and she became almost eager in her quiet way to take up some work by which the rest of her existence could be made to compensate for the idle and aimless past. Through contact with other busy spirits she became cognizant of undeveloped energies in herself, and she grew restless in her outlook for some worthy effort. Hitherto she had thought but little of her accumulated wealth; her abundance, having been a matter of habit, had been taken as a matter of course, and its comings in and its goings out had been regulated only by her individual needs and luxuries; but now the burden of her possessions pressed on her, the inequalities of human fortunes touched her tender soul, she grew into comprehension of her stewardship, and longed to find a judicious and beneficial channel into which to direct her unemployed riches for the helping and salvation of others. At last this constant thought and yearning became almost a trouble to her, and she must fain open her full heart to the Young Mother and the wise old Grandmothers, who entered into her feelings and plans with a zest and sympathy all the greater, perhaps, with one of them, that she felt a little guilty in her own mind of having made sundry calculations on the probable distribution of Aunt Hannah's fortune; but even she was just enough to perceive that the alleviation of the many was a higher purpose than the enriching of the few, and an earnest interest was yielded to the lonely woman who was so unaffectedly reaching out to do good. Then, too, it is a curious peculiarity of our complicated human nature that the disappointment of future advantage may be condoned by present confidence and the privileged pleasure of co-operation and assistance in the very object which changes the direction of bestowal; for to be personally valued by some particular people is often more gratifying than the mere anticipation or reception of their generosity. So these women held many a disinterested consultation, discussed scheme after scheme, went about together to hospitals and asylums, and studied great charities, if thereby they might light upon the best thing to be effected—but without success; for all understood that whatsoever her hand might find to do, it was Aunt Hannah's wish that she should do it with her own might, that she desired to absorb her own personality in it, and pass the

rest of her days in service acceptable to the Lord.

But the Young Mother, having her Baby for inspiration, and having once seen into the depths of that sensitive heart which had been plunged into solitude by the deprivation of motherhood, divined at last the truest direction to satisfy the searching spirit.

"Dear Aunt Hannah," she said, one day, when they were alone, "it seems to me that in the work you are looking for you need something on which you can expend love as well as money; it is a dry business just doing a general good without one's own emotions are exercised at the same time. As a woman, what your nature is craving is not that wide, vague affection for all humanity which would make you help just for humanity's sake; that is very grand, but the glow of it is too exalted to be continual in one's daily feelings. You need some little part of humanity to come near to you as your very own, to cherish and to aid. You want it in your home, in your every-day life, to fill the nooks and corners of your hungry heart. And, dear Auntie, I think there is only one thing that will do all this for you, for you are one of those women in whom the mother-instinct is stronger than any other, if you will only give it a chance. You have no children, and in this unequal world there are so many, many poor babies who have no mothers. You have this large, empty house, and a warm heart ready to take in the helpless. Fill them with babies. Take into your loving arms these little waifs that are left unloved, and I think, dear Auntie, that such a work would be a blessing to you every way."

Aunt Hannah caught at the idea at once; and the Grandmothers said "it was the very thing!" and they wondered they had not thought of it before; the Grandfathers shrugged their shoulders, and remarked that "all women were mad on the subject of babies!" which observation the Young Aunties immediately proved by expressing their delight in exaggerated adjectives; while the Poor Relation told the Crippled Sister about it with appreciative tears in her soft eyes.

Then into the gray old house were brought little friendless orphans, and the prim footman was kept distractingly busy with the comings in of cribs and cradles and all the other needed paraphernalia of infancy; and in finding her vocation, Aunt Hannah had created a new interest for other lives; the Grandmothers could scarcely bear to stay away from those once empty rooms now made full and vocal; they felt the value of their advice and experience; they trotted about, rosy and important, in the service of these small protégés and more than once bore in their own arms, from the haunts of poverty and the embrace of dead mothers, some helpless babe to the saving refuge of this ready home. The Young Mother's susceptible heart overflowed with yearning toward the parentless nurlings, and her love for her own Baby made all these sacred, and beautiful, and precious in her sight. The Poor Relation came in among them as one born with a gift to soothe their sufferings and still their cries, and the motherhood of her woman's soul developed when she took these children in her arms and blessed them. The Fat Nurse found her way there with her mysterious basket, and was always cordially welcomed, for many a useful hint was dropped from beneath the

coal-scuttle bonnet, and more than one sage suggestion emphasized with the bulgy umbrella. But the Young Aunties were quite absorbed in the new enterprise; they constituted themselves amateur nurses, and learned patience in the labor; they rocked cradles to the measure of favorite operas; they picked out particular infants, and gossiped about their beauties with as much relish as over their beaux; they discussed the latest arrival as eagerly as the last fashion; they knit up pounds upon pounds of zephyr into warm and fluffy infantile wraps; and even the babies' eyes brightened in recognition of their gay voices and sunny faces; but through it all, though others might charm their hearts, their own Baby reigned supreme fetish still, and the one unrivaled standard of comparison. Even the Grandfathers found themselves drawn into the general attraction, and were occasionally captured and taken triumphantly through rows of babies in that stirring, gray house that they had so long known in its sombre loneliness, and were touched into sending wholesale presents of rattles and unlimited supplies of arrow-root, besides allowing themselves amiably to be laid under all sorts of contributions therefor by the insatiable Young Aunties, without the usual masculine protest at such assailing.

In Aunt Hannah herself the change wrought by her work seemed little less than miraculous; no one would have known her for the reserved, sorrowful woman she was before. Her hands and time were so full that silence and solitude were no longer practicable; she had so much to do that it gave her also a great deal to say, every faculty was utilized, every energy brought into play, and she blossomed out into a matronly sweetness and earnest motherliness that set its impress on her altered appearance.

Even the prim footman manifested the most unexpected aptitudes under the circumstances; and being the only man in the house with so many unprotected females and their charges, assumed a sort of paternal responsibility whose unction greatly tempered his primness, so that he made shy passes at the babies by chucking them under their chins, and was more than once observed to be slyly dandling a stray infant under the friendly shade of spreading trees in the garden. And the fat coachman was busier than ever—almost too busy to growl, especially as the Young Aunties were too much taken up with the babies that he carefully drove out for their airings, to torment him so unreasonably about imaginary widows.

So Aunt Hannah's Orphan Asylum became a recognized institution, not only in the immediate family, but in the whole appreciating town. It met a great want, and before long grew into proportions never anticipated at first. Little did this gentle woman, who had put her hand so willingly to this work, ever imagine how great the need of it had been, and how many motherless waifs there were to be rescued from unkindness, neglect and death. Soon the gray old house was too crowded and too small, and it wrung Aunt Hannah's heart to have to turn away into the cold charity of the outside world a single baby that was brought to her door; so first one wing was added, and then another, and more of earth's deserted little ones were gathered into this saving fold. And still they came, more and more, till in this ministry of love even Aunt Hannah's ample resources began

to be strained and insufficient for further admissions. And as she pondered over this a little sadly one day, she was accosted by the prim footman in a state of perturbation and embarrassment quite unusual to that worthy servitor.

"If you please, ma'am," he began somewhat hesitatingly and very crimson in the face, "I'd like to say a few words. I've lived with you pretty near all my life, ma'am, and God and yourself willing, hope to die in your service; and not having a chick nor a child of my own, and never expecting to, I've saved up a lot of my wages with no particular purpose; and as I'm as interested in the babies as anybody, and I know, ma'am, begging your pardon, that you've been a-worrying because there ain't room enough, why, I'd just like this money of mine to go toward building a bit or so more. If you'll please, ma'am, to take it, I'll think it well earned and well spent."

And Aunt Hannah was quite overcome with this generosity, but reasoned with James about it, very unwilling to take from him his treasured savings; but the prim footman was not to be denied, and answered firmly: "If I died, ma'am, I should leave my money to this here asylum, and glad of something to do with it, as I've got no kinsfolks, and I might as well see the good of it with my living eyes!"

So Aunt Hannah comprehended that he would be greatly hurt and disappointed if she refused his assistance; and as the prim footman had had little temptations to spend, his accumulation proved to be larger than might have been supposed, and afforded quite a respectable addition, which was built out toward the garden, and called in his honor "James' Ward." And the delight exhibited thereat by the prim footman was quite a sight to see. He watched every brick and stone with affectionate interest, peered into the lime-kiln, and hovered round the hods; all his leisure was devoted to superintending with intense solicitude the rearing of the walls; he waited on the workmen with untiring zeal, and was even suspected of having occasionally laid a few lines of mortar himself; he would hardly sleep in his impatience and anxiety to see the roof actually on; and when at last all was finished, and the superfluous babies had overflowed into the new rooms from the main building, the prim footman adopted these as his especial favorites and care, so that at length, to his supreme enjoyment, they came to be called "James' Children;" and as time went on, under the combined effects of busy days and perpetual babies, his primness all wore away, and he mellowed into a genial sort of general father, and quite forgetting the dignified limitations of a footman, was often to be seen in the long walks of the old-fashioned garden, patiently and tenderly carrying some ailing infant through the fresh air, or sitting on his particular bench beneath the largest tree with one, or even two babies on his knees playing with the buttons that were worn above such a kind and faithful heart.

Once, when the needs were many and the laborers still too few, the Poor Relation was surprised, as she sat by the Crippled Sister, by a visit from Aunt Hannah, who simply said to her: "Dear, I have more than I can do, and require help. You must come to me and be my right hand." But the Poor Relation only looked over at the white couch and frail figure, under whose

transparent fingers the white flowers were growing upon a flowing robe; and Aunt Hannah put her arms around her, and said, softly: "Not alone, dear, oh, not alone! both must come, for there is work and welcome for both!"

And the Poor Relation, whose humble home had felt very lonely since the Sunset of Life had fallen on the Aged Father and Mother, turned to this one of her very own who was left to her, and asked: "Sister, shall we go?"

And the Crippled Sister dropped the snowy muslin, and put forth a trembling hand to each, as she answered, with a quivering voice: "Inasmuch as ye do it to the least of these, my little ones, ye do it unto Me!"

So, a little while afterwards, the Grandfathers themselves came and carried the Crippled Sister down to a mattress in the roomy coach, from out of that one apartment which she had not left for so many years; and nothing could exceed the carefulness with which the fat coachman slowly drove over picked ways to the gray old house, where also were conveyed the white couch, the blithe bird, and all the other familiar things upon which her eyes had rested in the olden home; and in their midst the Crippled Sister still worked on, only now her skillful hands fashioned only garments for the babies, and hither followed her, also, her loving scholars to find increased knowledge in a wider school of humanity; and all the rest of her days passed away in such pleasantness and peace as her condition would admit; and not the Poor Relation only, but Aunt Hannah and all the rest went in to her for that spiritual strength which seemed to flow in upon her open soul from the very secret places of the Most High.

Years went on and on; Aunt Hannah's work and will never faltered. Babies came and came, and the mother-heart took them all in—took them all in and cherished and reared them for the life that is, and the life that is to come. She lived to be an old woman, with a soul full of wisdom, and her face came to be as the face of one who had talked with God, with the love that was in it. And the Young Mother would almost have thought in time that she had put away the grief and memories of her youth amid the beautiful interests of her busy age, if she had not known that always in that gray old house there was kept a single room unused, in which there was an empty cradle where no baby ever slept; and she wondered, sometimes, if, among all the active concerns of her beneficent life, she had nourished still the strange doubt which had tortured the brooding loneliness of that unmentioned past, for Aunt Hannah never again recurred to the story of her sorrow. But at last, when the time was ripe, Aunt Hannah lay upon her dying bed, surrounded by loving spirits and mourned for by hundreds outside; when the Young Aunties—some of them also mothers then—wept bitterly and would not be comforted; when only the one Grandfather and the one Grandmother who were left, bent their white heads before the mystery they, too, were soon to meet. When Baby's Nurse paused in her ineffectual ministry, the Young Mother, who had become a comely matron with Baby a grown-up young lady at her side, recalled that memorable morning in the long ago, when the lonely woman had told her with hopeless tears, of the child who had died before it was born. And lo, as she looked down

upon the pale face resting on the Poor Relation's gentle bosom, the eyes suddenly opened and looked into hers; with the failing strength the aged hand caught her own and drew her close, as the last words, which she only completely understood, fell from the lips already cold in death: "I have seen my baby; its face was the face of the living, and it had its father's eyes!"

IX.

BABY'S NOSE IS OUT OF JOINT.

BABY could not understand it at all; she only comprehended in her small way that a great change had come over everything in her little world. The dear Young Mother lay very pale and quiet on her bed, and Baby's crib had been removed from her side into the chamber of Baby's Nurse, all of whose tenderness and patience could not supply the loss—when, restless in the new place, Baby woke in the night—of the low, familiar tones, and the soft caresses of the maternal hand that always soothed, because Baby knew it so well, and felt such a sense of security and peace under it.

The Fat Nurse had come in one day in her coal-scuttle bonnet, with her bulgy umbrella and never-failing basket. But she had come to stay, for the basket had been deposited in the closet, with its faded green ribbon strings all untied; the umbrella had been carefully stood in a remote corner, and the big bonnet replaced by a stiffly-starched frilled cap that struck awe into Baby's heart; and as somehow Baby dimly connected the arrival of this important personage with the beginning of her troubles, she looked upon that florid countenance with no favorable eye, especially as the Fat Nurse was so absorbed in a white bundle on her lap that she took very little notice of Baby Number One. Nor could Baby see any reason why that same long white bundle should attract the attention of every one who came in almost to the exclusion of Baby's hitherto most prominent self; and the ominous phrase, "Baby's nose is out of joint," so often repeated, seemed to imply some usurpation of her infantile rights, and such a relegation to the background, that when the Fat Nurse at last condescended to hold the white bundle low down for her sisterly inspection, her only impulse was to double her dimpled fist and make an effort to punch the tiny bald head suddenly presented to her bewildered view.

First, when Baby's Nurse had brought her in fresh and rosy from her bath, to receive the Young Mother's languid morning kiss, this new-comer had been held up for due observance, and Baby's Nurse had clasped her close to her breast, and said "Baby's nose is out of joint" with such a sad inflection in her voice, that Baby felt that some misfortune had befallen her, and that this white doll with the scarlet face was the occasion of it. And the Fat Nurse had responded, "Turn about, fair play!" in such an unsympathetic tone, that Baby hated her forthwith.

Then the Young Father had come in, and was very tender over his pale wife, and passing Baby by, had gone across the room, and leaned over the new child, looking at it silently for a moment, touching its downy cheek gently with his finger, and then, as Baby keenly felt, with his notice only

partly engrossed by her, had taken her in his arms for the usual greeting and tows, exclaiming half-abstractedly and half-triumphantly: "Baby's nose is out of joint!"

Baby's nose began to have a queer sensation, and was very nearly twisted for a burst of crying, as the Fat Nurse replied: "It's natur', sir! Babies comes and babies goes, and noses ain't steady long."

The Young Father laughed a happy little laugh, and went off to his office with his heart brimming over with joy at the Young Mother's safety, and the addition of another darling to his household, and left Baby feeling more and more that the Fat Nurse was her mortal enemy.

Then Baby had been banished from the Young Mother's room, which had been her only nursery, to another afar off, where she vented herself for two or three days in all the ill-temper of babyhood; and when she was just about to find consolation in a bald-pated dolly that had a towel pinned round it to represent the white bundle down-stairs, and which she could shake and slap to her heart's content, she was suddenly called for to go and see the Grandfathers, who had come to welcome their last grandchild into this mortal world. And lo! as she entered at the door Grandfather Number Two shook his gold-headed cane as if he was threatening her, and called out lustily: "Ha! ha! little one, your nose is out of joint!" and Grandfather Number One echoed the phrase just a shade less forcibly.

And the Fat Nurse began to trot down a rising whine from the new-found voice, accompanying the motion with the refrain: "Out of joint, out of jointy, jointy, jointy, joint!" So that when, in a new accession of wrath, Baby declined to be received upon the Grandpaternal knees, the ancient men chuckled her under the chin, and smiling at each other as if it was a good joke, said merrily: "The little vixen is jealous!" and Baby experienced for the first time that Grandfathers are a delusion and a snare.

The Grandmothers rustled in, with their rosy faces and shining black silks, and chirruped to the Young Mother, and gossiped over the new baby, with just a careless kiss to Baby, who began to watch with sensitive spirit for tokens of inattention and displacement, till at last one of them, laying her hand upon the golden curls, said conclusively: "Well, Nurse, it is a very fine child, and this one's nose is out of joint!" And the Fat Nurse, like an everlasting echo, had responded: "Every dog must have his day!" And Baby turned her large eyes reproachfully upon the frilled cap, as if wondering why, when her old friend had removed her big bonnet, she should thus take part with every one against her former nursing.

The roomy coach, driven by the Fat Coachman, brought Aunt Hannah to the unusually quiet house, where the missing of the sweet presence going in and out of the rooms gave all but the one aspect of loneliness and emptiness. She had taken the new baby in her arms, and sat holding it awhile with her face full of blessing and love; Baby stood a little way off, looking at her wistfully, and waiting for the inevitable remark, and then, as if magnetized by the yearning that softened the brooding features, she slowly drew near, and leaned up against her. Quickly one arm was disengaged from the white bundle, and went

around the small figure not too steadfast yet upon its chubby feet, and the thoughtful eyes were turned upon the almost imploring little countenance lifted to her own, and Aunt Hannah saw there something that no one else had observed, for she said, half-questioningly: "I wonder if this wee creature feels that her pretty nose is out of joint?"

To which the Fat Nurse heartlessly replied: "I reckon she's most too young to feel much yet, and anyhow she'll soon get used to it!"

Poor Baby began to have a dim perception that there was no longer any hope for her, and that the repetition of this bitter phrase spread desolation over her early days.

The bright young Aunties floated in, gay and gushing over the great event; and they cooed, and gurgled, and talked baby talk over the strange arrival, and tenderly touched its mites of hands, and insisted on being shown its tinted feet and tiny toes, till Baby's heart swelled within her, for perhaps she remembered, as it was not so long ago, that they had once gone on in the same way over her now neglected self. It was too much that this red-faced, bald-headed bundle should rob her of the allegiance of these devoted adherents; too much that the flattery of their ringing voices should be turned aside from their hitherto spoiled and reigning darling; that the pet names should be transferred and the faithless admiration changed to a new object. What to the grown woman is the misery of power and love passing away to a rival, was Baby's experience of this fickleness of adulation; her small brow puckered, and her rose-bud of a mouth began to quiver; and as a woman exerts all her arts to win back again the waning influence, so the undeveloped cunning of womanhood born in an infant's breast, caused Baby to put forth all her hitherto irresistible wiles to attract the altered attention. And the Young Aunties saw through the device and made themselves merry over it, and petted her fondly, but with a side glance still at the new baby; and as though conscious of a diminished interest in their heretofore idol, passed her from one to another with a manner that was partly self-excusing, as each said to each: "But our Baby's nose is out of joint!"

The childish heart was very full, but not yet did the cup overflow, until the Poor Relation entered the room, and catching a glimpse of the young face with the shadow of a first sorrow on it, murmured as though she comprehended the situation: "Ah! the poor little nose is out of joint." That was the last drop! That she, too, the best beloved, should echo this unceasing reproach, and sting the suffering soul with these repeated words of doom, even though spoken in compassion, was more than could be longer endured. Then Baby went quickly aside, and turning her face from all of them, sat down in a distant corner fronting the wall, and great sobs rose in her throat, and the moans of a bruised spirit sounded through the surprised silence. Consternation fell for a moment upon every one present; but the Fat Nurse, so careless before, divined the meaning of this outburst.

"I do believe," she said, remorsefully, "that we've all been blind as bats and hard as rocks, and that that Baby has been a-thinkin' and a-feelin' more than we had any idea of! Every one of us

has been a-tellin' her that her nose is out of joint, till it has made the little creetur' lonesome. We don't give these young uns credit enough for knowinness. Poor little tot!"

But the Young Mother had risen up in bed, and cried out: "Oh, give me my Baby!—not that one—my first Baby! Don't you see her heart is breaking! Oh, bring her to me!"

And the Poor Relation lifted the little desolate form in her gentle arms and laid her on the Young Mother's bosom, where the passionately tender words and the soft, familiar caress soon stilled the strangling sobs and grief-wrung wail; and sheltered there upon that faithful breast, Baby gained her first conception and realization that, come weal or woe, though friends may fail and the world forget, or others share the sacred love, to the Mother's heart no Baby's nose is ever out of joint.

X.

PASSING AWAY.

BABY was over two years old, and was no longer Baby; another little one had come into her infantile place, and in the changes and chances of this mortal life Baby had come to be known by her own name—the beloved and blessed name of the Poor Relation. To the gay and gushing young girls she was no longer the sole and undivided Pet; and that One of the Aunties, whom she had saved for her husband, had now a baby of her own. Baby's Nurse shared her care and love with another charge, and Baby's Party had become a tale of tradition. The Crippled Sister had found the sweetness of living in working out her tender fancies on the white robes for Aunt Hannah's Orphan Asylum; and since the Sunset of Life had fallen on the humble home where the Aged Father and Mother had sat for the last time in the vine-wreathed porch, the Poor Relation had keenly felt that nothing in this world is stationary; and that over individual and family, as well as through the fortunes of the Great Many, irresistible Time was forever bringing alteration and movement. But though Baby might be compensated for the loss of separate idolatry by the welcome companionship of other babies, and though the woman's sphere might be enlarged by more numerous duties and wider interests, yet perhaps in Baby's little heart there might have been an undefined sense of something missing and gone, as in the woman's soul there was an unconquerable clinging to things of the past.

She was thinking much in this strain as she wended her way across the fields where she had found the five-leaved clover, to pay a last visit to her old home, which, in the course of events, was about to pass out of her possession; and she was going to stand once more in the familiar rooms, long sanctified by sacrifice and suffering, to weep her full heart out alone beneath the roof that had sheltered her nearest and dearest, and to bid a sad farewell to the sacred walls, the cherished flowers, the precious associations of the abandoned abode of many years. It might be lowly in the sight of others, but no place or palace on earth could ever be so sweet and beautiful to her, because of the kindred lives that had been spent and finished there.

She was thinking nothing now of five-leaved

clovers or Fairy Gifts; her innermost spirit was all stirred with memories, and she was dwelling far more on those who had gone before to the unknown bourne, than of the new-born existences to which she was herself, in very truth, a Fairy God-mother. Titania and Puck had no place in the mind that was busy with the angels in Heaven; the Fairy Court could not enter into the musings on an empty hearth, and the Rose of Life and Lily of Death had become to her only a part of a lovely dream in which Fancy had played with the secret things of humanity. Long and solemn was the vigil she had set for herself in the silent house; very still and solitary would the hours of the night be in this dwelling of perished hopes and vanished labors; but she knew that the Voices of the Past would speak to her soul, and that she would hold communion with the invisible.

The outer door, through which those she loved would go back and forth no more, swung back slowly as though loth to admit her to the darkness and loneliness; the walls that would so soon resound with the tones of strangers gave back a faint and mournful echo of her lingering steps; and the very windows seemed to lean over and look down upon her sympathetically, as if she only was their own. Ah! what thoughts, what homely remembrances, what irrepressible yearnings filled those parting hours, when the dumb and senseless wood and plaster even seemed to be permeated with the personal influences that had emanated in their midst, and to give back the concentrated impression of vanished presences. The bitterness of death was in the unseen wringings of the hands; the awful cry of the human in the moan unheard of men; and the saltness of mortal suffering in the tears which fell in the deserted dwelling! Ghosts were there, but she had no fear of them; the dead arose from their graves and came noiselessly about her, but she shrank not from their companionship, for to her beautiful faith they wore the wings of God's Messengers, and it was not for them the rain of grief fell down, but for her own coming years upon earth below without their outward and visible intercourse. For though the trained spirit may willingly murmur, "Thy will Be Done," there is no reconciliation in the heart, which remains always natural, with sorrow and bereavement. She came down at last as the clock was striking midnight, to stand within the vine-wreathed porch, beneath the starry sky, to look out once more upon the flower-decked lawn all bright and silvered with the summer moonlight.

At the first stroke of the church-bell, to whose tolling of the hours she had so often listened in the night-watches, a rustling breeze stirred all the clustering leaves; at the third stroke it suddenly seemed to her swimming eyes as if all the flowers on the vines expanded at once into full bloom, and turned upon their stems toward the lawn; at the fifth stroke innumerable fire-flies paled with their restless brilliancy the softer moonshine; at the seventh the dewy grass and bushes sparkled as if sprinkled with diamonds; at the ninth stroke the blossoms distilled a flood of marvelous fragrance; at the eleventh a slender, white circle appeared instantaneously before her, flashing into her mind the remembrance of the five-leaved clover; and at the twelfth stroke, there straightway before her was truly all the Fairy Court!

The Poor Relation was greatly amazed, for she

had no charm now with which to summon the little people, and had often doubted whether she had once really beheld and talked with the tiny Queen of the Elves. Only when, day by day she had watched Baby growing into the good gifts which she fancied were bestowed upon her on a certain memorable night, did she sometimes allow herself to dwell on the belief that she, even she had won from the fays these blessings for the general darling. But the practical things of everyday existence, crowding thick and fast, thrust down into the secret place of her heart the lingering childishness which delighted to muse on poetic visions of storied sprites. And she had told no one that she had held converse with the Fairies, for she knew that the incredulity of To-day would have impugned her sanity, and this same skepticism of the otter life, which is Common Sense, had so far stolen into her Inner Me, that until she beheld them all before her again she had come to think that her former interview was an illusion of rarely indulged imagination.

But there they all unmistakably were once more, and she knew that her fancy had no part in their appearance now, since it was of far other glorified beings she had been thinking, than these gossamer and airy creatures. And she could not but notice that this time they wore no guise of lightness or merriment. Titania, seated on her white-rose throne, looked grave and solemn, while her silvery robe was mistier than before, and the crown of minute jewels upon her brow seemed dim and heavy. Puck drooped dejectedly, and made no sly passes at the quiet pages; and over all the lilliputian assembly there reigned an aspect of depression and distress.

After a moment's silence Titania sadly spoke: "Because, O gentle spirit! that you were the last in the land who kept faith in us, we came to you before—we, who were once summoned to the christening feasts of all the princes of the world; but since you, too, have let belief grow cold, and have permitted yourself to think of us as creatures of fiction, we must bid you farewell forever!"

"Ah, no!" cried the Poor Relation, "for now that I see you again my faith comes back, and I know you all for the veritable fairies that my childhood longed to see!"

"Yes," said Titania, a little scornfully, "just now it is night, and you are alone, and we are here; but to-morrow, in the broad day, will you dare to proclaim aloud in the market-place that we really do exist, and that you have seen us with your natural eyes, and heard us with your conscious ears?"

And the Common Sense, which is so cruel a foe to Genius, and so staunch an ally to Truth, caused the Poor Relation to keep silent and slightly hang her head in shame, and the bright ring of fairies all sighed so piteously that she felt very culpable indeed.

"Ah, well!" continued Titania, "we can pardon you, for the Spirit of the Age has inherited our lost power, and its impressions are stronger than we, since they only can endure the glare of the sunshine, while we are the children of the shadows and the Past. There is no place for us any longer in this country of steam and schools; but as long as one heart remained that cherished us we lingered in our olden haunts. But we have bidden them all adieu—even as you have bidden adieu to

your former home—with all the grief that fairies ever can feel, and now we have come to add one more farewell to-night to those you and we have already taken."

"But, O Queen!" exclaimed the Poor Relation, "why must you go? Why must the places which have known you so long know you now no more?"

"Can you not understand," replied Titania, almost sharply, "that when knowledge comes, the fairies must go? In this very house, have there not been gathered in the ignorant children, whose parents brought with them from a far country all the traditions of our rule, to be shown the light of science and taught the power of fact? When a child has pulled a flower to pieces in order to count the pistils and stamens, do you think she will ever again see a fairy peeping from its leaves? Your locomotives have cut through our meadow circles where we danced so merrily of yore; your railroads have tunneled the hills whose recesses were all Fairy Land, invisible to the spade and measuring-line; and the very woods beneath whose shady ferns we slept so securely in the day time, have been cut down for Telegraph poles, and there is no longer any suitable spot in this wretched land of bare actuality, work and progress, for beings so delicate and ethereal as we!"

And a low wail, like the dying fall of the wind at night, went up from the saddened Fairy Court.

"But where will you go, oh, where will you go?" asked the Poor Relation; "for though you should again fade away from me as realities, your memories will not pass from my heart, and I would fain picture you in whatsoever region you may be!"

"We will go," answered Titania, slowly, "to some barbaric land whose people are still children; where the eyes have not been dulled by education, nor where ears have grown deaf to the voices of nature. For them we will dance again in the moonlight, and people their glens and glades; they will see us amid the ferns, and find our circles in the fields; and we will be happier with them than we have been for a long time here, for with much knowledge cometh much sorrow to man as well as to fairies!"

Then the Poor Relation stretched her arms to the little people.

"I know," she said, "O beautiful Queen! that you and yours will never quite go out of my life. I may never again see you with the eyes of my sense, but wherever you may go my soul will summon you again and again, and you will come from the far away, and whisper to me of the new worlds you have found, pour sweet fancies into my innermost longings, and gather around me in the silence of sleep and night!"

"Ah, ha!" cried Puck, "she believes in us yet! There is enough of the child left in the woman to hold us dear still! Must we go while one heart so clings to us?"

And all the small elves, echoed anxiously: "Must we go? must we go?"

But Titania answered, mournfully: "It is true that we can never quite forsake those who love us: but we must go, alas! We must go from this civilization to which she belongs, if we are to live at all, for the March of Improvement treads down such as we, and advancing Reason accounts it good to look upon us slain! And even she will consider that Use is better than Beauty, and help

to train up that Baby which we gifted in the New Order of Things that will know us no more! But because she only, for so long in the midst of All This, has cherished us and summoned us, and will regret us, we will leave her a gift which shall remain forever fresh in her heart, to which we will sometimes secretly return."

And then it seemed to the Poor Relation that all the Fairy Court ringed her round, floating in the mid-air; that they touched her with their tiny hands, and kissed her with their little, little mouths; and that Titania, pausing a moment in front of her, left an offering lying on her breast. Then a cloud swept over the face of the moon, and when it had passed away the little people had all gone out of sight forever; but still upon the scented breeze there swelled the melancholy cadence of their last "Farewell!" And as she glanced downward she saw through her involuntary tears a single, familiar flower lying on her bosom within the folds of her dress; and all her life long the Poor Relation always knew that any one to whom, in the night of sorrow or amid the hours of care, the fairies could come unbidden, or who could behold a vision of Titania, would never be entirely left alone in the darkness without this token of Heart's-ease.

MRS. SARAH B. STEBBINS.

THE END.

VOICES OF THE YEAR.

FIRST VOICE.

I AM beautiful, beautiful Spring-time;
See, close on my footsteps light,
Spring grasses, and buds, and blossoms,
And all that is cheery and bright;
Wherever I wave my sceptre
The fetters of ice give way,
And merrily dancing and cheerily glancing
The streamlet glad and gay
Hurries along with laughter and song,
While the birds in the boughs above
Are tuning their throats to the merriest notes
That warble of life and love;
I am beautiful, beautiful Spring-time,
Rejoice! is my greeting call,
For I come with sunshine, birds and flowers
To gladden the hearts of all.

SECOND VOICE.

I am royal, rose-wreathed Summer-time;
I come with laughter and song;
With brightest beams from the day god's gleams
And graces a countless throng;
Fair Flora follows my footsteps free,
And scatters her treasures wide,
Till the earth stands fair in her garments rare,
Like a beautiful, blushing bride,
And the sons and daughters of men exclaim:
"Oh! a goodly world is this
When life is a flush of beauty and bloom
And a chorus of crowning bliss!"
My charming sister is sweet and fair,
But ah! there is found no peer
For royal, rose-crowned Summer-time,
The goddess and queen of the year.

THIRD VOICE.

I am beautiful, bountiful Autumn-time,
 Laden with treasures rare;
 Crimson, and purple, and burnished gold
 Are the royal robes I wear;
 Richest and ripest clusters sweet,
 My willing hands bestow;
 The fairest fruits with golden grain,
 Till the garners overflow.
 Weak poets may sing of the falling leaf,
 In numbers slow and sad,
 But the song of the vintage and harvest home
 Are the gladdest of all the glad.
 Spring revels in buds and blossoms sweet,
 And Summer a promise sings,
 But beautiful, bountiful Autumn-time
 The full fruition brings.

FOURTH VOICE.

I am gleesome, gladsome Winter-time;
 They sometimes style me "sad"
 But none of the three in their wildest glee
 Is ever half so glad.
 I come with shooting crystals,
 With feathery, falling snow,

With sleigh-bell jinglings and merry minglings,
 The merriest earth can know.
 I come with fireside games and songs,
 With New Year greetings gay;
 I wake the chime of the happiest time,
 The blessed Christmas Day.
 Oh, never whisper a word of gloom!
 Oh, never my presence fear!
 I am gleesome, gladsome Winter-time,
 The season that crowns the year.

ALL.

We come at the Master's bidding,
 We go when His voice commands,
 We scatter His choicest blessings wide,
 With eager and willing hands.
 His promise is never failing,
 His word shall forever endure.
 He sendeth the seed and the harvest-time,
 And summer and winter are sure;
 The morn of the year with its singing birds,
 The noon with its fervid glow,
 The eventide with its wealth, and night
 With its treasures of ice and snow.

S. JENNIE JONES.

Religious Reading.

THE SHEPHERDS' NIGHT WATCHING AND THE ANGELS.

THIS beautiful relation has commanded the admiration and the love of all from the earliest ages of Christianity. Children have listened to its exquisite story with absorbed interest; it has touched the heart of manhood, and been the delight of old age. Wonderfully simple, it is full of deep significance. Pathetic in its lovely narration, it is yet, even in its letter, replete with spiritual suggestiveness. As a marvelous tale of heavenly experiences, it is like a gem of unusual beauty in this storehouse of precious stones, the Word.

But more than all this, it is a living story. The shepherds we may consider to represent all mankind who are spiritually shepherds, and the sheep may signify all the spiritual interests which are represented by sheep. While the Lord's sheep have been rightly considered to be all the good persons of His kingdom, they represent also all the heavenly influences that exist in the world. All good institutions are of the Divine flock. All useful professions, whose tendency is to lead men toward Heaven and the Lord, are of the Lord's sheep. All kindness and charity, all heavenly-mindedness and purity, and all forms of wisdom, are the sheep and the lambs composing the Lord's celestial flock on earth.

The shepherds are those who look after the interests of these sheep. Any one who is performing a heavenly use in the world is a shepherd of the Lord's flock. The merchant, if his merchandise is useful to society, and his business is conducted on honorable principles, is, in the very carrying out of his profession, a shepherd of the heavenly Father. The physician, in attending to

the best interests of his patients, the lawyer of his clients, and the teacher of his pupils, is a shepherd of the Lord. The mechanic who, from a religious principle, uses good material, and has it well put together, is a shepherd of the Lord. The mother, in the conscientious rearing of her children, the housewife in the faithful performance of her duties, and every individual in the honest carrying out of any useful enterprise, is one of these shepherds. And the sheep that are to be tended are in our own hearts as well as in the lives of others, so that he who cultivates in his own life heavenly affections, is attending this Divine flock. Any person who seeks in the habits of his own life to cultivate kindness in expression, charity in language, gentleness in bearing, and Christian spirituality in thought, is feeding the lambs of the Lord's fold, and he is thence a spiritual shepherd of the Lord.

These are the shepherds and the sheep which are treated of in this relation. But we read that they were tending their flocks *by night*. It is a most significant statement even in its literal meaning. Night work is always a special mark of fidelity. But spiritually it becomes particularly full of meaning when we consider what a spiritual night is. Spiritually it is night when heavenly things seem obscure and distant, but natural things seem present and real; when the Lord and the angels appear afar off, but our self-love and its claims seem close by. Night is the time of discouragement, when our faith is dim and our love is weak, and we doubt the Lord and His Providence, and all spiritual things. Night is the time when the success of our efforts seems threatened, when the flock we are attending appear to be dwindling away before our eyes, when the wolf is near and the horrors of dependency settle about us.

But we read that these shepherds were tending their flocks at night. It is easy enough to look after the flock in the day-time, when you can see from the distance whether any of the sheep or lambs are wandering, when the wolf keeps in his lair, and all is bright and cheerful; but in the gloomy night-time, when slumber claims your eyelids for her own, when the wolf is awake and prowling near, and when it is necessary you should be at the very point where the flock is most liable to stray, this is a very different thing.

How full of meaning, then, is this tending the flock at night! It is keeping at your usefulness when there is no natural motive to sustain you. It is being honorable and honest when honor and honesty do not pay. It is being faithful and true when there is no motive for fidelity and truthfulness except a respect for their inherent qualities. It is like being courageous on the eve of battle; it is speaking the kindly word and doing the kindly deed, when the natural impulses of your heart are full of bitterness and malignity. It is persevering ever onward and upward in the administration of your duties, however unpromising the outlook or discouraging the prospect. Tending the flock at night, looking after the interest of these sheep and lambs in the darkness, how can we realize or appreciate its character? It is easy enough to be charitable when you feel charitable; it is easy enough to be honest when there is no temptation not to be; it is easy enough to have your heart full of courage when there is no enemy in sight; it is easy enough to tend the Lord's flock in the day-time; but this night work, this looking after the sheep and the lambs of the heavenly kingdom in the midst of the gloom of temptation and discouragement, this being honest, and true, and faithful, and spiritually-minded in the darkness and the mist with which your self-love has enshrouded you, this tending your flock by night, is a very different thing.

And yet we read that at that Christmas morning it was to shepherds who were thus laboring at night that the angel came to bear the glad tidings of great joy. And thus to all those spiritual shepherds who attend the Lord's flock in the spiritual night, will the angel come and bring even to them glad tidings of great joy.

The angels in the life of these shepherds of the Lord's spiritual flock, are the thoughts and affections of heavenly things that the Lord is able to give them when they are thus tending their flocks by night. They are the sweet realizations and satisfactions of spiritual unselfishness which come into the lives of those who, in the darkness, are true to the principles of spiritual life. They are the perceptions which our heavenly Father confers upon us at such times of His goodness, of His power and of His love. They are the assurance which in such states we receive of the nearness of Heaven, and of its spiritual satisfaction. All these spiritual influences which come into the lives of the Lord's disciples, and breathe sweet consolation into their hearts, are angels coming to the shepherds as they are tending their flocks by night.

And this is what the angel says: "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to you and to all people, for unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The spiritual meaning of these glad tidings, as

applied in the way in which we are now considering this passage, is that the Lord has come into our hearts, and that there is born into our souls a germ of Divine life, which is even the Lord Himself in us.

By the life of guarding the Divine flock by night, do we come into the glad perception that the Lord Himself has taken up His abode in our souls. The real celestial Christmas to each heart is not at some outer rejoicing at this world's anniversary, but it is at this inner perception of the Lord's birth in its own inmost being. This is the Gospel of rejoicing, indeed. This is the true Evangel, and that it shall be to us and all people, means that it shall come to the whole man, his external life and his internal life, in his labor and his recreations, his work and his play, everywhere throughout his being, will the influence of that little germ of vitality be felt; just as from one little arch of electric light the whole apartment may be made as bright as day.

We read that while the angel yet talked with them, suddenly there appeared an angelic host, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward man." This represents the great joy which comes into the spirit of those represented by these shepherds, and what they sang represents the kinds of affections which come welling up in the soul. It is the love of God and man; it is the acknowledgment of the heavenly Father as the source of every blessing, the inspiration of every hope; and it is the love of fellow-man and the extension toward him of all charity, good-will and kindness. These two things constitute a heavenly chorus in the spirit of him who once perceives the Divine life of the soul.

The whole scene lies before us in beautiful spiritual succession. The Lord's sheep, which are the good uses all about us; the good shepherds, which are those who protect and nourish those sheep; their watching their flocks by night, exhibiting spiritual fidelity in darkness; the angels coming to them and announcing the glad tidings, representing the perceptions which these spiritual shepherds have of the Lord's birth in their souls, and, finally, we have the overpowering chorus which resounds in the night, representing the Divine love and the love of the neighbor that permeates the lives of such persons, crowning them with all joy and satisfaction.

Let us all, by this lovely story, be encouraged to work on in the good cause to which our lives are consecrated, knowing that we shall soon hear angel voices, and be moved by heavenly choruses, and shall perceive each year with new distinctness the presence of the Lord.—*New Jerusalem Messenger*.

SOMETIMES even the good and beautiful things of the world cause sadness. The very beauty of the stars, the very purity of Heaven, the high ideal of the soul's most perfect conception, these must all cause sadness, betimes, so long as we ourselves are in states of impurity; for they beget a feeling of a mighty contrast. Until we are as pure as the rose, and as bright as the stars, the very roses and stars may make us sad. Cultivate purity of mind, perform the works of the regenerate life, and in just that proportion will the joys and harmonies of Heaven flow into our souls.

The Bona Circle.

FINISHED.

SOON this word will be written and spoken of the now passing year, and its real significance comes to me more fully than ever before as I sit to-day looking out on some of its finishing pictures. The leaves, which have gone through all their changes of crimson, and gold, and brown, now curled, withered and falling to the ground; the earth growing brown and bare, where so lately waving grass and bright flowers clothed it with beauty.

They have fulfilled their mission, their work is finished, and they pass away. So with the earth—seedtime and harvest, the early and the latter rain, have had their course; she has poured into the laps of her children the abundance of her bounty, and now prepares to leave them with her blessing. Completeness is written on her work. How far can this be said of ours? How many of the enterprises and undertakings which we planned have been carried out? How much of the work we had set for ourselves to do while its days were with us has been finished, and in what manner has it been done? Has the time given us by the Great Master been laid out profitably for the most part?

To thoughtful, contemplative minds, these questions will come, bringing more than one regret over some wasted opportunity, some willful neglect, or failure through carelessness or thoughtlessness.

Alas! there are so many over whose year's work will be written, "incomplete." So many who, with good impulses, yet wanting in stability of purpose or action, make great resolutions for doing much that is good, and often begin some worthy work, then grow tired and leave it unfinished. Some grow discouraged because of little obstacles, and lack the perseverance to go on through difficulties. Others have been hindered unavoidably by sickness or change, or some circumstance which they could not control, and have had to yield their plans and desires with what submission they could, to higher orderings.

Thousands have laid down their earthly work during this cycle; in many cases unexpectedly and regretfully, sometimes without any warning at all. And many more, who now in the fullness of health and strength are not dreaming of such a thing, will, ere the year closes, finish their course.

Again, there are some who gladly "set their house in order," knowing that the welcome release from a life of suffering is soon coming, and feeling ready to put their work, finished or unfinished, into the Master's hands, not afraid of His judgments.

I received a short time since a letter from a young girl belonging to the "Shut-In" society, so touching in the quiet way in which it told her sad story, the unconscious pathos it contained. No hope of improvement or of getting well *here*; but such bright hope of going to the blessed country beyond, and such peace and strength in the assurance that it will not be long to wait. She cannot sit up at all, cannot even speak above a whisper,

suffers terribly in many ways, and nothing can be done to relieve her pain for any length of time. Yet she is thankful that she can use her hands, and is better off than many, and works on cheerfully and patiently at whatever her hands can do, while waiting for the time when the Father, whom she loves, will call her above to engage in higher occupations. May her work be completed—the blessed work of learning patience and perfect trust, and of teaching it, perhaps, to those around her. Many sweet lessons they will learn from her, I know.

Thinking of all these things, I am reminded of one great life-work which was ended with these words, so solemn, so perfect in their meaning, "It is finished." That was a finishing in which was completeness indeed. Nothing more was left to do. Mankind had been taught how to live and how to do. They had been drawn nearer to Him by His coming near enough that they might see Him, and feel His brotherhood as well as fatherhood. See His temptations and bodily sufferings, His human affections and sympathies, as well as His mighty miracles and God-like triumphs over human nature. He had reconciled them unto Himself by bending from His high estate and taking the form of humanity, that thus He might more easily bring them to love Him, and give them the words which should be spread abroad through all nations and times, that all the world might likewise come unto Him and be saved. Then His work was truly finished. The crowning piece of self-sacrificing love, the grand, heroic, suffering death upon the cross, completed all, and He went back to the Father from whence He had come forth. Yet not to be separated from us entirely, for He says: "Lo, I am with you always." An ever present friend, through the heart and eye of faith. A helper and Redeemer always. An example for us, which we can never think of coming up to, yet must strive for what nearness we may attain. He the perfect pattern, we the poor imitation; He the chief corner-stone, we the smaller ones that go to make up the building—each one important in its place, and needing to be smooth and comely as possible.

Last week our minister lent me a little book of religious readings—short chapters full of counsel, admonition and encouragement, with comforting prayers and scripture texts added. Just such a book as I wish earnestly each of you invalid readers had. You would be sure to find something in it each day which would do you good. I took it up an hour ago, while resting from writing, and found a chapter which followed up my thoughts so closely that I can find nothing else so good and fitting to close them with as some of its words. It quotes from the "Path of Safety."

"The church on earth is God's work-room. Here He prepares the stones for His spiritual temple above." Then it carries out this figure "to see how much it may teach us, and especially what lessons it has for the afflicted."

"St. Peter speaks of Christian people as 'living stones,' built by God, into the 'spiritual house,' of which Jesus Christ is the 'chief corner-stone.'"

Think, first, how God has chosen the stones for His building. They were not fitted for it by nature. As they lay in the rock from whence they were hewn, they were not meet for the Builder's hand. They had to be selected, cut out and brought away. And thus God chooses and severs us. Thus are we called to be 'living stones' in His holy temple. * * * But the stones once severed and brought away from their parent rock, are not then fit immediately for God's building. They must be shaped and fashioned anew. They must be squared and polished that they may not disfigure the building. What if the hammer of pain and anguish smite sharply, and the cold, piercing chisel of sorrow and affliction grave and shape the hard, stony heart until it take the form which God willeth—shall we blindly fret at these gracious dealings? Shall we willfully choose rather to be cast on one side as unprofitable stones, than to be thus the subjects of a chastening, purifying love? Nay, the more we feel the Hand of the Great Architect busy with us, even though His work be painful and grievous in its course, the more sure we may be that He is choosing and fitting us for a place of honor and usefulness in His building. * * * That one who has been longest wrought and fashioned by sharp suffering and stern chastisement, may be by this very process, beautified and perfected in Christian graces and holy tempers, so as to become the choicest work of the Master-Builders hand. * * * If Jesus, the chief corner-stone, was made 'perfect through suffering,' His human nature completed by the experience of all earthly suffering, the stone that is shaped and moulded by suffering is most fit to be placed near Him."

What a blessed incentive this should be to bear willingly the sharp chiseling and fashioning. May we all strive to work with Him, patiently helping, until His "perfect work" be finished in us, and we are made polished stones, fit for a place in His temple. LICHEN.

TAKING COMFORT.

"TAKE comfort" was one of Aunt Cinda's every-day texts, and it meant so much that it impressed itself upon our mind and has become a familiar motto in the deacon's family. Aunt Cinda was the widow of our Great-uncle Rufus. She was very old and confined to her room. Her home was cosy and secluded, near the grand old pine woods and mountains in New England; almost within a stone's throw of the spot where she was born, and of the school-house, and the wayside spring, and all the old familiar objects of her childhood. How much that meant—"take comfort"—falling from the lips of one whose years had been four score, whose hands had ever toiled incessantly, and whose hurried little feet had always flown with the quick, tripping step of impetuous childhood!

We had expressed a wish to walk in the old highway, overgrown with brambles and hedged with mossy logs and almost obliterated by the growth of great forest-trees—a highway one hundred years ago over which the line of stage-coaches traveled from Springfield to Boston. Our friend objected, saying she must do the ironing, and that the road was so densely overgrown that it would be impossible.

"Why do go with them," said Aunt Cinda, "never mind the work, it is not urgent; take comfort, girls, take comfort. My suz, I'd like so well to pilot you through the thicket if I wasn't laid up with old age! If I had my life to live over again I'd see a sight more comfort that I ever did. Keeps a body young and cheerful, livin' close to the heart of natur'."

One evening we were all gathered in the room called Aunt Cinda's. She had gone away back to the years of her childhood, and was talking in a strain that to us was delightful.

"I was your Uncle Rufus's second wife," she said, in reply to some of our questions. "He was a beau of mine when I was a gal, took me to dances, and singin's, and spellin's, but the one he married was your Aunt Becky. She and I sat on the same seat at school and thought a powerful sight o' one another. I married Dr. Sells, up in Johnsbury, Vermont. When he died I came back here and nussed your Aunt Becky in her last sickness, and, finally, I married your Uncle Rufus, after all. He had a winnin' way with him, I tell you. Oh, he could 'a' married any woman he took a likin' to! We had a power of comfort together. We had to work pretty hard, but that was nothing."

Just here our aunt remembered that she had not shown the girls her blue silk wedding dress, and it was brought forth. It was a heavy brocade, not quite the shade we call navy blue. The style had been modernized somewhat, on the occasion of a golden wedding in which Aunt Cinda sat in state, stiffly attired in the rare old brocade that had lain untouched for half a century, save an occasional airing. We longed to say, "what will you ever do with it?" but the fair little Julia, her great-granddaughter, who held the precious relic on her out-reached arms, possibly knew that the beautiful blue would wonderfully become her soft, brown eyes and delicate complexion. And, when two months later, Aunt Cinda's frail little body was laid to rest in the burying-ground, beside the pond whose edges were starry with lilies, then Julia knew certainly to whom belonged the rare old treasure.

Auntie's wholesome maxim of "take comfort," abides with us and will be ours to practice so long as the household of the deacon remains. As a legacy we will treasure the dear old lady's motto. At the close of a long and well-spent life it came like a heartsome, cheery good-bye from one who had tried the world, and who was

"Quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail."

Take comfort, then, all ye who bear the burden and the toils of life, whose busy hands and hurrying feet pause not in the race for wealth, and fame, and preferment. Sooner or later the time will come when the fall of hurried feet and the labors of active hands will have ceased, and the scenes of life with which they were familiar will be known no more. Why not "take comfort" as ye go on your way, O mother with the little ones about you! Never mind if their clothing is plain and their food plainer—take time to answer the questions, and tell the stories, and sing the songs they love, and improvise picnics out in the woods, and make birthday parties, and presents, and remember, with joy expressed, the yearly coming of

the day that made you a mother, again, and again, and again, mayhap.

"Yesterday was my sixth birthday," said a little frowzy, flaxen-haired child of poverty, in faded dress and bare, briar-scratched feet and legs, as its limp sunbonnet hung down its back by the knotted strings.

"Did you have a good time?" we asked, almost fearing for the meaning that would come in the answer.

"Well, I should think we did, too!" and the little one crowded against us in her enthusiasm, and she began twisting in and out her little, brown fingers, and jerking her head from one side to the other, eagerly imparting the joyful tidings that filled her full. "W'y don't you think mamma made a panful of cookies, and in the top of every blessed cookie there stuck a great, fat reasin that just looked as if it said, 'eat me! eat me!' An' then she made a small panful of the dearest, sweetest little weenties of baby-cakes, cut out with her thimble, and they were mine, an' we played keep grocery, an' I sold 'em for make-b'l'ever crackers, don't you think, an' mamma came to buy some and she had no money to trade, and 'stead o' that she traded me a nice, gay ribbon to tie up my hair when I go to Sunday-school. Oh, I just wish you'd been there and had such a good time as we had!"

"Bless the child," I thought, and bless the mother who on the occasion, never to be forgotten, will be remembered as having "done what she could." All through the life of that child will the memory of her glad birthdays remain.

Mother, "take comfort" from your opportunities; even though they be small chances in our own eyes, they are great in the eyes of your children. Make birthdays and holidays, mile-stones all along the pathway of the little lives that grew out of your own. Let not the children you have nurtured grow away from you. Hold fast to them by the earliest, tenderest ties that you both knew first. Be merry with them; enjoy their sports; listen to their little complaints and stories; let them hide nothing from you; let no great, dreary waste distance lie between you as often does, oh, too often, between mother and children! Have their confidence—do not govern too much—do not say, "I will punish you for this misdemeanor," with a stern, forbidding, scowling countenance, driving your child away from you in fear of the bodily pain that does hurt so bad; rather say, "Oh, my poor, human child, I am so sorry you did this thing; I am grieved and I know you don't want to grieve you own mother. I am glad you don't hide any wrong doing from me." Think of that beautiful figure, "even as a father pitieth his children," and let its significance sink deep into your hearts.

By some untoward circumstance, some unfortunate influence brought to bear upon a thoughtless little boy, he was strolling near the river one Sabbath day, and with other boys caught some fish. He hated to throw them away, and he was afraid to carry them home. He had been strictly brought up, and he feared the anger and punishment from his father, but he ventured to carry them home with fear and trembling, and tell his step-mother of his bad conduct, and ask her not to inform on him. She was a very conscientious woman, but humane and reasonable, and after

talking the matter over seriously with him, and receiving his pledged word that he would not do so again, she agreed to keep his secret, and she cooked his fish, and he enjoyed eating them with a tolerable degree of satisfaction. She did right. Had she informed his father and the punishment been inflicted which would have been without doubt, the boy would never have felt that his step-mother was his friend, nor that she loved him. And though the grasses of the summers of a quarter of a century have grown green, and then sere and snow-covered since then, the man recalls, with tender gratitude, the kindly love and devotion of the little woman whose gracious, good judgment made her the fast friend of his erring boyhood.

Oh, how different the love of this gentle little mother, wise beyond her years, from one we recall! Her boy was a noisy, blustering lad who "hung his hat on the floor;" left the papers inside-out on the sofa; ate his meals with a gustatory smack; was not choice in his expressions, and made no confidant of his mother. Her manner repelled him. She complained continually of his habits; found fault with everything he did; delighted to reprimand him publicly, and really drove him away from her. Instead of drawing him closer by the sweet ties of mother and child, she held him aloof. When she made his bed she peered under the mattress expecting to find books of doubtful morality; she kept a bunch of keys to unlock his trunk, and drawers, and desk; and she read all his letters, and papers, and examined his pockets, and pried round like a detective watching for his prey. There was nothing of beautiful, trustful, unselfish mother-love in her conduct. Was it any wonder, that at last, set adrift in a wide sea with his hands secured—as it were—this boy went down to ruin, his name disgraced, his usefulness destroyed, his faith in himself and in humanity gone; and that his friends, seeing only outward signs, sighed, and said, dolorously: "Better that he had never been born!" We see so dimly that we should be chary of the judgments we pass upon conduct which the Divine eye beholds in the light of compassionate mercy. We see not the hidden springs which move upon all characters, which make or mar, bring weal or woe, delight or death. But God sees; God knows; take this sweet solace to your heart, oh, lonely son, or daughter, or mother, wounded by the coldness or neglect of those you love and whose affection you long for!

There is one error into which over-fond and indiscriminating mothers sometimes fall, a grievous mistake they make, too. That is to take sides with the children against the father; to magnify his faults instead of seeking to smooth over and palliate. This constitutes a bad state of affairs, and is much to be regretted. We have seen families estranged by this pitiable error until there was no place where the angel of peace could fold its wings; no sweet home-comfort; no wise counsel, nor did the quiet Sabbath ever bring the foretaste of

"The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that waits the soul."

Take comfort. Let the things of the world that tax your time and strength, go easy, and do not let them drive you as though the lash of a merci-

less master cut the air at your back. Let none of the poor, perishable things of time compel you to a slavish obedience, to a drudgery that makes your steps fly and your nervous tension stretch to its utmost. People say hard things about gossip, and that we must give a strict account for every idle word. Sometimes we think a chatty run of conversation is so restful and invigorating; say when your neighbor drops in with her market-basket on her arm or her crochet-needle sticking in the ball. How pleasant then to tell or hear about the week's visit to Chautauqua, and the lessons, and lectures, and concerts, and sermons, and Frank Baird's marvelous pictures, and the rare good things seen and heard in that delightful week! "Heavenly week," the neighbor or her husband calls it. Or, to listen how they managed their poor invalid; or made the new dress out of the two old ones; or raised money for the church debt; or tented on the lake-shore; or what good comforts the dollars brought them when they boarded the city family who only wanted a clean room, and plenty of curd cheese, and new milk, and berries. Such a restful flow of talk broken by, "oh," and "ah," and "dear me," and a rippling flow of laughter in many keys, wasn't gossip at all, and we don't mean to give an account of frivolous conversation. We were "taking comfort," not gossiping, and the wheels ran all the smoother after it. Such gossip is productive of good results. It is only when it originates scandal, that it becomes detestable, and it is no more to be shunned and despised than is the purling sound of the waters of the brook or the measured ticking of the clock. There is a great deal of sweet comfort to be gathered every day of our lives, no matter how humble our occupation. The poor, hired girl can take comfort in making her mistress glad, and in giving pleasant surprises to the family; and the wife of the rich banker can drive out in her carriage and take her seamstress, or the matron of the asylum, or the poor woman who cooks for the students' club. And, in looking upon the hedges along the green country lanes, and the fence corners, abloom with the purple of the wild aster or the glow of the golden rod, the grateful eyes will see not "the gusset, and seam, and band," nor the pained faces of the distressed, nor the "white fat and the ruddy lean" of the steak, but the beauty, and the freshness, and the glory of the landscape, making a picture to keep and to hold forever.

Take comfort. Oh, hearts be glad—rejoice—and,

"If counting o'er the vanished years
That mark thy life's brief span,
Thou findest they have brought to thee
True love for God and man,
Then let thy heart be glad!

"If counting o'er thy treasures gone,
Thou findest yet a store
Of human love, as strong and true
As in the days of yore,
Then let thy heart be glad."

PIPSEY POTTS.

THINGS that will wear are not to be had cheap. Whether it be a fabric or a principle, if it is to endure it must cost something. Glitter, tinsel, brilliant coloring, may all be had without much expense; but, if we would have strength, firmness and permanence, we must pay for them.

RECIPES WANTED.

WILL not Pipesey, or Chatty, or some other kind member of the "Home Circle," send a good way to make pumpkin-pies and corn-bread—just how to proportion the milk to the pumpkin, and the meal to the other ingredients. Every woman we have asked has answered: "Oh, I put in what I think will make them good." Which is about as intelligible as the Widow Bedott's recipe for that wonderful pudding. We want to work by a definite rule, and run no risk of wasting our material. E. F. G.

FROM LONESOME HILLS.

MANY months have passed since my letter-visit to the "Home Circle"—weary, pain-laden months, that drag, oh! so slowly to the sufferer. Yet, how often I've "met and mingled" in spirit with the social group of stranger-friends, always wishing but never able to take part in the genial correspondence. The assurance that I am kindly remembered there, is the spur that urges my ink-dried pen to the effort of another short article, that I may at least not seem indifferent.

Yes, Lichen's friendly reference to and interest in the writer from Lonesome Hills was sincerely appreciated, as also was "Floy's" good opinion of the same. Could Lichen realize the comforting influence of her nice, pleasant letters upon many of her sister-sufferers, surely she would feel amply rewarded in her mission of love. The unvarying patience and entire trust that breathes in every line when referring to her own ailments, are conquests over self that few have achieved in this our murmuring world. Many a trying hour of pain and nervous torture have I endured more bravely by thinking of the encouraging words from her quiet "corner." But now I miss many of the old aches and pains of the past year, and I believe am truly grateful for a few hours of ease now and then, and that I can even darn and patch for my five little darlings, all of whom are large enough to help a little about the work, which is too heavy for one pair of weak hands.

When Lichen pictured the "busy mother" among her vines and trees, that mother was lying half-conscious of what was passing around her; but the trees and vines were there, and the flowers, too, that her own hands had planted.

Well, that terrible period of suffering is in the past, and I shall try not to dwell upon the torturing pictures of a fevered brain. It is more than probable that I shall never be well again, and I am trying (sometimes with poor success, too), to accept the inevitable by giving all to God, by laying my *all* upon the altar of His mercy and striving to keep it there; for "though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Even this short article has been written by snatches, as my strength would allow; and, after reading it over, I feel ashamed of the selfish spirit that pervades the whole, where "I" is the prelude, interlude and general chorus. Still it may go, as I do not know that I could do better in my present mood; and I will only say, if I am never able to do more than "poke" about the house, do little jobs to keep up the corners, keep the ma-

chinery of home-affairs from growing rusty and watching over my dear little nestlings, I shall try to be resigned and thankful for that much strength. Still, it is with many a sharp pang of regret that I give up, little by little, the life of busy activity that was once mine, and—well, I was going to add a repining thought about how useless I sometimes feel; but, as five-year-old baby Nell comes with "P'ease, mammie, push back my churls wib my band-chomb," I look at the frowsy head of tangled curls, and feel a gentle but decided rebuke, for am

I not still of use? Yes; and the assurance is doubly dear from coming, as it does, from baby lips.

If I find an opportunity, or can even make one in my mixed life of work and pain, I shall be glad to visit the loved "Circle" again; yet, if any of the friendly band should chance to miss me, the charitable spirit which surrounds them like a halo of light will enable them to think, "She is only kept from the 'Home Circle' by the dear circle at home."

SIRYL RAE.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH;
OR, A LIFE'S LONG CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

CHAPTER I.

"ALL the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full," were the mother's last words, dying at the old farm-house, in the spring-tide.

What did mother mean? it was a mystery to the five small sorrow-stricken children—this saying of the wise man. The words floated around them as something hard to be understood, as they drifted along with the days, weeks and months, which would not stay, if the very leading star of their young lives had set.

Now, the afternoon sunshine of a winter's day was glistening around the old house, with its many gables, lighting it up with a glow and a warmth of coloring, although the air was crisp and cold.

"I'm going to have a merry Kistmas soon," piped a silvery voice, half-chanting the words, all along the passage. This was Dot, the youngest of the children living.

"I'm going to have a merry Kistmas soon," caroled the little voice. The parlor door opened, and in tripped the small maiden herself, a dainty, fair-haired daisy of a child, whose age could scarcely have been six years, dressed in a white pinafore, and a frock which spoke of her loss. There sat Winnie, the eldest of the flock, a slight girl, with a fair face, and hair which rippled down on her shoulders in waves of gold. She was here in the cold, fireless room, painting little devices and winter scenes, which she called Christmas cards. Her mother had been a governess before her marriage, and brought many a sweet fancy and graceful art with her to the prosaic farm-house. She had taught her daughter painting, and certainly the child had a talent that way; witness the work she was engaged in, and the rapt look on her eager young face. Sunny dreams, too, she indulged in, of going to Italy, and of reveling and triumphing in art there; then of returning some day to make a fortune for them all.

"Winnie, I'm going to have a merry Kistmas soon," sang the silvery voice once more, and the child clasped her arms round her sister with a great hug, very much to the disfigurement of a certain robin, to which she was giving the last finishing touches on the card, intended especially for her father.

"Oh! get away, you silly child," were the words

which told her annoyance; "see what you've done," and she held up her spoiled work in reproach to the little one.

"Oh, I didn't mean to do that, Winnie; but isn't the bird funny? Give it me, Winnie, will you?" she pleaded.

"No, you are a tiresome child, and I don't want you here; run and find Fred and George, I'm busy."

The child turned silently away, and went out with reluctant step, shutting the door not at all like her brisk little self.

But in the hall, where the afternoon sunshine was streaking the floor with red, stood Fred and George, skates in hand. The little lady brightened up at sight of them.

"Take me with you," she pleaded, springing to George's side, and hanging on his arm.

"You! Why, the frost would nip your nose off!" was George's spoken opinion.

"No, it wouldn't! My nose is as tight on as yours," protested Dot, feeling her sancy little turned-up nose as she spoke.

"That may be; but she can't go, can she, Fred?"

Fred and George were twins, and always sailed in the same boat, so Fred's reply was: "No; we don't want any little chits of girls."

"I'm not a little chit of a girl; I'm ever so big," replied indignant Dot, stretching herself up to her full height. "I could skate."

"Where would you get any skates?" questioned George, who was adjusting something wrong in his, and Fred waited for him.

"I could wear Fred's."

"Whew! hear her! Fancy your little trotters in that," and Fred held up his skates, with all the superiority of a boy of eight over a girl of six.

"My foot is as big as yours was once," asserted Dot in reply; at which both boys laughed.

"Well, I suppose it is, silly," said Fred, disdainfully. "Come along, George."

With that they both sprung out at the door, and Dot followed them with quivering lip.

"I'm not silly; you are—both of you; boys always are silly," she called after them, in her little shrill voice. The brothers turned and laughed at her—such a quaint figure, standing in the sunlight.

"Oh, dear, nobody wants me!" sighed the child, stepping inside the door. "But I know what I'll do—I'll go out by myself; I know the way to the pond."

With that she went and arrayed herself in her

hat and jacket, nobody seeing her to say her nay; then away over the frozen road she tripped, taking the way to the pond.

"Well, little Dot!" She started in amazement, and hung down her head, for there was a tall, dark young gentleman standing straight before her. "Well, Miss Dot, where are you bound?" said her questioner, smiling down at the mite.

"I'm going to the pond to see them skate."

"And who do you mean by *them*?"

"Fred and George; they are my brothers, and they wouldn't take me," explained Dot.

"They thought you would be nipped up with the cold, no doubt."

"Yes, so they said; but that isn't it," and the little fair head gave a knowing shake. "'Tis because I'm a girl—'a *chûd* of a girl,' they called me!"

"Ah! very impolite of them; but then brothers do not go in for politeness, do they?"

"No," responded Dot; "but I'm going to have a merry Kistmas as well as they," and the curly head gave a decisive nod this time.

"Suppose you were to turn back and walk with me?"

"Well, I don't mind," responded the little lady.

"Now, about this merry Christmas. I suppose you know who I am?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Who am I?"

"Mr. Harley, at the Hall."

"Ah! I see you are a clever little maid. How would you like to keep your merry Christmas with me?"

"I don't know. Would you like me to?" The shy blue eyes scanned his face to see if he were in earnest.

"Yes, I *should* like you to."

"The boys and Winnie would want me at home."

"I must have the whole batch of you; the more the merrier, you know."

"Was I rude to think of them?" asked the sensitive child, her face crimsoning as the thought came.

"No, dear." He took her in his arms and kissed her, then setting her down, bade her run home as the sun was down, promising to call at the farm on the morrow with the merry Christmas invitation, standing to watch the dainty little figure till it was lost in the gray tint of evening.

The moon was up when she reached the gate, and there stood Fred and George.

"Guess whom I've seen, then," was her greeting.

"The man in the moon," responded George, dryly.

"Tisn't; somebody better than that. Mr. Harley, at the Hall; and we're all to keep merry Kistmas with him."

"*Merry Christmas!*" ejaculated George, and thought he had not heard aright.

CHAPTER II.

A POURING wet morning; there would be no skating to-day, and this was Christmas Eve. The Sandon family sat at breakfast—Mr. Sandon and his five children. Tom, whose acquaintance we have not yet made, sat by his father; they were very like, that father and his eldest son.

"Tom, did you tell John to give that mash to the cow last night?" asked the elder of the younger.

"No, father." A flush mounted to the boy's brow, but he did not flinch.

"And why not?" A grieved look was on the father's face; that was all.

"I forgot it, father."

"And what made you forget it? I told you to take the message at once."

"I was reading 'Captain Cook's Voyage Round the World,' and it went out of my head."

"Well, your forgetfulness has cost me dear; the cow is dead."

Mr. Sandon uttered no reproof. Perhaps Tom needed none; he ate his breakfast in silence, a lump coming into his throat at times, and threatening to choke him. His heart was set on becoming a sailor, as his sister's was on being an artist; they both lived in a sort of selfish day-dream of their own. Would the reason for their mother choosing those words for her last admonition ever dawn upon them, those words of the wise man, so hard to be understood? Would they ever learn to know that our sympathy, love, forgetfulness of self, must flow on and on, like little streams—which make glad and beautify the earth—on and on to the great eternity, ever finding room for more loving self-surrender to be garnered and stored, not to be cast away; that day by day, and every day, we may not live for ourselves, but for others? If Tom had lived but one short ten minutes for his father, in giving that simple order, this loss would not have come to him; and the loss of a cow was no trifle to Mr. Sandon, for he was not rich. If Winnie were less self-pleasing, the house would not be in the constant disorder it was now, and Dot would not so often wander, like a lonely little waif, through the house. But the hour for their awakening would come in time.

"Father, may Tom cut some holly in the plantation?" Winnie ventured to ask, as her father went out from his morning meal.

"You may please yourselves, children, as you generally do;" and with this reproach the door closed upon them.

Thus the day began under a cloud, as it were. Winnie went listlessly away to her household duties, her heart, so to speak, in dreamland. Oh! what a refreshing rill would her young life have been, with her mother's last words and her mother's own meaning as her life-motto, in that household without a heart at its centre, throbbing through the day with loving kindness for them all. True, they had faithful Susan, but her hands were full; other than servant's fingers must weave the thread of gold into a household. Presently Tom came in with a load of evergreens dripping with rain, and dashed them down in the hall, but moodily betook himself to his snugery on the stairs, and the companionship of Captain Cook, instead of pleasantly helping to twine them into wreaths for the rooms; and Winnie, remembering her unfinished cards, went for just a peep at them, which lasted the whole morning, while the evergreens lay in an untidy heap in the hall, kicked hither and thither by hasty passers to and fro. The twins and Dot got up a bear-hunt in the dining-room, the clamor of which awoke the very echoes of the old house; but what mattered it, they were happy, poor children! and not a thought of the future troubled them.

"Oh! here is Mr. Harley come to invite me to my merry Kistmas!" screamed Dot, above the hubbub of sounds, catching a glimpse of a horseman alighting at the gate; and, by the time he reached the front door, she was there to let him in.

"I saw you coming," she lisped, holding out her rosy hand to him as he sprang in out of the drenching rain.

"Ah! 'tis pleasant to be watched for," was his cheery reply, stroking her head with his whip.

"You mustn't go in there, please, because there are bears in there," she remarked, mysteriously, nodding at the door which shut in the scene of the bear-hunt; "but I'll take you in here;" and threading her way through the holly and ivy sprays, she opened the parlor door, and ushered him into the room, where sat Winnie dreaming.

you ask your father to let you come?" This was his errand, and he told it.

"Yes, thank you very much, sir, and I think my father will let us come. But how?" Winnie faltered.

"Little Dot can tell you the how and the why better than I can. I shall be glad to have you all there; it is a gloomy place for me now." A shadow swept over his face.

Winnie remembered that old Mr. Harley had died about the time her mother had left them. She held out her hand in mute sympathy; if his home was as comfortless as was theirs, with his one dear one gone, why—a lump came into her throat so that she could not speak, but the young gentleman understood her.

"Thanks, then you will come?" he murmured. He wrung her hand, and would have kissed Dot,



"WINNIE, I'VE BROUGHT MR. HARLEY TO SEE YOU," SAID THE QUAIN T LITTLE CREATURE.

"Winnie, I've brought Mr. Harley to see you," said the quaint little creature, taking her friend by the hand and leading him to her sister, her small figure quivering with importance.

"And so this is sister Winnie;" the young man smiled, and held out his hand to the young lady, who flushed, but tried to look dignified, as became the mistress of the house.

"You must pardon my intrusion, Miss Winnie, but this young lady led me in here as the only safe place from the bears," he added, comically.

"Bears!" Winnie looked puzzled.

"You know, Winnie, we are playing at bears in the next room."

Winnie remembered hearing a noise, and she rose to offer Mr. Harley a seat.

"No, thanks. I want you all to come up and keep Christmas with me to-morrow evening; will

but she held out her hand with a shy grace instead. Then he went out, Winnie going on before him, blushing scarlet at the untidy state of the hall.

"'Tis holly here, and holly there,
And holly, holly everywhere."

was their visitor's remark. "This wants twining."

The front door shut upon him, and Dot ran, child-like, to wave a good-bye from the window to the kind young gentleman who had invited them to his house.

The rain still fell, and twilight was stealing on.

"Winnie, let me help you?"

Winnie was busy in the hall, busy, as she always was, when the day was waning instead of being ready to enjoy the light, and the warmth, and the peace of Christmas-tide. Father would be in directly, but there was no tea on the table, no

lights in the dim sitting-room; the wreaths were not up yet, and she was cross and weary. That pleasing herself over her painting was the secret of all this confusion; Susan was grumbling in the kitchen, and calling out that it was tea-time; Tom was shouting for a book, which she had not the time to find for him; her father would be angry to find this mess of green still lying about; and here was Dot, with her twining arms and her caresses, hindering her in her work.

"Go away, Dot, into the dining-room, and don't tease."

She gave the child a push; she intended no unkindness, but she was often petulant with her, the wee thing. She crept away along the passage.

"Yes I will, I'll put it up," she said to herself, and carried away a wreath for the fire-place, her sister not saying her nay. She had no thought but for getting this untidy mess out of sight. There came a lull, as before a storm, and then a shriek arose, a shrill scream as of a child in dire need; it was from Dot in the dining-room. Susan was there, Winnie was there, Tom sprang down the stairs, and was there, but the small thing ran hither and thither, and would not let them catch her. She was burning, blazing; the flames seemed to clamor for her. At last they held her, a small, singed daisy, silent, as silent as death. She still held the fatal wreath in her hand, which was never put into its place. They carried her up-stairs, and the doctor came. Oh! the agony of having her burns dressed, the pain of which she must bear herself, her weak, sensitive self, and no other. At last she was easier, wrapped in cotton wool.

"This comes of pleasing yourselves," were Mr. Sandon's words to Winnie and Tom, as they wept on the landing; "you've cost me a cow and well-nigh a child by your selfish carelessness," and the children could not answer him a word.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS bells ringing, sunshine breaking over the earth, the very air thrilling with Christmas joy, the world itself seemed awaking to new hope, new desires, a nobler life, for very gladness, and only poor little Dot lay apart from all, wrapped in cotton wool, moaning in her unrest and feverish delirium. Her flower-like face was untouched, only her pretty hair had been singed, but the shock and the pain had brought on feverish unconsciousness; and though the doctor saw no signs of great danger, a gloom was upon the farmhouse, and all spoke in a sad, hushed voice, as if some one were dead. Mr. Sandon sat by his child, and the young ones went to church; many tears did Winnie shed while there, thinking of Dot at home in pain and in gloom. Then there was that visit to Mr. Harley's. Would he have heard what had happened? Would he expect them? She put the thought from her, as so selfish. Oh, it was hard for Dot! so mused Tom, looking out on the fair beauty of Christmas Day, and thought sadly, as had Winnie, of their father's words last night. They were true, too; the boy bowed his head on his hands and wept.

There rolled up to the gate the hall carriage. Winnie's heart gave a great leap—ought they to go? She dreaded to ask her father, and yet she must.

"Father," she said, with bowed head, "here is the carriage from the Hall—ought we to go?"

They were standing by Dot's bedside.

"Yes, child, it would be ungrateful not to go, unless we feared more for our baby," he spoke so gently, that he well-nigh broke her heart.

What good resolutions she made, amid many tears, as she put on her neat, black dress, with white ruffles at neck and wrists, and brushed out her shining hair. And now she must say goodbye to her father and Dot for a while.

"Father, you don't think it selfish of me to go?" she sobbed, as he kissed her.

"No, my dear, not selfish now;" he stroked her hair, his poor, little, motherless girl, with so much to learn.

"O Dot, it seems selfish to go and leave you behind," she whispered, in an agony of tears, kissing her; but the child only moaned, and turned away, muttering something about "Merry Kistmas soon—" her poor little spirit was wandering in gloom.

It seemed like a dream to them all, to be driving along in Mr. Harley's carriage, and more like a dream when they stood in the hall of the old mansion, amid the many-tinted lights of the colored windows.

"Where is my little friend?" asked Mr. Harley, as he welcomed them, glancing over them, as if he expected to see her hiding amongst them. Then Winnie had to tell her tale with bent head and flushing cheeks, not sparing herself in speaking of her want of watchfulness over her motherless little sister.

"Poor Dot!" sighed Mr. Harley, at the end, and led the way to the library. "Now will you take off your wraps here, or will you be a fine lady, and let me hand you over to Mrs. Prynn?" he asked of Winnie.

"Oh, let me take off my things here, please," she said, shyly.

"So I thought; and now if you are ready, we will go in to dinner."

He took her hand and led her away, the boys following in their wake, and there they were in the old dining-room, amid the sheen of silver and glass, and all those quaint old portraits on the walls, watching, as it seemed, with curious eyes. Mr. Harley was a thoughtful host, so it was not all mazy bewilderment, but a pleasant peep into fairy-land. But when it was all over, and their kind friend led them into the drawing-room, one glitter of light and beauty, the children seemed not themselves at all, but enchanted folk in an enchanted region.

Their young host led them here and there, rejoicing in their enjoyment, and when Winnie looked sad and sighed, he sighed "Poor Dot!" in sympathy with her.

The room contained many choice old paintings, and one especially attracted the little girl's attention, as she wandered about, reveling in all; it was that of the ancient magi offering their gifts. It was a rare work of art, making one's heart thrill to mark the rapt look of adoration and joy on the offerers' faces. Winnie folded her hands, and gazed in silent awe. Mr. Harley came up behind her.

"A real Christmas picture, little Winnie," he said, resting a hand on each of her shoulders.

"I should like to do as they are doing," the child's fair face quivering with emotion.

"Yes; and, my child, it may be done by us in our days."

"How? I have no gold, no frankincense or myrrh," she spoke low, her eyes still scanning the picture.

"By giving our choicest and best."

She did not reply.

"What do you love best, little Winnie?"

"Painting; I almost adore it; I spend hours over it."

Her words were framing his reply.

"That is the gold of your life; lay down an hour now and then of your precious painting time at the feet of your Saviour, to be used for those who need it, and they are—whom?" He spoke gently, not trying to see her face.

"Dot, and all of them at home."

"And then tender thoughts, noble aspirations and hopes, they are like the breath of sweet frankincense; lay them down to be made more holy, a sweet perfume to circle in and out among the lives of those you love. The myrrh which was once used in embalming the dead, our myrrh shall be loving memories, embalming us in the hearts of those whom we have helped, comforted and blessed; we will lay down our myrrh also, saying, with humble joy: 'Jesus, Thy people have loved us.' We can thus make our Christmas offering all our life long; nobler, more acceptable to our Saviour, it may be, than that of the wise men, because He who once walked here with us, knows how hard it is to be done. Our *choicest, our dearest, best*, laid down for His sake; this can be done, little Winnie."

The boys had come up and been listening; as for Winnie, her tears were now flowing fast. He let her cry for some time, then asked, when she was growing calm again: "Shall we have some music?"

She turned her April face to him as a silent reply.

And they did have some music—putting back the folding-doors between the drawing-room and that where the organ stood—Christmas anthems, carols and childish pieces; and before they were aware, it was time to drive home again in the carriage.

"I think I know what made mother choose that last text for us," said Winnie to Tom, as they drove along.

"And so do I," replied Tom. "'Pour out your love like the rush of a river,' as I read somewhere the other day."

"Yes, a Christmas offering of a lifetime."

And by the remembrance of that Christmas-time, with its joys and sorrows, the brother and sister learnt to pour out the gold, the frankincense and the myrrh of their simple lives, though not without faults and failings.

"If the eldest boy starts right," said a good man one day, "the rest are pretty sure to turn out well." There was wisdom in the observation. The eldest boy or girl in the family has very much to do with the moulding of the others. If only he or she be gentle-mannered and firm in principle, the younger ones will receive unconscious impressions for good every day.

INEXPENSIVE PRESENTS.

A WELCOME phrase, I doubt not, to many a little girl who muses despairingly: "Oh, Christmas is almost here, and what shall I do? I want to make some presents, but I haven't any money."

Never mind, mademoiselle. If you have love, and patience, and energy, you will do very well without money. Even if you don't follow my suggestions exactly, they may put you in the way of doing something better.

Let us see. You must remember papa, mamma, auntie, big brother and sister, and little brother and sister—perhaps, also, grandpa and grandma, uncle, and the girl who is always so kind to you. Now, I think you can manage to do so without its costing you a penny.

I am sorry to say that I cannot suggest much of a variety for the gentlemen—nothing new, in fact. Suppose you try neckties. Mamma or auntie will cut you some lengths of black silk, and show you how to blind-stitch the under-side, and turn in and fasten off the ends. Or, would you like to make a pen-wiper or two? Save your scraps of fine, pretty flannel, and use either of the two following easy patterns:

Cut three circles of flannel or cloth, each of a different size. Lay down the largest—say black—for the bottom; the next in size—perhaps red—upon this for the middle piece; and the smallest—white, or green, or blue—upon this again for the top. Stitch them together, through and through, in the centre, and finish off by a pretty button. Or, cut your pieces in the shape of the sector of a circle—that is, a triangle, the base of which is a curved line instead of a straight one—and then turn each piece over upon itself so that the two straight sides will be together, and run a seam from the point to the round edge; then turn your work back again, so that the raw seam will be inside. You see, now, that you have made something resembling a candy horn, having a closed point at one end and a circular opening at the other. Make a number of such horns, and then lay them on the table, side by side, till you have formed with them a perfect circle—the points, you perceive, all meet in the middle, and the circular openings stand all around the edge. Run the horns all together lengthwise, secure them in the centre, and finish, as in the other pattern, with a button. In both styles, the plain edges of the cloth or flannel are to be pinked out with the points of the scissors.

You might make a necktie for grandpa, a pen-wiper of one style for papa, of the other for uncle, and another necktie, perhaps of gayer silk, for your older brother. Of course I could give you other hints; but I am supposing that you do not intend to spend any money. If you do just this much, however, you need not fear that your gifts will be unappreciated; the genuine kindness in the matter is all concerning which you need feel solicitous. No one expects a very valuable present from a little girl; but every one likes to be remembered.

Save all the string off the parcels which come into the house. You will want quite a quantity. Next, find all the pieces of old, all-wool ingrain carpet that you can. Now I will tell you how to make two very nice floor-rugs, one of which may

be given to mamma, the other to grandma or auntie.

Ravel the carpet all out, and sort the two kinds of ravelings, keeping the thick and thin apart, each by themselves. Make the first mat of the thick; and this is the way to do it:

Cut the ravelings into equal lengths, of about three inches. Take your string—which ought to have been previously tied together and wound up into a ball—and, with a bone hook, crochet a chain the width of the rug you want. Then, coming back, knit one of the lengths into the first stitch, so that it will be divided in the middle, with its two ends standing up together. Repeat the process in every stitch, until you have completed one row. Then turn the work, and knit back plain. The succeeding row should be like the previous one, receiving the lengths of carpet-raveling. Continue so, alternately fuzzy and plain, until you have finished the mat, which you have when it has attained a good length in proportion to its width. After knitting a few rows you will be able to see the design very clearly—the row in which you crochet the raveling forms a thick, close pile, like velvet, while the plain row makes the flat underside. Such a rug, when finished, has a rich, mossy effect, whose warm look and blended colors remind one of a piece of handsome Turkey carpet.

Now for the other mat. If possible, sort out the thin ravelings into three distinct colors; but this is immaterial. Tie the lengths together, and crochet three separate strands, each about three-quarters of an inch—or six stitches—wide. Continue until your three strands are several yards in length, and then braid them together, just as you do your own hair. Then, with a stout needle and thread, sew this long braid around and around, taking care to keep it flat, until you have a mat which you think is of a good size. This is very much like the old-fashioned carpet-rag rug, only the materials are softer, the colors brighter and the whole effect prettier.

Take a little peach-basket, and line it neatly with red flannel or merino. Finish off the top inside with a quilling of the same material, the edges of which have been previously pinked out with the scissors. At the base of the handle at each side, right on the splints, sew a ribbon bow, of the same or of a contrasting color. If you like, run ribbon, in and out, through the interstices, and tie the ends on one side in a bunch of jaunty loops—though the basket will be very pretty without this ornamentation. Inside, sew besides the lining and of the same flannel or merino, some pinked leaves for needles, a little padding for pins and some loops for thimble, scissors, and so forth. This will make a very nice work-basket for grandma, or auntie, or any lady relative who did not receive a rug. P. S.—I said red flannel or merino, but I meant any bright, pretty material which you may happen to have in the house.

Gather together all the ferns and autumn leaves that you have pressed. Pick out a few of the prettiest and arrange them, in a simple, flat bouquet, upon a piece of card-board or thick writing paper, without lines. Secure them with mucilage—not too much; just enough to hold them—let them dry thoroughly, and neatly trim the edge of the foundation-paper. This will make

a pretty gift for your older sister. She, herself, may do as she pleases about framing it.

Make a doll's garment for your little sister. I don't know of anything daintier than a set of doll's underwear—and it may be made of such muslin and edging as you may find about the house. The real beauty of such a gift consists in its accurate cutting and neat sewing. If you can accomplish it all without assistance, very well—if not, most likely some one will help you. Take just as much trouble as though you were working at your own clothes, and you will be sure to evolve something "cunning." If you make anything out of muslin, have it nicely done up before you present it. In this age of the world, you can, if you desire, purchase doll's patterns and doll's hat-frames. But, at any rate, here is a wide field for your ingenuity, and a good opportunity to use up all your scraps of silk, velvet, muslin and lace.

From time to time, cut out and save all the prettiest pictures from the illustrated magazines and papers. When you have collected a goodly number, ask your papa to give you one of his old blank-books, and show you how to make false leaves, that is, how to cut out a certain number of leaves, so as to have remaining, between the pages, some narrow strips at the back of the book. Then paste in your pictures neatly, taking care to have them lie smoothly, and to fill all the space, and cover up all the old writing. You may, perhaps, alternate your black-and-white pictures with gay lithograph cards; and you can generally find a little landscape or figure to fill up a side or corner left by a larger one. This pretty scrap-book will form, when completed, an appropriate present for your little brother.

Almost every servant-girl has a lot of sewing "in the drag," that is, a number of half-completed garments, which she needs badly enough, but which, somehow, she never finds time to finish. Would it not be nice to surprise your mamma's girl before the holidays? Sew on her missing buttons, work her wanted buttonholes, hem her basted aprons. Then, ask mamma to give you the cambric left from your white dress. Cut it in strips, hem it neatly, and make a lot of dainty ruffles for Bridget or Mary, to trim her new underwear. Be sure she will soon develop a taste for neatness and beauty, if you encourage her in it.

Of course, all these gifts may be varied, according to circumstances, and the list extended indefinitely. But I think I have said enough to show that money is not always an essential in making Christmas presents. MARGARET B. HARVEY.

ROSY CHEEKS.—The simple practice of washing with cold, soft water and rubbing the cheeks briskly with a soft, rough towel as a daily habit will do more to produce rosy cheeks than the best artificial inventions. Not only may a natural bloom be thus secured, but the fullness of the cheek is sustained by the healthy flow of blood which feeds its muscular structure. The muscles of the cheeks have very little action; they therefore become flabby and sunken at an early age in persons whose habits of life are such as to maintain little energy in the general system. The simple friction of the cheeks will do much to satisfy fair readers who may take the hint.

Christmas Hymns and Carols.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

TUNE—"God rest ye, merry gentlemen."

GOD rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you
dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on
Christmas Day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone
through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on
Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children, let nothing you
affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this
happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping
lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on
Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed
morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman
born;
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He
takes away,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christ-
mas Day.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn silence lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,

Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS!

SHOUT the glad tidings! exultingly sing!
Jerusalem triumphs; Messiah is King!

Sion the marvelous story is telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing!
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
round;
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are
crowned.

Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing!
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the glad some Hozanna arise;
Ye angels, the full Hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the
skies.

Shout the glad tidings! exultingly sing!
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUELENBERG.

THE COMING OF MESSIAH.

THE Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold—
Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis He the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exultingly like the bound roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear—
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
 Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage—
 The promised Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

ALEXANDER POPE.

IT WAS THE CALM AND SILENT NIGHT.

IT was the calm and silent night!
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars—
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

* * * * *

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor;
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
 Across his path. He passed, for naught
 Told what was going on within;
 How keen the stars, his only thought,
 The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

* * * * *

It is the calm and solemn night!
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness—charmed and holy now!
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given;
 For in that stable lay, new-born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMETT.

THE CHILD JESUS.

DOST thou in a manger lie,
 Who hast all created,
 Stretching infant hands on high,
 Saviour long awaited?
 If a monarch, where Thy state?
 Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
 Royal purple where?
 Here no regal pomp to see,
 Naught but need and penury,
 Why thus cradled here?

"Pitying love for fallen man
 Brought me down thus low,
 For a race deep lost in sin
 Rushing into woe.
 By this lowly birth of mine
 Countless riches shall be thine,
 Matchless gifts and free.
 Willingly this yoke I take,
 And this sacrifice I make,
 Reaping joys for thee."

MAUBURN (1460).

Home Life and Character.

WHO IS KRISS KRINGLE?

IT was the day before Christmas—always a day of restless, hopeful excitement among the children; and my thoughts were busy, as is usual at this season, with little plans for increasing the gladness of my happy household. The name of the good genius who presides over toys and sugar-plums was often on my lips, but oftener on the lips of the children.

"Who is Kriss Kringle, mamma?" asked a pair of rosy lips, close to my ear, as I stood at the kitchen-table, rolling out and cutting cakes.

I turned at the question, and met the earnest gaze of a couple of bright eyes, the roguish owner of which had climbed into a chair for the purpose of taking note of my doings.

I kissed the sweet lips, but did not answer.

"Say, mamma? Who is Kriss Kringle?" persevered the little one.

"Why, don't you know?" said I, smiling.

"No, mamma. Who is he?"

"Why, he is—he is—Kriss Kringle."

"O mamma! Say, won't you tell me?"

"Ask papa when he comes home," I returned, evasively.

I never like deceiving children in any thing.

And yet, Christmas after Christmas, I have imposed on them the pleasant fiction of Kriss Kringle, without suffering very severe pangs of conscience. Dear little creatures! how fully they believed, at first, the story; how soberly and confidently they hung their stockings in the chimney corner; with what faith and joy did they receive their many gifts on the never-to-be-forgotten Christmas morning!

Yes, it is a pleasant fiction; and if there be in it a leaven of wrong, it is indeed a small portion.

"But why won't you tell me, mamma?" persisted my little interrogator. "Don't you know Kriss Kringle?"

"I never saw him, dear," said I.

"Has papa seen him?"

"Ask him when he comes home."

"I wish Krissy would bring me, oh, such an elegant carriage and four horses, with a driver that could get down and go up again."

"If I see him, I'll tell him to bring you just such a nice carriage."

"And will he do it, mamma?"

The dear child clapped his hands together with delight.

"I guess so."

"I wish I could see him," he said, more soberly and thoughtfully.

And then, as if some new impression had crossed his mind, he hastened down from the chair and went gliding from the room.

Half an hour afterward, as I came into the nursery, I saw my three "olive branches," clustered together in a corner, holding grave counsel on some subject of importance; at least to themselves. They became silent at my presence; but soon began to talk aloud. I listened to a few words, but perceived nothing of particular concern; then turned my thoughts away.

"Who is Kris Kringle, papa?" I heard my cherry-lipped boy asking, soon after his father came home in the evening.

The answer I did not hear. Enough that the inquirer did not appear satisfied therewith.

At tea-time, the children were not in very good appetite, though in fine spirits.

As soon as the evening meal was over, my husband went out to buy presents for our little ones, while I took upon myself the task of getting them off early to bed.

A Christmas-tree had been obtained during the day, and it stood in one of the parlors, on a table. Into this parlor the good genius was to descend during the night, and hang on the branches of the tree, or leave upon the table, his gifts for the children. This was our arrangement. The little ones expressed some doubts as to whether Kris Kringle would come to this particular room; and little "cherry lips" couldn't just see how the genius was going to get down the chimney, when the fireplace was closed up.

"Never mind, love; Kris will find his way here," was my answer to all objections.

"But how do you know, mother? Have you sent him word?"

"Oh, I know."

Thus I put aside their inquiries, and hurried them off to bed.

"Now go to sleep right quickly," said I, after they were snugly under their warm blankets and comforts; "and to-morrow morning be up bright and early."

And so I left them to their peaceful slumbers.

An hour it was, or more, ere my husband returned, with his pockets well laden. I was in the parlor, where we had placed the Christmas-tree, engaged in decorating it with rosettes, sugar toys, and the like. At this work I had been some fifteen or twenty minutes, and had, I will own, become a little nervous. My domestic had gone out, and I was alone in the house. Once or twice, as I sat in the silent room, I imagined that I heard a movement in the one adjoining. And several times I was sure that my ear detected something like the smothered breathing of a man.

"All imagination," said I to myself. But again and again the same sounds stirred upon the silent air.

"Could there be a robber concealed in the next room?"

The thought made me shudder. I was afraid to move from where I sat. What a relief when I heard my husband's key in the door, followed by the sound of his well-known tread in the passage! My fears vanished in a moment.

As he stood near me, in the act of unloading his pockets, he bent close to my ear, and whispered:

"Will is under the table. I caught a glance of his bright eyes, just now."

"What?"

"It's true. And the other little rogues are in the next room, peeping through the door, at this very moment."

I was silent with surprise.

"They're determined to know who Kris Kringle is," added my husband; then speaking aloud, he said: "Come, dear; I want to show you something up in the dining-room."

I understood my husband, and arose up instantly, not so much as glancing toward the partly-opened folding-door.

We were hardly in the dining-room before we heard the light pattering of feet and low, smothered tittering on the stairway. Then all was still, and we descended to the parlors again, quite as much pleased with what had occurred as the little rogues were themselves.

"I declare! Really, I thought them all sound asleep an hour ago," said I, on resuming my work of decorating the Christmas-tree. "Who could have believed them cunning enough for this? It's all Will's doings. He'll get through the world."

"Aye will he," was returned. "Oh, if you could have seen his face as I saw it, just peering from under the table-cloth, his eyes as bright as stars, and full of merriment and delight?"

"Bless his heart! He's a dear little fellow!"

How could I help saying this?

"And the others! You lost half the pleasure of the whole affair by not seeing them."

"We shall have a frolic with the rogues to-morrow morning. I can see the triumph on Will's face. I understand now what all their whisperings meant this afternoon. They were concocting this plan. I couldn't have believed it of them!"

"Children are curious bodies."

"I thought I heard some one in the next room," I remarked, "while you were out, and became really nervous for awhile. I heard the breathing of some one near me, also; but tried to argue myself into the belief that it was only imagination."

Thus we conned over the little incident, while we arranged the children's toys.

"I know who Kris Kringle is! I know!" was the triumphant affirmation of one and another of the children, as we gathered at the breakfast-table next morning.

"Do you, indeed?" said I, trying to look grave.

"Yes; it is papa."

"Papa, Kris Kringle! How can that be?"

"Oh, we know! We found out!"

"Indeed?"

And we made, of course, a great wonder of this assertion. The merry elves! What a happy Christmas it was for them. Ever since, they have dated from the time when they found out who Kris Kringle was. It is all to no purpose that we pleasantly suggest the possibility of their having dreamed of what they allege to have occurred under their actual vision; they have recorded it in their memories, and refer to it as a veritable fact.

Dear children! How little they really ask of us, to make them happy. Did we give them but a twentieth part of the time we devote to business,

care and pleasure, how greatly would we promote their good, and increase the measure of their enjoyment. Not alone at Christmas-time, but all the year should we remember and care for their pleas-

ures; for, the state of innocent pleasures in children is one in which good affections are implanted, and these take root, and grow, and produce fruit in after life.

Housekeepers' Department.

RECIPES.

LIGHT BATTER PUDDING IN SMALL CUP-SHAPES.—Take three eggs, three spoonfuls of milk and three of flour; butter some cups well, pour in the batter and bake the puddings quickly in a hot oven. When done, turn them on to a dish, and serve with sweet sauce made of butter, sugar and nutmeg.

CHEESE CAKES.—To a breakfast-cup of boiled hominy stir a large cupful of new milk, beat well, so as to remove all lumps; add a cupful of currants, an ounce of candied peel, cut into small pieces, and a pinch of salt; after mixing, add two eggs, well beaten. Sugar and flavoring to taste. Line patty-pans with short paste, and fill with the mixture and bake.

DAMASCENE ROLL.—Boiled pastry should be prepared with as much care as that meant for baking, the proportions of butter, lard and flour the same. Stew the cherries, or whatever fruit you desire, with a little sugar; roll out the pastry into a thin sheet—the thinner the better; spread over a thick layer of the fruit, and then, commencing at one side, roll carefully until all the fruit is inclosed within the paste; pinch together at the ends, and tie up in a strong cotton cloth, then drop into a pot of boiling water. The morello cherry is the best for this purpose, or some other fruit possessing acidity. To be served with sweet sauce.

ANGEL PUDDING.—Two ounces of flour, two ounces of powdered sugar, two ounces of butter melted in half a pint of new milk, two eggs; mix well. Bake the above in small patty-pans until nicely browned, and send to table on a dish covered with a serviette. A little powdered sugar should be sifted over each pudding, and slices of lemon served with them. The eggs must be well beaten before they are added to the other ingredients.

CREAM DRESSING.—When oil is disliked in salads, the following dressing will be found excellent. Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs very fine with a spoon, incorporate with them a

dessertspoonful of mixed mustard; then stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teacupful of thick cream, a saltspoonful of salt, and Cayenne pepper enough to take up on the point of a very small penknife-blade, and a few drops of anchovy or Worcestershire sauce, and, very carefully, sufficient vinegar to reduce the mixture to a smooth, creamy consistency, and pour it upon lettuce carefully prepared for the table.

USEFUL HINTS.

FLIES.—It is said that flies will not enter a room where a wreath of walnut leaves has been hung up.

TO BURN CANDLES SLOWLY.—Candles are sometimes kept burning in sick rooms or nurseries the whole night. An easy method of preventing a too rapid combustion is to place salt finely powdered from the tallow to the black part of the wick of a partly-burnt candle; of course, the light is only sufficient for a bed-chamber.

SCALDS.—In an emergency, the readiest and most effectual application for this very common, and frequently fatal accident, until medical assistance is obtained, is *flour*. This should be dusted on thickly with a dredger, so as to absorb the discharge, and cover the injured part completely. The application should be continued so long as any discharge appears.

TO KEEP ICE.—The importance of being able to keep small quantities of ice for various purposes, and especially in sick rooms for medical use, cannot be overrated. An eminent medical man recommends the following simple method, which he has practiced with success: Put the ice in a deep dish or jug, cover it with a plate, and place the vessel on a pillow stuffed with feathers, and cover the top with another pillow carefully, by this means excluding the external air. Feathers are well-known bad conductors of heat, and in consequence the ice is preserved from melting. Ice may be so preserved for six or eight days. The plan is simple, and within the reach of every household.

Art at Home.

NEEDLEWORK is classed under two heads *Useful and Ornamental*, or we should rather say was, substituting the past for the present tense, as of late we have had another class, which, though coming under the second heading, is yet given a title peculiarly its own, that is, *Artistic Needlework*—work which more nearly approaches

the painter's art than does any other kind; work in which the colors are so beautifully blended, and the idea of the designer is so well carried out that the needle becomes the rival of the brush in a certain sense.

Only a few years since we were content with plain hems and seams on our household linen,

with simple initials in the corners, marked in red ingrain cotton—even the cotton being superseded in some instances by marking in ink; now we are getting more luxurious, bed linen must be embroidered in colors, and trimmed in the most dainty manner with lace and frilling. Though to many people this probably seems a waste of time, yet we cannot help thinking that time spent in working any dainty little thing to adorn and beautify our homes is never time wasted, *unless it has been taken from a more laudable object.* All the little daintinesses to which we are becoming accustomed are only the outcomes of our advancing civilization, and we should miss them sorely if we were suddenly transplanted into the wilds of some far-away land.

Miss Bird, in her charming book, "Life in the Rocky Mountains," tells us how pleasant she found the sleeping in what we may call a civilized bedroom after "roughing it" for some months, among "ranchmen" in their unchinked log cabins, which let in frost, and snow, and all the winds of heaven. She was essentially a lady, who made the best of everything, and did not at all mind the "roughing," yet the power of appreciating civilized pleasures never deserted her, and she gleefully describes the pleasure of meeting an educated, ladylike woman, and being shown into a room with a "carpet on the floor" and "*frilled pillow linen*" on the bed.

While on the subject of bed-rooms, we may suggest one or two novelties for their decoration. A light quilt to throw over the bed in the daytime may be made at a trifling expense. Almost every housekeeper possesses two or three old linen sheets which have become too thin for actual wear; these make capital foundations for quilts. Choose one much larger than the bed, so that it may hang over the sides; stitch a false hem all round with colored cotton or silk. Get some Turkey red twill, cut into strips about two inches broad; stitch these lengthwise down the sheet at intervals, then add a band of the same all round, about an inch in from the hem, and finish off with an edge of furniture lace. A pattern in wools can

be worked on the plain spaces between the red, if liked; and, if the *white* ground of the sheet is disliked, it can be stained the fashionable color by dipping in clear, strong coffee, taking care that every part is well saturated; the lace edging should then be coffee colored as well. White damask toilet-covers can be stained in the same way and look really handsome, with their designs outlined, and leaves (if there are any) veined with bright silks or fine crewels. A damask d'oyley, treated in the same way, answers for pincushion-cover. There is always a certain monotony about the floor of a room, unless it is relieved by a mat here and there. The eye gets tired of noting the continued pattern of the carpet without a break, except where it runs under the furniture. Any neutral-tinted cloth—say, the remains of a jacket or ulster—makes a good foundation for a mat. The design should be bold and effective, such as large sun-flowers in wools, oranges and leaves, or water-lilies; or, again, stars, cut out of bright bits of cloth, and appliqué with coarse silk, are most effective. Worsted ball fringe makes a good bordering for these.

Crochet is looked upon as very old-fashioned fancy work now so many new ideas have taken its place; yet those who are clever at crochet, and who do not take readily to new-fangled notions, need not despair, as some of the prettiest tidies of to-day may in part be made from squares of this work, of a pattern as fine and lace-like as possible. As the artistic taste of the time has decreed that *white* is too cold and hard for decorative purposes, these squares must be "dipped," to give them the tinge of old lace. To the crochet join alternate squares of satin, sateen, silk or velvet, work over the joins with old-gold silk, with a star of the same in the centre of each square; border with an edge of crochet, and you have a handsome tidy. The silk or satin squares should, of course, be of one color—say, deep red or rich purple; and, instead of stars, they might have a bunch of tiny flowers embroidered in the centre, such as heather or violets.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

NEW cloths for winter wraps are woven roughly, in figures, or to show colored threads, rather than in the smooth style of broadcloth. Such fabrics are made up in jaunty jackets for general wear, or in useful ulsters. Plain wraps of seal-brown or black are still, as always, serviceable. Besides these cloth coats and cloaks, there are large gay mantles of gay Madras or Scotch plaids.

A new fancy is for entirely plain jackets, single-breasted, and buttoning closely to the throat, and destitute of collar, lapels, cuffs or pocket-flaps. To such coats buttons form the only trimming. Jersey jackets are made of the genuine Jersey webbing, but they have none of the close-fitting effect seen in the real Jersey waists. The usual double-breasted saque, with collar, cuffs, etc., is,

however, still worn—the fashionable trimming for such a coat is plush, which now divides favor with velvet, corduroy and the like.

Medium long cloaks and coats are finished by a short cape, sometimes by double capes. These are not rounded, but cut square. The monk's hood is added to almost any style of wrap; it should be so arranged that it may be detached when desired. Such a hood is usually lined with Surah silk of a contrasting color from the garment.

Usters are gradually giving way to long, close-fitting coats of a more graceful style, similar to a polonaise. Some are provided with capes, square sleeves, or pointed hoods. The most picturesque garment of this order is the monk's ulster, with a cowl, cape and rope-like cords and tassels.

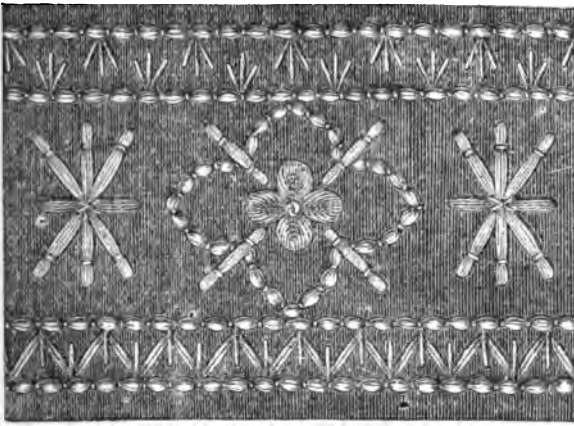
The favorite trimming for black wraps is beading. Beads are even seen upon garments on which

they seem out of place—as cloaks of heavy cloth or seal-skin. It is, however, in better taste to restrict them to wraps made of cashmere, silk, satin de Lyon and the like. Such garments are often made more rich and elaborate by shirrings and combinations of brocaded satins or velvets; or linings and facings of colored silk or satin.

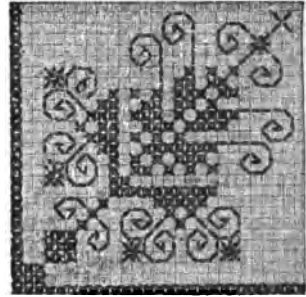
Dressy costumes are now trimmed with rich bead passementeries—not black entirely, but combined with steel, pearl, gilt, silver and opal beads. For less expensive dresses, come striped velvets

and brocades, which, while all silk on the surface, have a cotton or linen back. Persian brocades, of mixed wool and silk, are useful for combining with all-wool dresses. An old dress may be renovated by using the plain skirts as they are, and wearing with them a new basque made entirely of the brocade. The standard dress for this season is a semi-plain cloth costume of black, navy blue, plum or olive green, trimmed with plain silk or a mixed brocaded fabric.

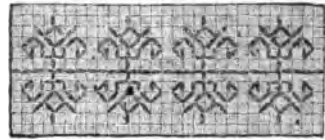
Fancy Needlework.



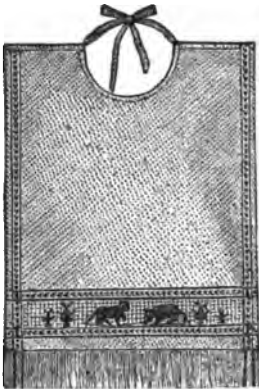
BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER.



CORNER PIECE.



STRIPES.



CHILD'S BIB.

CHILD'S BIB (Holbein Stitch).—Bib of white Jacquard cloth, in which a stripe of Aida cloth is interwoven, and edged by a colored border. Similar borders down each side of the bib. At the upper edge the Jacquard cloth is cut out for the neck and fastened with tape. The borders are worked in cross and Holbein stitch from the design given in illustration.

CORNER PIECE AND STRIPES FOR TIDY, ETC.—These designs are worked in wool or silk in cross-stitch. The colors used are black, dark red, dark blue, two shades olive, three shades fawn, red and blue.



BABY'S JACKET.

BABY'S JACKET (Knitting and Crochet).—Materials: Blue and white wool, blue cord and tassels. Cast on 147 stitches, and knit to and fro with blue wool as follows:—1st row: knitted. 2d row: with white wool, right side of the work, slip 1, * knit 1, cotton forward, knit 2, knit 3 together as follows—take the centre stitch on to the needle before the first, and knit the 3 together, knit 2, cotton forward, repeat 17 times from *, last of all knit 2. 3d row: purled. 4th to 8th row: alternately like

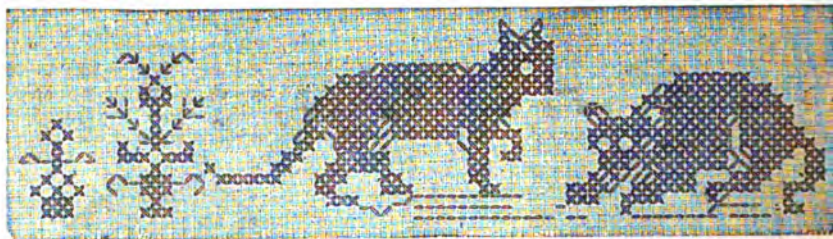
the 2d and 3d row. 9th row: with blue wool, knitted, but knit together the stitch just over the three knitted together with the stitch preceding it. 10th and 11th rows: all the stitches must appear purled on the right side. 12th row: with white wool, knitted. 13th row: slip 1, * knit 2, purl 1 in the horizontal part before the next stitch, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1 out of the next stitch, repeat from *, last of all knit 2. 14th row: slip 1, alternately purl 2, knit 4, last of all knit 3. 15th row: slip 1, * knit 2, purl 1, purl 3 together, repeat from *, last of all knit 3. 16th row: slip 1, alternately purl 2, knit 2, last of all purl 3. 17th row: slip 1, alternately knit 2, purl 2 together, last of all knit 3. 18th row: with blue wool, knitted. 19th to the 21st row: like the 10th to the 12th row. 22d row: with white wool, knitted. 23d row: slip 1, knit 4, alternately purl 2, knit 2, last of all knit 5. 24th to 67th rows: alternately like the 22d and 23d rows, but the armholes are begun in the 41st row, when the backs and fronts are knitted separately, the backs along the first and last 37 stitches. The 68th row is begun at the back as follows: slip 1, knit 4, 7 times alternately purl 2, knit 2 together, purl 2, knit 1, then for the shoulder cast on in one piece with this row 12 fresh stitches, and knit the remaining stitches in the pattern of the jacket. 69th and 70th rows: plain knitting, then for the square at the neck cast on 147 stitches on fresh needles, and knit with blue wool as follows: 1st row: knitted. 2d row: with white wool, right side of the work, slip 1, * knit 1, cotton forward, knit 3 together, knit 1, cotton forward, repeat from *, last of all knit 2. 3d row: purled. 4th row: like the 2d row. Then place the last row of the jacket on to this row, and purl both together. Then knit 11 rows, but in every other row decrease 1 on each side of the fresh stitches

cast on for the shoulders, cast off, and crochet round the neck as follows: * 1 treble in the marginal stitch, 4 chain, 1 treble in 1st of 4 chain, miss 3, repeat from *. Then knit the sleeves, beginning from the upper edge as follows: cast on 48 stitches, and knit 3 rows to appear purled on the right side. 4th row: right side of the work, knit 18, 3 times alternately purl 2, knit 2, leave the other stitches unnoticed. 5th row: knit 12, leave the other stitches unnoticed. 6th to 57th row: in the pattern of the jacket, but in each of the first 6 rows take in 6 of the stitches left unnoticed, and decrease 1 on each side of the 20th, 30th, 38th, 46th and 54th rows. Then along 50 stitches knit 4 rows like the first 4 of the square at the neck, and 11 rows plain, after which cast off, sew the sleeve together, and put it into the armhole.



SCRAP-BASKET.

SCRAP-BASKET.—This scrap-basket is made of splints and thin cane rods, and is varnished golden brown. Blue and red shaded embroidery (tambour) braids are run through the cane rods.



DESIGN FOR CHILD'S BIB.

New Publications.

FROM JANSEN, McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO.

The Bible: Its True Character and Spiritual Meaning. By L. P. Mercer, Union Swedenborgian Church, Chicago. This volume is made up of a series of lectures which were delivered last winter in Chicago, and which were fully reported in the *Chicago Times*. Their object was, as stated in the preface, "to present the teachings of Swedenborg concerning the Sacred Scriptures in a form likely to reach those who might otherwise remain in ignorance of it." There are six lectures, the subjects being treated in the

following order: 1. "The Bible a Book of Divine Parables." 2. "The Doctrine of Correspondences, a Key to Divine Parables." 3. "The Law of Divine Inspiration." 4. "The History of Revelation." 5. "The Real and Apparent in the Scriptures." 6. "The Doctrine of the Spiritual Sense, the only Answer to Skeptical Objection."

In discussing these important subjects, Mr. Mercer has shown marked ability, method and a logical clearness which can hardly fail to make a strong impression on earnest, thoughtful minds in which honest doubts in regard to the plenary inspiration of Scripture have found a lodgment.

The doctrines of the New Church, which are to be found in the writings of Swedenborg, declare that the Bible is a Divine Book, and that besides the literal sense it contains a spiritual and a Divine sense, and is the medium of conjunction between men, and angels, and the Lord. That without this Sacred Scripture or Word of God, there would be no medium of conjunction with Heaven and the Lord, and that mankind would, in consequence, perish. That it is holy in every part, and in its most interior sense treats only of the Lord. That it is so written, that every expression of the literal sense is a natural correspondence of something spiritual, and that a knowledge of the Doctrine of Correspondences, the key to which is to be found in the writings of Swedenborg, is absolutely necessary to understand the whole of Scripture, to harmonize its apparent contradictions, and to evolve clearly-seen spiritual meanings from passages which cannot be understood in the literal sense.

The purpose of the volume before us is to show that man needs a revelation; that such a revelation has been given in Sacred Scripture; and that coming from God, who is a spiritual and Divine being, it must have in it a spiritual and a Divine sense. That for its full interpretation, some key is needed, and that this key is to be found in the Doctrine of Correspondences. It gives a history of this Divine revelation in Chapter IV, where it treats of "The Meaning of Creation;" "The Adamic Church;" "The Noetic Church;" "The Preparation for the Incarnation;" "The Incarnation;" "The Gospel and the Second Advent." In the last chapter, Mr. Mercer refers to the doubt and skepticism of the present age, and says: "Never were so great changes at work in the 'heaven and earth' of human minds; never were opinions so unsettled; never were dogmas so little respected and so easily relinquished; never was investigation so free and independent, ignoring past conclusions based on discarded appearances. * * * No merely external evidence of the Divine character of the Scriptures is now sufficient to commend them to the love and faith of that large class of thoroughly honest men and women to whom modern criticism has appealed. The Bible is losing its hold upon so many sincere minds, because it has been prevented by a vast amount of absurd interpretations, which men have not learned to separate from the Revelation itself. Historical criticism, useful as it may be in discovering what is false in human interpretation, fails, for want of a true doctrine of Divine Inspiration, to discern the universal and eternal Word of the Lord in

Sacred Scripture. Its present tendency is to sweep away all Divine authority, together with the traditions of men. 'Lest, therefore,' in the words of Swedenborg, 'mankind should be in doubt concerning the divinity and sanctity of the Word, its internal sense has been revealed, which in its essence is spiritual, and is in the external sense as the soul is in the body. That soul is the sense which vivifies the latter; wherefore that sense can testify concerning the divine sanctity of the Word, and convince even the natural man if he is willing to be convinced.'"

He then goes on to show the great and absolute present need in the churches of the doctrine of the internal sense, as the only means by which the modern skeptic can be met, and all of his objections to the Bible as the Word of God clearly answered.

FROM M. L. HOLBROOK & CO., NEW YORK.

Medical Hints on the Production and Management of the Singing Voice. By Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S., Edin., senior surgeon to the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, etc. This admirable little book bears internal evidence that it is the production of a man of great experience and undoubted ability, and will be received as a welcome addition to a literature that is not by any means overcrowded. It will especially commend itself to the non-professional reader by reason of the careful manner in which terms that are purely technical are avoided, and by the clear explanation of those which it was necessary to use. The plan of the work is plainly stated at the outset and is worth repetition here. "Not being myself a musician or a singing master, I shall not attempt to speak dogmatically on points of musical detail; and in consideration of the non-medical character of the readers for whom these pages are intended, my remarks will be directed rather with a view to form and educate the organs of voice in health, than to the remedial measures necessary for particular diseases which, from various causes, may arise." The subject is then divided into five branches, in the course of which, the laws of musical sound, the organs of voice, the management of them and the defects occasioned by mismanagement, are treated of briefly but clearly and in the most wonderfully non-technical way. The book may be cordially commended to all who are interested in the cultivation of the singing voice whether as singers, teachers or parents.

Notes and Comments.

Looking forward to the New Year.

WITH this number we close the volume for 1880, a volume which, taking the many expressions of warm approval that have come to us from subscribers, has given even greater satisfaction than any of the previous volumes, excellent in all respects as we have tried to make them.

For 1881, we shall not only reach the standard of this year's volume, but in many things rise above it. We have improvements in contemplation which cannot fail to add largely to the attractiveness of the magazine, while into our literary department will be gathered the choicest reading in our power to obtain. Besides the admirable corps of writers with whom our subscribers have so long held pleasant and profitable intercourse

(many of whom they have come to regard as friends and counselors), we shall draw new talent to our aid.

As the "Household Magazine of America," we shall spare no pains or legitimate expense in our efforts to make the HOME still more widely acceptable to the people than it has ever been.

And now, as we part (for a brief season only, let us hope,) from the many thousands of friends with whom we have been in such intimate association for the year that will soon be with the past, may we not hope to greet every one of them upon the threshold of the new year, as it comes in to take its place in history, and leave its impress on the coming generations? And not only these old friends, but many new ones?

Fashion in Hysteria.

PEOPLE whose memory runs back to forty or fifty years ago, will recall the fact that hysteria was then far more prevalent among women than at the present time. Referring to this curious phenomenon, a Dr. Wilks, an English physician says: "When I was a boy, hysteria was the fashion; and if during conversation any remark was made to touch a lady's sensibilities, she would clench her hands, make a wry face, her eyelids would undergo a rapid vibration, she would give a sob or two, and sink from her chair. The cure was accomplished by throwing cold water over her face; and if this encroached on her neck or wetted her dress, the cure was very sudden and complete. During church service, it was the usual practice to have a young lady carried out; but I think as a rule she belonged to an inferior class, whose kind of work during the week did not allow them to play dressmaking tricks with themselves on a Sunday; for if I remember rightly the cure was effected in their case by the call for a penknife. This was used to loosen the body-armor, when a loud explosion took place, followed by a deep sigh and a speedy recovery of the patient. So fashionable was fainting or hysterics in church, that I have a lively remembrance of a young lady who had a weekly attack, and was often carried out by a gentleman in the next pew. As these two were afterward married, I apprehend that this was one mode of courtship. I am only too thankful to think, for the peace of other people, that this method of forcing matrimony has gone out. In speaking of hysteria, it is curious to observe how crying and laughing are intimately mixed; indeed, the mechanism used for both is much the same; the convulsive motion of the chest being observed in both these acts. It may seem strange that so apparently different emotions, or such different phases of the mind expressed by laughing and crying, should be outwardly manifested by movements which so closely resemble one another. And yet on second thought the sentiments are not always far apart; the two emotions not infrequently blend; and, as every one knows, some of the strongest feelings of joy may be expressed in weeping."

THE new story which Mr. Arthur will commence in the January number of the HOME MAGAZINE is entitled "BAY-WINDOWS."

"Bittibat Farm."

IT is but justice to the author of "Bittibat Farm," to say that in its publication a considerable portion of the original manuscript was omitted by the editor, and that his work of elimination and condensation is not regarded by her as having been satisfactorily done. Any lack of connection in the story, or failure in the harmonious development of the plot which has been noticed by our readers, may be laid to our charge, and as not existing in the story when the manuscript left the author's hand.

Publishers' Department.

[From the *LaPorte (Indiana) Argus*].

A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

FRIEND WADSWORTH: I wish you would allow me to say, over my own signature, a word in behalf of a remarkable curative agent—Compound Oxygen. This is a chemical preparation by which the life-principle contained in the air, oxygen, is condensed in the form of a fluid and is used by heating and inhalation. It is not a medicine but a vitalizer, and its effects are natural, direct and permanent. Its value in the treatment of lung and throat diseases cannot be expressed in dollars, and its use involves no risk or inconvenience of any kind. I speak both from observation and experience. I was induced to try it by the recommendations of men like T. S. Arthur and Judge Kelley, and also a personal friend, and have found it more than was promised. This was over six months ago, and the good effects have been permanent. A gain of fourteen pounds in six weeks was the avoirdupois result, but my general spirits were lightened up at least a ton. There are three other men here who have tried the Compound Oxygen with even more striking results, and I am acquainted with the history of each case. One of them, who works in the same building I do, lost his voice last winter and was so run down in general health that little hope was entertained of his recovery. The oxygen cured him without change of climate or stopping work, and he says he is as well as ever. Another, who had worked for years as paying teller in a bank and was all used up and not expected to live beyond a month or two, took the treatment and is a hundred per cent. better and recovering rapidly. Another, who was in the later stages of consumption, has tried it and is greatly improved. He tells me he would have been dead long ago but for this remedy.

I have no axe to grind in making this statement, and if you should not publish it I would lose nothing by the refusal, though if you should others might be benefited, which is all the end I have sought to compass.

Any who may desire to investigate the claims made for this new and natural remedy, can receive pamphlet, testimonials, etc., postage free, by addressing Messrs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Yours truly,

R. P. LEWIS.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., October 10th, 1880.



PERSONAL.

Suffer from indigestion,

All the drastic drugs decline,

What you need; beyond all question,

Is that remedy Saline,

TARRANT'S wonderful APERIENT,

Duplicate of Seltzer Spring—

Tonic, Alterative, Cathartic—

Pure, refreshing, comforting.



This invaluable and strictly American Food prepared from the recipe of one of N. Y. City's most eminent physicians, may be implicitly relied on as the best known substitute for mother's milk. As a diet for the aged, the sick or convalescents, it is unapproached. Sold by Druggists and Grocers. Small Size, 25 Cents. Large, six times the quantity, One Dollar. IT WILL KEEP! Treatise on the Proper Nourishment of Infants FREE. VICTOR E. HAUGER & PETRIE, 104 to 110 Reade St., New York.

50 New Style Cards, Lithographed in bright colors. 10c.
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E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay Street, New York.



HANFORD'S ABSOLUTELY PURE —Grape Cream Tartar and Bicarb. Soda. Contains *nothing else; is full weight;* goods forfeited if not as represented. All other kinds have filling, as starch, flour, &c. Sample of pure powder and test to detect filling free by mail. GEO. C. HANFORD, Syracuse, N. Y.



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UNDER THE FORM OF A JELLY CALLED VASELINE, PETROLEUM IS GIVEN TO MEDICINE AND PHARMACY IN AN ABSOLUTELY PURE, HIGHLY CONCENTRATED, AND UNOBJECTIONABLE SHAPE. ALL ACIDS, ODORS, TASTE, COLOR, AND OTHER IMPURITIES, WHICH HAVE HITHERTO PREVENTED THE USE OF PETROLEUM IN MEDICINE, ARE ENTIRELY ELIMINATED, AND THE VASELINE IS AS HARMLESS AND DELIGHTFUL TO USE AS CREAM.

The most valuable family remedy known for the treatment of wounds, burns, sores, cuts, skin diseases, rheumatism, chilblains, catarrh, hemorrhoids, etc. Also for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup and diphtheria, etc. It has received the unanimous endorsement of the Medical Press and Profession, Scientists and Journals of all characters throughout the world, as being the Best Remedy Known.

As an emollient, Vaseline is superior to any other substance yet discovered. Its marvellous healing and restoring qualities excel everything else, and it is rapidly taking the place on the toilet-table, to the exclusion of the various complexion powders, pomades, cosmetics, and other compounds. It will keep the skin clearer, softer, and smoother than any cosmetic ever invented, and will preserve the youthful beauty and freshness of the healthy complexion.

POMADE VASELINE—WILL CURE DANDRUFF AND MAKE THE HAIR GROW WHEN NOTHING ELSE WILL. 25, 50 CENTS AND \$1.00

VASELINE COLD CREAM—FOR IRRITATIONS OF THE SKIN, CHAFING OF INFANTS, FOR THE COMPLEXION, CHAPPED HANDS, &c., &c. 25 AND 50 CENTS.

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VASELINE TOILET SOAP—EMOLLIENT, BLAND, ANTISEPTIC (EXCELS ALL TOILET SOAPS).

COLGATE & Co. will supply these articles, if you cannot obtain them of your Druggist. None Genuine except in original packages.

Grand Medals at Philadelphia and Paris Expositions. Medal of Progress by American Institute.

WHAT IS COMPOUND OXYGEN, AND HOW DOES IT CURE?

WHAT IS COMPOUND OXYGEN?

It is difficult to declare just what our "Compound Oxygen" is. That it contains the elements of the atmosphere we can prove to any one capable of appreciating the value of chemical tests.

This is truly a compound of oxygen and other elements. Hence the name "Compound Oxygen" is a proper epithet to apply to it; somewhat abbreviated for convenience.

But it is more than simply a compound of oxygen and nitrogen. In the atmosphere, these elements exist in the proportion of one of oxygen to five of nitrogen; and the combination of them is that known as "mechanical mixture;" and so, neither element is changed by being mixed with the other.

In the Compound Oxygen the proportion of the elements is so altered that the oxygen is greatly in excess. And in the manufacture of it, the oxygen is *magnetized*; which gives to it the quality known by scientists as "Ozone." That this is so, can also be proved by applying the well-recognized tests of ozone to the contents of our gasometer.

The change that is thus wrought in the mixture of oxygen and nitrogen is almost too great to be believed. By virtue of its being magnetized, its activity is enhanced many fold. But this is not all, nor the principal change. From being the almost insoluble element that crude oxygen is, the "Compound" is rendered very soluble. Water will take up several times its own volume, simply by their being brought into contact with each other.

HOW DOES IT CURE?

It would be the part of presumption to profess to teach exhaustively the modes by which this agent acts in the work of restoring a diseased body to health. This would require an intimate knowledge of the human body in health and in disease, and of all the collateral sciences taught in our medical colleges; nor would that suffice.

We must be content with the effort to state it very generally, and in as few words as possible, compatible with clearness of expression. Compound Oxygen acts curatively in three general and distinct modes, which we will consider separately; and first

ITS MECHANICAL ACTION.

The most obvious function of the lungs is to take into themselves a volume of atmospheric air, and directly to expel it. This process, which is constantly going on during the whole of our conscious lives, is respiration, or breathing. The lungs are made up in part of multitudes of little cells which are formed to receive the air. In a normal (natural) state of things, each one of these cells receives its due share of air; and this is necessary to the integrity, or best welfare, of the body.

But in our artificial mode of life, this condition of the lungs is almost an impossibility. Vicious attitudes of the body, contracted into habits, breathing the air of ill-ventilated apartments, and especially the limited motion of the walls of the chest during respiration, occasioned by too tightly-fitting apparel, all conspire to prevent a large portion of these air-cells from performing their function—that of receiving and expelling the air. Under these circumstances, the air-cells farthest from the centre soon close up; on the well-known principle—that all parts of the body, when prevented from performing their functions, lose the power to perform them: this closing up, or collapsing, of the extreme air-cells is gradually transferred to the next interior series, and so on indefinitely.

During ordinary respiration, one of the forces that keeps the air-cells in working order, is a mechanical one, viz., the alternate ingress and egress of the air. But ordinary respiration does not prevent the collapsing of the air-cells from going on; much less will it open those that are collapsed.

Now, in a large majority of diseases, a cure is very difficult, unless we use some force to reclaim the lost function of these collapsed air-cells.

The Compound Oxygen presents two modes of action by which this reclamation is facilitated, mechanically. One is by the frequent practice of forcible inspiration and expiration. Hence, Dr. S. S. Fitch and others make great account of this practice as an adjuvant in their treatment. And some gravely claim to have cured cases of phthisis by that means alone. But the efficacy of this forcible respiration is greatly increased—even as a mechanical force—when the substance inhaled is much richer in oxygen.

The lungs and oxygen are by creation fitted for a wonderful adaptation to each other. The relation between

them is that between a *principal cause* and its *instrumental cause*. Hence the particles of oxygen inductuate themselves into their natural receptacles—the air-cells—more than any other substance.

Important as the action of Compound Oxygen is upon this plane, it is quite subordinate to

ITS CHEMICAL ACTION.

Every few minutes all the blood in the body passes into the lungs for the purpose of being unburdened of its impurities and re-freighted with ethereal viands for the myriad active parts of the human body. These impurities are principally the debris of the various tissues, being the particles which have run their life-course, performed their use, and are but the corpses of their former selves. These carbon-corpses being conveyed to the lungs, are brought so near to the oxygen within the air-cells, that they attract each other through a film partition, so thin that the oxygen passes with great facility. By contact with the oxygen they are dissolved, converted into carbonic acid gas, re-pass through the film partition to mingle with the air in the air-cells, and thus are expelled into the atmosphere.

When it is recognized to what extent the ability of our lungs to oxygenize the blood has become impaired by the causes mentioned above, it is easy to see how many of these carbon-corpses may be lingering in the body to interfere with its healthy action.

One of the first obvious effects of the use of Compound Oxygen is a more perfect arterialization of the blood. The evidence of this is a more or less marked increase of clearness and ruddiness of the complexion.

This would be the case from breathing an atmosphere simply richer in crude oxygen. How much must this chemical action be enhanced if the atmosphere inhaled be, not only richer in oxygen, but if the oxygen be also rendered intensely active by virtue of its magnetic property, as shown to be the case in a paragraph above.

But more important still, of course, is

ITS VITAL ACTION.

To understand this part of the subject, it is necessary to bear in mind what is taught in the first section of this article—the Magnetic property pertaining to it, and its solubility.

All the vital actions of the human system are produced, directed and presided over by organs called, by anatomists, NERVOUS CENTRES.

These organs are the brain, which is the immediate cause of all the mental phenomena, viz., the activity of the WILL, including all the emotions, feelings, affections and passions; and of the UNDERSTANDING, including all matters of reason, judgment, and all intellectual exercises; the spinal marrow, which makes possible all our voluntary motions, and bodily sensations; and the sympathetic system, which presides over the functions of all the organs over which we have no voluntary control.

These nervous centres—it is well understood by scientists—are VITAL GALVANIC BATTERIES. Upon dissection these organs exhibit alternate layers of different tissues, quite analogous to the two metals used in the common galvanic batteries. And even with our crude galvanometers, we can detect electrical currents in the animal body.

These nervous centres, then, are the grand generators of all the vitality which the human organism can be made to exhibit. Other things being equal, our power to do is in exact proportion to the integrity of these nervous centres. In a vast majority of diseases these nervous centres are the organs that are *primarily*—if not altogether—at fault.

Now, of all the remedial means ever known, the Compound Oxygen stands far in advance—at the head—in the power of restoring the integrity of these organs. But how is this done?

On the one hand, we have vital galvanic batteries. Their tissues lack firmness and strength, with consequent enfeebled action. On the other hand, we introduce into the body the life-giving element of the atmosphere, made semi-vital by being magnetized and capable of being appropriated, because rendered soluble.

It is a well-established law that if the body contains it, each organ demands and attracts to itself whatever it needs for its best welfare; and all the organs as freely yield it up. Hence it is easy to see that, all the conditions being answered, the vital galvanic batteries must attract, seize upon and appropriate to themselves the magnetized Oxygen. These organs are now in a condition to grow, to be more energetic, and thus to generate a continuous increase of vital force which is HEALTH AND LIFE.

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

MAY 4 - 1934

